

FESSIE FANCHER

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No. 1

My Summer in School

W. LaVay Fancher, '14

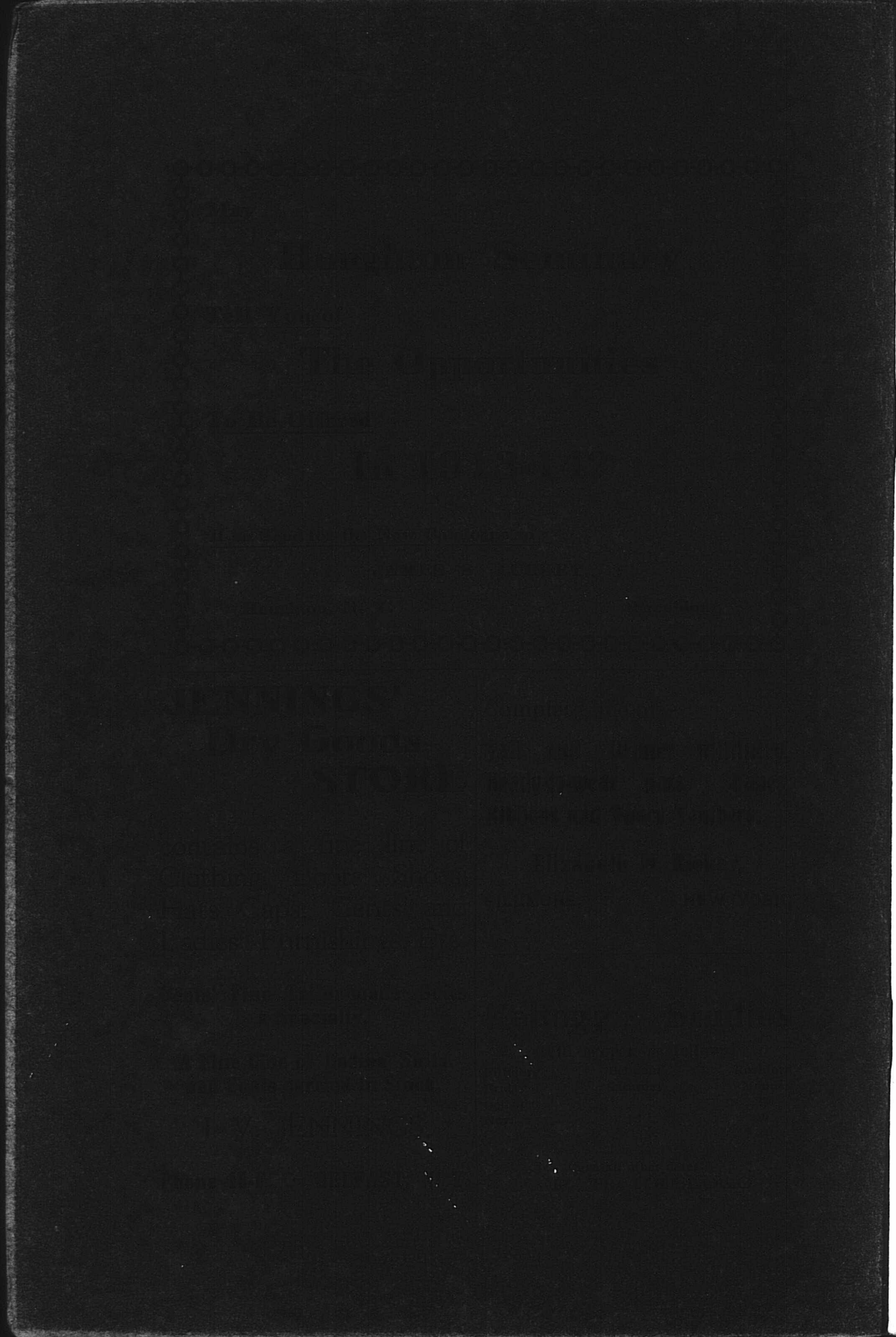
It was with some misgivings that I discovered, not many years ago, that my school work was not arranged in such a manner that at the completion of any scheduled school year I would find that the course which I had chosen was also being completed. For the simplest way to extricate one'sself from such a position is to attend summer school, and at this time of year life in the open has most positive charms. That there may be no dwelling on the apparition in the minds of my readers as there was in mine I will at once cross the threshold and introduce you to my schoolroom.

To be exact I can not tell the measurements thereof or with preciseness state the latitude or longitude. Suffice it to say that it was located in the commonwealth of Virginia in the west central part, and also in the commonwealth of West Virginia, just at that region where the New River crosses from the former state into the latter. The New River was its southwestern boundary, and a long even crested mountain called Peter's was its eastern boundary. Its western and northern walls were not yet constructed. In fact we were to form them as far away as possible. Needless to say the "blue canopy" was our constant ceiling—when it didn't cloud over.

The crowd with which I had chosen to identify myself consisted of fourteen members. Two of these were professors and one, although she did not try for any school credit for her seven weeks' work, was a most indispensable character for she it was who compounded and cooked our "eats." One of the professors was the leader of the bunch who were desiring to learn something about the geology of the region, while the other attempted to teach his students to survey and to map topography.

It was a beautiful country to which we had gone. We were located about one-fourth of a mile from the New River, which winds sinuously along through the mountains with little suggestion that through the ages past her own work had cut the channel down more than two thousand feet below the summit of the rock crowned ridges. Past our camp ran a quiet brook, beyond which the wall of a cliff rose precipitously for about one hundred feet. In the other directions we could see up the stream through a narrow valley, and opposite to the cliff the valley had the gentle U shaped base and then rose rather rapidly until it was nearly one thousand feet above us. Down the stream one could see across New River to the mountain ridges on the other side. But to realize the beauty one had but to climb to the summit of some of the mountains in our territory on some clear day, and scramble to the top of some lofty tree—for most of the high ridges were timbered—and there about three-fourths of a mile above the level of the sea gaze over the expanse of scalloped earth stretching to right and left now far more level in appearance than it had ever seemed when it was traversed. It can not boast of broad unbroken fields like the boundless prairies but it was mottled here and there by fields of grain; a peach or an apple orchard bordered a pasture range; beside the green fields of corn were the yellow plots where the wheat had recently been; and further on along the steeper slopes were the woods in various shades of green; while the tireless New River with its silvery ribbon form wound itself picturesquely through the whole landscape.

Yet ours was no picnic party, nor were we left to choose our work and hours at our discretion. At the hour of six thirty we assembled around the family board each morning after we had taken our morning plunge into the ever fresh wash basin of Rich creek. Immediately thereafter we set forth to our respective tasks.



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The first few weeks that we were in the region, we geologists, for so we proudly termed ourselves, were set to work to learn the character of the rocks which outcropped in our section. We were not set at this in any haphazard way but started at one end of our section and carefully noted any change in the character of the rocks as we progressed along the section. The rocks here were very apparent since the river in cutting down its bed had made the outcrops very prominent. Since folding and faulting and vast upheavals have strenuously contorted this region the layers of the rocks were far from level in most instances, but varied in dip from zero to ninety degrees. In this way many forms of rock would be exposed in a cross section of a mile or two. These we described minutely in our note books; these we measured, and these we lived with until we could recognize and call them by name. Meanwhile we had been sitting or standing along a cliff perhaps twenty to eighty or ninety feet high in the warmth of the July sun of Virginia and the names were not the only things which had struck in.

Now and then we would take a trip across our region to discuss the probable geological formation of the country, and we would be presented with acres of fields hundreds of feet above the level of the river channel in which occurred rounded rocks in profusion. Then the professor would seek to draw from us the explanation for it all, artfully questioning but just as artfully eluding, when we turned the tables.

Later when we had grown more accustomed to the place instead of going as a group with the professor we were sent out by twos or threes to find outcrops of our old friends of the railroad sections along the cliffs. These we were required to follow entirely across our territory which consisted of about twenty-five square miles. In our trip we were required to notice not only rocks, but how these weathered into soils and what the general character of the soil was. We also noticed ores, water supply and any points in which the rock was of commercial importance.

The most of the rocks here were of sedimentary origin. Some shales were there, but most of the formations were of limestones. Some of the mountains contained beds of iron ore and the natives were constantly bring

ing us bits of rock which they were assured were composed of valuable ore. We could recognize some of the rocks by their color and some by their fracture. In one, calcite veining might be prevalent and in another of similar color, it might be entirely missing. Another might have the cleavage, the color, the thickness of beds, and weather exactly like another, but in one we would find the Archimedes screw which placed it in the Carbonaceous period, while the neighboring rock would hold the tell-tale products which revealed that this rock was far younger than the other.

Our days were spent in the field from breakfast time till about five thirty at night. As the noon hour approached we sought out some neighboring spring and ate the conventional lunch which we carried in our haversacks. It consisted of two sandwiches and we were nearly always ready for them. At night upon our return to camp we one and all lost no time in gathering to eat our dinner by far the most extensive meal of the day.

After dinner we had informal lectures about three evenings a week for about an hour and then we betook ourselves to our swimming hole or gathered in some fellow's tent to swap the stories of the day's adventures.

The crowd of fellows, though I knew no one of them before I entered the course, proved to be most friendly and congenial. They were students of Oberlin college and as such they were forbidden to smoke or drink, nor do I think the restriction a severe one in their case. Our professor was a Christian gentleman who helped to strengthen the moral tone as he humbly acknowledged thanks at the table or assisted in the church work of the neighborhood. On Sunday evenings after the services of the day were over the neighbors would sometimes gather to hear our boys sing the songs of the college and the hymns of the church.

The time fails me to tell of the delightful time we had rearranging our tents after a sudden storm, or of the persistent visits of a neighboring cow who seemed to like our particular brand of clothes. Nor can I tell of the glorious nights for sleep in the open with the whip-poor-wills calling, the tree-toads croacking, and the adjacent brooks murmuring all the

while. You will of course hear nothing of the trip to Mountain Lake, which rests peacefully four thousand feet above sea level, and to which thousands annually go. Nor will you go with me through numerous caves formed in the limestones by the solution work of water, but—yes really—when you must have some summer school work remember that mother nature has a course "in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia" in which you can see and learn many things which are not shown in books.

A Fourth of July in Venice

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P.8.
In the course of events it came to pass that our itinerary brought us to Venice about 6 P. M. July 3, 1913. Just outside the station we stepped into gondolas (the cabs of the city) and were taken to our hotel facing the Grand Canal (Main Street.)

✓ Venice was founded early in the Christian Era by the Veneti who descended from their cities in N. E. Italy, fleeing before the advance of great conquerors. The city is built on piles on 117 islands, and is intersected by over 150 canals which are crossed by about 400 bridges.

On the morning of the Fourth we were ready for our visit of the city, but as usual in this country on this day a steady rain was descending. However this did not discourage us, and we were soon making our way around on foot, in cabs (gondolas), and in the street cars (steamboats). Our first object was to visit the celebrated churches. As elsewhere in Italy the cathedrals have been the depositories of the treasures of art and the burial place of the famous dead. Much of the work of art has now been placed in the museums and art galleries, but each church is more or less a Westminster Abbey.

The Church of "The Frari" contains the tomb of Titian and the Mausoleum of Canova. Titian died in the plague of 1576, and was given honored burial here, though a law had been made that all bodies smit-

ten with the plague should be taken outside the city. In the Mausoleum of Canova only the heart of the Master is buried. The church of the Jesuits is one of the most curious in the world. On entering you are under the impression that it is lined throughout with a chintz somewhat faded, through which runs a pattern in green. You notice the pulpit, with heavy curtains around it of the same material, and the altar steps covered with a carpet made to match. But a nearer glance shows you the whole is marble; from floor to ceiling, from entrance to altar, all is white marble, and the "green pattern" is nothing less than verd-antique.

The Church of Saints John and Paul is the burial place of the Doges. But of all the cathedrals of Venice, that of Saint Mark is, of course, far in the lead. Standing as it does near the border line of the East and the West, it partakes of the Byzantine style to quite a degree, and with its domes, columns, arches, and especially its mosaics, makes a building that might be taken for a Mohammeden mosque. The most interesting place in Venice and one of the most interesting squares in the world is that of Saint Mark's. This is well-paved with stone and surrounded with some of the most noted buildings of Venice. Conspicuous is the Church of Saint Mark. On the left is the Doge's Palace; on the right, the Mint and former Library of St. Mark, now united with the Procuratie Nuove to form the Royal Palace; in front, the two magnificent monolith columns, and, beyond, the Lagoons, with their gondolas and larger vessels. All these things can be taken in almost at a glance, and they form together a scene which is unparalleled.

After the Churches we visited the Academy of Fine Arts, containing a marvelous collection of pictures of Venetian Masters. (The greatest of these are the "Assumption" by Titian, and the death of Abel by Tintoretto.) Our guide was a man utterly devoid of Art appreciation and made on the plan of a music box, after he had run down there was some chance to see the pictures. In this way the day was spent. Not once did we see a horse, a dog, a bicycle, or an automobile, and not once did we hear a fire cracker, but at the close we felt that we had been well-spent. J. S. Luckey. the day

Summer School at Houghton

Last year was an eventful year for Houghton Seminary. It was not a restricted eventfulness in any sense of the word, being eventful along all the most important lines of labor and learning, athletics and art, society and science. More than once from the rostrum of our chapel did we hear those who know, pronounce it the one best year of many excellent years that have come to our school.

Is it any wonder, with such success already attained that there should come a desire for fresh laurels, for new fields to conquer? Spurred on by thoughts of retrospection and backward views of past victories, the ambition sometimes soars to heights before unknown. The snows of winter had hardly retreated before the zephyrs of spring; the basketball had hardly been dropped in favor of the bat when it was observed that some of the professors were seen frequently holding mysterious and rather awe-inspiring consultations in lowered tones. With less of flattery than truth I may also add that these same professors from now on wore a certain look of higher wisdom than was wont to encircle their learned brows. Now gentle reader, please do not misconstrue my meaning. Not that these honored persons were ever deficient in the display of this desired charm but that they now became more proficient. A wistful, indescribable, "just wait and see" expression was also often caught sporting about what had hitherto been termed stern and rugged countenances.

Surely this was becoming a portentous business. What could it all mean, and when would the hidden knowledge become the common property of all? How the suspense affected the more inquisitive members of the student body! Many a youthful face that had long been known for its beaming display of the most winsome, wreathed smiles gradually lengthened itself day by day until it resembled nothing so much as a living question mark. Common conjecture can not do justice to what the outcome might have been had it continued long, but hap-

pily and fortunately for all concerned, the plot developed rapidly.

At last there came a day when everything regained its usual composure. Students again took on the face of mirth and the expression of interrogation disappeared as mysteriously as it had come. Did I say everything? No, that would have been far too cruel. The look of higher wisdom is with us still, and lingers as though it would remain forever. May it never vanish from seats whereon it rests so becomingly. The "just wait and see" expression changed in one night and the next morning it could be plainly seen as an "I told you so" look as the bearer distributed small yellow pamphlets among the students. Ah ha! you say? A case of yellow journalism. Not so. Indeed far from it.

It was an announcement of the Summer School to be held from July 1 to August 15 with R. E. Rindfusz, Director. So reads the original which cannot be gainsaid. Thus it all came about through the medium of a small yellow pamphlet, but for all its insignificance, within that yellow pamphlet lay securely concealed the dim prophecy of what well might fill a volume. Smile not at this broad statement for it is even so and may be attested by many a one who knows. And why should it not be so? Have we not the following statement from the pamphlet itself and does anybody presume to doubt that? "Houghton Seminary is ideally situated for a quiet, restful, and enjoyable summer. The campus is on a perfectly level terrace fifty feet above the valley and overlooks the Genesee River. On two sides the grounds are flanked by native groves affording ideal opportunities for picnics and short walks." This in itself would be a great attraction but it goes farther to mention Caneadea Gorge and Moss Lake and Portage Falls and Letchworth Park.

In fact, if you are not very familiar with these details, I advise you to read one of the yellow circulars. With a school of this kind of course the high standard of the regular school must be maintained and thus there was a clause relating "to the use of tobacco, alcoholic liquors, profane or obscene language, to the attendance upon dances and questionable places, and to the playing of cards or gambling." It is my opinion

that a decision as to the meaning of the clause referring to card playing or gambling has not yet been rendered and consequently a broad interpretation of the clause may possibly have been taken. No doubt such games as rook, roodles and flinch were not under consideration when the rules were formulated.

At last the eventful day arrived and the doors of Houghton Seminary were for the first time thrown open for a summer session. It is impossible for me to give any figures as to the finances of this adventure but I do solemnly swear that I beheld the director walking thru the halls jingling the contents of his pockets and furthermore I am willing to testify that it jingled as loudly as several pounds of shingle nails. He could not easily have carried so many, for nails and button-hooks are not very plentiful, but the reader must judge of such details for himself.

So far as I could determine from the opinion of the school it was a grand success. Everybody seemed to be glad and happy, everything seemed to progress as it should and if any person in attendance did not learn as much as he expected it is my own opinion that it was his own fault, either in not working up to his expectancy, or in placing his expectancy too high for his work, or perhaps both.

✓ The faculty consisted of Prof. Smith, Prof. Rindfusz, Mrs. Rindfusz and Miss Greenberg. All things considered it was an ideal summer school. Never before did pupils show such zeal for learning; and never before did teachers show such zeal for teaching. If for any reason the teacher was not on time, the pupil would immediately set forth to find him or her as the case might be and it was no uncommon sight to see a student tripping gaily across the campus with a German book in her hand, seeking the whereabouts of her teacher. More than once too did I hear of the teacher, the pupil and the baldheaded Caesar forming another triumvirate in the pupil's room. So animated did the readers of Poe and Hawthorne become that their interest pervaded the whole school and one timid girl was seen reading "The Black Cat" solely for amusement. Perhaps she had heard of the concrete material of the course and was searching for some at that time. The interest

taken in the botany was manifested by the spirit in which the class and others performed the experiments and gathered the specimens. I considered the fact that a masterpiece of the drawing class was taken for a live specimen by a member of the botany class as being far more credit to the class in drawing than discredit to the class in botany.

With such a Utopian atmosphere hovering over the whole enterprise, with such harmony existing between teacher and pupil, with all these facilities, environments, etc., so conducive to the best attainment of learning, it seems strange indeed that there should be any attraction able to draw the mind from the pursuit of knowledge, but such there seems to have been.

Wyoming Bill's Historic Wild West Show exhibited in a neighboring town and nearly demoralized some few of the students who did not resist the temptation to attend. 'Tis said the most austere and bashful member of the whole school persuaded the most fickle member to be led astray on this occasion, though it may have been partly due to the willingness of the victim. The result was shown in the dexterity exhibited in lassoing acid bottles in the laboratory during the remainder of the course.

There was one most important department that I have not yet mentioned. I mean the music department. No doubt the one most important factor that determined the domination of peace and serenity was the great success along this line. The course included both vocal and instrumental and was conducted by Miss Thurston. Celestial indeed was "the concord of sweet sounds" that issued daily from the windows of the upper story. When Miss Thurston told such marvelous tales of yet more numerous tails, and neither could be doubted, the dorm was rechristened "The Rat Tower on the Genesee" just out of courtesy to that less honored one on the Rhine.

To be sure there was a recital at the end of the course. Who ever heard of a musical course without a recital? This was a great success and spoke well for the instructor as well as for her pupils. It was marred however by one unlucky incident. Two swains who arrived somewhat late, delayed the program by a somewhat public pro and con discussion

as to whether they should join the ladies chorus. Perhaps the better counsel prevailed for the argumentative twain at last found seats in the rear of the hall and became reconciled under that influence that has power to soothe the savage beast.

Finally the last day arrived, the last examination had been taken and the first summer session at Houghton Seminary was soon a thing of the past. With the closing of school, the pupils took their respective ways to their respective homes, but there were some who were not so fortunate. Their school had not yet closed, for they had many hours of laboratory work yet unfinished.

Dreary were the days in the lab. With the better half of the school departed, what could lab work be but a discussion of the days that were and are no more?

Once indeed was the monotony broken when some urchins from the camp ground became too numerous about the premises of the lab. At last one wicked member of the qualitative class suggested putting wizard oil on their ears and securing these appendages for purses as soon as they fell off. Suiting their actions to their words, they caught the frightened youngsters and proceeded to apply silver nitrate to their ears. Of course they did not fall off but the nitrate worked as is its nature, and the Professor says it does not come off until it wears off. Many times since has my conscience awakened pity in my breast for those afflicted youths. Ofttimes do the words of the professor ring in my ears and repentantly do I remember the scrubbing my mother used to give me, but this—it will not come off until it wears off.

That Old Seminary Building

Progress is the watchword of the ages. Sea and star, flower and firmament evince perpetual development. Instead of the lumbering stage coach of a hundred years ago we travel on our winged steeds among the clouds, instead of nations seeking opportunities for war they are fast learning to beat their swords into plow shares, and Houghton Seminary instead of her former excellence is seeking an

ever widening field of usefulness as her horizon broadens.

Several years ago it seemed wise to abandon the site chosen by our fathers and the building which they built because the facilities were inadequate. So at an outlay of some forty thousand dollars a new seminary and ladies' dormitory were erected on a new site that was far superior to the former one. It was thought that these buildings would accommodate our school for years to come. Already our increased attendance, teaching force and equipment render our quarters too small.

Our thought was directed to that old building over on the hill across the valley and we wondered if it might not still be possible to use the material in erecting a new building on our campus. Accordingly, at the annual meeting of the alumni last June we gave expression to our thoughts and they were so pleased with the idea that in about half an hour \$1090 were pledged as a fund to be used in taking down the old building and putting up a new one. This community the following week pledged another thousand. During the summer vacation the building was taken down and the material carefully saved for future use. The cost of taking down this building did not exceed \$500.

The new building will cost \$10,000, completed, aside from heating and plumbing. It will be a three story edifice and somewhat like the other buildings in general outline. The first floor will be devoted to lockers and baths, the second to the music department and the gymnasium will be on the third floor.

The proposed building will be of incalculable value as regards increased attendance and efficiency. H. C. B.

Prohibition Work in Steuben Co., New York.

During the summer just passed Mr. C. Floyd Hester worked as field canvasser for Steuben Co. Prohibition Committee beginning the first week of July and closing with Sept. 15th. During this time he personally interviewed 883 voters securing 508 pledges to vote the Prohibition Party ticket. Of the 508 men signed up, 330 were new recruits. He took 209 subscrip-

tions to Prohibition Papers, raised \$624.55 (\$100.00 at the County Convention) for the County Committee, \$238.40 of which was cash, and held 18 Sunday meetings. He took acknowledgments to excise petitions in the license towns of Wayland, Cohocton and Bath. He states that the field is ripe for harvest. Many voters are without a political home and are willing to come in with the Prohibition Party when they see that it means business.

Mr. Hester enjoyed his summer's work very much and begins school at Oberlin College, Ohio, Sept. 24, together with his brother, H. H. Hester, Paul Fall of Ind., and Rev. Frank Wright, LaVay Fancher, LaRue Bird and Jesse Frazier of N. Y., all of whom are Houghton College men.

A Chapter of My Possible Autobiography

Sometime back, years and years ago, I formed an intention that sometime and somehow I should become a Houghton student, and at last as I grew older, my hopes were finally realized.

My journey to Houghton was a decided success, being piloted a part of the way by an old student. Before he joined me I made no mistakes in either trains or directions, but after that—Well I will explain a portion in detail.

We, the aforementioned experienced man and myself met in a well known though distant city, whiled away the time between trains by viewing the city, and, most fortunate circumstance! just before train time three young ladies of our acquaintance, came into the station, who strange (?) to say were also on their way to Houghton.

Superb, splendid, Magnificent.

As it neared train time there was, of course, more or less excitement, so we allowed ourselves to be guided by the gentleman before mentioned, because he had made the trip before, and he being of a cautious nature enquired as to the destination of the train. Receiving a satisfactory reply, we all climbed aboard and as we supposed started for Rochester, N. Y. Presently along came the conductor who immediately pronounced our tickets no good.

What was the matter?

We were on the wrong train. Imagine our consternation, if you can, speeding over an unknown country, in the night and going in the wrong direction!

Our trusty(?) guide at once transferred responsibility to me and I upon the advice of a fellow passenger said, "Let's get off." We did so at the next stop, a little town, where there were no streetcars or other conveyances in sight, it being at the time of night when nearly all were asleep. We succeeded however by the aid of a belated pedestrian, in routing a good natured man from his slumbers, who took us hurriedly by auto back to the aforementioned city.

We made another start on a later train and after many varied and interesting experiences arrived in Rochester; but too late for a train to Houghton, so consequently we spent the day in waiting. At last arriving in Houghton about 10:30 p. m., we were met by those who gave us such a warm welcome that we were glad we came.

After that we were made to feel at home, and with the reception for new students, the assignment of work, the mock trial and all the varied occupations of student life we have been kept busy.

The social side of the student seems to be exerting itself to activity, it is especially perceptible, yes, even among the old students and so naturally enough the new students follow their example, so don't blame us for our associations.

Those who are interested in baseball and tennis are finding an opportunity to try their skill as also are those who are somewhat dependent upon their earnings.

The Spirit manifested in the religious services, the regular services of the church, the student's prayer-meeting, chapel and last but not least the excellent Sunday School has been the means of inspiration to us, it must necessarily be so.

I've noticed on Sundays in the class meetings that nearly every testimony is definite, appearing to be the actual experience of the speaker, so it is in the Students' and Thursday night prayer meetings.

Therefore as a new student, having found out something of what Houghton is, its high standard, its ideals, its opportunities for obtaining

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EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

The Houghton Star is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (9 issues) by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary.

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As we are thus drawn irresistably hither to the lodestone of knowledge, we find ourselves somehow far removed from the busy world of men; its unceasing din and strife comes but remotely to our ears, and its vital, throbbing pulse beats but faintly upon our consciousness. In a sense we are off the main highway

of life for a time, as our feet wander in more shady and unfrequented paths, beside sparkling rills and thru woodland dells. As we raise our eyes wonderingly from time to time from our books, and allow them to rove listlessly around us, we catch fleeting and unsatisfactory glimpses of the scene of action, unreal and immeasurably far away as though viewed through an inverted telescope. From afar it appears like some gorgeous carnival or imposing pageant with gay colors and waving banners now seen flashing through the interwoven branches of the trees, then emerging into view only to be lost in a stifling cloud of dust, and with the fanfare of music and the confused shouts of the multitude borne faintly and intermittantly to our ears upon the vagrant breezes. We feel an overwhelming impulse to rush forth with all the impetuosity of youth and join the throng; but with a sigh we remember our present duties, and perforce turn regretfully away to bury ourselves once more in our books.

Life is still more or less of an unknown quantity to us, yet withal none the less fascinating for all of that. Our conception of mundane existence is still largely abstract and academic in its nature. Today we stand as detached spectators; to-morrow we find ourselves as active participants. Dimly enshrouded in the mists of futurity we behold ourselves as potential men and women, always performing great deeds, always hearing the acclaim of the world ringing in our ears. Great ambitions consume us. Ever the unattainable mockingly stretches out ahead of us and lures us on. Life is one great adventure. Nothing holds for us such deep admiration as strength and virility. We paint bright and glowing pictures of future achievements, and allow ourselves to weave fanci-

ful creations of the imagination where in we sit enthroned as leaders and masters of men, surfeited with the gifts and blessings of the Gods themselves. We build wonderful castles in the air (castles in Spain are just as good) with windows of stained glass thru which the light diffuses in softened and iridescent radiance, gilded domes and sky-piercing minarets flashing in the sunlight, and all the rest of the stage scenery and other accessories necessary for the occupancy of Romance. Always we must occupy the center of the stage, and feel the gaze of mankind turned our way. And what a rude awakening sometimes from our youthful dreams of conquest suddenly to find the cold, chiding eye of an inconsiderate teacher regarding us inquiringly for the explanation of a thrice-repeated question addressed to our oblivious ears, and to hear the amused snickers of our fellow classmates laughing at our discomfiture. Thus many a budding Napoleon of Finance has felt the bottom drop out of his airy speculations with a sickening crash just on the verge of a stupendous coup that would have startled the world; many an aspiring Demosthenes has been stricken dumb just at that breathless moment when a mythical audience sat absolutely spellbound under his impassioned eloquence; and many another youthful and ambitious Hero of Romance has been made to cut a most sorry and ridiculous figure in the eyes of the charming Princess in distress from Nowhere just as he knelt on carefully-creased trousers to offer his heart and trusty sword in her behalf—and all because of unkind fate in the guise of a stern and unrelenting pedagogue.

Small wonder is it that at times we chafe impatiently against our enforced restraint and long to be away in the midst of the conflict and prove our right to be men; but we realize only too well how unprepared we are still, how sardonically the world would laugh at our claims to be heard, and how hopeless would be our lot without knowing how to force our rights. We realize, too, that only the well-trained and educated mind can really solve the great problems of life. "Solving the problems of life," forsooth! It has a grand and inspiring sound—that phrase; but after all we ask cynically, what do all the problems of life resolve themselves into

in the end but the one all-important and engaging "Bread and Butter Question?" Thus departs much of the glamour and romance of life.

Back of all the tinsel and gaudy show, even we can sense something of the deadly seriousness and remorseless grind of the great drama that is being staged before us. As we approach nearer, we see the weak unceremoniously jostled and thrown aside by the strong, and the strong battling at one another's throat for the supremacy. We see the poor ground still more abjectly into the dust by the rich, and the rich despoiling the rich. Proletariat is arrayed against patrician and Labor against Capital. The very nations of the world lie crouched in armed neutrality awaiting the opportunity to exterminate the other. Everywhere the primitive law of "self-preservation" and the "survival of the fittest" obtains. And Mammon rules high over all.

It is no child's play to enter the lists, already crowded, and come forth victorious where others have failed. It requires men of brawn and men of brain who can oppose power against power, and match cunning with cunning, and who are possessed of dauntless courage and colossal determination to achieve success today. It is no place for the faint-hearted and inexperienced. It is, in fact, a man's job to live. The struggle for existence is brutal and merciless, and knows no law. In reality it is but a step back to the stone age, and the primitive passions of the cave man lie but partially concealed under the thin veneer of civilization. It is into a veritable maelstrom of hate and greed that one must plunge, in order to reach the tossing straws of worldly favor and renown; and, then, what a pitiful little victory it is after all. Yet somewhere in the world true love and friendship exist, and somewhere sympathy and kindness dwell. These are the things that make life desirable and bring true contentment. We find them only by humbly giving a life of service and sacrifice to our fellow men, and by so doing, we accomplish the noblest and greatest mission in life, and best serve God. Work then becomes exalted, and love deified.

And so, although in a sense the problems we meet here in school are petty and inconsequential, yet in a

larger sense they mould our characters and shape our destinies. School life anyway is but a replica of the world; it is real life in miniature. First, of course, we are here to acquire knowledge; and so, the manner in which we apply ourselves to this oft-times elusive pursuit is largely indicative of the spirit with which we attack the intricate problems of life, and the aptness and keenness of mind with which we analyze every baffling situation that confronts us. Those who do not thoroughly master every hard problem in the school-room can scarcely hope to master the larger and more difficult problems outside, while the shirkers and idlers will speedily sink to their natural level among the base and low-born never to be heard of again. On the other hand the world has just as little use for the weakened, bespectacled grind who is supersaturated with theory, and to whom practice is utterly unknown, and who shrinks from ever coming in contact and brushing shoulders with humanity. His is the mistaken idea of books, for books without the man become mere dry and uninteresting statements of fact and theory, inoperative and ineffectual in themselves. It is when a living, dynamic personality stands behind them that they become the most potent and far-reaching influence in the world, capable of swaying the lives of men and of even moving kingdoms. Happily we need not stop to point out the moral here, for every true young American is fired with the zest for living, and above all admires physical perfection. Our ideal is the strong-limbed, clean-cut man filled with bounding vitality and bubbling spirits, whose clear, sparkling eye denotes perfect health and mentality, and whose firm, elastic step bespeaks absolute poise and self-confidence. When he plays, he plays hard and enters into the game with whole-hearted abandon and enjoyment; and when the time comes to work, he works hard and meets the responsibilities of the moment with the same energy and enthusiasm.

Then this is a religious school, founded on the principle that the spiritual side of a man's nature is most important. We cannot overlook the fact that the Christian life is enobling and inspiring, and that the really great men who have lived were devout followers of the Christ. The majority of the student body profess

to accept these facts in their own lives, and they must therefore never fail among the busy hours of school life to find time to pray, read their Bibles, and practice every moment their profession. Otherwise their lives must become warped and impaired for their greatest usefulness.

Lastly there are all the innumerable small amenities of our daily life and all the relations with our fellows that constitute an invaluable part of our preparation. In order to mix well with men and make a good impression wherever we go we cannot afford to neglect what social privileges we find here, however inadequate they may seem. Then there are our many student organizations which we must support and conduct successfully. As we display initiative and exhibit proficiency along these less important lines, so will we become valuable and public-minded citizens, and honored members of Society. And to carry our moral still further, "Reductio ad absurdum," we do not have the heart to predict other than the most brilliant future success to those who loyally support the school paper.

Once again does THE STAR go forth carrying its greetings from The Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Seminary to the readers of its school paper. This first issue will inform many that their subscription has expired but we hope and are confident that each subscriber will renew. There is no better way to keep in touch with the school than by reading its paper. In this way you may get acquainted with the school, with its faculty, with its student body, and also with its activities. We are sure that Houghton Seminary is offering excellent opportunities. We are sure that in many respects it has no superior as an institution of learning. Will you help us to make more people acquainted with these facts? You cannot do this better than by taking the STAR and at the same time getting others to take it. Everyone who reads the columns of this paper becomes interested in the school and what it is doing.

The life of our paper depends upon the co-operation of our subscribers. If your subscription has expired, will you please renew at once? We cannot depend on others. We need YOUR co-operation. Please send in

your fifty cents at once and also the names of several new subscribers, then read every issue and watch the progress of both Houghton Seminary and The Houghton Star.

Will you be a booster for both?

The Manager.

A Chapter of My Possible Autobiography

Continued from Page 7

strength of purpose, its good student body, its splendid Faculty together with its advantages and resources, forgetting all of the faults, if there should be any, it can truthfully be summed up, by me at least, in: "I am happily disappointed in Houghton." A New Student.



MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

The Athenian

The Society opened its first meeting with an unusually large number of members. The following officers were elected for the first semester:

Shirley Babbitt, President;
Walter Lewis, Vice-president;
Elvera Allen, Secretary;
James Elliott, Treasurer.

The subject of weekly meetings was discussed with the result that a proposed amendment to the society's constitution has been read, and the question will be decided at a later meeting.

The Girls' Literary Society

The Preparatory Girls' Literary Society is again in working order. The girls met Friday evening, September nineteenth, and elected temporary officers and a committee to draw up a temporary constitution. An impromptu program was rendered in which Miss Ball gave two excellent readings. During the meeting President Luckey presented to the society, a gavel which he brought from Jerusalem.

At the second meeting the constitution was adopted and a program of impromptu speeches, essays and music was given. After the election of other officers in the third meeting several readings and musical numbers made the program very interesting. Miss Spofford sang two very beautiful solos.

At each meeting there has been a large number in attendance. The girls are taking up the work in just the right spirit to insure a literary society which is really worth while.

L. J. C.

Neosophic Society

As the time rolls on after vacation it again becomes necessary for the Neosophic Society to resume its duties of developing public speakers, orators, readers, preachers and debaters, who may become our future Presidents, Senators, Congressmen, Governors and other distinguished men whose names will be known to fame and who will thereby reflect great glory upon the society from which they obtained their training.

The first meeting of the society was taken up by the election of officers. Mr. Robert Becker has the honor of filling the chair for the next session.

On the evening of September 26, Professor Luckey gave a talk on his European tour. Surely the boys had a treat at this meeting, for we could sit there in the society room and still at the same time be carried through the many countries of Europe Asia and Africa, by the voice and gesture of our President. It was surely of great interest to hear President Luckey tell about the ancient places of Palestine and how he ascended the Great Pyramid and wandered about

the great Sphinx. This talk was of much interest and benefit to all who heard it, but we fear Houghton will lose some of its students as a result for all the boys of the society are anxious now to go to Europe. Professor Luckey at the same time presented a gavel which he brought from Jerusalem, to the society.

At the last meeting an interesting debate was held on "International Peace."

We believe that the society will be a great success this year in carrying out the high principles for which it stands. Several of the new students have already enlisted in our ranks, and we desire that they obtain from this society, that which will be of great benefit to them in their future life.

S. M.

Houghton Prohibition League

The year is opening with the brightest prospects for the work of our league. Nearly all the members for last year have enrolled; while the new students are manifesting much interest in the work. From the first day of registration, the executive committee has labored most earnestly to launch the league on the most successful year of its existence. A most thorough canvass of the students has been made; sample copies of the Intercollegiate Statesman, our national official organ, have been generously distributed; posters have been used freely.

On Sept. 22, at our first meeting, a mock trial was held. Prof. William Frazier consented to act as judge;

and, by his co-operation, with the men who worked out the plot, made possible a trial in which there was a real clash of testimony and, incidentally, no end of fun for the audience. At this meeting also, Prof. H. C. Bedford outlined the local option situation in our township; and the president of the league presented its interests. Our second meeting was held on Oct. 1. A very brief program was rendered, the music being in charge of the league's musical director, Miss Edna Hester. After the program, an informal reception was tendered the faculty and friends of the league.

With a large and increasing membership; with a splendid co-operation on the part of the faculty; with plans already in preparation for an aggressive pre-election campaign; with splendid prospects for bringing among us, during the year, some of the strongest men connected with the movement—with all this, surely we should be encouraged.

E. A. Overton, Pres.

Mission Study Class

At the beginning of each year a mission study class is organized for the purpose of arousing an interest in missions among the students, as well as for the benefit of those who are preparing for missionary work. A large class has been organized this year with Mr. James Elliott as leader. "South American Problems" by Robert E. Speer is the book which has been taken up for study. B. T.

ATHLETICS

BETHEL J. BABBITT, '16, Editor

At first the athletic prospect for the year approached failure as its limit, even in the choice of a reporter. But as time has passed, the first of the prospect has changed. Perhaps this first poor impression was due to the fact that many old timers did not return. But now everything is going fine, and it is a husky bunch of fellows that we see sauntering across the campus or punting the football to the tree tops.

A meeting of the Boys' Athletic Association was held Thursday afternoon Oct. 2, and officers and committees were duly chosen:

President—Ray W. Hazlett

Vice Pres.—Robert Kaufman

Secretary—George Hubbard

Treasurer—B. J. Babbitt.

The growing spirit was manifested by the ball game between the town team, challengers, and the non-resident students, victims. It happened on Friday, afternoon, Sept. 26, a great day in Houghton's history. The game was close and exciting, regardless of sunshine, much less of rain. The dashing school boys at first took a lead, but as the game raged on, the town boys overtook their more flashy opponents and won, 9 to 8. In the eighth inning, the game was called on ac-

count of rain, darkness, hunger on the part of the umpire, and a general interference of the elements. This was the first time in local history that the town boys have ever cleaned up the non-resident students.

Several more amateur games have been scheduled, but all have neces-

sarily been postponed on account of a cruel or kind, interference of the weather.

In general, tho we miss many a star of former days, we have after all, a fairly bright prospect for the year .
B. J. B.

ALUMNI

Edna Hester, '16, Editor.

Fredarica Greenberg, '09 is holding down her claim at Three Rivers, New Mexico, and teaching a district school for pastime.

Edna Smith, '13 enjoys home life with her parents at Brighton, Mich.

Roy Washbon, '10 is employed as stencographer for the Standard Oil Co. at Elmira, N. Y.

Ella Jones is attending training school at Gouverneur, N. Y.

Fannie Douglass occupies the position of district schoolmam, about ten miles from her home at Horseheads, N. Y.

George Whitaker is working in the office of the Standard Preserve Co. at Fairmount, Ind.

During the summer, Kathryn Woodside, '10 attended school at Silver City, New Mexico, and she is now a Doctor of Pedagogy .

Lois Thompson, '11 is a district school teacher near Northville, South Dakota .

Florence Reed, '13 has assumed the role of postmistress in her uncle's postoffice at Genesee, Pa.

Harry Ostlund, '04 is teacher of science in the college at Winnebago, Minn.

Bernice Leet-Jones, formerly of Northport, N. Y., is now living with her parents near Houghton and has a daughter, Miss Dorothy, in Houghton Seminary.

C. Belle Russel is spending her senior year in Ann Arbor, Mich., where she will receive a B. A. Degree.

Rev. Clarence Dudley, '10 and his wife, Mary Willox Dudley are pastors on a Wesleyan charge at Dike, N. Y.

Rev Bert Hammond and his wife, Edna Benning Hammond are on the Wesleyan charge at Williamston, Mich.

Abbie Churchill-Bowen, '11 is enjoying the busy life of a farmer's wife near Hornell, N. Y.

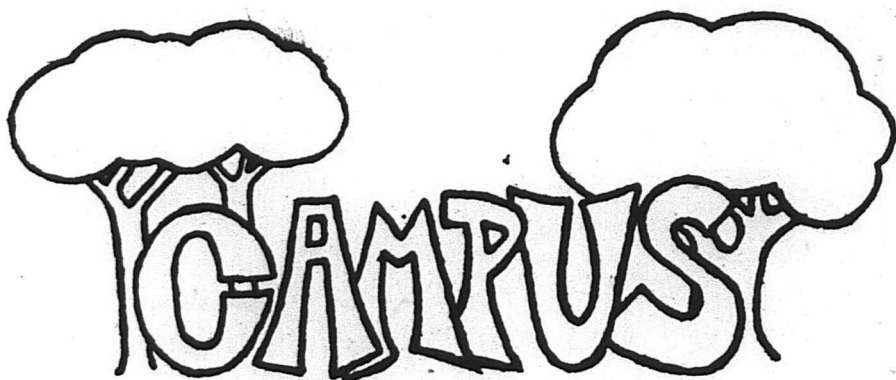
Charles Bues and his wife, Jessie Benning-Bues are happy ranchers near Nahunta, Ga. How we do miss Charlie and Jessie.

Verna Hanford-Warner, '13 is keeping house in Chicago. Her husband has the editorship of the Free Methodist Sunday School supplies.

David Scott found a Ton of New goods and fled with it to the mountains of Kentucky. David and Louella are kept busy teaching sixty mountain urchins and training them in the way they should go.

Stella Crosby, '06 is the energetic pastor of the Wesleyan church at Avon, South Dakota.

Messrs. Floyd and Harold Hester, LaRue Bird, LaVay Fancher, Jesse Frazier, Paul Fall and F. H. Wright are attending school at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.



GLENN E. BARNETT, '15, Editor

College Locals

The Freshman class in the College Department this year is said to be the largest in the history of the school.

Floyd Hester, Paul Fall, Frank Wright, LaRue Bird, LaVay Fancher and Jesse Frazier, members of the College Department last year are taking their senior year at Oberlin.

Mr. Neville left town Saturday to attend the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church held at Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Nathan Capen is said to be in a very serious condition due to (Haize)-ness of the brain.

Coy Hogg, a senior in Cornell University, visited his sister, Edith Hogg, who is a college Freshman.

The Trig enthusiasts haven't begun their ravings yet.

C. Belle Russell, a college junior here last year, expects to obtain her degree from Ann Arbor University, Ann Arbor, Michigan, this year.

On Sept. 17, many of the college students gathered at the home of Miss Hubbard where an informal evening was spent in honor of Messrs. Fancher and Hester who were soon to leave to enter Oberlin College.

G. G.

Preparatory Notes

The Physical Geography class took a delightful field trip to Rock City on Saturday, Oct. 11.

Sept. 27, Marie Rogers was in Belfast—trading.

Many of the boys took in the Cuba fair.

At present a number of the preparatory students are contending for honors on the debate team which will debate with Chesborough Seminary on

the question, Resolved: That the Term of the Presidency Should be Limited to Six Years.

Many of the boys are following the example of Dart, the mighty Nimrod, and are finding delightful recreation hunting squirrels and rabbits.

Rudel Bristol, so it is reported, already reflects the influence of versatile Bob by his evasive answers when questioned by the dean.

A bizarre innovation—Carroll Dezell to make a new geometry text so that all lines will be convenient.

R. C.

Our Faculty

The old students are especially glad to greet President Luckey again after his travels in Europe and the Holy Land. We are all anticipating a series of interesting talks on his experiences in the Orient.

Miss Ball, our Oratory teacher, is indeed measuring up to our highest expectations of her. She is entering into the spirit of the school in such a way that we all feel that in her, we have a true friend and helper.

We are glad to welcome another new teacher, Miss Spofford, instructor in vocal music.

Professor Frazier spent part of his vacation attending summer school in Oberlin College.

Professor Bedford was kept busy during the summer, overseeing the tearing down of the Old Seminary building.

Miss Hillpot is with us again this year. Her summer was spent at her home in New Jersey.

Mrs. Bowen spent the summer at her home in Houghton and visiting relatives in Steuben County.

Professors Rindfusz and Smith and Misses Greenberg and Thurston spent a very profitable summer teaching here in the Summer School. After its close Miss Thurston spent two weeks at the home of her parents in Ohio, and Miss Greenberg visited friends and relatives in this state.

During the summer Professor Coleman assisted in a few revival meetings in this conference. He was also one of the Evangelists at the Stoneboro Campmeeting.

Professor McDowell visited the Conferences and Campmeetings of the states of the East and Middle West in the interests of the school.

Professor Fancher was in Houghton the greater part of the summer. His excuse was a garden up over the hills.

The absence of Professor Smith from several recent chapel exercises, is explained by the arrival of the fourth member of his family, Miss Florence Bell, on September nineteenth.

L. J. C.

Musical Notes

"Music is God's best gift to man.

The only art of Heaven given to earth,
The only art of earth taken to Heaven."

The music studios are once more inhabited from early morn 'till night by our patient piano, harmony and rudiments teacher, Miss Hillpot, who I am sure we are all most sincerely glad to have as our instructor for another year.

We also most heartily welcome Miss Spofford as our new vocal teacher. Although the class has somewhat diminished since the opening of our new Oratorical Department, we are hoping that more of the students will see the necessity of being able to sing as well as to speak properly and put themselves under the training of Miss Spofford as well as Miss Ball. We are indeed proud to report that the number of students enrolled in this department, is much larger than last year, the majority being new students.

The chorus class bids fair to become one of the largest and most enthusiastic we have ever had.

Glee clubs are to be organized soon and it is expected that they will take a prominent part and be a great help in the entertainments of the year.

C. R. Y.

Miscellaneous

The Students' reception was held on the Friday night of the first week of school. During the forepart of the evening a short program was given in the chapel at which Mr. Overton presided. Miss Graves and Mr. Bowen gave speeches of welcome while Miss Stall and Mr. Lewis each gave a speech in response. Professor Bedford then gave an address of welcome for the faculty; after which all found their way to the library where refreshments were served and a pleasant social time enjoyed.

Sept. 12, 14 of the jollier members of the college and preparatory departments enjoyed a pleasant trip to Caneadea Gorge.

A mock trial was held in the college chapel on the evening of the 22nd under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association; Messrs. Lewis and Beverly being lawyers for the defense while Messrs. Smith and Hester acted as attorneys for the prosecution. All enjoyed the fun, especially the younger portion of the student body, general permission for association being granted.

Another item which interested a large portion of the young men was the Sunday School hike which occurred not long ago. The classes of Professors Smith and Frazier gathered on the hill back of Molyneaux's where an ample supper was served. Then followed games of skill, relay races, paper fights and other pastimes, nocturnal illumination being furnished from the vicinity of various campfires.

A large portion of the lady members of the faculty together with some of the college boys enjoyed a paper chase recently.

G. B.

NONSENSE

G. Tremaine McDowell, '15, Editor

Bright Sayings of Our Little Ones

C. Dart—I put my brothers and sisters in the ink. (This was perpetrated in French but we translate for the ignorant.)

McCall—This is the first time I have read my German since the last time I read it.

McDowell—Thackens and Dickery—oh—I mean Thackery and Dickens.

Frazier—Every time I open my mouth I put my foot into it.

Why?

At one of their recent meetings, the younger children in the school elected Everett A. Overton to represent them in the matter of getting general permission on all possible occasions.

To Our Faculty

Now that so many members of the Faculty have fallen in with the movement to have the Profs carry lanterns as a warning to all night prowling students, why not make the system complete by assigning each teacher a specially colored globe so we can tell just which one is coming?

Expelled

The guy that put those two hundred pound heels on Clarence Barnett's shoes may consider himself hereby expelled for disturbing the peace.

For the Old Students

Teacher: What is the feminine of "earl?"

Scholar: Lula.

The Poor Man

Professor McDowell was shown thru an extensive lead mine in the Adirondacks recently, seeing the lead in all stages. Noticing a large heap of coal for the furnaces a few minutes later he inquired, "Is that all lead too?"

An Exchange

The poor little English school girl couldn't see a joke so her school mates thought they ought to educate her up to it. An easy one was chosen for the first lesson.

"How would you make a Maltese cross?"

After deep thought, the pupil in wit gave it up.

"Pull its tail."

Everyone laughed but the English girl. Finally she said, "I suppose I'm awfully dumb but I really can't see how you can make a Maltese cross out of a pullet's tail."

From Our Advertising Manager

Carroll Dazell expresses himself as very well pleased with the results of his ad in the Sept. "Star." A lady wishing to take a boy to raise applied and they were able to come to very satisfactory terms.

Special Prices to Students at Kellogg's Studio.

An Incident

(As it might be embarrassing to the author, we have decided not to state that the following is taken from Rudel Bristol's "Autobiography.")

Many folks have ast me
Why my hair grows straight,
So that sad tale
I'll now relate.

* * *

I went down town
A-poundin' on the drum;
I made an awful racket
Till Riney cum.
He grabbed my shoulder
And says, "Young man,
You hike home
As quick as you can."

* * *

From that cruel hour
It's been my fate
That my black hair
Should stand up straight.

Our Want Department

A patent, self-acting, unloseable tie adjuster. No young ladies need apply. H. Clarke Bedford.

Several attractive young ladies to take German III. The class.

More hours in the night. Le Roy Fancher.

New varieties of dignity to add to an extensive collection. R. H. Presley.

Special permission all the time. Nathan Capen.

Kindergarten motion songs, with our chapel marching. Students.

Lessons in —ah— vocal music. Clare Beverly.

An antidote for beer bottles under his roomers' beds. The pastor.

A kindred soul who adores bird study. Robert Kauffman.

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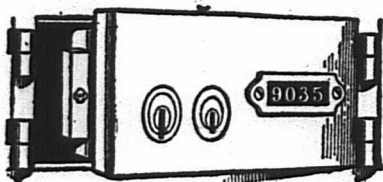
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205 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

Special Discount to College Students.

Ice Cream and Ices

**Strawberry, Chocolate, Vanilla, Orange,
Maple, Tutti Frutti and Lemon.**

These flavors are always on hand in season, fresh made every day in our own modern Ice cream Factory from the freshest, richest cream we can get in Allegany County, and flavored with the very best ripe fruit we can buy.

Every effort is made to make absolutely the best, most delicious and the most wholesome Ice Cream. Special flavors made up to order for parties.

Be sure and get Cuba Ice Cream and you'll get the best that you can buy.

Cuba Ice Cream Co., Cuba, N. Y.

250 Good Business Envelopes and 250

Good Packetheads

Printed to order and sent postpaid for \$1.00. Samples free.

Walter G. Collins,

R. D. 3, Cohocton, N. Y.

When in Olean

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