

# The Houghton Star

VOLUME XI

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NUMBER 6

## A PRAYER OF REPENTANCE

Oh God! Thou father of mercies,  
Thou alone dost know my heart,  
I am tired and sick of sin,  
Thy will to me impart.  
Renew in me whatsoever  
Is decayed by my carnal will;  
See, thou, my hands raised to heaven,  
Be thou my Savior still.  
I flee unto Thee for succor,  
Our help in time of need;  
Quench not the smoking flax, I pray,  
Nor break the bruised reed.  
I, Thy servant, plead thy pardon  
For all things that grieve Thy eyes:  
Make my soul spotless in Thy sight,  
To Thee my sad heart cries:  
Thou who hast promised forgiveness  
To all who their sins forsake,  
Restore me to health of soul;  
In me Thy grace awake.  
Purge my heart from wrong envy,  
May it forget unclean desires:  
Before Thee may my life be pure,  
Thy truth my heart admires.  
We are Thy needy creatures all,  
In Thee, O God, we live and move:  
I render Thee my humble praise  
Wilt Thou my spirit soothe?  
I bless and magnify Thy name;  
Accept this offering of praise.  
Do Thou confirm and strengthen me,  
To Thee, my voice I raise.  
I here do dedicate my soul  
To Thee and Thy service true;  
Henceforth may I grow in Thy grace!  
In me Thy laws renew.

## THE WAY OF PEACE.

It was a clear Sabbath morning in early June. The warm sun beamed kindly upon the brilliant verdure of field and woodland. The bell of the village church, in clear melodious tones, rang out its sweet and solemn call to worship. One by one, the inhabitants of Houghton left their quiet homes to join devoutly in the morning's service. The rustic little village, surrounded by gently sloping mountains, on whose pastures the cattle quietly grazed; the silvery waters of the Genesee, as it wound, in almost an ox-bow loop, to the very edge of the village, and turned away, to resume its northward course at the foot of the oppos-

ite mountains; the lowland, dotted with cornfields and meadows, was a picture whose beauty was not more keenly realized than by a stranger who might have been seen standing near the entrance of the Seminary, which at that time, stood on Tucker hill.

He was a robust man of medium height. His light hair, stern mouth, and fiery gray eyes, together with his austere bearing, betrayed a passionate temper and a wilful disposition. He was now about thirty-five years of age, and so far he had accomplished nothing. But like most men he had an ambition. Sometime in the future he was to be honored. Yes, in twenty years from now, if not before, he would publish a history of New York state; a history giving accurate and detailed information. He smiled as he thought of its headlines: "A Complete History of New York, by Henry Jackson." In preparation for this history he had just finished a week's research in the vicinity of Houghton. On the morrow he was to leave, and remain forever, to the humble villagers, a stranger.

After gazing long and intently on the scene before him, he sat down on the stone step of the college and taking his diary from his pocket wrote as follows:

"Sunday, June 10, 1900. I have spent this beautiful Sabbath morning reviewing the scene of my labors. The beauty and charm of the scene is intensified when I realize that before me, bounded by the hills and the river, lie the Shongo flats, where camped the renowned Indian chiefs, Red Jacket, and Corn Planter. Yonder where the Genesee reaches the foothills and pursues its North-ward course, stood the old Indian village of Canea-o-dea, from which the town now takes its name. Here stood the old council house, which has been removed to its present site at Portageville, N. Y. Within the walls of this ancient building was planned the Wyoming massacre. Here, also, the famous Mary Jamison rested during her travels. Within a few rods from its site, Moses VanCampen ran the gauntlet, and at the impassioned speech of the Seneca chief, the war dance was held. At my left, on the hill above the village, under a few sentinel pines, is the spot where old Copperhead lived, long after his tribesmen had ceased yearly to return and camp on the hill, above the Waldorph house. Here, also, this gentle and harmless old Indian was buried. At my feet, almost parallel with the Pennsylvania railroad, is the

ditch of the old canal, on whose waters the timber of their region was transported. At the other end of the village, across the street from the church, still stands the old tavern to which the horse traders resorted at the time when the one roadway was known as jockey street. In fact the history of this section is a record of its transformation from the seat of Indian massacre to the quiet peaceful hamlet of today."

He replaced the book in his pocket and walked slowly down the hill toward the village. His mind went back almost unconsciously to his childhood. His father had been a wealthy farmer who lived in the vicinity of Ithica. Often had he played beneath the grape arbor in the yard. Again he would spend a whole day in the woodshed making a wooden musket for he intended to be a soldier when he got to be a man. How his heart did beat when he viewed the soldier's parade which was held on Decoration day. Yes and a soldier he had been, from his youth on. No one delighted more in fighting than Henry Jackson. It was his honest boast that he had conquered the last bully in the district school which he attended. Yet his motive was not always evil, for many a younger boy was defended by him. Throughout his whole school life, his violent temper continually had got him into trouble but because of his excellent scholarship and sincere repentance, he usually escaped punishment. When he entered college, the folly of his early life became manifest. He resolved time after time he would be kind and gentle, but try as he would he had failed and he knew it. He was married now but his dreams of happiness were shattered by the disposition which he now secretly abhorred. For the first time in his life he had come in contact with the church. His parents being of that class that made wealth their god, had never taught him an evening prayer. In fact the only denomination in his town was Unitarian and because he could see nothing either in the lives of its members or in its creed he became opposed to all denominations, and avoided all places of worship. But today he longed for rest, and where one desires to find peace there is hope of success. So there was for Henry Jackson but in a far different manner than he then expected. During his short stay in Houghton he had seen manifested a spirit which to him was ideal. So knowing nothing of the transforming power of the gospel, he reasoned that if these persons could live in peace with each other, he also could live right, and today as he walked the streets of the village, he resolved once more that he would control his temper.

Unconsciously he approached the little Wesleyan church at the farther end of the street. The windows were partly open and as he passed a sentence from the sermon, which was not yet over, reached his ear. It was new to him and he wondered what it could mean. He listened longer but the preacher evidently did not intend to explain it so he passed on.

On the following day he took the train for his home which was now at Elmira. He had not spent a week there, however, until he realized the folly of his resolution. Discouraged and dissatisfied he started out once more in search of material for his history. Although he lamented the fact, any place was better than home, for his wife had a temper of her own and thus did not make an altogether agreeable companion for one of his nature. For the next five years he continued his travels, visiting all of the historic places of the state. At last he arrived in the great industrial center, New York City. He spent about two weeks here, finding the location of all historical sites. One evening as he was about to return to his hotel, from the tenement district, he heard the sound of singing. He stopped and listened. There was life in those songs, there was joy, yes, there was salvation. Above the wide open door from whence the music came he read the word "welcome," and if he had looked a little higher he would have recognized it as one of the headquarters of the Salvation Army, but caring nothing for the particulars in this case, he walked in and took a back seat.

It was an evening meeting. A goodly crowd had assembled. Among their number might be seen all kinds of humanity, from the drunkard in his rags to the well dressed business man of the city. Ere long the singing ceased. The captain, a sweet faced young lady, announced her text. Very clearly she read the verse, "The way of peace have they not known." How true this was to Henry Jackson. He listened attentively. Long ere the simple sermon was over he renewed his resolution. The speaker reached her climax. She spoke in clear persuasive tones. "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways for why will ye die." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." "You know you are unhappy, your past has been a failure, a losing fight, there is a way of victory. Oh won't you try that way tonight."

To Henry Jackson it seemed like a dream, then slowly to his mind came the long forgotten words, "My peace I give unto you," there were more but he could not remember them. Once more he saw the

Genessee valley, the shining river, the surrounding mountains, and those old historic scenes. Once more he heard the church bell ring its sweetly solemn call. He understood it all now, the power that transformed the history of that village as well as the lives of its citizens was not of man but of God. It was the religion represented by the church and the Seminary. It was the faith of those brave pioneers who settled there. He had seen its effect on human life. Tonight he desired it above all things else. He arose and knelt at the simple altar. The struggle at last was over. Henry Jackson had found the way of peace.

Richard Short.



#### HARD TIMES AHEAD

The adored daughter was sad.

"Father" she said, "what has come over you?" Since I can remember I never had a wish you were not anxious to gratify, and you even anticipated my wants and handed me money for all sorts of things that I hadn't thought of. But now I have to ask you for every cent I need, and you growl and grunt and ask if I think you are made of money, and you rail at a woman's extravagance and invariably ask what on earth I did with that last check or dollar or half dollar you gave me. It is very strange. Don't you love me any more, father?"

"My dear Ethel," her father answered, "I love you as much as ever. But you are soon to be married and I am trying gradually to prepare you for the change.

#### OUR MISTAKE

We regret that in the last issue we failed to give credit to the author of "The New Thanksgiving." The article was made up of abstracts taken from a fine address by Prof. H. H. Hester delivered Thanksgiving Day. It would have been a pleasure to put the whole address in the "Star" but because of lack of space it was impossible. Expressing our regret again we hope that those who read "The New Thanksgiving" will give the credit to whom it belongs, Prof. H. H. Hester.

#### WHY SIDNEY WANTED TO GO TO HOUGHTON TO COLLEGE

Now, "father," began Sidney, "I want to explain to you why I think it would be better for me to go to Houghton than to Kalamazoo. First its beautiful country out there in that Genessee valley. From the college campus we can look down upon that clear, sparkling river with a pleasant feeling within, one of appreciation to be privileged to behold it in all its beauty. What beauty is there in this muddy old

Kalamazoo river? In that community we cannot see very far because of so many magnificent hills, its real beauty. There we can wander and roam among the hills and rocks and study nature in all its fulness. When we get out of the city here there's no place to wander and roam except level country as far as you can see. Houghton is a small village. Just a few minutes walk from the Seminary in any direction will put you on the pretty green grass and you go where you will and enjoy nature. Kalamazoo is a large city you could walk for hours from college hill and still have nothing but hard cement sidewalks on which to place your weary feet. Aren't we to get a clear vision of the things of life? How could you perceive any clear object from this muddy old Kalamazoo river? Aren't we to acquire knowledge for ourselves? If we can see ahead as far as we can look do you think young men are likely to look out for themselves as much as when, in Houghton for instance, mountains obstruct their view and in order to get what is for them they go over the tops of their obstructions and get hold of that which is beyond. Are we not supposed to be healthy in order to be happy and wise? Here in this dirty city with no opportunities to get the free fresh air would you be as healthy as in the small village where quarters are not so close and you can constantly breathe pure fresh air.

Second, the Faculty of Houghton College are Godly people. Of course the Faculty of Kalamazoo have a sense of morality but it is that which enables them to have but little influence for good upon the majority of students. Would you rather have me go to school here in Kalamazoo under impious influence and come out an invaluable college graduate or go to Houghton and study under pure environment and make good, possibly carrying off the honestly earned honors of my class?

Third, the student body of Houghton Seminary are "Each for All and All for Each." They are not divided off into cliques, labeling the ones, who go to church, those who have money in abundance, and those who do not according their class as they do here in Kalamazoo.

Summing this all now, it is not only for my benefit but for the benefit of the community in which you and I live. The men of to-day used a broad vision of life if they expect to be Edison's or Wilson's or Pershing's or Foch's. They can not and neither can any one else be benefited by ones having such a broad vision of evil that he follows an evil pursuit. We are living in a great Age. We either grow up or shake down. We must grow great and be great if we would wear the victor's crown. We cannot be honestly worthy of honor unless we take into consideration righteous principals."

## The Houghton Star

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## Editorial

### LITTLE MAN VERSUS BIG MAN

The great mass of humanity are worshippers of two deities, the god of the dollar and the god of pleasure. The popular measuring line of success is material gain. Business men are that to be successful in proportion to their bank account. The philosophy of "getting" is the sum of all their external activities. They have become efficient in eliminating every thing that does not tend towards this end.

But this is a radically false conception of the real things in life. Individuals there are, who, like the Hebrew children, refuse to bow down to these gods and steadfastly seek the highest issues. For these individuals there is only the philosophy of going, giving, not for the reward of virtue, but for the joy of serving, advancing, helping their fellow men. They live in the lives of other, sharing the joys, sorrows, aspirations and all that is incidental to a life of activity. Winged creatures are they for all spheres are taken for their province.

"What shall I give," is the question often heard. But material things are the thots of those whose thinking is "Getting" and those best pleased with these gifts are in the same class of little minds. If material-

ists want to grovel in the dust of superficialities, we may find our satisfaction in spiritualities. Who can estimate the full value of a kind word or thoughtful act? What immeasurable potentialities lie enfolded in a word? It may go singing or sighing, blessing or blighting, cheering or saddening, to the boundless marge of eternity. A soulful word throbs with the pulse beat of all spheres. Oh what a mystery! Then too, what of a deed? The deeds done in the body must appear before the Great Assize who reads in them the motive of each impulse. The outward act may be well yet the motive may not be worthy, but if both work in unison, what an influence a noble deed ought to possess. Thus prosperity does not depend upon strong markets or weak, good health or bad, but upon the right attitude of the soul.

"Like the winds of the air are the wars of the fates,

As we journey along thru life;

'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,

And not the storm or the strife."

### SLAVERY IS ESSENTIAL TO CIVILIZATION.

Aristotle's famous argument that slavery inheres in civilization has amused the shallow and saddened the profound. It will, as it has, continue to be a melancholy fact which society cannot rid itself of. Essential slavery has been aptly stated as a condition in which one cannot get any freedom.

Now of course we have done away with the old legal conditions of slavery, the magnitude of the misery has been lessened; true it is that the laborer cannot sell his own freedom only as it is divided into sections, but many do practically sell their entire lives lashed by the inexorable whip of hunger. Yet this is not because of capitalism, but is inherent in the texture of society itself.

Society has ever been confronted and required to perform creative tasks of organization and the very first necessity was social unity--the ability to act together in a disciplined way. The first slaves, therefore, were those who could not form themselves into a coherent whole in the competitive struggles of civilization, they had to give way to those who were capable to cope with exigencies of an ever changing environment.

We of to-day have advanced to a delicately complex social organization which can do many things, and the assurance of our freedom depends not only upon our ability to adapt ourselves to the present sit-

uation but to be able to devise and create new ways in lieu of old and inefficient methods of living and achieving. Those consequently, who will go down in the scale and who force depreciated services upon the world are those bringing no new ideas into their work, who can work in their common, usual way but when an emergency arises do not know what to do. Slavery in this sense will exist till time shall have ceased to be.

We wish that every alumnus, every old student and all readers of the "Star" would notice and read the alumni news found elsewhere in this paper. We are trying to make the paper mean more to all the old patrons of "olden times." There is however one thing at least is easier to do than to put out a school publication---to criticize. The alumni want to learn thru the "Star" where the people are whom they knew when in school; the present student body does not interest them. That is absolutely just and legitimate. It is a normal condition. But the present student body has not known you and is not interested to any great extent in you (unless you give liberally to the equipment of the Gym.) The alumni want more recognition; the student body ask, why? However, we shall try and be governed by a spirit of fairness to all. Yet it should be observed, Alumni, that if you are really serious in your criticism you will do a little better in corresponding to the Alumni Editor. We heartily welcome the most courageous suggestions.

We would not like to be considered too pedantic neither do we want to appear didactic, just merely one of the common herd who like the rest is fallible. Yet if proper care is taken many, many mistakes and blunders may be shunned and

many hard knocks may be obviated. Every student should not, at this vacation period, lose the least habit of studying. We would not urge anyone to sit and cram thru-out the entire Christmas recess, yet it will hardly pay to become too rusty for there are some fine "exams" coming when we return. Should we become too negligent and too forgetful of proportionate valves, we may read in the handwriting on the wall "Failure."

You have met them everywhere, those people who depend continually upon others to do their work; who perennially hawk the motto, "the world owes me a living;" who are social parasites existing upon the toil and brawn of others. A mere sponge, getting but never giving. Does such a life meet your approval? Or do you aspire like a healthy fruit tree to give, that by your fruit others may find peace; others may know the secret of happiness; others may feel that magic touch of love and sympathy which feels forth from a pure soul?

## Locals

### LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bullock have been to Olean with their daughter Armada to have an operation on her nose and throat.

Mr. Frank Tear has been visiting his cousins, Beulah and Mary Williams.

Mrs. Harris of Cuba has been visiting her sister Mrs. Wilson Robbins.

Glenora Andrus spent Sunday with Edna Caryle of Wiscoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Luckey of Snyder Hill visited at Mr. Bentleys' one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Crawford are rejoicing over the arrival of a boy, born Dec. 14

Mr. P. B. Loftis was in Belmont last Friday. Houghton's Male Quartette accompanied him.

Mr. Hazlett is home visiting his parents.

## ALUMNI

Three Cheers for the Alumni of Houghton Seminary. Coming? To be sure they are, from all corners of the map letters greet us and say they are glad we are going to have a place in Star this year. They come and keep on coming - letters of cheer to the battle-worn "Alumni Chief" who has put up a long ten weeks fight to keep alive in the midst of the "days that are." One writes "I look forward to the arrival of each Star as if it were a letter from home," That's fine isn't it? Here's another with just a little humor in it. One letter comes addressed to the "Head of the Alumni Fire Dep't, Spring Creek, Pa." Quite an idea. But it sounds interesting, just the same. And still another writes: "Though I have never seen you, it seems I have known you for years. The reason why is that I'm an old student of Houghton and think that much interest will be taken in the Alumni Dep't this year I am ready to do my part always." That's the spirit! Now lets look thru the mail bag a while and see what has come. We feel much credit is due the ones who were first to answer the summons. The names first published belong to the Honor Roll of this issue.

Hurrah for Walter Lewis! A letter full of inspiration comes from Horicon N. Y. He writes "Wife and I are still in labors abundant in the Adirondack region. She is teaching and I am preaching. Did you say "Patriotism?" Yes certainly. Red Cross Mrs. Lewis is the chairman of Brant Lake Auxiliary, Glens Falls chapter. I have served on every committee of patriotic endeavor since the start. Busy? Yes As well as yourself. Loyal? To Houghton? Every time." Rev. Lewis was formerly Business Mgr. of the Star, President of the New York State I. P. A. as well as the Houghton League. He has also held the offices of Theological Class President as well as Treasurer of the Boys Athletic Ass'n and many more. That kind of loyalty from a Houghton booster is worth hearing about.

Among the first, on the Honor Roll for prompt replies, come the Russells. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a family that has done more to help win the great fight for Democracy. Cecil is with the A. E. F. overseas. He has seen very active service, thru gassed districts, bursting bombs and shrapnell at the battle front

# A L U M N I

during September and October. His address is Co. F-306th Inf. A. E. F. Via N.Y. Arthur is in Camp Lee, Va., the last heard of him by the Alumni Dep't. Belle Russell, former member of Houghton's faculty is teaching school in Phila., Pa Rayisin Uncle Sam's Civil Service in Washington. haa a fine position and is making good as he always did at Hougotn. His address is 1421 Buchanan st. N. W., Wash. D. C.

Another Houghton loyalist who alway responds to everything that means endeavor for the school by the Genesee is C. Floyd Hester. He is in the service at present, 69th Infantry Band, Camp Funston; Kansas. A copy of "Trench and Camp" comes to the Alumni Dep't. Of special interest in it is an article telling of General Leonard Wood reviewing 40,000 Camp Funston "boys" in grand parade Dec. 7. The Alumni "folks" would surely enjoy being there to witness it, but hearing about it is the next best. Prof. Hester was Principal of Chiwpeewa Falls, Wisconsin High School before entering the service last July.

Next comes a letter from Carrie Coleman who is teaching school music in Succasunna, N. J. She enjoys her work immensely and likes the people there. It really seemed like old times to hear from one of the "class of sixteen."

And so on the letters have come. There are more than we can print this time, but will have room for every one that comes in following issues. Send on your letters, Alumni Folks. It will be worth while. Now let's turn awhile to the farfamed class of 1918.

## The Class of 1918

Frances B. Markell has the Wesleyan pastorate at East Leon N. Y.

George Beverly Shultz is taking graduate work at Houghton in the college Dep't.

The "Preparatory Trio" are all loyal to Houghton tho the majority of them are far away from their Alma Mater.

Their addresses are:

Marion McMillan, 359 Grove St. Columbus, Ohio,

Eleanor Farmer- Morley, N. Y.

Winefred Fero- Houghton, N. Y.

Claude A. Ries, College '18 is in the Asbury College, Willmore Ky. taking graduate work.

Harold J. Lee is in the service. His

address is Co. 4 1st Training Battalion, 143 Depot Brigade, Camp Dix. N. J. He writes the Star as follows under date of Oct. 16.

"I am just recovering from an attack of Spanish Influenza and am at last able to go to quarters again. I've always believed in doing my duty to Houghton whatever it is I certainly do get homesick for some of the pleasant days going to school. Tho it isn't always pleasant in army life I am glad to do my "bit" for Uncle Sam, so everything that comes my way is cheerfully undertaken."

The above letter truly represents the spirit of Houghtonism. So much for this time readers, but look forward to the next issue. We have some live wires in the Alumni who are going to cooperate with the Star staff at Houghton. Alumni Dept of Houghton Star,

1/2 Leona K. Head,  
Spring Creek, Pa.

## AUNTIE GRANGE'S CHICKEN.

It was Christmas at Houghton. A glint of merry sunshine glancing over frosty window panes and wintry expanses of snow on the campus seemed to greet more than a hundred gleeful students with a beacon of "good tidings of great joy" to all the wide world. Happily it contained as much of a contagious Christmas spirit as the tinsel wreaths, holly, red and green bells that docketed the realm of Houghton Corporation—all vivid reminders that Yuletide had come once more.

A multitude of things had been happening in the dormitory. For many weeks the exciting business of making Christmas presents had been going on. About a dozen "dorm girls" had organized into a "Giftmaker's Club" and Oh, the entrancing outcome! It was in Julia Osborne's room,—fifty gay pennants decorating the walls in shapes defying imagination, that all were assembled, with crocheted and tatted gifts with white tissue paper and red ribbon to wrap and tie them and holiday greeting cards to be attached, of course! There they were, Freda Latham, Vera McBath, Grayce Bremigen, Miss Riggall and all the rest, busy as elves and fairies could passibly be

Almost as sudden as a flash of lightning the door flew open and Ethel Bryner arrived on the scene. As it was in the days when we knew less about Wars and Hooverizing than we know now, it's not to be

wondered at that a delicious aroma of popcorn and fudge drifted up from the direction of the kitchen.

"Why Cherry," Helen said, "What in the world has happened?"

"Oh-o-o! "she ejaculated in a breathless hurry, "I didn't wait to see just what happened—I made some fudge—"

"You, Cherry? Without burning it?" a chorus interrupted.

"The nerve of you! Its the second time within a year I've made fudge without burning it or it burning me, so there! But girls—oh joy," she went on faster, "John Bruce and Dick Walrath were downstairs helping the kitchen bunch and they wanted some fudge—and it wasn't cold yet—and," she finished unable to suppress a whirl of giggles, "I gave them two pieces—before it got cold! !"

June Bolles was the only one who could manage to say anything in the jolly laughter that ensued.

"Ethel Bryner, do you moan to say you didn't warn those unoffending boys—that you didn't tell them it was hot fudge? I hope you wished them a Merry Christmas!"

"I did, after I got away," Cherry admitted with a toss of her head, "anyway the fudge I made wouldn't hurt anybody. But girls," she finished as abruptly as she began, "Isn't it scrumptious? Christmas and we're going home!"

And the answer everywhere echoed: "Oh! Oh! Joy!"

Down in the dining hall Miss Grange was working, always busy, always cheerful. But somehow it seemed that day had a thousand details of readjusting everything for the Christmas vacation, when girls everywhere were hurrying, packing and asking questions in feverish haste, when everything was everywhere and seemed combined as well with a good share of holiday ecstasy. Oh who could fathom the heart of our Dormitory Matron? It was a long, long difficult day for both Grace Terry and herself. Everything to plan, everything to achieve! Anyone else would have lost courage under the burden long before, anyone else except those two, ever the same, toiling, serving—always.

It was nearing train time. The dormitory steps piled with many suit cases, traveling bags and trunks were cleared when Fred Warburton loaded them upon the sleigh and Prof. Smith's horse, forgetting that this wasn't the first Yule season

he had seen, quickened his speed as the bells jingled "Merry Christmas!"

Down the road a score of boys, led by Prof. Fancher were going. There were Robert Kaufmann, Ellis Hopkins, Warren Jones, Wallace Hanford and others laughing and shouting: "Goodbye Houghton, Merry Christmas!" while Harold Douglass finished last of all, "And a Happy Fourth of July!" To be sure a smile beamed on every countenance, but with Clarence Barnett, George Hubbard, Harold Luckey and Claude Ries "On to Lexington" was blended with it.

And the Dorm girls! More than jubilant in leave taking they waved their handkerchiefs, followed by a "Good Bye Dean Thurston and Miss Hillpot" and then "Good Bye Miss Grange, —all three of you," and one girl added:

"First in right, first in love, old Houghton—first in the hearts of this big flock of chickens."

"So we are," her companions answered, "Auntie Grange's Chickens."

Miss Grange was standing at the front of the dorm, a corner of her white apron flitting in the breeze. She stood there quietly, but tears might have been seen in her eyes as she whispered:

"God bless them, everyone!"

In a moment she went inside and said in her own impressive way: "Now Grace, you make the pies while I start the other work. We're going to have a Merry Christmas for the ones who stay."

L. K. H.

**L. E. WILES**

DENTIST  
FILLMORE, N. Y.

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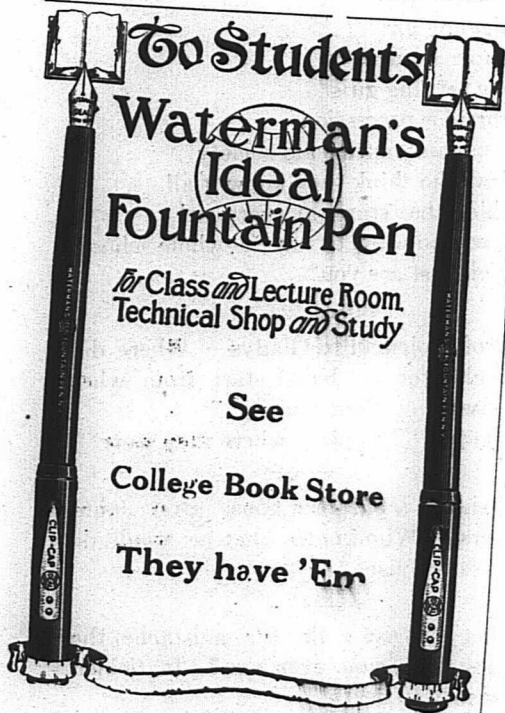
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In Physics: "How do you hear sound thru  
water?"

Student: "Why, if your put your head un-  
der water and someone drops a stone on it.

Prof. Smith: "Two negatives always make  
an affirmative."

Bev. "But two empty pockets don't make  
a pocket full of money."

Chapman: "Coffee, milk or postum?"

Sullivan: "Neither, thank you."

Chapman: Not hearing asked "Will you  
have it sweetened or unsweetened?"

Exchange.

A woodpecker sat on a freshman's head  
And started in to drill.

He bored away for half a day,  
And then he broke his bill.

Lately we have seen a pair of colored  
glasses running around. We wonder if  
Alzada is afraid of eye strain.

Exchange.

Every School Has

A liar  
A few grinds  
A smart guy  
Green Freshies  
A giggling girl  
A paper sponger  
Some tattling girls  
A corridor procession  
A students' mutual aid society  
A few who think they know it all  
A thing that stares at every girl  
A few who want to run the whole school  
Which pest are you?

Prof. Coleman to Gladys—"Where did  
the children of Israel start from when  
they went on their journey?"

Gladys: "The place where they were."

Dan has a bid for a house after Janu-  
ary first. Who knows what he would do  
with said house.

Lina—"Wasn't Bruce's mustache the  
funnest thing you ever saw? It tickled  
me nearly to death."