

Le Roy Fancher

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Houghton Star

NOVEMBER, 1912.

Volume V.

Number Two.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. V

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No. 2

The Stage-Coachman.

"How can I go to White Oaks, and how soon?" was my first question as I stepped from the "Golden State Limited" at Carizozo.

"By stage, tomorrow morning at seven," was the disappointing reply, for it was then early afternoon, and the town I saw and "did" perfectly well from the station platform.

Seven next day found me hatted and coated, for the air even in New Mexico is keen on a March morning. It found me somewhat nervous, too, whatever that is, because my memory persisted in regaling me with all the thrilling stories I had ever heard of our Southwest, and because I was alone as well as small.

It was seven also that bro't the stage, the driver and me to the entrance of Carizozo's only hotel. A gypsy wagon, for four, was the stage-coach. The ragged curtains, flapping wind-wise, the wagon, the harness and even the driver's Khaki suit—or khaki something—were kept quasi together by strings and wires. The horses "belonged," too. At first as they stood there, patient, drooping, my pity rose; but afterwards, as they bounded along the rough mountain road, it was my hair that did.

As I climbed in, I caught myself saying over my first prayers. The driver meanwhile threw in the mail bags, glared fiercely at me and climbed in himself. When I asked how far it was to White Oaks he did not answer. Then we were off.

After we were well out of town he turned around, asking "Hev ye ben here afore?"

"No," I answered.

"Frum back east?"

"Yes."

"Whut state?"

"New York."

"Wall, I declare! Take long?"

I told him. As he didn't seem to hear, I told him again—and again.

Satisfied at last, he remarked, "S'pose ye think this is a reg'lar Godforsaken country."

No, it was too wonderful for that.

"Think so, eh? Wall, I can't say as I allus has. Be ye cold? Jis' fasten down thet thar curting. It's allus a-blowin' here. Carizozo's the windiest town on the road. When we git between them thar hills it'll ca'm down some. No, the wust thing about this here country is water. Oncet we git that, they hain't no country to beat it, an' that's the God's truth fur ye. Ye bet ye!"

"See thet mounting peak yender? Thet's White Mounting, which c'n be seen miles off. All the water in Carizozo comes frum back thar, fifteen miles away. Ye didn't think it wuz thet fur, now I'll bet, did ye?"

"No."

"No, ye bet ye! The air's so clear ye can't tell much about distance when ye fust come."

"Then," he went on, "they've piped the water along White Mt., over the sag between them high peaks, along this here range of hills clean on up to Santa Rosa, thirty mile away by grav'ty. 'Member comin' thru Santa Rosa? Wall, thet Mounting is whar their water comes frum."

"Ye hain't comin' fur yer health? Friends, mebbe, or relations?"

"My sister."

"Livin' at White Oaks?"

"She teaches up there."

"Not thet thar school mom with the light hair and purty cheeks? I carried her down Christmas when she wuz goin' to see her pa an' ma."

An' I carried her up when she come back.

"Her sister, be ye? I kinda thot ye favored her some. Say, which be the oldest, you or her?"

"O, I am—a little," I confessed. "Do you know what kind of a plant that is, the one that looks a little like a century plant?"

"Thet's a soap plant. See, they's a lot of 'em grows right along together fur quite smart up yender. They say it ac's just like soap if ye pounds it to a pulp—wash with it, too. I never tried it myself. So ye be the oldest? Wall, I wouldn't hev thot it. How old be ye?"

Naturally, I preferred a subject not so shiftingly and increasingly uncertain as my age always was; and so after saying something appreciative of his information, I asked him if he had been in Carizozo long.

"Not more'n sixteen, seventeen year; but I've been all over the West, night onto thirty year afore I come here."

"You have lived in the West almost all your life, then?"

"No, ye bet ye! I wuz born in Indiana. I come west when I wuz seventeen. My brothers and sisters is mostly thar yit. Purty stuck-up folks, too, ye bet ye! I got homesick oncet and went back east. But I tell ye they don't treat a feller right back thar, and that's the God's truth fur ye. If ye hain't got the stylishest cloze and grand manners, they snubs ye, thet's all. I stood it as long's I could an' then I come back. Ye'll find God's folks out here, ye will, an' thet's the God's truth fur ye, too. Ye bet ye! They'll stand by ye every time."

"See thet black streak 'cross the valley yender? Them's the Mal Pais. Bet ye don't know what it means. It's Mexican fur bad lands. Them's shore bad lands, too! They tell that one of these here volcaners throwed out melted rocks thet spread an' run like a river fur about seventy mile long and a good many mile wide in spots. The rocks look like they'd been melted, they's so dark an' full of holes. Lots of rattlesnake and bobcat and deer in 'em. They tell

that the ridge thar—see thet low ridge behind the Mal Pais?—is older Mal Pais yit—so old thet it's all growed up with grass and bushes purty much all over. But I dunno's it is. I hain't much on book learnin'. Be ye married?"

"Not yet," I answered. "Whose are those cattle near that hill?"

They belonged to the Mexicans who have taken up claims around there, I found out. Since there is no more "range" in all that section, there are only a few cattle now where a short time ago there were thousands. Those I saw kept close to the pipe line, attracted by the pools of water where the pipes were broken.

Then, without any warning, came question I thot I had disposed of: "So, ye ain't married? Wall, I ain't, neither. Why hain't ye never married? Seems's if ye're good enough looking to hev got a man if he wan't too partic'lar. I never keered about gittin' married myself. O, I allus liked to be with the wimen folks; they's good comp'ny to talk with. But thet's all. Now, tho, I've got a butcher shop in the front of my house besides this here stage outfit and business an' I'd like to settle down if I could find somebody to suit me, an' thet's the God's truth for ye."

"Do you like driving the stage?" I interrupted.

Ye bet ye!! 'Tain't so hard as gettin' out and roundin' up cattle or diggin' in mines." I've tried 'most everythin', too, but they ain't anything to come up with this 'specialy when ye got nice comp'ny like now."

For a long time I had been wondering about the brown, fluffy plant that grew in tufts in the dry sand, and I thot the time had come to ask him what it was. I suggested mesquite grass.

"No, not mesquite, which is diff'rent. This is gramy (grama) grass. Good fur cattle the year 'round. They likes it, too. The other plant thar is a cactus. They's lots of them grows all thru New Mexico and Arizona."

"How fur frum White Oaks? When we come to thet big bluff ahead, we've come just about eight mile; four mile after that. They's lots of time so's we c'n drive slow. Yas, I'm thinkin' of settlin' down. It's purty hard to do all the work and cookin', too."

"Would ye consider—I could cook?" was not the question I feared. "Wall, I can, ye bet ye! Ever eat chili?"

I hadn't.

"Ye shore do want ta git some chili. Not very hot at fust till ye git used to it. Last night I et a big dish of 'chili con carne.' Fine, ye bet ye! I'll tell ye how to make it. Fry onions in hot grease an' pour tomatoes over 'em an' cut chili up into it. Chili? O, thet's like whut we call peppers back east. The Mexicans learned me to eat it, an' they puts it in thick fur they like it awful hot. Then ye cook it all up with meat cut fine. It shore is good, an' thet's the truth fur ye."

During the rest of the ride he gave me local history. White Oaks has coal and gold mines and a crushing mill. It used to be a busy town, but the railroad had turned away to Carizozo which had been willing to "play fair" with the company, and had left White Oaks dead. Poor men had become rich there. He had had great "chances" himself. So he rambled on.

At last, however, the stopping of the coach brot an end to his stories. Later when I repeated some of them to my sister and our hostess, the latter remarked with some expression of disgust, "That stage-driver! He talks forever whether anyone listens or not, and you can't depend on a word he says."

A Houghton Romance.

C. Belle Russell '14

For fifteen minutes the silence in the library had been broken only by the occasional thud of a paper wad as it encountered the tired cranium of the diligent student devoting his precious youth to the solving of

calculus. Once the girls had been unable to suppress their mirth when a learned professor walked sedately in with necktie askew and shoe strings untied.

Grace Sheldon sat by the corner window looking out on the tennis court, a yearning expression in her dark eyes and the "Life of William, the Conqueror" in her lap. She was very young, very pretty, and very charming, while one could easily see that her thoughts wandered far from "William, the Conqueror."

At a nearby table sat a youth with a serious, yet altogether pleasing cast of countenance. Just now a little frown between the deep gray eyes marred the wonted brightness of his face. Howard Marston's young blood was stirring with desire for excitement and adventure. At present a sea voyage or a ride on a bucking broncho would have been hailed with delight and doubtless would have satisfied his modest ambitions. There were times when he found the responsibilities of life almost too serious and grave a burden, and this was one of the times. His eyes roved aimlessly beyond the tables and book shelves and finally rested upon her.

How prettily the black hair waved around the oval face with its delicately moulded features and shining dark eyes fringed with long black lashes! She reminded him of a picture he had in his room at home. He crossed over.

"Come out and have a game!" She smiled revealing dimples and the prettiest teeth he had ever seen.

"I would if we could get by the deans."

"No hopes—ours is a wonder, not only appears on the scene of action just in time to prevent the fun, but actually divines the thoughts and intents of our hearts."

"The most peculiar thing about our dean is the way she lives without sleep—the slightest creak on either floor after the lights are out and—well, I'll let you guess what happens, but it's tragic."

Their hearts began to vibrate in a common bond of sympathy.

"What course are you taking?"

"Music mainly: I don't aspire to be intellectual."

He looked soberly down upon her.

"—But I can make good fudge," she added.

"Can you?" and he smiled. "That sounds good to me. Where are you staying?"

"At the dorm."

"When may I come?"

"Let me see—the girls are going to have a ghost spread this Saturday, but next week will be all right."

"Thank you. I'll be there if nothing happens bigger than a wood-chuck."

He came, and both being young and attractive and congenial, it was not the last time. They met in the halls, on the tennis court, at the various receptions, or at the base ball games where he was a renowned catcher and she an enthusiastic fan.

A peculiar growth was germinating in their hearts, but since neither had felt the symptoms before, nor had the least perception of what was taking place, the phenomenon gave them no uneasiness for months.

One day they were talking together, for they talked together often these days.

"Why have you been studying so hard lately?" she asked him. "Do you expect to write text books when you finish?"

He regarded her earnestly for a few moments while she covertly admired the breadth of his shoulders and the rugged strength of his face.

"I am studying to be a missionary." He said it quietly and gazed at her searchingly.

Astonishment, incredulity, indignation, protest and horror swept in rapid succession over her face. Words struggled for utterance and failed. She said not a word, but he knew now that she was not only indifferent, but bitterly opposed to his chosen life work. The knowledge hurt him as nothing had ever hurt him before, though he scarcely comprehended why.

Thereafter she avoided him, and in the anguish of his soul—for it

had suddenly burst upon him that he loved her with all the intensity of a man's first passion—he knew that it was best. His life work must come first and he must not be untrue to his heavenly mission. He suffered deeply, for the human call would assert itself in spite of the will, yet he manfully suppressed the longings of his tortured soul and grew each day stronger and better through the inner conflict. The conviction that this was the only right way kept him plodding along the stern path of duty.

Two years passed. He was soon to conclude his preparation. In June he was to sail for the dark continent.

She was back too, more beautiful and attractive than ever in the sweet bloom of womanhood. In daily contact they met and none might guess by the calm exterior of the fire that still smouldered within restively seeking to overleap its bounds.

In the passing years a revelation had come to her. In her heart of hearts she knew that he and he alone held her happiness in his keeping. No other had ever appealed to her as being so noble, so splendid, so trustworthy; while the vigor of his intellect and the richness of his nature rendered him delightfully companionable.

And he was the kindest man she had ever known. Once she had seen him binding up the broken foot of a little street cur with all the tenderness of a woman. Very patiently the little dog had endured the pain, licking the gentle hand that was helping him, and looking up into the face above him with trust and confidence gleaming from his soft, brown eyes.

Yet the old prejudice was stronger than ever. Brought up in a home of luxury and refinement where every wish was gratified, every fibre of her being revolted against the thoughts of hardship, the association with ignorant savages, and the awful, overwhelming loneliness away from one's childhood friends.

Besides there might be cannibals. O horrible thought! She seemed to

see her bones whitening in the ashes, the leavings of a cannibal feast, and worse still. His bones! There were times however, when she felt that this fate could be little worse than the restless tumult of her soul.

There are wise men who believe that miracles still happen occasionally. When the scarlet and gold leaves of October were fast falling from the trees and summer's sensuous loveliness began to give place to the rugged symmetry of winter it was fitting that other changes occur. One Sunday morning the white-haired old pastor rose in his pulpit.

"Friends," said he, "in this little white church we shall strive for a season to gather many precious souls into the Master's garner."

Two weeks later, while outside the first snow of the season was softly falling and calm silence reigned supreme, a soul, worn out by the long struggle, yielded at last, and kneeling contritely at the altar, found the peace that passeth all understanding.

New life was bursting forth on every side, the birds were singing gaily, the brook rippled merrily on, for spring had come! Beneath the shade of a caressing chestnut stood a man and a maid. The sun lingered lovingly on the bright hair of the maid and threw into bold relief the tense figure of the man. Silently they stood there while overhead the birds chattered to their mates.

Grace!

Looking into his face she saw there the eternal question.

Her fair head drooped for a moment, then raising her eyes to his, in their clear depths he read his answer.

He clasped her hands.

"Till death do us part" he repeated solemnly.

"And even unto the ends of the earth" she added softly.



Obedience to God's law is the highest liberty to which humanity may ever reach.—Beecher.

Iroquois Indian Orchestra

The fact that the students of Houghton Seminary enjoy many excellent advantages is shown in the splendid Lecture Course which the school offers this year. The Committee has taken great pains in arranging the course and has succeeded in securing some very good talent.

The Iroquois Orchestra under the direction of David Russell Hill appeared on October 21st in the first number of the course. The chapel was well filled and the concert seemed to be very much appreciated by the entire audience.

When the seven performers, arrayed in their Indian Costume appeared before the audience one could not doubt that they were the real Iroquois. Instead of showing their skill however, with the tomahawk and with bow and arrow, they proved themselves just as skillful with violin, cornet and other musical instruments.

The program was not one of especial difficulty, but one well adapted to a general audience, and it was performed in a manner which showed more than ordinary talent in the performers. The director used the baton gracefully and with ease, and had the orchestra under his control through out. Each player was master of his own instrument, and the ensemble work was very good.

The solos were comparatively easy but were played in a musicianly manner. The orchestral accompaniments were very smooth and gave good support to the soloists. Mr. Harvey's tone work was good in his cornet solo the "Rosary" by Nevin, and he played it very effectively. Mr. Chevalow played the favorite violin solo Godard's Bercuse from "Jocelyn." He showed a great deal of musical feeling and played with a clear technic.

The number which interested the audience most was probably the Wigwam Dance, a characteristic piece showing an Indian wedding

Continued on Fourteenth Page.

EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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STAFF OF THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Ass't Editor - Ward C. Bowen-'14

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All material for publication should be addressed to the Editor. All other letters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

As it again becomes our pressing duty to withdraw into the editorial sanctum and compose the inevitable monthly communication to our deserving and expectant readers, we confess that it is with much perplexity and many inward misgivings that we face the difficult and well-nigh hopeless task of choosing from among the vast, all-inclusive, accum-

ulated mass of the written a theme that it not trite and already exhausted, not to say one that would sufficiently compensate those intrepid few who persevere in deciphering these pages. As we cast about in this dire extremity, it is with heartfelt relief, indeed, that we seize upon two events which transpire this month of November in the year of grace 1912, that can always be safely relied upon to furnish a ready topic for editorial discussion—Election Day and Thanksgiving Day. By way of encouragement at this point, we will vouchsafe the reassuring information that it is not our intention here to become involved in a heated political argument over the recent election, or to moralize at length upon the unstinted and bounteous dispensations of a beneficent providence for which we are about to celebrate. We may also add by way of warning that we at Houghton are by every instinct and tradition burning reformers; and so, you may know what to anticipate in this instance.

In all verisimilitude, it appears the height of rashness and indiscretion for us to presume to invade the sacred precincts of these, our two greatest American institutions, but there are certain considerations weighing upon our youthful hearts that demand expression. The first-named day is representative of this great nation, in that it is the one essential and tangible pivot on which swings a democratic form of government; while the latter is indicative of the recognition that is due an Almighty God in directing the destinies of individuals and nations. And indeed from a superficial glance, it would seem that we have the most

ample cause for indebtedness and gratitude. From the comparatively brief time since the settlement of this continent and the inception of this nation to the present hour, truly unprecedented success and prosperity has attended our footsteps. In the face of seemingly insuperable obstacles, we have always come forth triumphant. Today we occupy the enviable position of leaders of the world's progress, and heralds of universal liberty and equality. But we need not rehearse further of these salient facts of our history. From our earliest recollection, we have rightly been taught to be proud of these things. Especially at this time of the year before Election and Thanksgiving have the wonderful achievements of this "great and glorious" nation been grandiloquently exploited and blared forth, but there has been a false note in it all somewhere that has jarred harshly up on our ears.

It was a foregone conclusion that, on the 5th of this month, the voters of this nation would again deliberately ignore the sacred obligations of citizenship, and, with a full realization of what they were doing, cast their ballots to perpetuate dishonor and misery upon our land. And it is also equally certain that, aside from a lot of rant and cheap sentiment, the only significance Thanksgiving will hold for our nation as a whole will be as regarded from an epicurean and gastronomic standpoint.

What cause for gratitude have we anyway when we, a Christian nation, enjoying the blessing of a boasted twentieth-century civilization, set in our smug self-complacency and see thousands of underpaid, half-starved men and women and children remorselessly driven by the hard lash of necessity in a land of plenty, when injustice and oppression flaunt themselves in the very face of our free institutions, when preventable disease and vice flourish unchecked by government, and when the souls of men are sold for gold and women are the creatures of barter? The one thing we can honestly say we are thankful for next Thanksgiving day

is that we are young and able to fight these abominations, and, God willing, end them forever.

We might accept the opportunity to deliver at this time a little homily on the Nobility of Labor, apropos of our recent excavating operations, but we feel that such a course would be wholly insufficient beside the overwhelming attestation our blistered hands and aching backs bear to that self-same fact. But we do believe that there is something noteworthy, something magnificent and inspiring in this temporary exodus from the classroom to the arduous and menial toil of a common laborer. Never before has there been more ready response to the needs of the hour. It requires no particular astuteness on our part to conclude from this event that the students of Houghton have not deteriorated in any sense from her high standards, or allowed the lustre of her name to be dimmed ever so slightly. After having worked (and eaten) thus shoulder to shoulder, we all feel better disposed to return to the vicissitudes of lucubration, with a better understanding of each other and with a deeper spirit of loyalty and devotion to our Alma Mater. We venture the assertion that this illustrious deed will become one of the immortal traditions of the school to be recounted in story and lauded in verse ever afterward. And we are indeed proud to have been participants in this stirring heroic. To the boys and girls of Houghton alike belongs the honor.

But there is yet another important aspect of this incident that is worthy our attention, for it is also very truly a token of our future attitude toward life. When we as students go out from these hallowed walls to face the stern duties and responsibilities of men and women, we'll not belie our name; we'll meet every crisis just as fearlessly, with heads up, smiling and debonair, yet with a fine infectious enthusiasm and an indomitable determination to do or die. No matter how heavy the

odds, or how difficult and detestable the task, we'll not become discouraged and shirk; we'll show our grit and stamina; we'll buckle to and always make the dirt fly. Never will we be found as idle sycophants at the gilded shrine of ease and luxury. We'll sacrifice and give our

best to help our fellow-men. We'll ever be in the thickest of the fight for God and right. We'll live and work. And whenever a man and a woman go forth together from Houghton with this purpose, then the results will be incalculable.



GRACE B. SLOAN, '15, EDITOR

Sophaenian Society

Since the revival meetings have caused a lull in our literary activities, our report for this month will be somewhat limited. We have since the last report was sent in, had only two meetings of the society. One of these was the election of officers. This of course was not so interesting as the other, which was made up of profitable things, such as a lively spelling match, conducted by Miss Elsie Hanford, and music, as well as a recitation and some readings. On October eleventh was held the joint meeting of the Neosophic and Sophaenian societies in the college chapel. There was a very good attendance, and we had many visitors. An interesting program, containing a great deal of music was given.

As soon as the revival meetings are over we will take up our work with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

G. E. B.

Neosophic Society

Owing to various conflicting occurrences, the Neosophic Literary Society has held but one meeting this month. Needless to say this meeting was a success—such a success in fact, that it has been a source of great disappointment to a large number of people in the surrounding

community, that the Society has been obliged to delay its programs for so long a time. But we expect that the next program with its ample preparation will more than make up for lost time. Although the anticipation of all concerned has been greatly prolonged, we do not doubt that these anticipations will be fully realized in our next meetings. R. L. S.

Mission Study Class

Houghton Seminary is not only training young people for Christian work in the homeland but is training a great many of our foreign missionaries. The weekly meetings of the Mission Study Class are an inspiration and great benefit to those expecting to go to the foreign field, and to those interested in the subject of foreign missions. A class has been organized this year and the members are expecting to do some interesting work. The class has been very fortunate in securing Miss Yorton, a returned missionary from Africa for its leader. A good year is expected and it is hoped that interest in this great work will be increased.

B. T.

Young People's Missionary Society

The first meeting of the Young People's Missionary Society for this year was held in the church Tues-

day evening, October 1st. An excellent program was given and several new names were added to the roll.

In her Missionary News Items, Miss Verna Hanford told us that the work in Africa was very encouraging and that the continued cry was "Send us the gospel." And the call is certainly being answered, for on Monday afternoon, October 21st., Bro. and Sister Clark in company with Dr. Paine, a talented young woman who goes as a medical missionary, left

Houghton for the dark land across the sea. Let us pray that their labors may be attended with great success.

An important part of this meeting was the election of officers. Miss Florence Yorton, a former missionary to Africa, was elected president and Miss Lura Miner secretary.

With such a splendid leader as Miss Yorton we are expecting the best of results from the society this year.

E. A. H.



PAUL FALL, '14, EDITOR

Since our last report, the Varsity and Preps have played four very close and exciting games, one of which the Preps won. All of the games have been well attended and have been very interesting because of the almost equal ability for playing on both sides. Another important game occurred one Wednesday afternoon when the faculty defeated the hopeful Junior Athletics by an incalculable score.

As the changes of season come, so necessarily we must have a change of sports. We shall now turn our attention to Basket ball, and we are expecting some interesting contests between the Varsity and Preps.

Although we are not permitted to have interscholastic games, yet we have some very interesting contests among ourselves, and at the same time we can enjoy the benefits which come from participating in sports. The mere winning of a victory is not

the real value of any sport, but the value consists in developing our physical being, building up our characters, and forming the habits of true honesty and control of one's temper. In our school it is very easy for one to develop along these lines, for nowhere can you find a place where sports are cleaner than here. Thus by means of our sports and our splendid intellectual advantages and spiritual environment, we have a school where robust men and women are graduated to make full-rounded citizens who are well prepared to meet the daily tasks of life.

There are some of our students who do not seem to take much interest in athletics. Don't be a "sissy;" be a real boy and enjoy the benefits to be derived from true sport. You can certainly do better work in school, if you look after the physical. There are a few who still continue to use the Athletic goods without putting any money in the treasury. Remember that this is "sponging" and is wrong. Surely one cent a week is not too much for the invaluable benefits received.

ALUMNI

MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

Miss Miriam Day '12 is teaching in bold type that "There are Three Things to Consider."

Mr. Walter L. Thompson is taking work in Taylor University at Upland, Indiana.

Mr. Leland Boardman '09 is teaching in Nebraska University.

Mr. Clarence Dudley '10 has accepted the pastorate of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Bath, New York.

Extra—Thru an oversight on the part of the editor of this department, the announcement of the arrival of a son at the home of the Reverend and Mrs. Stanley Wright was omitted from the last issue of the Star. We regret this exceedingly and quote from a letter received from the adoring father, hoping that this may appease his great sorrow.

"I have searched, but in vain your department of 'The Star,' just received, for a chronicling of the important sociological and economic event of the season—the arrival at the home of the Reverend and Mrs. Stanley W. Wright on June thirteenth of Kenneth Watson Wright—ex nothing; prospective?

I might have expected something from the columns devoted to freshmen, but even such were devoted to remarks concerning mere folks! The Editor of Odds and Ends (especially Odds) might have received lasting fame, but even she missed her great opportunity.

The utterance that comes the nearest expressing my present mode of thought, you will find on page 17 of "The Star," which proclaims

in bold type that "There are Three Things to Consider."

Possibly an "Extra Edition!" will atone for this unpardonable offense, or even nineteen pages in November's "Star" devoted exclusively to the subject would appease my great sorrow."

Old Students

Miss Kathleen Banker is at her home in Plattsburg, New York, studying piano, voice, and domestic science

From the Wesleyan Methodist we learned of the marriage of Mr. Arthur Davis and Miss Stacy. Mr. Davis and Miss Stacy were married October 9 at the home of her parents in Nottingham, Ohio, and will be at home after November 1, in Winslow, Arizona. The Star extends congratulations.

Mr. Ray Sellman is entered as a Senior at the University of Michigan.

Miss Rena Lapham has a position as a bookkeeper with a hardware firm in Barker, New York.

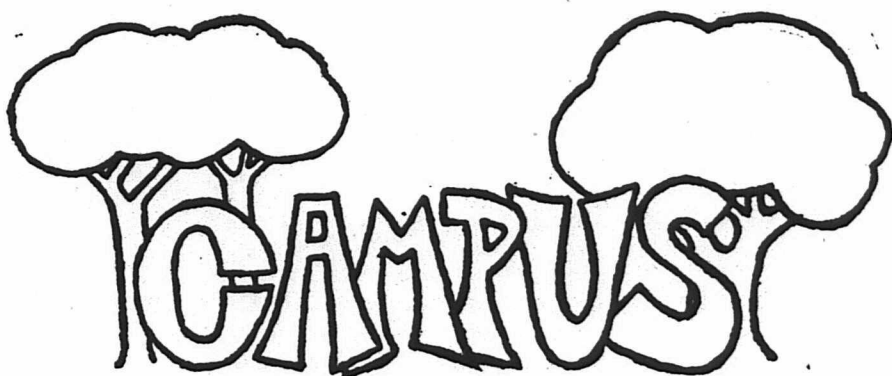
Mr. Samuel Kinney, who was graduated from Oberlin in 1911, is taking Theological work there.

Misses Daisy and Bess Rogers are teaching near their home at Lincoln Falls, Pennsylvania.

The Star extends congratulations to Mr. Wesley Dow and his bride, Miss Hildred Williams whose marriage occurred at Miltonvale, Kansas, on Thursday morning, October 3.

Miss Adah Crow is teaching in Logan, Iowa.

Miss Luella Crosby is attending Westbrook Business College in Olean and teaching music.



G. TREMAINE MCDOWELL, '15, EDITOR

College Locals

Misses Gertrude Graves and Harriet Meeker spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Miss Reed in Genesee, Pa.

Jesse Frazier is now filling the position of assistant in Physics.

We are glad to have with us again Lynn Bedford, who is now taking Sophomore college work.

Miss Jessie Benning has been called home by the illness of her mother. We hope she will be able to return soon.

Rev. M. D. Warburton of Groton recently visited his nephew Robert Presley.

Mr. Ferdinand Overton of Adams, New York, has lately entered school as a college freshman. We are glad to have our number increased.

L. A. M.

Preparatory Notes

Each Saturday morning one or more of the prep girls board the train for Fillmore and the result is seen on the following morning.

Miss Rachel Jones and Miss Florence Reed spent last Sunday at Miss Reed's home in Genesee, Pa.

We are glad to welcome to our Senior Prep, Class Mr. George Whitaker. Mr. Whitaker was a student here two years ago and we are pleased to have him come back to Houghton for his last year of High School work.

Some of prep students are making rapid progress in Algebra. One of them has even learned the value of H^2 .

E. J. A.

Our Faculty

President Luckey and Professors Rindfusz and Bedford spent considerable time surveying the line for our new gravity water system.

Mrs. Bowen recently entertained her mother from Haskinsville and her brother, Glenn Bowen of Rochester.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. H. R. Smith is recovering well from her attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. Eric Greenberg suffered several days from a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. H. W. McDowell is taking Chiropractic treatments at Olean.

Professor Bedford recently advertised a liberal reward for the return of his pocket book. Mrs. Bedford discovered it the same day in the Professor's clothing and claimed the reward.

Professor Rindfusz's father and Miss Hall, an old schoolmate of Mrs. Rindfusz, have been visiting at the Rindfusz home.

Professor McDowell is still working for Old Houghton. Michigan is finding out something of what we have down here and is contributing to help the good work on. The Professor is himself appreciating Houghton more and more the longer he is absent.

Professor Fancher is the proud possessor of a fine new buggy. Congratulations, Professor. G. T. M.

Musical Notes

The Male Quartet and the Seminary Band have been assisting in Prohibition Rallies in the nearby towns.

We should like to see the Male Quartet appear on our platform in chapel with one of their new pieces.

The Music Department of Houghton Seminary wish to announce to the friends of the school that they will give a concert November 25 for the purpose of raising money for the purchase of hymn books for the chapel. The program will consist of both vocal and instrumental selections by our efficient music teachers and numbers from the chorus, orchestra and male quartet.

We are glad to inform our readers that we have nearly seventy-five students in our Music Department this year besides those carrying the regular musical studies.

Miss Ruth Young from Owasso, Mich., came recently to take a musical course. E. M. S.

Miscellaneous

Preparatory and College students alike are showing their interest in politics, and especially in the Prohibition cause. Houghton was well represented at the Prohi Rallies at Hume and Rushford. Some were so anxious to learn the results of their labors that they deprived themselves of considerable much needed repose on the night of November 5 for the purpose of getting the first returns from the election. A straw vote in chapel on Election Day gave Chaffin 84 votes and Wilson and Roosevelt 28 and 14.

We are all very proud of ourselves these days. The boys did great things digging ditch the 30th and 31st of last month and the girls were an honor to the school in the way they fed the workers. We feel confident that the stock which Houghton Seminary will receive in the Water Company in return for the work will be the making of the institution. To be strictly honest, we must add that the following day of vacation was very welcome to many of us.

The social life in our beloved institution seems to be remarkably active this year. Professor Bedford's joking advice to every man to do his duty for the lecture course has produced some rather paralyzing results. But,

as our friends on the rostrum tell us, let us develop all sides of our natures, spiritual, mental, physical and—social.

We are sincerely glad to state that, as far as we could observe on the morning of November 1, the barbarous customs formerly practiced on Hallowe'en are being abandoned by our students. It indeed should be so for as a certain worthy friend well known to many of the readers of "The Star" once remarked, "It is just as much stealing to take a cow from a person's barn on the last night of October as at any other time."

The students appreciated the opportunity given them of hearing the other side of the question at the Progressive Rally in the Chapel a few nights ago. We would hardly advise the party to send the same speakers here again for should Brother Hester have a second opportunity of showing them the error of their ways, they would leave full-fledged Prohis.

The special revival effort closed November 5 after over two weeks of services. On the last night when the pastor asked those who had been saved to stand, several arose. When he called for those who had been sanctified, a large number stood, and when he asked for those who had been definitely strengthened in their Christian life, practically the whole congregation were on their feet. Such results are indeed encouraging.

The first number of our lecture Course, the Indian Orchestra was a thorough success. Every one enjoyed the music and the receipts delighted the management. No deficit this year but a possible surplus is the good news.

A farewell reception was given Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Clark on the evening of October 18. An interesting program was given and a purse was presented to Mrs. Clarke. "The Star" wishes them all that is good on their return to the Wesleyan Mission in Sierre Leone. The students met Dr. Ruby Paine after chapel on the 21st. Miss Paine accompanies Mr. and Mrs. Clarke as a medical missionary.



C. BELLE RUSSELL, '14, EDITOR

This is an extract from a Siamese paper that has an English column for foreign readers: "Shooting Outrage—O Fearful Agony—Khoon Tong was a man of Langoon, and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrels. Untimely death, oh, fearful! All men expressed their mourn. The cowardice dogs is still at large."

First Sem. Girl (writing a story). "What would be a good setting for a proposal?"

Frivolous Room-mate. "His lap."

Professor Frazier—"And after association what follows?"

Experienced Student—"The faculty."

It was indeed a solemn occasion when Fancher brought graves to the lecture, yet the most dangerous man there was Boice, for he was armed with a dart.

The cow owned by Professors Smith and Rindfusz was heard laughing softly to herself as she returned to the stable on Hallowe'en eve.

First Dorm Girl (lighting the gas)—"These are splendid matches."

Second Ditto—"Yes, they remind me of the kind that mother used to make."

Lost—On Hallowe'en a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Finder please return to Tremaine McDowell and receive magnanimous reward.

An Epic of Houghton Sem.

We have read in Ancient History
Deeds that made our hearts beat
fast

And regretted that the present
Failed to match that brilliant past.

But those thoughts no more shall
haunt us

Houghton's fame reached highest
pitch

When her men filed from her class
rooms

And went forth to dig the Ditch!

Leaving books for picks and shovels
Donning clothes dirt wouldn't spoil

Sixty men and boys of Houghton
Showed their mettle by hard toil.

Backs were aching, hands were blister-
ed

Books leave no effect like this—
Yet complaining had no place there
You'd have thought tired limbs
were bliss.

Many mighty men of valor
Were discovered in this way
And the youngest boy there digging
Was a hustler, so they say.

Profs in shirt sleeves, minus neck
ties

Caked with soil, seemed quite at
ease

Briskly throwing up the spadefuls
Not a wobble in their knees.

But the girls? Cruel fate denied
them

Strength to dig in trenches too,
Yet they do as well with cooking
As their stronger brothers do.

And the dinner they provided
Just to feed those hungry boys

Must have been appreciated
That is, (judging by the noise.)

By the way, our Profs just hit it
Don't you think, boys, they were
wise

When they picked out women willing
To feed you on such glorious pies?

These are days to be remembered
'Tis the crisis which did tell
That the loyal sons of Houghton
Loved their Alma Mater well.

Exchange Department.

W. LaVay Fancher, '15, Editor.

We believe that the exchange department might be of vital interest to the numerous papers in suggested improvements and sincere commendation, if attention were devoted to it in a spirit of instructive criticism. Even though the actual suggestions be not always advisable they may challenge the attention and consideration of the offending management or perchance feed their pride when their materialistic supplies are scant.

The method pursued by the "Hermonite" in assigning members to the Hermonite Board appears sane and progressive. Apparently it is a method which will greatly eliminate the editor's work of soliciting literary material and keep the paper in touch with line advertisers.

It is a source of pleasure to shake hands and pass the "time o'day" with students on the western seaboard. One of the schools, the Visalia High in its youth persists in claiming the attention of the people as often as once a week. It is "Newsy." Its students are ardent athletes, but have they no time for literary pursuits? The Cascade Seattle, though small is neat and returns our greetings once a month.

With due reverence for the articles in the other sections of the Vista, Greenville, Ill., we think the preparatory members bid fair to become worthy competitors with their more advanced fellow students.

The October number of the Alfred Monthly gave a good idea of the gen-

eral character of the college life without appearing to be over-systematized. It contains several stories and articles. It evidently has an enthusiastic editor.

We also welcome the Miltonvale Monitor. We are glad to see one of Houghton's former students as its editor and other of Her previous students on the staff. May she not be overcome by "breezes" as was the Monitor of historic memory!

We are also glad to include in our list this month copies of

The H. H. S. Volcano—Hornell High.

The Starkley Monthly—Palmer Institute.

High School Argus—Harrisburg.

Red and White—Waverly High.

The Budget—Lawrence High.

North Star—Massena High, etc.

IROQUOIS INDIAN ORCHESTRA.

Continued from Fifth Page.

scene followed by the bridegroom's dance. This number gave the audience quite a vivid conception of the primitive Indian.

The entire program afforded an interesting study in human nature as it is revealed in musical interpretation. The Indian nature manifested itself especially in the big climax and in the heavier strains. The Indian is not so rhythmic as the negro though he plays popular music with a great deal of swing.

The evening's entertainment showed the development of the Iroquois Indian, especially of his aesthetical nature. Blanche Thurston.

Only two more dates for Christmas photos. Kellogg.

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|------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|
| | Friday | Saturday | Monday | |
| Nov. | 15 | 16 | 25 | all other |
| " | 29 | 30 | Dec. 2 | dates |
| Dec. | 13 | 14 | | |

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