

Fidelia W. Schubert

The Houghton Star

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ARRIVING

Westward bound! To a country o' mine,
Hav'n of Victory!
Shore in sight! Where bright laurels twine
Garlands to welcome me!
Voyage o'er and a conflict won,
Tempest and turmoil past,
Glories gleam from yon rising sun,
Glories of Home at Last!

Westward bound! To a mother o' mine,
Into her arms of joy,
Refuge safe from the angry brine
For a long-lost sailor boy!
Revel ye wild winds the ocean o'er,
Fade, oh ye ghosts of foam!
Westward bound from a World of War
Into a World of Home!

L. K. H.

THE CHALLENGE OF PEACE

War brought its problems, complex, formidable, grim. War took brains, money, machines, and blood. War sent men to their tasks, to their councils, to their knees. War said "I want men, I want sacrifice, I want blood." We thought, for it was war. We gave, for it was war. We invented, prayed, wrought, considered, for it was war.

The war is over. Our sacrifice, our money, our food, our prayers have their reward. The danger we could see is averted, the foes whose blows we felt are put down. The menace of the Hun is, we have reason to believe, practically over. No more ships career to shuddering ruin because of a shot hurled by brute Imperialism against Civilization.

What does it mean? Has the Millennium come? Is all evil passed? Have we come, at last, to years all golden, beautiful, true? We have but to intelligently look around us to see that this is not true. Moral indifference, hazy convictions, the very visions that have burst upon the hearts of men in the quadrennium of struggle present a challenge to the Church of Christ. Let us adopt war methods in some measure, for a little self-examination. Let us ask ourselves these questions before God. If the war between righteousness and sin, between God and the Devil is as great and significant as the late international struggle and we are soldiers on the side of God:

What is the difference between absence from roll-call and absence from church without cause?

What is the difference between desertion and willful backsliding?

What is the difference between sleeping on picket duty, and sleeping literally during church and spiritually during the week?

What is the difference between insubordination and refusal to obey the orders of the great Commander?

Do we want results? Let's get to rockbottom. Let us say goodbye to religion of a worldly, goody-goody skin-through variety and cut loose for God. Let us ask God for backbones that have lime as well as gristle in them. Let us pray and speak and live in the very spirit of Christ, and be content with nothing else.

Let us get rid of superfluous luggage. What! soldiers actually engaged in battle, loaded down with doubts, fears, prejudices, bad habits? How can we fight with these things hanging like millstones upon our necks? Off with them! Armed with the shield of Faith, the breast plate of righteousness and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, and wearing the helmet of Salvation, let us go forth, conquering and to conquer!

Robert S. Chamberlain '18

HOUGHTON AND DEMOCRACY

Time and Change! They tower the cascade peaks of the nation and ring out their trumpet blast; "We are here! America choose now thy course; once chosen it is thine forever. But remember well the lessons Time and Change have taught."

We have paid the price of Victory. The lovely laurels of new Peace lure to the valleys of ease and self-sufficiency. Not so a year ago! The roads to War were thorny, yet those very thorns pointed to the flaming stars of consecration and desperate endeavor. We heard the bugle call and it sent us forth to conquer. We hear the orchestras of triumph and like Argonauts of yore, are charmed to the siren rocks of disaster. Oh? for an Orpheus to take up his lyre and tell us that the end of conflicts is not yet, that this heady draught of Victory is not all! Wake up, America! Peril robed

in Peace is just outside the margins!

Houghton Seminary has stood three decades a Gibraltar of reform. She has possessed an invincible spirit whose warfare for righteousness is an inalienable part of her very existence. It is even impossible for those who have toiled and sacrificed and lived a part of our little college to realize how great Houghton actually is. I know an old student, today a master-thinker along lines of political philosophy who has said, "The boundaries of Houghton Seminary mark the surface extent of one ideal democracy on the face of the earth." That statement made me think, and I want you to read the preceding sentence at least three times before we go on.

An ideal democracy? We do not mean development of detailed governmental principles by the above. To make this so clear it cannot be misunderstood we would add, "Houghton has the basic principles of true democracy in the conservative political ideas of her leadership." As goes her faculty, so follows the organized trend of the student body in this regard.

We exalt the convictions expressed in a recent issue of the "Star" an article entitled, "A Greater Houghton." Not only were its ideas to the point, but it also blazed the way for other constructive articles dealing with matters of vital concern. If chapel exercises can be utilized for so great an incentive are there not other avenues to be made use of in broadening our knowledge and vision of world conditions? Our country needs an army of college trained young people who leave the portals of their Alma Mater with concrete education along the lines of national need, and their place in fulfilling that need.

There are responsibilities facing us we cannot avoid. The growth of socialism in United States positively challenges investigation. We have often seen a word that is long and hard to pronounce, but in the papers it is spelled "B-o-l-s-h-i-v-i-k-i." Readers, those letters make up the name of the menace, outside of Prussia autocracy, the freedom of the world has ever faced. Do we realize what the present socialistic trend of the working masses proposes to do to our institutions of government? Have we learned the danger of the foreign element in this regard? What does Americanization mean? What organizations are taking steps to hurl back the advance of the Red Flag? These and scores of other questions might be asked. But what could we answer? Little or nothing, of course. Ignorance is the consequence of a certain cause. That cause is lack of proper study along political lines. The only cure for this is a determined rev-

olution to investigate existing conditions.

Headquarters of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association are resolved that every league shall reorganize and be ready for the fray, under the banner of a "New I. P. A." The time has come when the I. P. A. and Y. M. W. B. can work hand in hand. There is a missionary spirit in the battle-cry of international prohibition for the moral uplift of those world neighbors of ours. And significant is a great plan which will make that organization a flame of fire to fight for the honor of our national institutions in almost fierce array against ultra-radical socialistic tendencies. I. P. A. activity is no longer a mere diversion from the ordinary grind of college life. It is an imperative necessity, a patriotic duty. "We are fighting the last remains of two Huns Autocracy and Alcoholism, but the third is in our midst unvanquished His name is Anarchy in guise of cursed socialism."

And beyond imagination is the potential force that can be enlisted from the colleges and universities of our land. We must have an I.P.A. doubled in size and dynamic endeavor to fight for the dethronement of national danger and the exaltation of regard for the secure moorings of our constitutional representative democracy.

And to the motto: "As go the colleges of America today, so goes America tomorrow" let us add, "We are laying the part of a college with a great purpose. As we go, so go others who will catch our gleam of resolve, follow it and arrive at our ideal."

Leona K. Head



THE CORELLA-BONELLI CONCERT

A large and appreciative audience gathered in the chapel on Monday evening March 17 to listen to the concert given by the Corella Bonelli Company.

The first number was a Vocal Duet rendered by Pauline Corella and Ricardo Bonelli. Pauline Corella possesses a voice of rare quality. She has studied in Belgium, France, Boston and later in England. Ricarki Bonelli also has an exceptionally good voice. He has studied in Paris and has sung successfully in most of the cities in Eastern United States, Canada, Cuba, and Central America. During the evening Pauline Corella rendered several selections as, "The Song of the Chimes" and "Swiss Echo Song," also "Ave Maria" and "Oh, Dry Those Tears" with violin Obligato. Everyone especially enjoyed the numbers by the violinist, Ruth Collingbourne. Her playing is noted for its brilliant technique and full tone. She held the audience during her first selection, Gypsy Aids,

so that when she concluded one could have heard a pin drop. She rendered the Spanish Serenade by Chaminade and The Bee by Schubert with unusual ability.

In keeping with the day Riccardo Bonelli rendered Irish selections in a very pleasing manner. He also gave "When Pershing's Men Go Marching into Piccardy."

The Pianist Edith Gyllenberg a pupil of Madame Hope Kirk showed her ability in rendering the "Hungarian Rhapsody" and "The March Wind." Her playing shows the result of long study and natural talent.

The closing number was a Vocal Duet with violin obligato. The selection was the one which we all enjoy "There's a Long, Long Trail."

ALLEGHENY CONFERENCE

The seventy-sixth session of the Allegheny Conference convened at Zion, Pa., on March 19 - 23.

Altho the physical aspect of the church building is spacious and mokest, much the same as one would expect of a Wesleyan church, the spiritual development is of special historic interest. The church was born in a time when the souls of men were met by the bitterest kind of opposition, from those in favor of slavery. Men, who won victories in those days, did not soon forget the price they payed for them, which made them cherish and intensely love those ideals for which they willingly gave their lives.

Zion was founded in the year 1844 by Mr. Perrine the father of Fleming Perrine. Mr. Perrine was born very near the church and lived and attended the church for a period of twenty-five years. He died, just one week before Conference convened, at the ripe old age of 102 years, 2 months and 26 days. He was the only charter member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

In 1856 Joseph Campbell, the father of President P. B. Campbell, was ordained. Ten years later, 1876, Rev. Mr. Crooks, one of the holiest men of the church, deeply moved in spirit over some trouble that promised certainly to split the church, spent, in the woods in the rear of the church, one whole night in the cold month of March praying that God would give victory on the side of right. After that night of intercession the tide changed, and the right has triumphed ever since. Such is the historic background of Zion church.

Now a word about the Conference. It was the most excellent session ever experienced. There was no opposition, no strife but every thing was stamped with the bond of unity. How beautiful for friends to live and work peaceably one with the other!

A novel feature of the Conference was the suspension of business every afternoon while a sermon was delivered, then at the completion, the business was resumed. Vice-President W. H. Marvin preached the Conference sermon, which proved to be very illuminating. The officers for the coming year were elected as follows:

President, P. B. Campbell
Vice-President, W. H. Marvin
Secretary, Shuthers
Treasury, Dreyer

General Conference Ministerial Delegates
Rev. P. B. Campbell
Rev. I. F. McLeister
Rev. I. A. Grise

Lay Delegates

Fleming Perrine
Chester York
C. P. Rank

The Conference will build and maintain an orphanage for the rearing of little parentless children. The Conference decided to meet next spring instead of of changing to the fall. An invitation for the Conference in 1920 from Lyndon Park Church was accepted.

FERO-CLOCKSIN WEDDING

A very pretty, informal wedding was solemnized Friday evening, March 28, at the home of Rev. A. D. Fero when their daughter, Winifred, was united in marriage to Gilbert G. Clocksin of Willard, Mont. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride, assisted by Rev. Gertrude Preston Clocksin, of Willard, Mont.

The bride was becomingly attired in a gown of plum colored taffeta and carried white rose buds. Miss Pauline Fritz, of Fillmore N. Y., acted as maid of honor, and the best man was Bond Fero, brother of the bride. The other members of the bridal party were Miss Eudora Fero, sister of the bride, Miss Willie Mae Rogers, of Spartanburg, S. C., and little Gratia Fero who acted as flower-girl. All carried white roses.

Miss Eudora Fero struck the chords of the march at eight o'clock, when the party took their places in a room prettily decorated in yellow and white. After the ceremony, simple refreshments were served.

The bride and groom left for a short trip to Mahanoy, Pa, where they will visit Prof. J. W. Strong. They will be at home after April 5. A good send-off was given by the feminine population of Houghton who sent their good wishes and congratulations in the form of small, flying grains of rice.

Mrs. Clocksin is a graduate of Houghton Preparatory class of 1918, and Mr. Clocksin is a student in the Theological Department of the Seminary.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

THE GLORY OF THE COMMONPLACE

In our striving after great things, in our appreciation of those things which are famous and good, in our search for the extraordinary, we are often prone to pass the common things of life with unconcern or even with disdain. How often our eye is attracted by the golden cysanthemum, when all around us the yellow dandelion is dotting the green of field and meadow, its very profuseness a glory like that of conserved sunshine! We admire the canary in its swaying cage and listen with profound rapture to the warblings which come from its tiny throat, while in the Spring sunshine every shrub and tree is the resting place of a warbler almost unnoticed by us because of its commonness. If we could only see that the most precious, the sweetest, the best things are usually those which cannot be bought with large sums of money, but are those things which God has showered upon the rich and poor alike, we would be happier beings on this earth. We strive for great heights, rightly, but do we scorn the stepping stones or aids in the ascent? Do we forget that the little ordinary things of life mean just as much or more than the bigger things? The way we meet the ordinary will determine largely how we shall meet the extraordinary. Let us not forget the little common courtesies or duties, which mean so little to us, but so much

often times to the recipient; the words that we speak, let them be as pleasant and soothing as we would like to have spoken to us. Let us meet every common duty or task as tho it were the greatest and best and we will find there is a glory hitherto unseen by holden eyes. Edmund Vance Cooke has put it well in the words; "The test of greatness is the way one meets the eternal Everyday."

F. W. S.

Open Forum

VOCATIONS

On Monday, March 17th, President Luckey talked to us about vocations. We all believe that God definitely calls ministers and missionaries to their work but we very rarely think of farmers, mechanics, school teachers, and lawyers as being called by God. It is true, however, that God has a plan for the life of each one and unless He gives a definite call to the field in which He wishes us to labor, how can we know what our place is? Surely God does call each individual to the work for which he is best fitted.

The next step is preparation for this work. Nowhere in God's World do we find that He wants any of us to be unprepared. He alone knows what will best prepare us for the tasks ahead of us. Since this is so, God helps us and guides us in our preparation.

But best of all, He promises to be with us in our work, to give us strength for every duty. As we honor and obey the Lord, He will honor us. Furthermore He has promised that each one of us should be a success. Failures do not honor the Lord and it is not necessary that we be failures. God has enough grace in His storehouse to strengthen us so that we can tackle every problem that He lets come to us. We shall conquer in His name.

VACATION---A MENACE?

Vacation, that time of purposeless inaction which breeds a spirit of discontent and unrest, has rolled around again. That "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do," is as true of such a time as any other. To live regularly and follow daily routine is good for soul and body. To disturb that routine suddenly, even for a brief period, is to render life unsatisfactory. Is the best work accomplished, are the highest ideals reached when the bars are down and one is free to roam at will? How many times plans are made to do wonderful exploits in vacation periods, but

it is so easy to drift along since time has lost, for a season, its real value, until nothing at all is done and the procrastinating days are gone! There is so much for one to do that time should not be wasted by sitting in velvet chairs or swinging hammocks. Work is one of the best character builders and the habit of real, energetic, purposeful action should be cultivated. Athletes do not gain strength by periods of rest, but rather by constant exercise and denial; the best writers do not construct their works while sleeping but when the brain is alert; the best men and women the world has known have been not idlers, but indefatigable workers.

What, then will you do?

VACATION---A BLESSING?

There is a set of ambidextrous creatures whose physical posture is upright, yet whose mental attitude is so unstable that it very nearly resembles the possibilities of an amphibious rat. At all times and everywhere these individuals will take the opposite stand to those customs, which have been found thru years of experience, to be the most beneficial to mankind in the conservation of nerve force and energy.

They say, "Let us have no vacation for if we do we shall be idle and surely Satan will provide work for us to do. Yes Satan surely will not disappoint those who are looking to him for hire, or those who feel, if suddenly they were relieved from their steady grind, they must do something, so they naturally follow the bent of their perverted mind, and work under the employment of the Devil. Why should this debased element of society have any weight in voicing by what manner of living the pure and noble of earth may live? It appears that these discontents will have no religion which cannot be continually mended and should Satan request them to leave his ranks they would continue to worship him for spite.

This class does not believe there is power in repose. They see no value in meditation. They fail to see that a temporary change in vocation is the most satisfactory kind of a vacation. Do over-worked brains never become weary? Do people never need any time-off in which they may recuperate? If a rest will increase our efficiency to its maximum, then it will not be such a bad thing to have a rest, if, by so doing, others were helped. Yes, vacation is a blessing.

"I love" can be expressed in the Greek language in 1,664 different ways, and when the lover has used them all, the maiden turns and asks him: "Do you really love me?"

--Selected

Athletics

BASKET BALL.

Princeton	36	vs	Colgate	16
Yale	28	vs	Princeton	27
Colgate	23	vs	Princeton	19
Yale	14	vs	Princeton	16
Colgate	11	vs	Harvard	20
Harvard	12	vs	Princeton	18
Harvard	16	vs	Yale	13

Standings

	P	W	L	%
Yale	6	4	2	.666
Harvard	6	4	2	.666
Princeton	6	3	3	.500
Colgate	6	1	5	.166

The basket-ball season is drawing near its close and with it the last big game. At some date in the near future Harvard and Yale will play off the tie. Each team has four victories to its credit and each feels confident of victory. Interest in the final game runs high. It will be played in the gymnasium some evening, and a small admission fee will be charged for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

The girls will play off the tie between the Purple and Gold teams on the same night that the boys' final is played. This is the third and last of their series. The Gold won the first game by the close score of 6-4. Purple followed with a victory of 10-6 in the next conflict. Much spirit is shown by each team, and each predicts that her side will win in the final struggle.

The line-up will probably be as follows:

Gold		Purple
A. Hall	Center	R. Luckey
M. Williams	Forward	E. Fero
N. Lapman	Forward	F. Graves
E. Warburton	Guard	W. M. Rogers
L. Steese	Guard	G. Bullock

MEN'S MIXER

All the fellows with the exception of a few "sissies," turned out to the big mixer on Friday night. The occasion was mainly for a general get-together, to sing some of the popular ballads, go thru with a few class yells, and withal to have a good old fashioned rough and tumble, to see who could stand the roughest handling and "stick it out" the longest.

It has been some time since we have seen more

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"pep" and "git" displayed. The games and sports were very ably handled by Lieutenant P. Bilheimer who was assisted on the program by "Dwarfy" Stamets.

After physical exhaustion, the committee handed out a great bunch of eats which somewhat quieted the hitherto feverish nerves. At this point we listened to a classic discourse on the infirmities of old age to which our dear Professor Fancher is fast succumbing.

Wilcox spoke with remarkable terseness upon the frictionless team work and cooperation which goes on at Houghton. Houghton does not know what the sound of a "grouch" is like. No animosities are fostered here, a perfect millennium exists all the time.

Rev. Charles Sicard spoke concerning the value of the societies, of the necessity of maintaining our debate clubs and being intensely interested in every effort that would help in the building up of a symmetrical man. Dean Hester thought it not amiss to talk about the women since none were present. Whether it was wise or not we will not say, yet we do know that it was the safest time for his remarks. Do not be alarmed ladies! He let you down very easily. Take courage, he is wonderfully impressed with you, that is with one of you—Mrs. Hester.

RECONCILED

It was eventide. The west was wonderful in all its rose and turquoise grandeur. The end of a long, long day had come. Dusk was settling down over the world.

"Mother" asked the little one looking up into the woman's face, "Where's Daddy?"

No answer came.

The child sighed—someway Mother was silent a great deal of late. Many many questions went unanswered. Eyes that used to be so bright had lost their radiance. Mother wasn't quite the same as she was before—

The child grew slightly impatient, but her voice was still pathetic.

"Please tell—is he never, never coming back?"

She woke to realization.

"Yes, Muriel, someday. Daddy is in France."

"Is France a nice place?" the child again questioned, "Nicer than this, must be—or Daddy wouldn't stay so long."

The mother went to the window. It was springtime, twilight of life time and love time again. Nature didn't seem to know that life and war were identical these days, that in America human hearts were being shattered just as fast as ma-

chine guns were shattering human lives at the front. In fact Nature was the same as she was eight years ago, one May when spring came home with love time again—and she promised Robert that all was his. There was no war that Spring. Many more springtides had come in succession. The one when they were married seemed but yesterday—only seven cycles of what the world calls "years" ago! Was there such a land as France then? One heard of it when gay tales were of Paris and trousseaus and wonderful jubilees! But a year ago France sent a pulsating call to the land of home and tranquility. And Robert answered.

The little one tiptoed to her mother's side. Baby fingers touched the woman's hand. She stopped and lifted the child in her arms.

"Muriel pet," she whispered, "it's bedtime."

"Will Daddy be home in the morning?" the child questioned.

"Not tomorrow," was the reply.

"But some tomorrow," the baby words faltered, "he won't forget. Is Daddy fighting now? You said so, once."

"Yes." The answer was inarticulate.

"What for?" the little one asked.

"Fighting cruel, naughty heathens to save Belgian children, fighting heathens to give Christians liberty, fighting everything bad to make everything good come true."

"Mother, dearest, let's not cry for Dad. He'll help save the Belgian children and make everything right wherever 'tis—just like—don't you remember the Sunday School lesson?"

"Which one?" the woman asked eagerly.

"About Jesus when he went from Jerusalem. Daddy didn't go there, he went to France to fight everything bad to make everything good come true."

The woman's eyes were a mist of tears. Silently she took the child upstairs. It was bedtime, time for prayers and "good night."

The white-clad baby knelt by mother's side. "Dear God," she whispered, "tell daddy he must come back—and oh, please tell mother we'll wait till the Belgian children all are saved—and everything good comes true."

The baby raised a beaming face toward the woman.

"Muriel darling," she said softly, kissing her rosy lips, "Muriel, it's all right."

A new serenity descended upon a troubled heart. Peace had come to stay.

Locals

President J. S. Luckey attended the Allegany Conference. He presented the interests of the school. On his way home he visited his son Harold at Oberlin.

Mr. George Boise, recently from France and Mrs. Suessa Boise are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Daniels. Unhappily Mr. Boise is having a siege with the measles.

Rev. Mr. A. D. Fero has moved to Forkesville Pa. where he resumes the duties of a pastor. Bond and Eudora will remain in school.

Mrs. Philinda Bowen, President J. S. Luckey, Mr. Robert Molyneaux are delegates to the Lockport Annual Conference which convenes on April 2-6.

Professor J. J. Coleman is again in the class room having quite fully recuperated from his recent illness.

Mr. Ananias II. was present at the Men's Mixer Friday evening. Strange to say he was not on hand when the delirious was cleared away Saturday Morning.

Nellie Linebarger and Lina Sullivan were in Fillmore Friday night.

Miss Kelly and Anna Carsons were in Fillmore Saturday.

The Dorm girls are setting a bad example. They were waiting around the station from 8:30 to 10 P. M. Friday night awaiting the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Clocksin.

Rev. Mr. Harry Bullock has moved to Hess Roads, N. Y., where he will take up pastoral duties. His daughter Gratia will continue her course of study in Houghton. Alfred goes with the family.

Rev. Eric Bascom, student of Divinity, preached at Kelloggville recently.

G. Beverly Shultz visited friends in Akron and Barberton, Ohio, on his way to Alleghany Conference.

Rev. Dean Bedford of Hess Roads, N. Y., has moved to Houghton. Clement and Donald have both entered school.

Rev. Mr. Mattoon from Rushford, N. Y., expects soon to settle permanently in Houghton.

Evangelist A. J. Shea is at home after holding a meeting in Odessa, N. Y.

Alleghany Conference went over the top in her educational budget.

Bro. Henry Barnett received word that his son Clarence Henry Barnett of Akron Ohio, was critically ill with pneumonia. He is at present, however, much improved.

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FILLMORE, N. Y.

L. E. WILES

DENTIST

FILLMORE, N. Y.

Snappy Smiles

Mrs. Bowen

Usually Seen—Room 21.

Overheard—"If you don't get your lessons I'll make you and then you'll be glad to."

Ambition—To teach with and catch bluffers.

A conceited Englishman was conversing with a Boy Scout.

"Queen Victoria," he boasted, "touched my father on the shoulder with sword, and he became a Baron."

"That's nuthin'" was the Scout's answer. Red Wing, an Indiana Chief, touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk, and he became an angel."

In the early days of the telephone Uncle Mose saw the instrument suspended from the wall in a country store. He picked up the receiver, rang the bell and said to Central: "I want to talk to Sarah." At that moment a severe storm broke over the wires and knocked Uncle Mose down. As he picked himself up he said; "I know that's Sarah. I can tell her every time."

Mark Twain was sailing for Europe with his family. He left deck to finish some writing one afternoon, leaving word with his little girl: "If they ask for me, say that I have gone into the cabin to write an anecdote."

To the first passenger who inquired for Twain, the child lisped:

"He wont be gone long. He saith he ith only going to ride a nanny-goat."

The teacher had been assigning a composition writing lesson. "Now here are three buttons," she explained, "for each of you. The first represents Life. the second Liberty and the third Happiness."

Ted 'y came to class next day with only two buttons. "Here's Life, teacher," he said, "and here's Liberty, but Ma she sewed Happiness on my trousers."

An old "befo de wah" darkey was called upon to make a few remarks at the grave of a friend. He removed his hat and stepped reverently and sadly toward the open grave and in solemn tones he said "Friday Fucius, you is gone. We hope you is gone whar we all 'spects you ain't."