

THE NEW YORK CITY DIRECTORY

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NEW YORK CITY DIRECTORY COMPANY

100 N. 3rd St.

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. VI

NOVEMBER, 1913.

No. 2

Thanksgiving at Grandfather's.

Among the pine-covered hills of northern Maine was an old farmhouse. It was a low rambling building, with vines running in luxurious riot over its wide porch and dormer windows. Now these vines were dead and brown; their withered leaves shivered in the windy snow squalls.

Inside the house, however, all was warm and cheery. Grandmother Reynolds was standing before the long kitchen table, rolling out the most delicious-looking pie-crust. She hummed and smiled to herself as she worked. A small boy, propped up in a big chair at the end of the table, paused in his nut-cracking to look at her.

"Grandmother," he said, "are you sure Mother and Father will be here to-morrow? And Uncle Rob and Aunt Susan and Marjorie and—and—who else, Grandmother?"

"You dear chicken, they certainly will be here, every one of them." But a shadowy mist filled her eyes even as she spoke, for she knew one would not be there.

Victor, her youngest son, the pride and joy of her life, her sailor boy, would be far away. He would not see the beautiful snow-covered hills nor the happy faces of his own people as she would. He would see only his every day companions and the miles and miles of ocean.

Grandmother's face did not remain sad long; she had too much to accomplish before the sun should set that night. But that laughing spy did not find her asleep when he peeped into the shining kitchen the next morning.

Grandfather had brought in the big, fat turkey which had long ago been chosen from all the flock as the only one suitable for the feast. Then Grandfather piled the box, behind

the stove, high with dry wood. He put knotty, pine sticks in the fire-places.

"They will take off the chill," he said, "and warm up their red cheeks and noses."

Grandfather was going to the station to meet the happy home-comers. He had the impatient horses hitched to the big sleigh, and was pulling on his warm mittens, when Claude asked to go too. Claude was a little chap, for who could grow tall when their legs were all twisted by a cruel fall? He enjoyed a ride, however, just as much as his healthy cousins.

How those horses did fly over the snow-covered roads! Perhaps they knew it was train time, and that a jolly crowd were counting the seconds until the train should stop.

The happy moment arrived and Claude was almost smothered by the travelers. Sure enough, there was his mother, his father, his aunts, his uncles and all his cousins, big and little. To one accustomed to having plenty of room for his feet and elbows, the ride home might perhaps have been uncomfortable, to say the least. But no one here was heard to complain, for who cared how he felt now. Didn't he know that Grandmother was waiting and had a wonderful feast prepared for each one?

She spied them from her window, as they were crossing the little bridge at the foot of the hill, and stood in the open door as the horses pulled up at the gate. The wind gently blew her white hair, her blue eyes shone and her soft, wrinkled cheeks had a tinge of pink, which she had never lost. Her arms, dusty with flour, were open wide to welcome her family home again.

When the merriment had quieted down somewhat, Grandfather suggested that they go to the hill and coast until dinner-time. Uncle Rob showed them the stump where he had found the big woodchuck, and the tall oak, which, every summer, had sheltered a family of orioles.

As the merry party were return-

ing, dawning their sleds behind them, a stranger entered the gate and ran quickly up the walk. Grandmother saw him first and was not long in recognizing him.

"Victor!" she gasped, and that was all she could say. Amid the noise and excitement, she heard her son say that his ship had reached port sooner than was expected and he had come home immediately to surprise them all.

Their joy was now complete. Dinner was ready, and such a feast as it was. At last however each appetite was satisfied and, happy and contented, the company gathered around the glowing fire-place. Claude brought out his violin and Marjorie accompanied him on the old, sweet-toned piano.

The faces of the old people shone as they listened to the songs, old yet so dear to them. As the curly heads of the wee members of the company nodded, the mellowed light of the setting sun faded into dusky twilight, then into soft moonlight. With the fading light, the music grew lower and softer until it ceased in a golden silence.

The Spirit of Thanksgiving

Robert H. Presley '15

Thanksgiving! How the very sound of the word thrills us! What a glorious vision appears to us at the simple mention of the name, visions of stuffed turkey, of cranberry sauce, of the various species of pie, and of all the other "fixings" essential to the orthodox Thanksgiving dinner. In our minds we see the days of preparation for the long-looked-for feast. We remember our childish anticipation and anxiety for that day—that day of days—to arrive. In our minds it was second to none, save perhaps Christmas. For days—yes weeks—before, that great day we lived in anticipation of eating that glorious turkey that had been fattening all summer for his consummation, or consumption, on Thanksgiving day. We thought of Thanksgiving AND THAT TURKEY by day; we dreamed of Thanksgiving AND THAT TURKEY at night; and we could almost feel THAT TURKEY between our teeth at every meal.

He, sedate old fellow, strutted

about corpulent as a postmaster and as imperious as though he owned the whole Genesee Valley. He little dreamed that all this special attention would one day prove his undoing. We saw to it that he was properly and securely housed every night to make sure that some prowling weasel or skunk did not celebrate too early in the season. Then, on the eventful morning of Thanksgiving day we watched the preparation of the noble bird along with the other dainties and we Smelled (yes we did. Can't you smell that roast turkey? I can.) and we could hardly suppress our appetites until seated around the table. Our anticipation was doubtless augmented in many cases, by the fact that the childish mind had reasoned that by eating sparsely for a few days previously there would be more room in which to store away the turkey, just as if there wouldn't be room anyway.

But let us leave the picture and ask the question, what is it all about? Why this national holiday and all this vast array of eatables? To answer this query we must go back to the origin of this custom. As we doubtless all know, this time-honored, custom dates back to the time of the Pilgrim Fathers. When they had gathered their first crop of grain in the new land whither they had come to secure the right to worship God as they chose they started this idea of having a public Thanksgiving day. After the sickness and misfortune of that first winter they succeeded in collecting enough grain and other supplies to keep the little colony from hunger during the second winter of their sojourn in this inhospitable land. With their religious views in mind it seemed to them fitting and proper to decree a feast of thanksgiving to God for His goodness to them. Thus this worthy custom has descended to us and each year our president issues a proclamation decreeing that all people throughout this entire nation shall set apart a certain day to thank God for His many blessings. One of the incidentals of this Thanksgiving day is the feast just brought to mind.

Now the true spirit of Thanksgiving is one of progress. In order to be truly thankful we must be grateful for what we have received that we will make the best use of it and endeavor to acquire more for which to be thankful. In short we must put our

blessings out at interest. We Americans are a progressive people. Where the Pilgrim shot his turkey with a muzzle-loading musket, the modern American gets his at the market, a much more advanced method truly. Anyone can think of a thousand things to illustrate the fact that we exhibit this true spirit of advancement—the progressive spirit. Let me add parenthetically that this last has no reference whatever to a political party of this name organized by disappointed used-to-be office holders for personal aggrandizement. This latter shows, instead of a truly progressive spirit, one of thanklessness and degeneration. As suggested above, we must not simply be grateful for what we now have and enjoy but these things should stimulate us on to attain more and greater things.

Apropos of things at which to rejoice I believe that the students of Houghton Seminary are not lacking in this respect, and it may not be out of order to take this opportunity to stir up our minds by way of remembrance. We should be thankful for our new department of Oratory and the incidental martial spirit exhibited at the close of every Chapel exercise, due, no doubt, to intensive instruction in the art of scientific marching. We should be thankful for the steps that have been taken toward the erection of a gymnasium worthy of Houghton Seminary, and for the success of our beloved professor in obtaining funds to be used in this connection. We should be thankful for the steps of a different nature which have been built with the laudable intent of bringing the town into closer touch with the school. We are glad to say that these are nearly paid for, owing to the untiring efforts of those who took the great undertaking in charge. Another great source of thankfulness should be the fact that at last, without the loss of a single life or any considerable amount of bloodshed, the Senior Preparatory Class has selected a class pin. We are led to infer, also, that most of the students are rejoicing in the knowledge that the mid-term tests are over and that the Thanksgiving Vacation is at hand. The coming Lecture is doubtless a source of much enjoyable anticipation both on account of the wisdom to be obtained from the lecture itself and on account of the other features

for which Houghton lectures are noted.

Yes, for all these things should we be thankful at this time but most of all should we raise our hearts in thankfulness because this article, after a long and checkered career, has at last arrived safely at its destination, its conclusion. And why should this be so? Simply because the publication of the Star has been delayed nearly a week by the tardiness of your humble servant.

The Spectator

Without laying claim to the mastery of that gifted art which alone was responsible for the fame and popularity of Addison, the remarkable power of Swift, or the notoriety of Steele, I do hereby solemnly dedicate to the readers of our school paper, this brief dissertation upon the customs and traditions, follies and foibles of the students of Houghton Seminary. But lest any of the "Lesser Lights" should misconstrue this wild tirade or at best parody upon some renowned philippic as a new creation in the field of literature, let me hasten to add that the human mind is ever erratic, ever susceptible to roving thoughts, or influenced by whim or caprice.

As soon as any student becomes matriculated in a college, large or small, he soon finds himself in the midst of customs and traditions entirely strange and new, and he, himself, at first merely an interested observer, soon accepts the established ways and ideals and enters into the new surroundings as he finds them, justly proud that he has been duly received as an active and privileged member. Daily scenes pass before his consciousness which at first greatly attracted his attention and aroused his curiosity; but soon are ranked as common-place events and cease to be matters of note.

Here as elsewhere the idea is often formed especially among the younger portion of the student body that pleasure and a good time is the only and ultimate object of the school-room and not infrequently it happens that many a precocious youth finds recourse to the study-room, especially if it is nearing the closing hour, and if perchance he finds there

the dazzling presence of his fair divinity. Again perhaps there is some semblance of plausibility for this slight digression from established conventionalism from the fact that the social advantages offered the students in general are so limited, but it hardly seems necessary that the youthful and debonair couples should seek places less subjected to public gaze simply because on Sundays the reception room at the dorm is crowded. Yet surely we must overlook these small delinquencies on the part of those thus severely afflicted, since no one up to the present time has had the courage to set apart any portion of the Seminary as sacred to the "cooing of turtle doves."

But of all the youthful satellites at present striving for recognition among the feminine persuasion of the school, two of our number, appear as luminosities of the first magnitude. Each paces about the halls and campus of our institution with all the pompous air of a real Figure of Romance yet in nursery lore would compare quite favorably to the woman in the shoe who had so many children that she didn't know what to do, only in this case, each has so many girls that he doesn't know what to do. One of these two worthies at first appeared "stuck" on nobody in particular except himself, but now perhaps he will tolerate the most favored of the opposite sex, while the other barring the little time devoted to his studies, is engaged in the popular diversion of parading that hirsute adornment, the cultivation of which in the form of cute and darling little mustaches and imposing side burns requires the careful attention of many of our youthful Beau Brummels.

Moreover, who perchance has ever registered at this seat of erudition and never become intimately related to that mighty concierge, who stands like the Colossus of Rhodes at the entrance of Houghton Seminary and who watches with Argus eye the comings and goings of its students as they pass beneath his gigantic legs. Ah, yes! Full many a swaggering youth has lived to shun and fear this grim monster, especially as pictured to his wild imagination on Oct. 31st, the while this youthful offender may harmlessly be leading an unoffending cow from her warm and cosy stable.

Again, who has never become interested or ceased to banter with

those select few who enjoy the distinct and enviable privilege of belonging to the only secret organization which we have in school, otherwise designated as "The United Federation of Preachers' Sons." As its name suggests this is a very powerful combination and like all secret orders is suspected of much but of which little can be proved, altho the authorities have had the Pinkertons on the ground attempting to ferret out their well-guarded secrets. But the faculty have discontinued this means of bringing their crimes to light, since some time ago a harmless bunch of merry-makers were mistaken for a body of these redoubtable sleuths, and were bound, gaged, and subjected to sundry nameless insults and indignities before their identity was discovered. Altho nothing definite could be proved against this order in this case, yet their general reputation was of such a character that the worst may be inferred of them.

Yet besides this we have in our school still another organization of like character, but whose rites and secrets, however, are not secrets. This syndic is perhaps better known as our "Rogues Gallery." In the opinion of a few narrow-minded persons these two institutions are synonymous, nevertheless on the whole a distinction exists, altho the two undoubtedly stand on the same general principles, for whenever the Seminary bell mysteriously rings in the dead of night or any other mischief or deviltry occurs it may be safely attributed to one or the other. Thus affairs have progressed from bad to worse until now the aggressive dean of Seminary men is seriously thinking of adding the Bertillon system of measurements and finger-prints to the "Rogues Gallery" so as to discover the identity of evil-doers in general. But still better than this it is rumored that the aforementioned individual, who by the way is a reputed past-master in all matters relating to amorous conquest, is secretly perfecting an ingenious system of his own consisting of a method of identifying lip-prints, for what purpose the reader can best imagine.

To further show the need of these modern devices in the apprehension of guilty offenders, perhaps the following little episodes taken promiscuously from the lives of our local celebrities may well be cited. For in-

stance, one diminutive curly-headed youth is suspected of clandestinely engaging in the business of moon-shining some where north of the campground but here all traces and clues vanish and he is comparatively safe, however certain circumstances may lead us to suspect that he has a confederate.

The story may even be related of how two twin rubbers, predestinated for each other from the time when they first saw the light of day, had gotten separated from each other and wandered about this terrestrial sphere, as the fabled Ulysses, much to their mutual sorrow and suffering, all because a malignant wretch in human form had stolen one of them. Furthermore, the first owner was ever kind and considerate, never intentionally leaving them out in the cold as slaves to King Boreas or subjecting them to the tortures of the radiator but always carefully placing them in the most remote and protected corner while their master devoutly attended to his other duties or remained from the students' prayer-circle. Being a most exemplary young man he always sought the company of the dean and would often walk out sedately with the young ladies, but alas, 'tis said that even angels have their faults and in this case for hours at a time they (the rubbers) would repose side by side on the door-mat at the ladies dorm.

But one day as already stated the rubbers became parted and one of them falling into the hands of a vile miscreant, suffered from that time on one continual round of misery, his owner often being chased over stones and stumps by the dean. And in direct contrast to his former life, one dark night he was made to walk seven long weary miles thru all kinds of roads to carry his master to a place positively forbidden in the catalogue and thereby suffered so severely from frost and exposure that the poor little rubber soon began to show premature signs of old age. Hence, he was finally sold to the first junkman who came along for an evil-smelling cigar, which deed afterwards resulted in its just retribution by causing the expulsion of the offender, but that is another tale as Kipling says. Thus ended the life of one of our most promising little henchmen, while the other use-

less without his mate, soon pined away and died, and was afterwards carried to the grave of his fathers' in Mr. Elliott's refuse can.

Yet, as a diversion, how could we fail to speak of those inimitable literary organizations of our school which have been the sources of so much gaiety (or perhaps levity), of so much enjoyment, and again of so much trouble and woe. Who among us has failed to become interested in the birth, growth and development of those twin babes known as our prep. societies, as thru forcible feeding, assiduous tutelage, and biased counsel, they have now progressed well beyond the stage of teething? And, who, I ask again being conversant with their past history, would predict for them a future of unprecedented brilliancy—a path without a single pitfall—simply because others, under entirely different conditions, have not trodden this way in vain? But surely, we are able to appreciate their petty trials, as they wave their puny arms and struggle for existence.

Then, to whom, as a constant eye-witness of those scenes which pass within the precincts of the music studio every other Friday night, is it not perfectly obvious that the Athenian Society is retrogressing and becoming more effeminate of late, (witness the proposed taffy-pull) simply because it has not been divided upon the same basis as the preps. Thus the old proposition is again demonstrated that women are the cause for all the trouble in the world—that when we do not eliminate them it causes great discomfort to all concerned and likewise when they are eliminated the derangement is no less annoying.

* * *

Judge Blair of Ohio

All who are acquainted with recent happenings in Ohio will concede that in the person of A. Z. Blair, who recently lectured from our platform, we had a man who has accomplished something really worth while in the world. To leave Judge Blair's name out of a record of Ohio politics would be to leave that record incomplete. Although he has not had the distinction of being Gov-

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EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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J. S. Luckey.

"On the first Tuesday following the first Monday of November of each year," so reads in part and substance the election law of the state of New York, "shall occur the general elections." Doubtless our readers will consider this an altogether superfluous and commonplace piece of information which the veriest school boy or girl could have imparted with equal readiness; but we venture to mention it here again because of a certain deep significance that attaches to it, at least in our minds. Not that this year the nation had to submit itself to being saved whether it wanted to be or not by the strenuous efforts of half a dozen presidential nominees backed by their respective party machines and the powerful interests back of these, for the political sky was just clearing up from the black clouds of gloom and impending disaster and the good old Ship of State had again just safely weathered the storm and come thru the breakers of rancor and vituperation occasioned by one of these necessary quadrennial evils; not that a whirlwind gubernatorial campaign was in progress replete with its usual lurid charges and countercharges of graft and corruption, for in New York State chief executives were a drug upon the market at least for the time being; not that there were any nation or state-wide issues before the voters clamoring for settlement or that in the language of the political spellbinders the people of this great and glorious nation were called upon to defend the sacred palladium of their liberties and preserve inviolable the integrity of institutions, for these wily and suave gentlemen did not even deem it necessary to appear upon the scene and what could a political campaign be without them—not that any of these great perturbations of the body politic oc-

curred, for there did not. It was simply with the exception of the local option issue in many of the towns and the interest in the fate of Tammany's catpaw a wholly unimportant election, marked only by the usual pettifogging methods of grocery-store politicians.

Now very likely we are at fault again, we admit that we are somewhat biased in our views as the lawyers say, and we are quite sure that the mere fact upon election day a few beardless youths walked to the polls and cast their first vote would elicit but the most passing regard from the majority of people; but we, we whose office it is among innumerable others to act in the bewildering roles of seer, philosopher, and historian, descry in this circumstance, so simple and commonplace in itself, results fraught with tremendous import, not only to the boys themselves, but to the nation at large.

Probably no one would have suspected to have seen these young fellows waiting their turn to vote with a fine assumption of composure and indifference belied only by the heightened color in their cheeks and an unconscious tightening of the lines about their mouth that a mighty change was transpiring in their innermost lives. Yet as they stood there that day in the dingy, ill-lighted room with the railing enclosed table in the center around which men were working in their shirt-sleeves, and with the rough, stall-like partitions at one end from which the sturdy citizens of the republic, some with huge quids distending their cheeks and a week's growth of stubble upon their faces, emerged through eddying and swirling clouds rank tobacco smoke after exercising the sacred prerogative of their citizenship, a silent and tense drama was being enacted there, a metamorphosis, a peculiar psychological condition was going on that was epochal in its nature.

At last they were men! Never again would they be the same as before. Their aspect of life somehow began to assume vastly altered and broadened proportions. In that moment their immaturities, their callowness, their follies dropped from them like a cloak and they stood forth erect with the seriousness and responsibility of a full-grown man stamped upon their faces. It was a tempering process, so to speak, where

the forces of manhood which had slowly been accumulating were suddenly fused and crystallized into the finished product. Just what was passing through their minds we do not know, but from a certain settling of the jaw and a squaring of the shoulders that spoke more eloquently than words, they were thinking heroic thoughts and planning still more heroic deeds. It was in very truth the dawn of manhood's morning, the threshold of golden opportunity, and they sensed something of its glory and pristine purity as like Gods they stepped forward to enter man's estate.

It was the supreme moment of their life, comparable in their history only to that memorable occasion on which they proudly wore the noble and distinguishing badge of their sex, their first pair of pants, or the later but none the less memorable time when they led a blushing bride upon their arm to the altar. And well it might cause them to experience an acute gripping of the heart and a choking of the throat and an overwhelming feeling of pride and elation at thus being admitted to the rights and privileges of a man's world. To be a strong, intensely purposeful man and to associate with such men and take part in their counsels, to brush shoulders and to be on free and easy terms of comradeship with real men who have accomplished the things worth while—that is their fondest dream from boyhood. Their credentials are the ballot and with this in their hand their claims are instantly recognized and their status is definitely fixed. Their fellows somehow feel the difference and look up to them as their ideal, albeit not a little enviously; and they in turn may justly have a certain feeling of superiority over those who have not yet attained their majority. They are now men in actual fact, if not yet in experience and before them lie the stern duties and pressing obligations of men.

We now come to our second consideration—the relation of this event to the nation. We may smile now at the soaring ambitions of these newly-fledged citizens and their hardly concealed and immedi-

ate designs upon the Presidential chair or a Congressional seat, but nevertheless they are vital factors to be reckoned with later. Great possibilities are contained within them, the very future of the nation depends upon them: and it makes a great deal of difference what ideals of citizenship they are bringing with them and what kind of principles have been inculcated in their lives.

In this upon the present fathers and citizens of the nation rests a tremendous responsibility. If they are the type of men who smoke and drink and spend their money profligately, with an air of reckless daring and pseudo-manliness so fascinating to young lads, they will largely be to blame for the growing defiance of authority and disrespect of law that is being bred in the rising generation. It is their duty to discountenance these false standards of manhood that are so prevalent today, otherwise the future social and civic body will be weakened and endangered greatly. And incidentally we may say that we have no fear but that those lads who left their books and classrooms in the brick building overlooking the Genesee that day to be among the number who cast their maiden vote, had the right conception of citizenship and the highest principles of manhood in their hearts. It could not have been otherwise, such was the influence of the institution from which they came. It was something notable, too, that proudly and without a moment of hesitation they cast in their lot with a despised and insignificant party that had never won an election and in all probability never would. And it meant something for them to take this stand and seemingly throw away their vote even though it championed reform and stood for the best good of the nation. With such new additions to our citizenship yearly, we cannot help but feel that the permanency of the nation is assured.

Judge Blair of Ohio.

Continued from page 5.

ernor or other high officer of the State, his service to the Commonwealth has been none the less real and effective. A prominent magazine said of him, "Judge Blair's great title to fame will be in the fact that he has invented and applied a really effective method of reform." Seeking for a way to clean up politics in the counties under his jurisdiction, he struck at the root of the matter and went after the vote sellers. Forming a special grand jury, he set the members at work making indictments, with the result that in a few weeks time he had sentenced two thousand out of the total of six thousand voters in Adams County alone. He then tried the same scheme in other counties, with equal success. As the convicted men were disenfranchised for a period of five years, it goes without saying that the rest were imbued with a deeper respect for law and for their duties and privileges as voters. The impetus to political reform did not stop with Ohio, however, and New York State, as well as many others, has felt the effect of Blair's aggressive work.

The magazine that was quoted above also stated that Judge Blair had been actively identified with the temperance reform in his community. It is not to be wondered at that after his remarkable success in stamping out vote selling he should be called upon to assist in no-license campaigns, and thus it came about that he was engaged by the temperance forces of Allegany County. Although his tour was short, extending over only three days, it was crowded full. He spoke two or three times daily, presenting figures that were startling and arguments that were practical and to the point. By strenuous work he managed to speak in a number of towns during the three days, and whether or not the result was due directly to his efforts, election day brought big victories for the "dries."

Xmas photos, Nov. 28, Dec. 12 Kellogg's studio

Retrospection

To-night sweet dreams of yore come stealing
Through mem'ry's unbarred gates revealing

Dear gleams of other days,
And often when afar I'm roaming
Or sitting pensive in the gloaming.
'Tis here that fancy plays.

No more I climb up Nature's mountains
Nor sip pure water from the fountains
That issue from the steeps.
No more I see the wild fawn drinking
As in the west the sun is sinking
Down, down below the deeps.

I listened to the partridge drumming
And watched the bright-eyed squirrel go running
Up trunks of stately trees,
And saw the eagle on broad pinions
Go soaring o'er Earth's wide dominions
Then settling on the breeze.

I followed trails the Red Men traveled,
Their winding mazes slow unravelled,
And found rude mountain homes
Where men changed not with each new season
And knew no law, but followed reason
Nor envied kings on thrones.

And now the still of night is falling
The whip-poor-will is calling, calling
At home near Nature's heart.
O will I ever be returning
Or will my soul be ever yearning
And I adrift-apart!

C. Belle Russell, '14



MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

The Athenian

Owing to a series of revival meetings in progression for the last few weeks, our society has not been active. At the first meeting, however, the society room was crowded. The old and new business was of great length. After considerable discussion, pro and con, the proposed amendment to the constitution concerning weekly meetings was defeated. A resolution was read and adopted which recommended to the faculty that a regulation be made which should require all students, not members of the literary societies, to take some part in chapel oratorics.

The program given was entitled "The American Indian." The life history of "Old Copperhead", a native of Genesee valley, was intensely interesting to the audience. Miss Ball's generosity in reading an Indian legend was greatly appreciated by the society. The critic's report filled our minds with noble thoughts and the society adjourned with the conviction that the time had been well spent.

Neosophic Society

The society has held only one meeting during the last month, on account of the extra services which were held at the church. But we are sure by this short interval of being relieved of society work, the boys will renew their society spirit, and work for their own good and the good of others.

Already they can be seen pouring thoughtfully over the magazines and library books, as though something of importance was upon their mind, as indeed there is.

The programme committee has posted the programmes of the next three meetings on the society bulletin board. It is seen that the principal parts are debates and contests of a like nature. By these altercations the contestant's literary spirit is aroused which assures us of interesting programmes.

I. P. A.

This is an age of activity when "work" is worth more than "talk;" when a man is judged not by what he says he believes; but by what he really does.

The members of the I. P. A. have identified themselves, as being against the sale of intoxicating liquor, by their speech. But in the recent past they have demonstrated to the public that they could "work" as well as talk.

In the recent campaign against the liquor interest in Caneadea township the I. P. A. has been active both in personal work and public meetings. The first of these public meetings was held in the chapel Monday,

p. m., Oct. 29, where about one hundred and fifty individuals listened to a clear, forceful lecture delivered on this subject by Judge Blair of Ohio. He also spoke in Caneadea in the evening of Oct. 29 on the same subject. These two meetings were followed by a series of meetings held in the schoolhouses and churches. In each of these meetings Prof. H. C. Bedford gave a stirring and persuasive speech in favor of no-license and the entertainment feature of these meetings was furnished by the members of the league.

As a result of these efforts Caneadea township went dry by a larger majority than the last time they voted on this question. G. B. S.

ATHLETICS

BETHEL J. BABBITT, '16, Editor

Boys' Athletics

Since the last and first report the base ball mines have had six exciting games. We offer no excuse for these at this time of the year except good weather and lack of any other sport. The games have been between the Preps and Varsity teams and have been a very interesting series. Each team has won three games. The teams have so often varied their lines up that it would be impossible for me to give them here. A new acquisition in the form of a pitcher has entered the Varsity ranks, and will undoubtedly be a great factor in the series next spring.

Owing to the fact that the old seminary building where we used to play basketball, is in a dormant state of change into a new gym, we have no place to play this winter. Several places have been suggested, but they are either all out of our reach or else they are unsuitable. We hope however, to be able to get some suitable place soon. B. J. B.

P. S. We have decided not to build the new gym. until next summer.

Girls' Athletics

The Girls' Athletic Association is well organized and gives promise for a successful year. Several have enrolled and a spirit of enthusiasm is quite prevalent.

Miss Ball is giving the girls physical exercises which will be of great

benefit to all who take them.

The weather has been such lately that tennis could be played when a net could be found to play with.

All reports look favorable and under Miss Ball's supervision we hope to see great advancement in our Girls' Gymnastics. H. J. H.

EXCHANGES

Grace B Sloan, '15, Editor.

A new school year has come around and the staff of the Houghton Star intend with the loyal support of the students, to have their "Star" shine with greater brilliancy this year than it has ever yet shone.

We are depending upon our exchanges to help us with their friendly criticisms and hints, which are always welcomed.

We are glad to acknowledge, the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Cascade, Seattle, Wash.
The Forum, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
The Vista, Greenville, Ill.
The Albright Bulletin, Myerstown, Pa.
The Miltonvale College Monitor, Miltonvale, Kas.
The Gondolier, Venice, Cal.
The Argonaut, Mansfield, Mass.
The Collegian, Waynesburg, Pa.
The Cliff Dweller, Spencer, W. Va.
University Life, Wichita, Kan.
The North Star, Massena, N. Y.
The Advance, Hiram, O.
The Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y.
The L. G. H. S. Opera Glass, Linn Grove, Ia.

ALUMNI

Edna Hester, '16, Editor.

Houghton Seminary has always been noted for her intellectual products but this year special attention is called to the fact by the number of district school teachers plying their trade in remote corners of the earth: Elsie Hanford '13 in Appleton, N. Y., Fidelity Warburton near Haskinsville, N. Y., Ethel Hester '09 at Goodland, Kan., Nettie Bremlingen, the Lattice Bridge school near Houghton, N. Y., Lura Miner '12 near Richland, N. Y., Lulu Benning at Hinsdale, N. Y., Owen Walton '11 near Dansville, O., Helen Kerr '12 at Waddington, N. Y., and Earl Barrett '13 near Houghton, N. Y. From reports they are all making good and Houghton is proud to number them among her students.

Ethel Smiley is taking a teacher's course in the State University at Bloomington, Ind.

Wallace Hanford contents himself with his father's fruit farm, truck drawing and letter writing.

Melvine Howden '13 Printer. Firm of Howden & Son, Fillmore, N. Y.

Shirley Keyes '10 is the High School principal at Lisbon, N. Y.

Miles Wagner is attending Moody Institute at Chicago. He is prepar-

ing for gospel work. Mr. Wagner is especially interested in voice and pipe organ.

Pearl Schouten left the sunny valley of the Genesee and migrated to the cold regions of North Chili, N. Y., where she is attending school.

Ray Sellman is principal of the High School and teacher of mathematics at Paw Paw, Mich.

Zelia Miner has a Wesleyan pastorate at Groton, N. Y.

Harold McMillan '12 clerks in Henry F. Meeker's grocery store at Succasuna, N. J.

Rachel Jones is still a blushing damsel and keeps books for her brother-in-law who has a grocery store in Washington, D. C.

Mildred Houghton '13 and Julia Reddy are in training class at Belfast, N. Y.

A little child shall lead them. And Mary Evangeline Clark, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark '92, is certainly fulfilling the prophecy. She is a source of endless wonder and admiration to all her dusky friends and proves the one thing needful to impress upon them the beauty of Christian home life.

CAMPUS

GLENN E. BARNETT, '15, Editor

College Locals

Miss Hogg was pleasantly surprised by a visit from her father, mother and sister. She accompanied them on their way home as far as Olean.

Mr. Neville, whose former pastorate has been at Genesee, Pa., has been transferred to Sandusky, N. Y.

Miss Graves spent Sunday at her home in Olean, N. Y.

Mr. Fall, a former college student, now in Oberlin College, spent the

week-end here.

Some of our college students were in the party that spent a pleasant day at Rock City a short time ago.

Mr. Overton is pastor of the Methodist church at Wiscoy, N. Y.

Miss Bond spent a few days at her home in Angelica, N. Y., a short time ago. During that time some of the Dorm girls were sad and melancholy. On being asked the reason, they replied that their "Sunshine" was gone—but all is "Sunny" now.

Misses Hubbard and Bond were shopping in Belfast Saturday. G. G.

Professor Rindfusz attended a Sabbath School Convention at Wellsville two days last month. L. J. C.

Preparatory Notes

On Nov. 7, the Plus Ultra Sunday school class accompanied by Mrs. Bedford went up to Wilson's Camp and enjoyed a sociable evening under the maples.

The Misses Hudson, Kerr, and Rogers were in Belfast, Oct. 18, shopping presumably.

Elvira Lawrence, who was called home on Nov. 4 on account of the illness of her mother has again resumed her work in school.

Mable Acher visited her sister, Ethel, in Belfast last week.

A taffy-pull was held at the home of the Misses Lelia and Carrie Coleman recently.

It is rumored that Carroll Dezell's guardian is taking excellent care of him, even to the extent of supplementing his daily fare with provender from Black Creek, calculated so it seems to make the little boy grow. The experiment must have proved a decided success, for this small celebrity was one day seen writing with a fountain-pen, "I love my Waterman but Oh you Parker!"

It is reported that Mr. Morris is an occasional visitor at East Hill, while from another quarter we hear that it is rather Frosty at the East Woods.

Sam Miner Esq., would like to announce thru the columns of the Star, for the benefit of prospective customers, that he is about to start a "Hock" shop on the boulevard at Houghton Hall. (Better put in an ad. Sam.) R. M. B.

Our Faculty

On November fifth, Professor Bedford started on a trip through Pennsylvania and some of the Southern States in the interests of the new gymnasium which is to be built next summer.

Professor McDowell spent the last Sabbath of October with the Wesleyan church at Falconer, New York.

Miss Ball gave a very interesting reading in chapel recently. The students are always glad to hear her speak.

Professor Coleman held quarterly meetings on the charges of the Reverends H. J. Bullock and E. E. Cookson, in October.

Musical Notes

Mrs. Worthsfold, an accomplished violinist from Buffalo, who has studied with the greatest violin teachers in America and abroad has opened a fine opportunity for the students of Houghton Seminary, by coming to Houghton each week for the purpose of giving violin lessons, if a sufficient number can be obtained for a class.

The musical talent here has been combined to produce an orchestra which is progressing finely, already having been out of town for an evening.

The selections which they rendered at the Prohibition Lecture at Caneadea during the evening of October 27th were greatly enjoyed. On the same evening, Miss Spofford rendered a vocal solo, and Mr. George Hubbard a violin solo, each being encored enthusiastically.

The students have the pleasure of marching out of Chapel to the music of the orchestra once each week but upon one occasion the girls' division had the pleasure all alone.

We have a very talented mixed quartette which travelled under the auspices of the I. P. A. during the Local option campaign.

The Glee clubs will soon be ready to assist in the "Lecture Course."

The chorus class rendered some fine selections in chapel during the past month. R. Y.

Miscellaneous

The fifteenth of last month was the day set apart by the students and faculty for the improvement of the walks about the campus. It was a typical Indian summer day, when professor and student alike, garbed in dress befitting the occasion, were seen filing across the campus, armed with spade and shovel or whatever else was deemed essential to the quotidian round of the laboring-man. Surely no one will soon forget the romantic associations connected with it all, of the autumnal breezes whirling aloft the russet leaves, while under the azure blue we worked as beavers before the first fall of snow. But, of course, what contributed most to the enjoyment and success of

the whole affair, was that most sumptuous repast, prepared by the girls at the dormitory and over which the half-famished recipients might well have been profuse in rhapsodies.

Revival meetings have been in progress here for the past month, conducted by our pastor, the Reverend C. B. Whitaker and assisted by Professor J. J. Coleman and other members of the faculty. This fact perhaps accounts for the scarcity of other events and happenings, yet we all realize that, "These things are oft preceded by those of more renown." However as a result of these special efforts, many have received invaluable help and their influence upon the school will only be measured by time alone.

On the afternoon of Oct. 27, the students and townspeople enjoyed listening to a political lecture on the subject of temperance given by Judge Blair of Ohio. In the evening he lectured at Caneadea and was accompanied by the Seminary orchestra. Doubtless his lectures may have had their influence upon the voters of this township, for we now have a dry town, as before, despite the fact that some of our most respected citizens may have voted to the contrary.

Perhaps the announcement would be of interest that the Board of Directors and stockholders of the Eastern Union Telegraph Co. have considerably increased their gross receipts, of late, in the addition of another station under the ownership of Bob Smith & Co.

The first number of our lecture course occurs in the Seminary chapel on Nov. 29. Mr. L. B. Wickersham of Iowa, "The Great Master Lecturer" comes to us most highly recommended as having a message at once forceful and convincing. Col. Geo. W. Bain in commenting upon him says, "He absolutely makes good and does it every time." "His lecture on 'Day Dreams' alone would insure his fame."

Also on Dec. 13, occurs the second number of our course, to be given by Gov. J. Frank Hanly of Indiana, the only American living today who resembles the immortal Gladstone. Surely he requires no further introduction.

G. E. B.

NONSENSE

G. Tremaine McDowell, '15, Editor

Another Reason

College Woman—"They tell me your name is really Florence instead of Flossie?"

Miss Kelley—"Yes. But I always sign it Flossie Kelley."

C. W.—"Why don't you change it?"

Miss K.—"Change my name? Oh I never have for fear I'd lose my regents' counts."

Conceited

First Man—"Rev. Smith must have a large idea of his powers as a debater."

Second Ditto—"Why?"

First Man—"He tries to convince that son Robert of his, who is a freshman at Houghton."

An Ideal

Lives of great men all remind us
We should strive to do our best,
And departing leave behind us
Note books that will help the rest.
—Exchange.

A Brand New Proverb

"You get paid in your own corn."
Professor H. R. Smith.

Something More New

Prof.—"What in a watch takes the place of the pendulum?"
Stude.—"Fly wheel."

Come, Fido

Professor R. E. R. told the following bad one on himself in one of his weekly classes in humor which he runs in connection with his Math. One evening the Professor was strolling quietly along the cement walk which adorns our Campus, when he heard a gentle rustling in the grass beside him. Putting down his hand to pat the doggie's head, he said, "Good old fellow." He was petrified a second later to hear one of our lady teachers say "Good evening, Professor." We are sorry that we have been unable to discover just how the Professor made it right.

English Brilliance

The following are taken from British examination papers. We hope to present a choice collection of similar

nature from the work of Houghton students, next month.

Cave canem—beware lest I sing.

Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin but she was a stout Protestant.

During the Interdict in John's reign births, marriages and deaths were not allowed to take place.

A Conservative is a sort of a green house where you look at the moon.

Wolfe gained fame by storming the heights of Abraham Lincoln.

The plains of Siberia are roamed over by the lynx and the larynx.

Wellington threw up earthquakes behind him as he retreated.—The Independent.

A Mystery

Friend Wollsey handed the editor of this department the following, but refused to divulge the names of the participants. Suspicion points to that gentleman himself but we can scarcely bring ourself to believe that such an incident could occur in Houghton.

He—You are the breath of my life.

She—Then suppose you hold your breath.

Popular Student Self-Deceptions

(How often do they fool the teachers?)

"I know what it means but I can't explain it."

"I have it in my head but I can't get it out."

"I must have studied tomorrow's lesson."

"I'll hand you my exercises at 3:15."

"Father made me work and I didn't have time to get my lesson."

"I worked my problems but I left them at home."

The Way it Goes

First Girl—She told me she told you not to tell me what she told you.

Second Girl—Don't tell her I told you.

First Girl—No, nor don't you tell her I told you she told me she told you not to tell me what she told you.

From a Chemistry Note Book

"It instantly vigorously splurged up with vehemence."

12 Photos—12 Xmas gifts—Kellogg.

Kellogg's Studios

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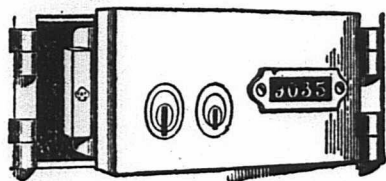
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