

Ray Hazlett

The Houghton Star.

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NUMBER 4

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving is coming with all its cheer,
Its turkey, its pudding and pies.
May plenty and friends fill your home
this year,
And renew the dear old ties.

Thanksgiving brings to our hearts again
the gratitude we feel—just for being to
each other what we are.

Mistah Tu'key say
He's feelin' ez gay
Ez what a bird can
On Thanksgivin' Day.

Here's that we eat, drink and be merry
In the good old-fashioned way.
To-morrow never, never comes;
Let's be happy, then, to-day.

Thanksgiving Menu.

Light heartedness
Longevity
Success and Prosperity
Good will toward men
Bountiful returns of Happiness
Comfort, Pleasure and Honor. [Sel.]

Louis Williams.

It would be unfair and a misnomer to place "Wonders of Electricity" as the caption of this article, for while Mr. Williams did speak on that subject and spoke well, the personality of the lecturer was as much enjoyed as his scientific presentations. It is indeed rare to find a man who can combine humor, the fresh, original, unhackneyed kind, with vivid pictures of electrical wonders, and make one an essential part of the other.

The first part was devoted to chemical demonstrations—simple enough, but still we learned something. For instance, Mr. Williams proved that water burned readily and was, withal, so dangerous that one member of a past audience had resolved henceforth to use only "whisky straight." Then the lecturer proceeded to make "soap bubbles" of hydrogen. To these he touched a lighted candle, and the effect was so dynamitical as to cause the least bit of discomfort in the audience. But the climax of his chemical activities came

when he had an assistant recite an immortal jingle with his lungs filled with hydrogen. "It will be recited in a way you never have heard or will hear again," he announced before the feat was done. He was correct.

From this phase he entered more directly into the announced subject. Mr. Luckey in introducing him said that he had unreservedly asked for his popular lecture rather than his technical one. His wisdom in so doing was verified from time of starting until the young people had left the building and were going Dormitory-ward by the triangle route. Some of his illustrations were quite common-place—telegraphy and the electro-magnet are samples. His explanations were particular clear and in one instance extremely practicable. He chose to illustrate the relative potentialities of negative and positive electricity by the medium of a half-dozen boys imported on the platform. As a remembrance of the occasion they received not a shock, of course, but a sensation. Surely if the instructive and the amusing can be ever properly blended, November 22 gave such a mixture to us, and for it we are duly thankful.

This is the second number of the course and the second success. Five 100 per cent good ones are to follow and everyone, particularly those in the vicinity of Houghton, who may not yet fully realize the advantages, should try to attend at least a majority of them.

Students Hear Rev. McLeister.

Now and then in our busy struggle for an education we may well take the time to pause and listen to a stirring message from some of Houghton's old students who have gone forth into the world to uphold the banner of Christ before a needy people; and from it we may get a vision of the possibilities for service in the great world harvest field.

Such an opportunity was given to the school and townspeople on the evening of November 4 when the Rev. I. F. McLeister of Indiana, Pa. gave a lecture on the life of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. How our hearts burned within us as we heard of the success of this wonder-

ful man! How we wished that in some way the Master might take some of us and make us of some great service to humanity!

Space will not permit us to go into detail concerning the life of Wesley, but we will mention some of the most interesting points brought out by Rev. McLeister concerning his life and the secret of his success. The first striking fact is that heredity naturally fitted him for a preacher, his ancestors on both his father's and mother's side being preachers. The story of his search for the truth and the final settlement of his mind on the doctrines that laid the foundation of Methodism is indeed an interesting one, worthy of our closest attention and deepest thought. But the fact that stands out above all is his wonderful success as a preacher and organizer. Although he was not converted until he was thirty-five years old, yet he traveled over 250,000 miles and preached 42,400 sermons.

What was the secret of his success? First, he was backed by the power of God. Second, he was physically and mentally equipped for the great place he was to occupy. An Oxford graduate, with honors, an athlete who ran over three miles every day during his college life, a man with a voice that could be heard by 32,000 people at one time, all fitted him for his great work. Third, he followed his work by organizing his converts into churches, thus establishing his work.

As we listened to the lecture, our thoughts naturally turned to the progress of Methodism since that time and then the great need of consecrated preachers impressed itself upon us. Where are the men who are going to carry on the work of this great man? True, we cannot all be Wesleys but each in his own place can give his consecrated efforts to carry on the great principles of Methodism to the coming generations. If we would see Wesley's monument we have but to look around us and behold the great organized churches built on the principles of Methodism. If we would do something for the Master we have but to look around us and behold the fields white for the harvest, waiting for you and me to answer the call and say "Here am I, Lord, send me."

G. H.

Thanksgiving Day.

'Tis evening, and above the eastern hill
The silver-crimsoned streamers on the
clouds
Proclaim the harvest noon. The wind
sobs softly
Among the naked trees above the ledge
As if in consolation, and the brook
Ripples unceasingly, while the stars look
down
In twinkling splendor, like so many jewels
Set in the coronet of night.

The road
Gleams frostily beneath the silver sheen
Of early moonlight and the meadows run
Away to shadow vastness, where the sky
Kisses the earth amid the darkling mists
That creep at sunset out above the river.
The world is all deserted—nature sleeps
Alone, the sleep of weariness. The trees
Above the road have knit their boughs to-
gether
In mute and tender sympathy, and stand
Fretted and aged, to form cathedral aisles
For nature's worship. Over all has come
A deep unbroken silence, and the north
Gleams with auroral splendors—and the
white
Of frost upon the fences and the hedge
Speaks of incipient winter. 'Tis a night
When moonlight beckons to the out-of-
doors:
And by the old farmhouse the autumn
leaves
Tap lightly on the sash with myriad fin-
gers.

Within, beside the fireplace, sit a pair
Grown old together. She the silver locks
Of eighty winters wears and he the lines
Of eighty summers on his furrowed brow,
And cheerfully the fire leaps up in jets
Of sudden splendor, weaving now the
dreams
Of olden fancy, and with fickle veil
Hiding them all is smoke-oblivion.

Softly they rock together, and the creaks
Of the old chair, rheumatic with the
cracks
And checks of sturdy age, rasp on the si-
lence
Like voices of the past. The sound is
hushed
All suddenly, and by the fading light,
Hand clasped in hand, and heart to heart
relying,
They speak of those delightful days they
passed
Together, in life's springtime, when the
morn
Of life was wet with dewy fragrance, and
the heat
And labor of the day was just begun.

And now with bated breath they count
the times
They met together to exchange love-tok-
ens
Until they sealed them with a solemn vow.
And then they thought of that fair day
when came
Their only son, and how the sun had
kissed
The babe upon his mother's arms and all
The joy that brake tumultuously upon

Their humble cot, and how the days were
passed
As grew the lad to manly vigor, taught
In all the rugged virtues of the home:
And how their love had strengthened till
the day
They searched and found him gone: and
the wrench
Of bitter agony that fell upon
Their hearts, grief-shattered, like the
rocks that dash
Shore-hungry with the raging breakers'
roar
Upon the teeth of savage crags, till flint
Is ground to sand and sand is ground to
dust
To mingle with the elements and lose
Its erst-integrity. In broken hearts
They hid the sudden sorrow till the hand
Of time in mercy intervened, and pain
Was lost in shadow.

As they spoke to-night
Of the dear long-departed came a thought
Insistent as the touch of Death to each
And would not be denied. Though long
the years
Since he had gone—where was the boy
to-night?
The fireplace glowed again and at the door
A knock was heard, first timorous, then
quick
With light insistence and the open door
Revealed a face furrowed with care, and
eyes
Covertly peering from below the hat
Of shaggy brown, and scattered gleams
of white
Bespeaks of tattered garments. He was
faint
With cold and hunger and his hands hung
limp
Beside him as he dropped before the fire
Upon an oaken chair.

The candle lighted
The goodwife brings him milk and bread
and lays
Them on the snowy tablecloth beside him
And hunger satisfied, he begs a place
To tarry for the night, and he is led
To the lone chamber in the loft, to rest.
But sleep forsakes him. Something in
the room
Calls him again to wakefulness; a ray
Of light shines in and falls caressingly
Upon a picture on the wall, a face
Tender and sober—sweet—pinked with
the glow
Of early womanhood. He sees the ray
And follows it with eager eye. A cry
Half-unsuppressed mounts to his lips—he
feels
His pulses start; for something in the face
Awakes old memories long-dead. His
eyes
Moisten, and now he kneels upon the
floor,
And sobs as in the days of old. Though
days
Had lengthened into weeks, the weeks to
years,
Since tears had fallen from this face, the
lines
Seem strongly softened now, the hard-
ened mouth
Of criminal despair, the sunken eyes

Are bathed in penitent tears. Long, long
he kneels
Before the portrait—lost to all beside
Then suddenly with quick impulsive haste
He lays his hand upon the Holy Book
Which lies beside him on a stool, and
vows
A holy vow to God to lead no more
The life of sin, and with a benison
Peace falls upon his heart, and lays her
hand
All soothingly upon his troubled brow.

The night is past, and now the morning
flush
Heralds the coming day. The wakeful
cocks
Crow to the dawn, and now the sunbeams
play
Upon a sleeping figure, worn and scarred
With many sufferings, but upon his face
Hovers a smile of child-like innocence
And peace unbroken. Soon the light
awakes
The slumberer to rise. He gently wraps
His tattered rags about him, and descends
Into the room below. The hearth is
bright
With a new glow, the mantel-figures
smile
Most cheerily, the bacon in the pan
Sputters and dances, and the kettle sings
Joyously from its place above the fire.
Breakfast is ready, with its yellow store
Of corn-cakes and its syrup golden-brown
And in the midst, with shining cap the
mother
Stands as presiding goddess of the whole.
She hears his step advancing now, and
lifts
Her glasses, for her eyes are dim, to view
A face now grown familiar—but two
words
And both are clasped in fond embrace.
And now
He fondly, firmly clasps his father's hand
And finds his love as steadfast as of yore.
The simple repast ended, all return
With bended knee to God, from honest
hearts
Thanks for the blessings of the day, and
most
For this the prodigal returned. So dawns
This glad Thanksgiving Day.

R. S. Chamberlain, '18.

A Thanksgiving Story.

"Oh dear, I wish I had a gun, mother.
You know what luck I have had shooting
rabbits with cousin Roy's thirty-two, but
it's too far to go over to his house every
time I want to go hunting a little while.
Anyway, it isn't nearly as much sport to
use someone else's gun. If I had one of
my own, I could shoot all the meat we
need. There are lots of rabbits back on
the hills."

As Robert, the eldest of Mrs. Grey's
three children, for the second time that
day gave expression to his ambition of

owning a gun, his mother paused long enough in her work to bestow a look of sympathy on the troubled face of her fourteen year old boy. However, she could give no encouragement, for money was scarce in the frugal household; and the widow, with the aid of her sturdy son was barely able to supply the needs of the two younger Greys, a girl of four, and a boy of six. Well knowing the value of the stray rabbits that had found their way among her scant supply of provisions, she would have liked to have given him the gun; but instead was obliged to repeat the usual objection: "Well Robert, you know we haven't any money to spare just now."

Robert did know it;—and he knew the same was true as each successive day passed by. The twenty-fifth day of November arrived, and still no prospect of realizing his desire. Moreover, another question arose, "Where was the morrow's Thanksgiving dinner to come from?" No definite arrangements had yet been made for that occasion, and never before had the means for a suitable celebration been lacking. Their small flock of poultry was still yielding a few eggs, and therefore was too valuable to be used only as a last resort. What to do was a problem. However, there is a way out of every difficulty, and finally, prompted by the hunter's instinct, Robert thought of a solution.

"We haven't had a rabbit for quite a while, why not let me go hunting? I guess Roy won't be using his gun until tomorrow."

Thus it happened that the crisp, invigorating air of the twenty-fifth day of November brought a ruddy glow of health to the cheeks of a warmly-clad youth, as he briskly made his way along the hillsides in the neighborhood of Smoky Creek. But that day, all rabbits seemed to have remained in their holes. Perhaps some premonition of danger had warned them. Or else the chill air had suddenly aroused in them a great appreciation for the warm, sheltered burrow.

From one o'clock in the afternoon until almost dark, Robert trudged mile after mile, but no glimpse of a shy cotton-tail rewarded his efforts. As he thought of small brother Ned and little Katy awaiting his homecoming with bright, eager eyes, the thought of their disappointment moved him to a renewed effort. But at last, after it had become so dark that it was useless to hope longer, he turned homeward with lagging steps.

"Four miles," he muttered, "and it is

all ready quite dark. The moon will soon be up, though."

The way he knew perfectly. First he must cross the Quarry-stone Gully,—then traverse the side of Old Smokey Head, as the small mountain was called, and finally pick his steps over Smokey Creek, which ran along the mountain's foot for a short distance. Though the ground was bare, it was not a dark night; and the moon, soon making its appearance, dimly lighted up the different objects. The boulders and rocks, strewn over the almost barren slope, were plainly visible.

Perhaps Robert had covered half the distance, when, as he peered here and there among the shadows, he thought he detected a movement a few rods ahead. He stopped,—and standing perfectly motionless, was able to distinguish a stealthy form dodging among the rocks up the mountain-side. It was too large for a rabbit, and seemed of a dark shade of color. Now thoroughly excited, the youthful hunter brought his gun into position,—then awaited a favorable opportunity for a shot.

"Whatever it is," he thought, "I shall have a chance when it crosses that open place a short distance above, unless it changes its course. Were it a fox, it would be lighter colored, and I'm sure I can't imagine what else could act that way. Ah, there it is almost to the open space."

A moment he steeled himself, then with as careful aim as possible in the semi-darkness, he fired. How the sound echoed in the valley below, breaking the stillness of the night!

"A long chance," he whispered as he jumped to his feet and started swiftly toward the place. "I thought I saw the thing jump, but those shrubs are in the way so that I can't see." Stealthily he approached. "Oh hurrah!"—he almost shouted aloud in his excitement—"I hit it!" Quickly he reached the spot, and, with gun in readiness for instant use, poked the quiet form. "Why of all things," he began, "what can this mean?" He grasped and held up before him—a large turkey!

"But a turkey wouldn't be wandering up here this time of night,—and wouldn't glide along like that thing did anyway. Whoop—what's that!"

He suddenly became aware of another form, lying but a few yards away and partially hidden by a small bush.

"Ah, it moves!"

Quickly he trained his gun, and another report cut the silence. Again slipping a

cartridge in place, with feverish haste he approached the second form. In tense excitement he watched it,—then he knew! Like a suddenly loosed bow, he jumped up, and this time a real shout burst from his lips. "Oh, what luck! what luck!" he cried, quite beside himself for joy. "A fox sure as I'm standing here, which isn't very sure. Oh but wasn't that a lucky shot! Now I see where Mr. Turkey came from. What an obliging fellow you are, Mr. Thief! It's a pity you couldn't have brought along a few more presents! But we'll be satisfied this time with the fur plus the turkey. Let me see though, is it fit to eat?" He examined the turkey, and seemed quite satisfied with the results of his search. "Why, yes, how thoughtful of you! You performed a real scientific execution, Mr. Fox. No one could ask for better."

Tired? Well, if Robert Grey was tired, he was far more happy. "We'll have the turkey for dinner; and if I find who the owner is, I'll offer to pay. There will be enough for that besides buying me a new gun."

With this thought in mind, he still further increased his speed, with the result that in crossing the creek doth shoes momentarily became dippers for scooping water out of the stream. What though the water was cold? Was he not about to realize his greatest ambition? He scarcely noticed his misfortune as he hastened along.

A moment more, and he had deposited the larger burden beside the kitchen door. Then assuming a calmness which his flushed face and bright eyes belied, he stalked in, and dropped the plump burden on the table with a thud. As an explanation, he made the matter-of-fact statement that "I couldn't find any rabbits, so brought home the turkey for you and the two children."

Astonishment is but a feeble term with which to express Mrs. Grey's feelings. Her anxiety over the non-appearance of her son gave place to such a diversity of emotions that no words seemed to fit.

"Got a fox outside, too; might bring it in and show you," continued the same even tones in a manner very suggestive of a volcano about ready to break forth.

He brought the splendid creature in, and laid it on the bare kitchen floor,—and then the volcano broke loose! With Mrs. Grey's questions, and Robert's disconnected account of his adventures, spiced with ejaculations of all kinds, and mixed with the shouts and laughter of the two lively perpetual motion machines,—small wonder that their nearest neighbors decided the whole family had lost their wits!

Ray Russell, '20.

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Editorial

Giving Thanks.

Can we, as a world crushed by the cruel torture of Mars, bleeding at the heart still have cause for thankfulness? Ah! yes, this world could be much worse. Our minds are so bent toward the war that we fail to realize what our brothers in the other part of the world are doing. Why not thank God for the fruitfulness of Mr. Sherwood Eddy's religious campaign among the students of India and China? Why forget to be thankful for the large number of students and people in Japan who are becoming Christians, and for the power of Christian influence upon that country? Recently Count Okuna of Japan publicly said, "Christianity has poured into every realm of Japanese life and exerted a wide and deep influence over Japanese thought. Concerning the future it is my own conviction that no practical solution of many pressing problems is in sight apart from Christianity." Indeed many in the trenches of Europe to-day are hearing the "good news" who have never heard it before.

What have we as a nation to be thankful for? No hostile foe has invaded our native soil. No "kaiser" holds the reins of government. No entangling alliances with the warring countries trouble us. Our barns are full, our resources are vast

and finally but not least Prohibition is coming.

As a school we feel grateful. Sickness and death has not diminished our numbers. Our facilities for physical development, for publishing our own printed matter give added reasons for thankfulness. The harmonious relation between students and faculty, coupled with an intense interest on both sides for the progress of the school is indeed appreciated. We thank God for his blessing upon our school.

On this another Thanksgiving all the boys can meet around the old home fireside and rejoice the heart of father and mother. Their rich blood and noble manhood has not been given to satisfy the ravaging hunger of war. Yes, thousands of unbroken families will meet this Thanksgiving Day.

But what have we personally for which to be thankful? They are numberless. We know not where to begin. For the unnoticed blessings, for the common run of daily duties, for the memories of good deeds done us, for the regards and trust of friends, for the notable examples of Christlike living and service, for opportunities to become a Christian and thus have a share in the greatest work of the universe and for countless other blessings we give our most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

Announcements.

Don't forget to come to the faculty impersonation Thanksgiving evening. Due to the inclemency of the weather the gym will not be ready for use Thanksgiving afternoon. Though this is our Dec. 1. issue we have made it a Thanksgiving number as it will reach our subscribers on or before Thanksgiving.

Our next issue, the Christmas number, will contain a story from the pen of Miss C. Belle Russel.

We are glad to announce that the January fifteenth issue will be wholly in the hands of our live college freshman class.

The prospects for an excellent magazine issue at the close of this semester are very bright. Among other features will be a symposium consisting of papers written by alumni on the subject, "Why my career appeals to me and what opportunities it offers." Mr. Carl E. Sumner, a prominent banker in Fort Pierre, S. D., will discuss this question as a banker. Mr. Benjamin Clauson, of Chicago, who receives his M. D. this year, will discuss the

subject as viewed from a doctor's standpoint. Rev. I. F. McLeister of Indiana, Pa. will give his views as a minister.

Prof. H. H. Hester will contribute an article on the general theme, "How a man can best study himself so as to determine what sort of work he can best do by and by." Other choice articles will be in that issue.

You see we have some fine things coming so do not fail to have your subscription paid up ahead. Owing to the extra cost of this issue no one will receive it whose subscription has previously expired.

It Will Pay You Well To Read.

Do you know that there have been 18,500,000 casualties, one fourth of them deaths in the European War, in the last 26 months? Read about it in the Nov. 4 issue of the Literary Digest.

Of whom was this written? "The orchids of his dreams, of his evil dreams, became little by little the blossoms of joy and of consolation. Henceforward, with a palette of Eden—he painted with the rays of the prism, the dust of butterflies' wings, the pollen of pistils. A radiant radiation of ideal white magic takes the place of the tenebrous incantation of nightmares, the keen and luminous chords of the lyre are heard, the somber velvet of the night gives way to the silken skies of spring." This is a quotation from Mr. Bernard in the Nov. 4 Literary Digest. You can find out some more by reading the article.

The Scientific American for Nov. 4 has a good article on the war on page 403. Read it carefully.

The articles "Too Much Sunday Paper" and London's campaign against vice are of special interest to reformers and Christian workers. You will find them on page 1177 of the Nov. 4 Digest.

How much do you know about Latin America? There's an editorial in the Nov. Missionary Review on that question on page 809.

What is the universal medium of communication, and how was it used to help a religious service? You will find out about this and about Christian work on the Rio Grande by reading the article "Establishing Christianity on the Rio Grande" in the Nov. Missionary Review.

There's a fine talk on holiness on page 4 of the Heart and Life Bulletin for May 1916. Though we may not agree with the speaker at a few points, we find here a good and clear explanation of that doctrine for which the church stands.

"Dinna Forget Spurgeon" said an old woman to the "meister" on market day. Read the extract from one of Ian Maclaren's books which is given on page 654 of the June 1914 Christian Worker's Magazine to find what happened.

For a good article on the Navy read "Our New Navy" in the November Review of Reviews.

There are two good articles about animals in the October number of "Our Dumb Animals," "The Rescue of the Buffalo," and "Some Squirrel Biography," which are worth reading.

Who was the "White Ma of Calabar?" Read about her in the October Missionary Review.

What would you think of hurling rapidly revolving plates in the way of an oncoming tornado? See What Mr. Flowers has to say on page 403 of the Nov. 4 Scientific American.

R. S. C.

Organizations

Neosophic Notes.

Miss Fero's essay on "Honesty" was especially commendable. It was not only well written, but also ethical and instructive.

"Houghton is my ideal of Christian good fellowship as expressed in a modern school," were the closing words of a speech on "My First Impressions of Houghton" by Richard Walrath.

The piano solos by Miss Francis were, in the words of the critic, enchanting, and beautiful beyond comparison. Really, they were fine!

The humorous reading "Setting up the Stove" by Fred Warburton was pleasingly rendered and much appreciated.

I am sure the society was not aware of all the notable happenings until Miss Shaver presented them in her nicely written "Current Events."

L. E. B. '17,

At the Athenian.

Thanksgiving Number.

Only the other day we heard the remark made, "It does beat all, anyway! Those Athenian programs are always new and always different. One never knows what surprise is coming next."

To be sure that Thanksgiving program was "new and different." Instructive as

well as entertaining, every part held the attention of the audience from beginning to end.

What was the story of the Pilgrim Father's? Why should we be interested in it? Miss Fidelia Warburton's essay "The First Thanksgiving" brought vividly to mind the tale of the origin of Thanksgiving.

Ray Russell's original story possessed a characteristic appeal and a human touch which is by no means common to many stories we read and hear! Write us another someday, Ray.

In this land of ours where peace, plenty and prosperity reign, it is sometimes difficult to realize how our brothers and sisters across the waters are suffering in the terror of war's havoc and carnage. "Thanksgiving in Europe," by Clark Warburton as presented in George Jaker's "Reminiscences of the Great War" gave us an ideal picture of wartime in Europe.

Beyond our ability of expressing its merit was Robert Chamberlain's poem "Thanksgiving in Fairyland." To say it was brilliancy of imagination transformed into rhythmic English still leaves much unsaid concerning its merit.

Our Houghton Sem Orchestra rendered several selections which were pleasing and truly appreciated as well.

L. E. H. '20.

Alumni Notes

Class of 1915.

As we turn backward the pages of history we find that the members of the illustrious "class of '15" are widely dispersed and many are active in the busy scenes of life.

The only member of the Senior College Class, Glenn Barnett, died Dec. 26, 1915 after a short illness at Ann Arbor, where he had gone to complete his college course.

Robert Becker, Prep. '15, has recently purchased a farm of seventy acres at Lisbon, N. Y. He and his wife expect to move there next spring.

Nellie Bedford, Prep. '15, is a member of the freshman Class at Albany Normal College.

George Boice, Prep. '15, is a member of the Sophomore College Class of Houghton Seminary. We have all become accustomed to see him "darting" about the campus. He says, "We see a bright future for our Alma Mater."

Arthur Bryan, Prep. '15, is a member of the Theological Class of Houghton Seminary and is also taking Freshman College work.

Bessie Fancher, Prep. '15, graduated from Geneseo Normal in June '16 and is now teaching a seventh grade at Babylon, Long Island. She says that she thoroughly enjoys her work, and the scenery there is beautiful.

Marietta Fancher, Prep. '15, is teaching school near her home at Cattaraugus.

Mildred Hart, Prep. '15, was married to Bethel Babbitt, Prep. '12, last week and will make her future home at Omaha, Nebraska, where Mr. Babbitt is principal of a high school. The Star extends hearty congratulations.

Besse Little, Prep. '15, is teaching at Forksville, Pa.

Cecil G. Morris, Prep. '15, is braking on the Pennsylvania R. R. His address is Ineson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Max Reed, Prep. '15, is a Freshman at The Clarkson School of Technology of Potsdam, N. Y.

Edith Stall, Prep. '15, is at her home in Niagara County. Her address is Lockport, R. D. 9., N. Y.

Verna Stear, Prep. '15, is teaching at Aultman, Pa.

Ralph Tyler, Prep. '15, is a member of the Tyler and Bolander Music firm of Cuba, N. Y.

Ira Bowen, Prep. '15, is a member of the Sophomore College Class of Houghton Seminary, where he is delving into the mysteries of mathematics and science.

Myrtle Bryan, Prep. '15, is working in the fishline factory at South Otselic, N. Y. She expects to spend the winter at Jacksonville, Fla.

James Colby, Prep. '15, is this year a Freshman in Ohio Wesleyan.

Willard Ballard is pastor of the M. E. Church at Canadea, N. Y., and has recently been visiting in Houghton.

Gertrude Graves is teaching at Albion, Pa.

Harriet Meeker is teaching German and English at Crystal Lake, Ill.

Leo Raub has an assistant position in Physics at Nebraska University, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Ethlyn Stebbins, Prep. '15, is taking a training course in nursing at St. Luke's Hospital, Utica, N. Y.

Village Notes

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lynde were in Hornell last week.

Lovina Thayer spent Friday of last week in Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson spent a few days at Castile recently.

Mrs. Harriett Tucker has closed their home here and will spend the winter in New York City.

Mrs. L. S. Bedford came Monday to close their home here which has been sold to Rev. A. D. Fero.

Mrs. Whitaker and her daughter, Mrs. P. J. Harpham, recently returned home.

Locals

We were all glad to see the cheery face of Vivian Saunders once more in our halls for a few days. She expects to re-enter upon her regular schoolwork about the first of next month.

Mrs. Riggall and Miss Anna Tooke of Cazenovia, N. Y. were the guests of Miss Norah Riggall for several days recently.

The Misses Riggall and Tooke spent Saturday and Sunday visiting friends in Buffalo.

Mrs. Elizabeth Henney and Mrs. Jennie Van Camp of Plymouth, Ind. are visiting at the home of Rev. J. J. Coleman.

Miss Gladys Jennings of Cuba recently visited the school.

Miss Victoria Post, who has been on the sick list, is improving rapidly.

The Psychology class at the time of their recent study of the subject, habit, adopted some resolutions upon which they were to report about Thanksgiving time. The following are some of the resolutions:

Miss Coleman—Wants to break herself of wrinkling up her nose.

Lee—Get each lesson each day.

Miss Rogers—Make hay while the sun shines.

Miss Hanford—Concentration.

R. Kaufmann—Breathe deeply five times each day.

Barrett—Not to arrive rapidly at opinions.

Barnett—To be a methodical man.

Warburton—To lose no time.

A. Dreyer—To be efficient.

Markell—What your hands find to do, do with all your might.

Miller—To observe more carefully the little things and their proper place.

Schultz—I don't know where to begin.

R. Chamberlain—To be on time to class.

If Mildred Parmele had whiskers would Sarah Shaver?

Whatever hath been written shall remain
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee,
Take heed and ponder well what that
shall be. Longfellow.

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In Lighter Vain

Baby Boobinstein is learning the Greek alphabet this year—The First Proposal—Inspiration, Aspiration, Determination, Preparation, Decoration, Pergination, Reception, Narration, Ejaculation, Espostulation, Perspiration, Elevation, Excavation, Gurgitation, Expiration—The End.

During the exciting ball game the other afternoon the workers on the gym found themselves in a very great difficulty until one of them solved it by saying, "Drive the nails with one eye and look at the ball with the other.

We have been noticing that some of our college freshman girls are wearing their hair in curls, for the purpose (so they say) of making it grow. We suggest that our worthy friends, Markell and "Bill" Kaufman go and do likewise.

Hill, being accosted one morning by some girls who demanded his money or his life, answered, "Take my life but leave my money for my old age.

The girls may dress fine or their clothes may have patches,
But in Houghton they're all slow in making leap year matches.

The new professor in the girls' college was a German and not fluent with the English language. So when Miss Ellis had not been proficient in her recitation, the kind hearted professor made up his mind to help her a bit after the class had been dismissed. And to the amazement of the class he said, "Miss Ellis, may I, after the class has gone, hold you for a few minutes?"

Prep. girl, after leaving Physics test somewhat discouraged—"If anyone should put up a good proposition to me, I believe I'd quit school." We wonder what kind of a proposition. Perhaps some of our old bachelors would like to make one.

Recipe for Making a Bluff.

One unlearned lesson,
One unprepared pupil,
A confident facial expression,
One dozen big words,
Six oratorical gestures,
Six miscellaneous replies which will make teacher forget his or her question.
Mix all ingredients with hot air, quickly. Do not allow ingredients to cool. Ex.

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Exchanges

We are glad to acknowledge some excellent exchanges this issue. Among them are the following: "The Student," Franklin Academy, Malone, N. Y.; "The Apokeepsian," Poughkeepsie H. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; "Aletheia," Central Holiness University, University Park, Iowa; "The Congress," Olean H. S., Olean, N. Y.; "The Cazenovian," Cazenovia Seminary, Cazenovia, N. Y.; "The Student," Rochester Catholic H. S., Rochester, N. Y.; "The Everett High Clarion," Everett H. S., Everett, Mass.; "The Hemnica," Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.; "On Bounds," Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J.; "The Vista," Greenville College, Greenville, Ill.; and "M. H. S. Life," Montrose H. S., Montrose, Pa.

Both the literary and editorial departments have splendid articles in this "Hemnica." "The Campus Microscope" in this paper reveals some undesirable student types: the knocker, the tattler and the flatterer. They are well drawn and may well serve as a mirror in which each may look to see if he or she is in the list.

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