

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Travel

R. W. Hazlett, '14.

Among the countless, inestimable privileges of this wonderful twentieth century progress, that of travel is perhaps one of the most pleasurable as well as one of the most valuable. This is a privilege which only within comparatively recent years has been open to the people as a whole.

A century ago, the cost and hardships attendant upon a journey even from New York to Philadelphia were so great that only a few ever attempted it and then only under stress of the most pressing circumstances. In fact, travel by stagecoach was so slow and tedious that a man generally felt that he needs must put his house in order and make his will before attempting the feat. Such a trip in that day was the event of one's lifetime, a story to be recounted again and again before the old-fashioned fire place to one's children and children's children.

For centuries before the American colonial period, conditions were equally unfavorable in the old world for traveling. The country was in a very unsettled state and robbers and all manner of unknown perils lay before the wayfarer. The soldier, however, or Crusader was privileged to visit many a foreign land and to behold many a strange sight, and some day when he returned to his native land, he was the envy and admiration of all.

But, today, as I have said, in this advanced age all this has been chang-

ed. The progress made in facilitating travel and transportation has truly been marvelous. Railroads and steamship lines go to the remotest bounds of the earth. Travel is now a joy and a delight instead of an annoyance. Without discomfort one can be whisked while in slumbers sweet from point to point. Even a business trip becomes a pleasure instead of a boredom. With a multiplicity of different routes to choose from and with every convenience at hand to make the journey comfortable travel never becomes tiresome. Space has truly been annihilated.

But what I wish chiefly to discuss in this essay is travel for its own sake, for the pleasure and recreation to be derived. When conducted for this purpose, travel becomes a never-failing source of pure joy and delight. And travel is indeed very popular in this age and deservedly so. Go where we may, we see an unceasing stream of travelers coming and going. We meet the tourist in every nook and corner of the world. We meet him in the heart of Africa or in sacred Tibet, or snow-capped mountain peaks or on polar seas. To tour Europe has become commonplace. There are now great concerns whose sole business it is to furnish guides and all information and equipment incidental to a tour to any part of the world.

And as I said there is a good reason why travel is so popular. There is an attraction about it that makes it fairly compelling. The irresistible charm of witnessing new and wonderful scenes grips the imagination powerfully. It somehow enables one to get in touch with the world and to feel the throbbing, vital pulse of humanity as it flows through the congested arteries of traffic. It is fascinating to watch the landscape

from a car window as it is unrolled in a never ending panorama. Then the various types of humanity that are met never cease to be interesting to the student of human nature.

Indeed there is a lure about travel that is well nigh irresistible. The Germans have a word that expresses it perfectly. They call it *die Wanderlust*. Few persons there are who do not feel this insistent call stirring in their blood at times. It makes one envy the very birds in their freedom to soar where they will undisturbed by the more sordid things below; or the bold carefree life of the sailor skimming the ocean wave. Perhaps it is an instinct inherited from some of our bold, roving ancestors. Even in those olden days when traveling was carried on under such extreme difficulties there were those few dauntless spirits who would face the unknown perils in the quest of new scenes and adventures. The world owes these a debt of gratitude. They were the forerunners of empires. After they had come and gone, the builders of empires followed in their footsteps, men no less brave and hardy who conquered the forces of hostile man and inclement nature, who crossed mountains and forded rivers, and who by incalculable sacrifice and toil made possible the nations of today.

Today, although the world has been explored and mapped and pathways have been blazed over its entire surface, yet there are those who follow the call of *die Wanderlust* just as assiduously. First, there comes the ever-present tourist who gazes with mild curiosity on the strange sights that meet his eye, buys souvenirs by the wholesale, and then returns home well content. The fact that he is always grossly imposed upon and cheated while abroad does not detract from his enjoyment. He is out for a good time and he gets it at any cost. In many countries the tourist is apparently the only source of income, and, if it were not for his patronage, they would probably have to suspend business.

Then there comes that class to

whom *die Wanderlust* has complete obsession. Travel has become a mania with them. It is their only occupation—just drifting from place to place, ever in the search for something new. They are as much at home in the most unoccidental cities as they are in New York. There are two species of this type of traveler. The first is designated a globe trotter; the second, just a common hobo. The former is generally respectable and is well supplied with money; if these earmarks are lacking, you can be sure that he is the latter. While it is true that the "Wearie Willie" is a scourge and a parasite on society, yet I venture to say that life means more to him than to the grasping, miserly moneybags whose only ambition is to grind out dollars in seclusion.

But to the average normal man or woman travel rightly conducted is one of the greatest pleasures and blessings. To such a one, history becomes alive and real. Why perchance Shakespeare or Burns lived there, or Napoleon was banished here, or Savonarola died there, or even that great Master of Men, the Christ, walked yonder. Mayhap down the broad streets of this city marched the victorious armies of some mighty nation long since forgotten; or upon the spacious bosom of that harbor once floated the haughty Spanish Armada; or upon this field was fought a decisive and memorable battle. The old world does not alone have these old associations clinging about it, but in our own beloved America, there are thousands of such spots hallowed by the illustrious deeds of heroes and patriots.

The whole world becomes a book of infinite beauty and wonders. All the romance of the ages lies at our feet. Then there are the varying wonders and charm of nature to attract the beholder. Here are to be seen fair, sunny landscapes, dotted with vineyards and ruined castles; or there, bleak mountain fastnesses and dashing waterfalls. There is such an endless variety and contrast of the scenes that it never becomes monoto-

nous. It is also a never-failing pleasure to observe the quaint, strange peoples and customs of the different lands.

With all these enticements, no wonder the lure of the Wanderlust calls us insistently at times to escape the narrow confines of our common place existence, and explore for ourselves the enchanting outside world.

But aside from the pure delight and untrammelled pleasure of travel, there are invaluable intellectual advantages as well. Travel is an education. It has the magic power to broaden the mind and give one a truer conception of life in general. If in the centuries preceding the dark ages, men had begun to travel more, the gloom of ignorance and superstition would have been dispelled long before it was. The people held narrow concepts of the universe, the seas possessed vague, distorted terrors and dangers, and all nature was unpropitious. People even believed that the earth was flat and, if they were too foolhardy, they might fall off the edge. Travel would have changed all this. The nations would have been brought together, their various acquisitions of knowledge would have been interchanged, and progress would have been rapid. In fact, isolation always means stagnation. Those peoples who travel most and are bearers of the world's progress generally enjoy the most prosperity.

This has the personal as well as the national side. Every individual should travel at least a little for his own welfare and enjoyment. If it is impossible to travel very extensively, one can make up for it in some measure by taking second-hand tours; that is, by reading and looking at pictures. I would advise a person to follow the slogan, "See America First," for its charm and historic associations have no superior in the world and should be doubly dear to an American. Then after seeing America, go abroad, if possible. A person certainly misses one of the best things of life, if he fails to find a little time for travel.

My School Days in Houghton

Every year many new students enter Houghton for the first time. Every June a number leave, never to return as students. Some finish the course here, some leave to enter other schools, some go to take up some kind of work out in the world. But whether they stay here several years or only one year, Houghton must have some influence upon their lives and that an influence for good.

I have had the privilege of spending almost four years in Houghton, as I entered the school in November, 1908. Eleven weeks of the school year were gone, and of course the students were all acquainted and seemed like old students. A new student at that time of year was apparently quite an object of curiosity. The girls told me afterwards how they ran to the top of the stairs that first night when I came to catch a glimpse of the new student and see whose conjecture as to her looks would be right, but they were doomed to disappointment for the hall was dark and not a glimpse did they catch. But the next morning I met many of them and they made me feel that I was truly welcome. Soon I also was acquainted with the students and felt quite like an old student and things went on in regular routine.

The days in Houghton have been busy ones. Sometimes it has seemed as if school life was one great rush, but nevertheless, the days have been happy ones. There have been gatherings at the dormitory and at the school, there has been pleasant association with teachers and students in the classroom, there has been good natured bantering and sometimes pleasant joking. All these things have made an impression upon my mind and I will remember them with pleasure.

But above and beyond all these have been the sense of Christian fellowship, the students prayer meetings, the church services, the sight of young people bowing at the altar

in humble submission to God, and their testimonies when they arose with a new found light beaming from their faces to tell us that in their case also God had forgiven all the past. Such things as these will hold a sacred place in the memory of my life here.

At the end of this year I leave Houghton. It seems almost like leaving home. I have enjoyed my work here and as I go out to take up other work as God may direct, I shall look back to Houghton and shall be thankful for my school days here.

Miriam Day, '12.

From the President of the Preparatory Class

The end of the school year and the end of our school days as Preparatory students is almost at hand. Some of us have been in school here for many years while for others this is the first, and possibly the last year of school in Houghton. However we can all look back over our life as students here and very truly say that we are glad that we have been here.

Those of us that leave, not expecting to return, will leave with a sense of sorrow. Friendships have been formed that will last as long as we live. Associations have been formed that will be hard to break.

Perhaps we have all said that we would be glad when we were thru with Houghton. What student does not long to be thru school? But in spite of all that we may have said, down deep in our hearts we know that it has been good for us to be here. A better place to live in, and a better class of people we have never seen, a cleaner, purer nobler, company of young people than the students of Houghton it has never been our privilege to know. The effects on our lives of the influences that have been thrown around us here, both by faculty and students, only time and eternity can measure.

It is with one accord that we as a class desire that Heaven's richest blessing may rest on our beloved Alma Mater.

H. L. McMillan.

Class Poem

Today we finish; yet we have
Only begun. Before us lies
A vast unknown through which our path
Leads upward, upward to the skies,
Far beyond the clouds which hover
Now dark across our way, till there
Above, sorrows and trials past,
In that city bright, pure and fair
It ends before the great white throne.
Through love of Christ, that perfect man,
Who gave His life that we might live,
Our pathway ends where it began.

Helen Kerr.

Thoughts for Evening

Swift glide our schooldays to a close
In silence gone like winter's snows.
Soon will they be but memory
Linked to the vast eternity—
September came and went too soon
—A fleeting space—and then—'twas June.

Old Time, sly thief, did steal away
The hours that came but would not stay.
Go bring them back, thou rogue, today;
Too many flaws and marks had they.
Let me remould the faulty whole
Nor leave mistakes to shame my soul.

Most precious gift, though most despised
Give back the hours we should have prized.
Let right stand out where error marred
Nor leave life's statue rough and scarred.
The Master will be grieved to see
The imperfections wrought by me.

Thou, soon to enter life's grave work,
May need the lesson thou didst shirk.
The mastered task will help thee then
When toiling with earth's busy men.
But duty slighted brings thee pain,
And robs thy life of fullest gain.

If wealth depart thou mayst get more,
Add greater riches to thy store;
If friends thou lose, be thou a friend
And friendship's joys need never end,
But time for aye fades from the view
And leaves but memories for you.

O Master Builder who didst plan
Earth's great creation—mortal man,
Help him to carve with skill each day
Bring beauty forth from human clay
Until it show in every line
The trace of workmanship divine.

C. B. R. '15.

The College Senior Class

Four years ago as the train pulled into Charles City, a thriving little city in the far away western state of Iowa, a fair little girl stood upon the platform bidding adieu to loved ones to go East to attend college. As she stepped into the train she had a co-mingling of feelings, but happy anticipation was in the ascendancy.

The train sped on through the plains of Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, winding its way around the hills of Ohio and New York. Finally the conductor called "Houghton," the longed for destination. There alighted this same girl, Miriam Day, enquiring for a bus to carry her up to the college building; here she registered as a Freshman. Miss Day had no one to share with her the happy, yet perplexing experiences that belong to a freshman's life, yet, she bore bravely the reproaches of the all important freshman and successfully she closed her first year in college.

During her sophomore year two other sophmores helped her brave the storm; but in her junior and senior years she was again alone. But remembering the things behind as well as looking forward to higher achievements she at last has reached the mark for the prize.

Miss Day's pure and lofty sentiments and intellectual power have won for her the highest respect of her teachers and fellow students and have placed her in the front ranks of scholarship.

During her four years here she has ever been ready in her unassuming way to be helpful to all by whom she was surrounded. She is Houghton's only College graduate this year; but we find in Miss Day almost every quality we would find in a larger class. She is studious, original, imbued with a spirit of helpfulness, endowed with intellectual power, last but not least having a pure, untarnished character beautified by the image of the Master.

G. B. Sloan.

The Senior Preparatory Class

Four years of work and play; grind and bluff are over—yet it is only commencement for the seniors of the Preparatory Class. The seniors have truly been a model class for in all their meetings nothing but peace and harmony has ever prevailed.

Doubtless this ideal condition has been due to a great extent to the supervision of its president, Mr. McMillan. Although Mr. McMillan has spent only one year in Houghton, he has entered into the activities of school life with much earnestness. He has always lived on a large farm in Ohio but this year he has been interested in agriculture in a somewhat different way than when at home, for he has found that a small amount of land gives him sufficient diversion from his school duties.

Miss Jones also came from Ohio, but being the daughter of a minister, she has lived in several different places. Miss Jones entered Houghton in 1907 and has been one of the most active students. She intends to enter Normal next year and make teaching her profession.

New York is the birthplace of three members of the class, Miss Miner, Miss Dieter and Mr. Babbitt. Miss Miner first entered Houghton in 1906, and has spent one year in teaching. She is much interested in missions and is an active member of the Student Volunteer Band and Mission Study Class.

Miss Dieter was born at Kennedy, New York and took her high school course at East Randolph except the past year and part of the year 1908 which she spent in Houghton. The past year she has been actively engaged in society work also in keeping note books and is fully prepared to give any information desired, along this line.

The valedictorian Mr. Babbitt, (more generally known as "Kip") has always lived on a farm near Houghton. His record in school has not been surpassed by anyone. However he is not interested in books alone for if anyone should happen to

be near the ball ground during a Prep-Varsity game, they would soon discover Mr. Babbitt. He says he has no plans for the future but he will surely be an honor to his class and Alma Mater.

The west as well as the east is represented in the class of 1912. Miss Kerr of Lisbon, New York, was born in Colorado. Her Freshman year was spent in Madrid High School. In 1909 she came to Houghton and entered the Sophomore Class. She has always been a faithful student. Her one often expressed wish is, "Time, more time." She is as yet undecided as to which of two courses she will pursue, art or domestic science, however she believes the latter to be most practical.

In 1904 Miss Crosby came to Houghton from South Dakota. For some time she was not able to get used to the trees and hills about Houghton but now she says she would not change New York for the plains of Dakota. Miss Crosby has taken music in addition to her schoolwork.

Thus whether the Seniors of 1912 shall fill prominent places in life, or whether they shall be called to enter the more humble walks of life, they will conduct themselves as is fitting.

X Senior.

Religious Life at Houghton

One of the characteristic features of Houghton is a decidedly religious spirit which characterizes most of the school activities. This does not seem in any way to put a damper on enjoyment or to check that which ministers to the intellectual or moral uplift of students or faculty, but it rather seems to add zest and spirit to that which is good.

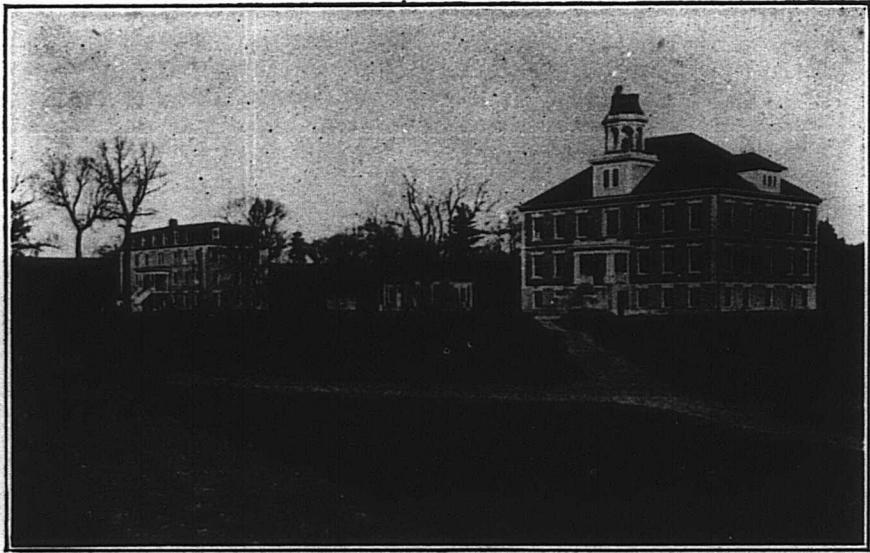
While there is here as elsewhere opportunity, for those who will, to do wrong, there is every incentive for those who wish to do and to be right; to forsake evil and to cleave to righteousness. Houghton emphasizes character building, but it also emphasizes that no character can be perfectly true and meet Bible standards unless it is built upon the one Solid Foundation, Jesus Christ.

In very few places do we believe are young people pointed to Christ in so many ways as they are here. There is here constantly the Godly influence of consecrated and true young companions and schoolmates, the Christian instruction and guidance of Christian teachers who know experimentally the saving power of God. The religious influences of church and community are the very best. There are none of the grosser temptations to spend time and ruin character in saloons, gambling dens, clubs, dance rooms or other such places.

The students are all welcome and are urged to attend on all the services in the church including the regular church class meeting. Religious exercises are held daily in the chapel. On each Tuesday evening, excepting one each month, a students' prayer meeting is held in the chapel. All these have been means of help and uplift to those who have availed themselves of the advantage to be derived from them this year.

In addition to these, there was held a several days special revival service during the winter. Dr. J. N. Bedford of Seneca Falls, N. Y., assisted the pastor. At this service several sought and found pardon for sin and access to deeper and fuller Christian life. The evangelistic spirit, has however, characterized all the religious services of the year.

Then too, our students are given an opportunity to see and study the more practical side of Christianity. We are especially well favored in being somewhat of the center of missionary activity of the church, and have the privilege of meeting most of our missionaries to foreign lands. Several of them, while in America, live in Houghton and thus the students may become personally acquainted with men and women of rare devotion and loyalty to the Master's service. Since school opened last September, seven Houghton students have gone to Africa. To five of these we were permitted to bid farewell here in our midst as they started on their way. The Young People's Foreign Missionary Society has held



HOUGHTON SEMINARY AND LADIES' DORMITORY

monthly meetings on the first Tuesday of each month and thus missionary interest has been kept alive among the students. The Mission Study class has also been open to all who wished to join. There have also been several other public missionary meetings during the year.

We are truly thankful that we are privileged to see the vital old doctrines of the Word of God tested and proved able to meet every test to which they are put. We have here seen that every promise of God's word, the conditions of which are fully met, is verified to those believing. To those who are seeking for a school where God is honored and where He deigns to manifest His power, we can, without hesitation, recommend Houghton.

The Old Sem.

Lois H. Thompson.

On a hill, the old Sem. its spire doth raise,
Below, the Genesee ripples and plays,
Tree clad hills stretch back to meet the sky,
In the valley, the town of Houghton doth lie.

Above the Sem. stands melancholy and lone,
Crumbling to ruin each brick and stone.
The rain, on its walls has etched frescos dim,

Thru broken windows the squirrel creeps in.

The swallow builds nests 'neath the rusty eaves,

Among the maples the wind sighs and grieves,

The door swings back on a battered sill,
Within the classrooms are empty and still.

Yet in years not long since passed away,
This seminary beheld scenes bright and gay.

Here youths and maidens dreamed and came,

Studied and played, in time rose to fame,
Here learned Professors gave all their time

Teaching bright pupils "line upon line."
Instructing ever in the way of the cross,

How Christ died to save them from sin and loss.

From out those halls now deserted and lone

Many and many a student has gone.
Some as ambassadors to sunnier climes
Give to darkened races their lives and minds,

Showing to those in Heathen night
The power of the cross with its welcome light.

Others, with a purpose most noble and true,

Have become ministers, teachers, and farmers too.

Returning ever the tribute to the old Sem.

Houghton inspires and sends forth Christian men.

Now another Sem stands on an opposite hill

Youth and gay voices her corridors fill.
Joyous, prosperous, she stands and gay,
While yonder the old Sem falls to decay.
But think we not of the old Sem yet?
Can we the glories of her past forget?
Think we not of the good she has done
As she stands there alone in the rain and sun?

Think we not as we enter the door,
Of all who have entered there before?
Should we not feel a sacred care
And grieve to see her ruined there?
For her men spent lives of toil and prayer
Now she's deserted and falling there.
Will ever her past good deeds be known,
Are we not reaping where we have not sown?

Is it thy boast that no malicious word

Of any one escapes thy pen or tongue?

That through thee mischief never has been stirred,

Nor any heart been wrung?

Remember malice may in silence dwell:

Just praise thou owest, malice may withhold:

Thou canst do better, though thou doest well;

Hide not what should be told.

Charlotte F. Bates.

EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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Somewhere in the writings of Carlyle we find these words: "Some arrive; a glorious few; many must be lost, go down with the floating wreck which they took for land."

Edwin Markham, in commenting on these words, says, "This saying in all its pathos and power, seems to me to surpass all other sayings in the literature of the world. That

last clause—'which they took for land'—who can measure the depth of its significance? In those five fatal words we plunge into the bottomless."

The more we think of these words, the more does the truth of Mr. Markham's comment rivet itself upon our mind. And we wonder if it can be possible that perhaps those words come nearer home to us than many of us think.

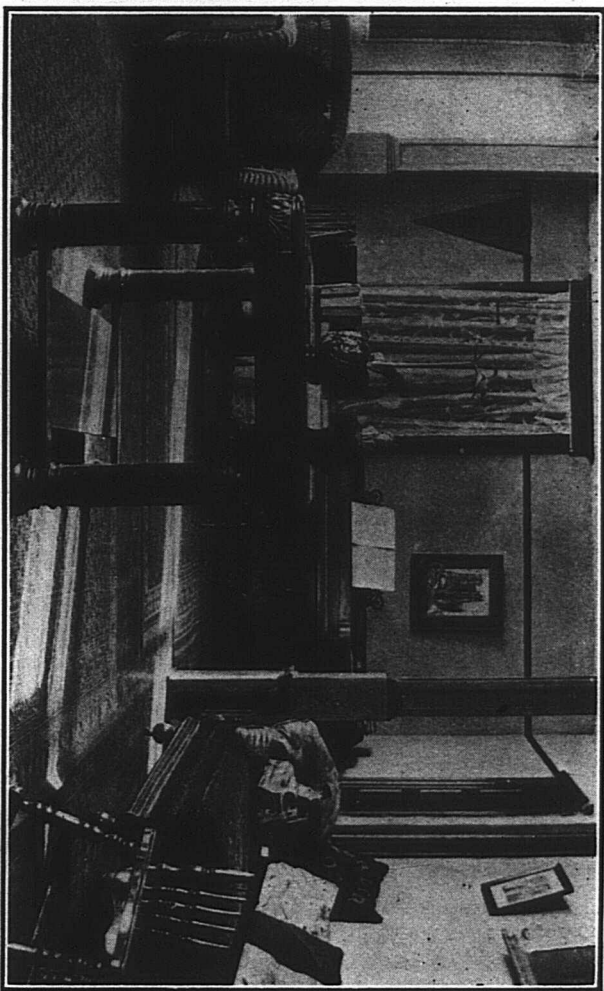
We are all seeking somewhere to anchor our hopes. Perhaps some of us think that we have already found a solid place. If not we are bending all our energies toward that objective upon which we would establish our lives.

But what is that objective for which each is making a haven? Is it land? Will it hold the ship that is anchored to it when the last great storm shall burst, or will it float away as a mass of mere wreckage borne upon the waves? This is an important question for on it depends all usefulness and happiness.

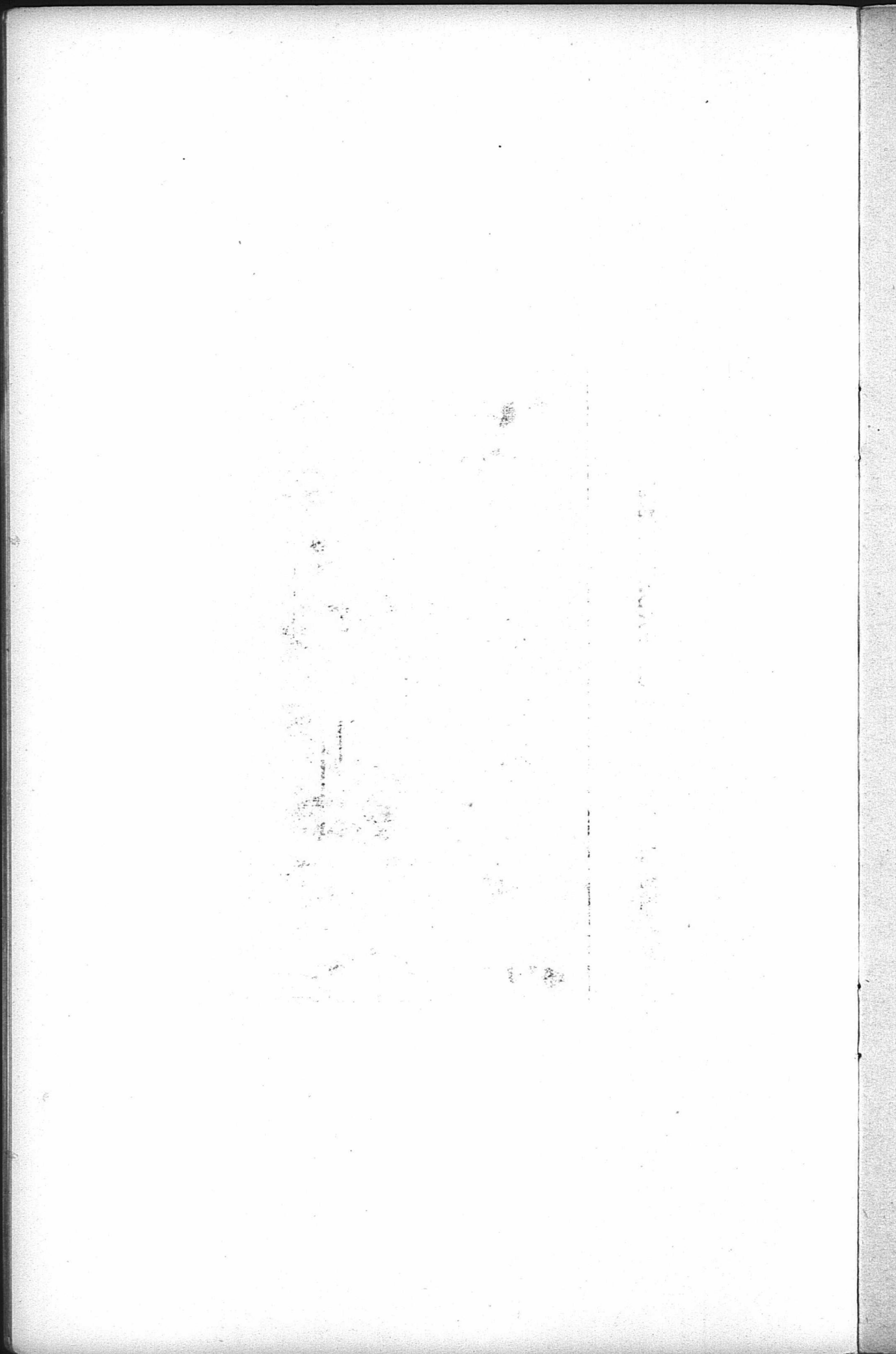
As we have looked about us and have seen the failures all around, we are impressed that it is time that we were concerned about our anchorage, whether or not it really is what we take it for.

Some have anchored to pleasure and thought that pleasure was a solid anchorage. They have thought that those things which gave them the most enjoyment for the time were land. Surely these things could never pass away. But soon they found that pleasure was but a mass of floating wreckage that would not hold, and soon the fragments of their frail bark were added to the rest.

Some have anchored to fame, think.



RECEPTION ROOM IN DORMITORY



ing that surely that was land. Does not fame outlast the life of now—yes, even of generations? But no, they have found that fame offered no secure anchorage and soon they too were drifting forgotten and unknown. They thought it was land; but it was not.

Then there were those who staked their hopes in wealth. Surely wealth was all powerful. The almighty dollar would hold. But lo, as they were trusting, they found themselves adrift. Their haven had disappeared, and there was nothing to shield them from the fury of the storm, nothing to hold them fast. But they thought it was land.

And so there were many who anchored to good works, humanitarian efforts, patriotism, good citizenship and morality. There were many who paid no attention to what they were anchoring. Yet all seemed to think they had anchored to land. But now we know that they were mistaken for their course was a failure. Their lives were wrecks at last.

But those who made sure that they had a safe anchor—on what did they base their hopes and ambitions? What is there in this world that remains, that really holds when all things else fail and drift away? There can be but one answer—Character. Whatever else you may call it, or whatever abstract terms you may apply to it, character is all in this world that holds when all else fails.

But how are we, as we are anchoring our lives, going to know that we are anchoring them securely, that our ideal of character is the right ideal and one that will stand every test? There is but one ideal. However diversified our lives may be, however different our aims or our work, we may have one pilot to guide them to an absolutely safe anchorage. That Pilot is Jesus Christ. The character that the one who trusts Him will arrive at is the only one that will remain. This is land.

This is the last message that we shall ever give through the editorial columns of the Star, for the new staff will put out the next issue; and

this we give as our parting word. We earnestly desire that each of our friends and schoolmates, shall so consider their course, that when their characters are established, they shall not be so established that it must be said of any of them, "They went down with the floating wreck which they took for land;" but rather may it be said of them, "They do behold the King in his beauty; they do behold the land that is very far off."

The Debate Class

The Debate Class under instruction this year is one of the largest in the history of Houghton Seminary. During the first Semester several subjects of present interest and importance were discussed, but during the present semester the energy of the entire class has been centered upon one question. Resolved: That the various states should enact laws providing for the Compulsory Arbitration of labor disputes. A most searching investigation of authorities on both sides of the question has been made. Since it was not possible to arrange for a debate this year with Alfred University on terms at all honorable to our debaters or school it has been decided to have the members of the debate class give a public demonstration of the results of their research this semester. By means of a preliminary contest the members of the class will be chosen who will give the public debate. This debate will be one of the features of the Commencement week entertainments. One who has watched the work of the class during the year can not fail to be impressed with the marked improvement in manner and method on the part of the debaters. Great credit is due Prof. Smith for his untiring energy and zeal in directing the work of the class. R. D.

It is a great thing to sacrifice. It is a greater to consent not to sacrifice in one's own way.

—Charlotte Yonge.



R. A. SELLMAN, '13, EDITOR

Athenian Society

The Athenian Society was organized during the latter part of the year of 1910-11 as a college literary society. During the past year the membership has been doubled so that the present size of thirty is ideal for successful society work. Meetings have been held bi-weekly on Friday evenings in one of the rooms of the college building. The programs have been designed to make the participants efficient in public speaking and at the same time to acquaint them and the rest of the society with questions of general and practical interest. Excellent work has been done throughout the year.

Sopheanian Society

The Sopheanian Society is at the present writing only a few weeks old, having been organized after the adoption by the Union Literary Association of the Faculty Resolutions providing for the division of the Preparatory department into two societies on the sex basis. It is the young ladies division and meets every Friday evening in the reception room at the Women's Dormitory. It has been argued, and correctly too, we think, that the nature of a literary program adapted to women is entirely different from that suitable for men. In the light of this, the society seeks to present in its programs essays, book reviews and such other topics as are of general interest to women.

Neosophic Society

The Neosophic is the young men's society of the Preparatory depart-

ment. At the dissolution of the old Neosophic society, which had existed since the school itself was founded, the name of the old society was retained by the new one for the sake of the memories of other days. Though the society has not existed long enough to have passed out of the experimental stage, yet it is expected that the work done will be much more satisfactory than could be done in a mixed society. Debates, orations, discussions of scientific and political subjects and parliamentary law practice compose the main part of the programs.

Prohibition League

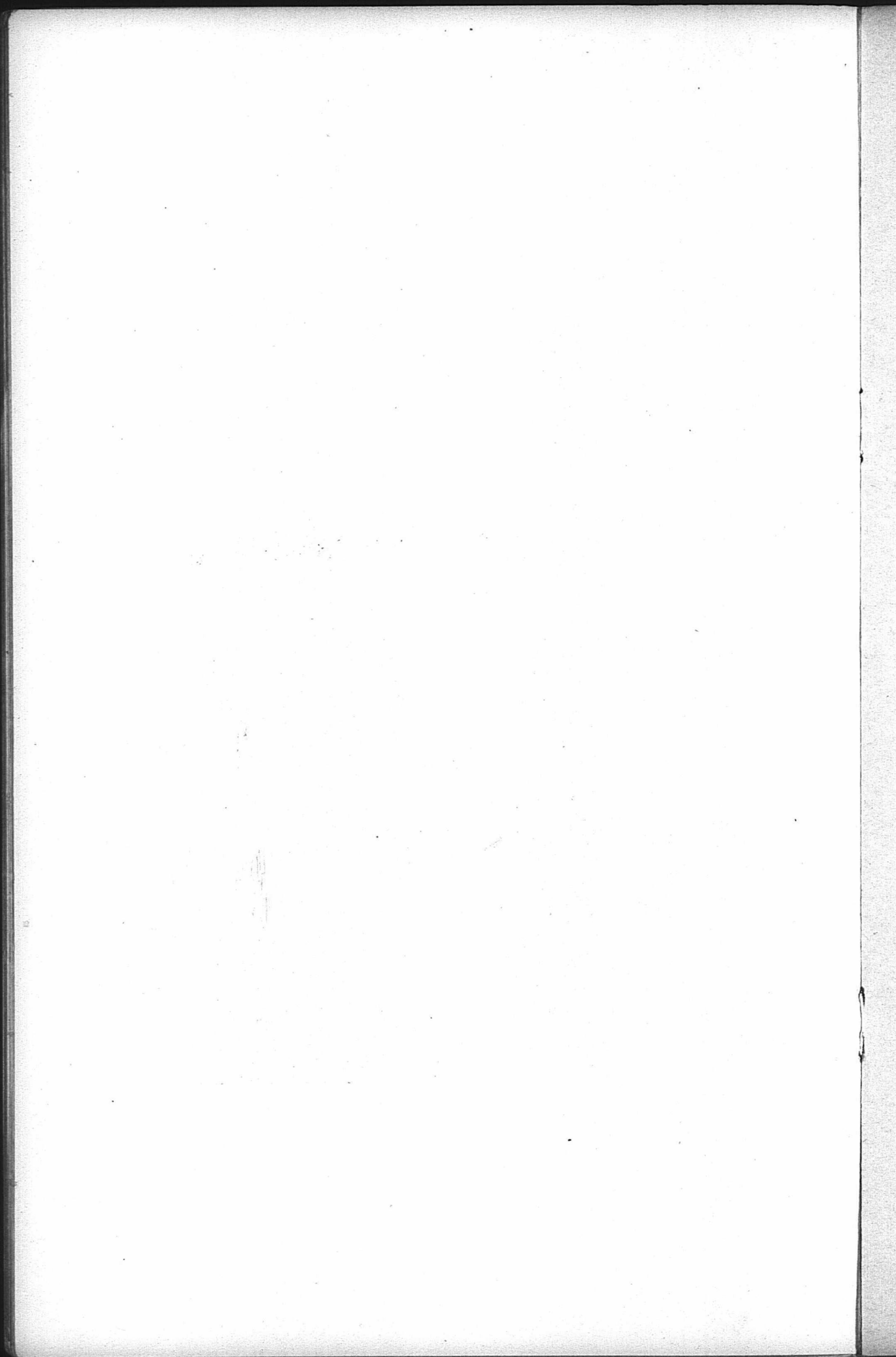
The Prohibition League of Houghton Seminary is a part of that nation wide organization of college men known as the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, having for its object a practical study of the liquor problem. During the past year the League has enjoyed its usual prosperity. Keen interest has been manifested in the various phases of its work. The principles underlying the liquor problem have received earnest study in its regular meetings. This study has been very materially aided by the very complete file of books on the liquor problem acquired by the Library Association during the last two years. Eleven orators entered the oratorical contest held in the Seminary Chapel March first. Mr. Hazlett won with the oration "What will the End be?" and represented the League in the State Contest at Cornell University. Here is where you will find statesmen in the making.



FACULTY OF HOUGHTON SEMINARY

*Top row—Mrs. Dow, Miss Hillpot, Miss Coffield, Prof. McDowell, Mrs. Bowen,
Miss Eastwood.*

Bottom row—Prof. Bedford, Prof. Kindfus, Prof. Luckey, Prof. Smith.



Mission Study Class

The avowed aim of Houghton Seminary has always been to train young men and women for efficient Christian workers, both for our own land and for the lands across the sea. One of the organizations promoting this aim is the Mission Study Class. Meetings are held weekly at which gather the students who are prospective missionaries and also those who do not expect to go as such but who are interested in the world's great mis-

sionary movement. A text book is studied to learn both the conditions of heathendom and the best method of reaching it with the gospel. Miss M. L. Day has had charge of the class of eighteen during the past year. Occasionally the returned missionaries Mrs. G. H. Clarke, and the Misses Hattie Crosby and Florence Yorton have favored the class with inspiring and helpful talks on the great movement as they see and know it at first hand. A very profitable year has been experienced.



R. W. Hazlett, '14. EDITOR

We hold the truth to be self-evident that "a sound mind in a sound body" is the highest end of education. As a corollary to this highly respectable preface, it is equally obvious that I might needlessly distress any venturesome reader preparing to gaze severely at this offending page by taking the opportunity to introduce at this point a dry and voluminous moral lecture on the urgent necessity of physical exercises to develop the symmetrical man and of the terrible consequences resulting, if neglected. But be reassured, such an imprudent course is farthest from my mind.

The facts are that every normal, healthy boy or girl? (can't speak authoritatively on feminine idiosyncrasies) will see to it for themselves that they secure sufficient exercise and recreation, which needless to say is not of the kind their Machiavellian parents furnish on a woodpile or some other similar unhealthful location. While it is true that this type of lads is not generally fortun-

ate or misfortunate enough as the case may be of being suspected as mental prodigies, yet there is far more hope of them than of the everlasting grind. It is apparent then that the corking question is how to mix these fundamental ingredients of education in the right porportion. If some genius (meaning of course a Houghton student) could invent a machine in which you could inject the callow and inexperienced boy, grind and compound him up properly, and turn out the finished product of a brainy and brawny young man while you wait, it would certainly be the greatest boon ever bestowed upon a long-suffering world. But all we have now for this purpose is schools and so there you are.

Now having safely arrived at this happy juncture after a rather devious journey, I will endeavor to eliminate everything not germane to the subject and come directly to the point at issue, by gently remarking that we have a few real live boys here at Houghton ourselves not to

mention several promising girls. Also allow me modestly to say that we have one of the finest schools in the land in which to acquire mental soundness, although our equipment for attaining physical perfection is rather negligible. However, this last is not such an unmitigated misfortune as might appear incipiently. As I have already patiently explained there is no danger of the genuine boy ever lacking for muscular development. While on the other hand, if he is the spurious brand, he will accomplish nothing, if he has the finest gymnasium at his sole disposal.

Well at any rate we get along famously in athletics, although it cannot be gainsaid that we'd appreciate a gym. However, in order to secure the highest efficiency and co-operation, we do have both a women's and a Men's Athletic Association. Here by paying a purely nominal fee, truly phenomenal returns are obtained. Baseball, basketball and tennis constitute the principal drawing cards of the Men's Association, while swimming, coasting and skating claim their devotees outside its jurisdiction.

This year the real value of the Association has been more manifest than ever. What has been accomplished has been to some effect, not at random. The climax of a highly successful season was culminated in a championship baseball inter-class series, in which the interest ran very high, at times nearly the whole school being present. Three well matched teams have participated and at all times the rivalry has been intense.

The Preps are an excellent example of an unpretentious class making no glitter but plodding doggedly along until they overtake their more flashy opponents and make people sit up and take notice.

The Freshies—Well the Freshies may not be as black as they are painted, but no one has ever had the temerity to deny that they are not as green as they are painted, if not greener. They have soaring ambitions which, if not hampered by their ability would surely land them

above the clouds, but as yet they have had to be content to stay on the solid earth. Their only virtue is a rampant class spirit which, although misdirected is somewhat to be commended.

The Varsity possess the ability but are rather loath to display it. However, when the occasion demands they nonchalantly carry off first honors.

Right here I wish to prepare the long-suffering reader for a rather abrupt and painful transition. This is the sorrowful place where finis must be appended, and it is quite right that it should. If I have not persuaded everyone by this time that Houghton is a good mixing machine and that her students are well balanced, healthy young people who enjoy themselves immensely, I am quite sure that I never could. And why shouldn't we have a good time? Youth is certainly the time, if ever, to indulge in clean, wholesome pleasure and enjoy life to its fullest extent.

Smile awhile, while you smile another smiles.

And soon there's miles and miles of smiles

And life's worth while—if you but smile.

I am only one, but still I am one,
I cannot do everything but still I can do something.

And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.

—Edward Everett Hale.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

Better be unborn than untaught for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

—Plato.

ALUMNI

G. T. McDOWELL, '15, EDITOR

Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Seminary was founded in 1884. Today the denomination may look with satisfaction upon the results. There are now other schools in the church beside Houghton but she is still an indispensable factor in the success of the denomination. As her usefulness has increased in the past, so it increases today and so it will continue to increase.

A few figures may help to show what the Church owes the school but no mere statistics can express the results in their entirety. Houghton, according to the records obtainable, has graduated 176 students from her various departments. Of those who can be located today, forty percent are in the direct service of the Church as pastors, pastors' wives and missionaries. Twelve of our graduates have gone to our missions in Africa. Such a record is surely inspiring. Further, the presidents of Houghton and Central are both Houghton men. Three of the professors at Houghton and one at Miltonvale are also alumni while three other teachers in those institutions are old students. And by no means least, the great majority of the remainder of her alumni are loyal supporters of the Church in other walks of life. Were Houghton to close her doors today, we could still declare invaluable the service which her founders rendered the Church.

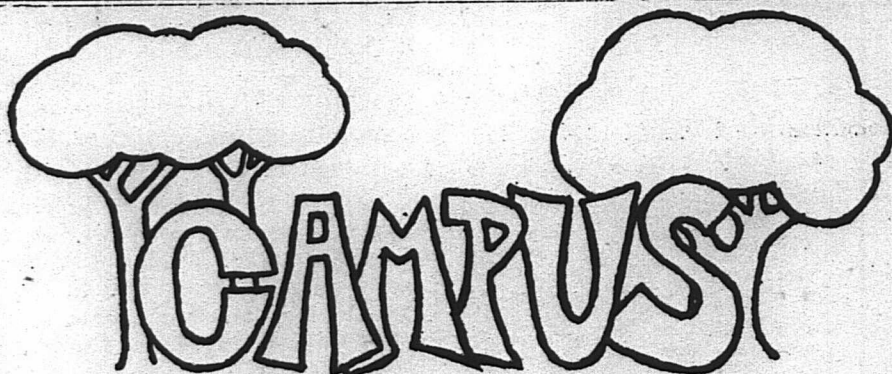
Let us look for an instant at each of the graduates of the College Department. They number sixteen, from 1901 to 1912. John S. Willett, '01, the first college graduate, has done most excellent service as office editor of the "Wesleyan Methodist" and as a

pastor. H. C. Bedford, '02, having done graduate work in Ada and Oberlin, is Professor of Greek in Houghton Seminary. Florence M. Yorton, '02, has done excellent work as a teacher in high school and in Houghton Seminary and has served a term in our mission in Sierra Leone. Edgar A. Boyd, '04, is in the ministry and is President of the North Michigan Conference. Gertrude F. Preston, '04, has proved herself a strong Christian worker and is now in our mission in Sierra Leone. C. P. Sage, '04, has served very credibly as pastor on several charges in the Church. F. S. Willis, '04, is a successful business man in Chicago. Elsie Rush, '04, is filling a well-salaried position in an Illinois high school. William Greenberg, '07, was Professor of Science at Houghton until his health forced him to leave the school room for the ranch. Leland Boardman, '09, did such splendid work at Oberlin that he was given an assistantship at the State University of Nebraska, where he is working for his Master's. Jason A. McPherson, '09, is a Wesleyan pastor in Ohio and very good reports come of his ability, especially as a sermonizer. Stanley W. Wright, '10, is the aggressive Wesleyan pastor at West Chazy, N. Y. Clarence M. Dudley, '10, was progressing well in his school work at Ohio Wesleyan until forced to leave school thru illness. Edward Elliott, '11, sailed this spring for the African mission field. Harold H. Hester, '11, is a professor in Miltonvale Wesleyan College. Miriam Day, '12, is a volunteer for Africa.

The College Department is still in

its infancy and its graduates are still comparatively young but among them there is splendid material for positions of leadership and responsibility in all departments of the Church. And these sixteen are but a part of the alumni of the school. Further, there are hundreds of former students

who owe many of the best things in their lives to Houghton. Could Willard J. Houghton and his noble colleagues see all this, they would feel many times repaid for the toils and privations at the cost of which the school was founded.



J. W. ELLIOTT, '14, Editor

Sept. 4. School opened with the biggest college freshman class in its history.

Sept. 8. New students and teachers were given a reception by old students.

Oct. 13. An inhabitant of Houghton Hall tried for the illegal sale of intoxicating beverages.

Oct. 14. Chicken roast at home of the Misses Stebbins.

Oct. 18-24. Several of faculty away at general conference at Fairmount, Indiana.

Oct. 24. Lecture by Ex-Gov. Hoch of Kansas in College Chapel. Subject "A Message from Kansas."

Nov. 1. Concert in College Chapel by Mr. Arthur Hartmann, the famous violinist.

Nov. 7. Election day. The town saved from going wet by three votes.

Nov. 17. Death of Mrs. W. J. Houghton.

Nov. 30. Thanksgiving Day. Dinner parties. Reception at Dormitory in evening.

Dec. 20. First public appearance of chorus class.

Dec. 21-Jan. 3. Holiday vacation. Nothing doing.

Jan. 15. When Dr. Hillis did not come. When Houghton musicians did show what they could do.

Jan. 15-19. Regents. "One's pleasure is another's pain."

Jan. 22. Second semester opened.

Jan. 30. Marriage of Mr. George Sprague and Miss Miriam Churchill occurred at the church. Reception to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague in evening at college.

Jan. 31. Departure of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague for Africa. Concert by Dunbar Bell Ringers in College chapel.

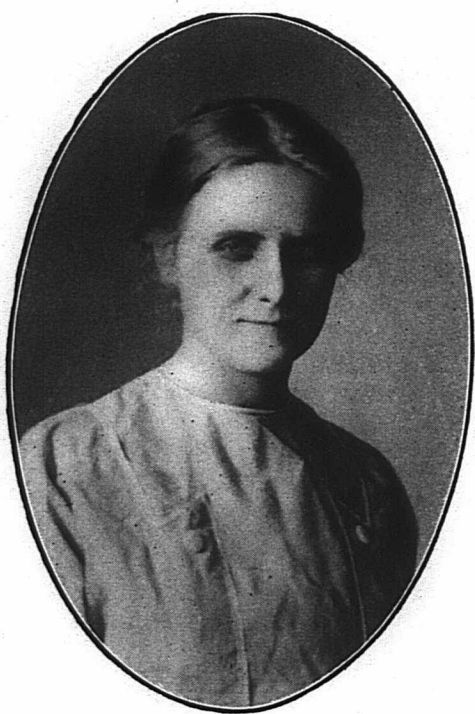
Feb. 1. The disappointing departure of Miss Grimes as Mrs. Harvey, soon followed by the arrival of Miss Eastwood.

Feb. 4. The beginning of revival services at the church, Rev. J. N. Bedford of Seneca Falls, N. Y., in charge.

Feb. 22. When Dr. Forbes didn't come. When Dr. Tiffany did come and addressed the students in the chapel and the loyal Prohi's of the village in the evening. When the biggest blizzard of the winter came. When Faire Jane came. When some brothers borrowed some other brothers' sisters.

Mar. 1. When eleven orators talked prohibition and Hazlett carried off the first prize.

Mar. 27. Professor McDowell lectured on barbarous customs in church history class in the forenoon.



MIRIAM L. DAY

The marriage of Mr. Maurice Gibbs of Livermore Falls, Me., to Miss Opal Smith of Houghton occurred at the home of the bride's parents in the evening.

Mar. 28-Apr. 10. Spring vacation. Nothing serious happened.

Apr. 20. The Preparatory Seniors were entertained at the dormitory.

Apr. 22. The Houghton delegation, including the quartette, went to Cornell, where Mr. Hazlett discoursed further on the subject of prohibition.

Apr. 27. Some young ladies were lost in the vicinity of Houghton, while on their way to call on Rev. D. S. Bedford. This accounts for increased care for the young ladies on the part of the faculty.

Apr. 26. Illustrated lecture by Dr. Forbes.

Apr. 30. There was a birthday party at the Dorm. It was Mary Kerr's steenth birthday.

May 4. A leap-year party was given by the dormitory girls.

May 30. Decoration Day, spent, for the most part at Portage. Mr. Beverly and Mr. Doane walked to Belfast bridge in one hour and five minutes.

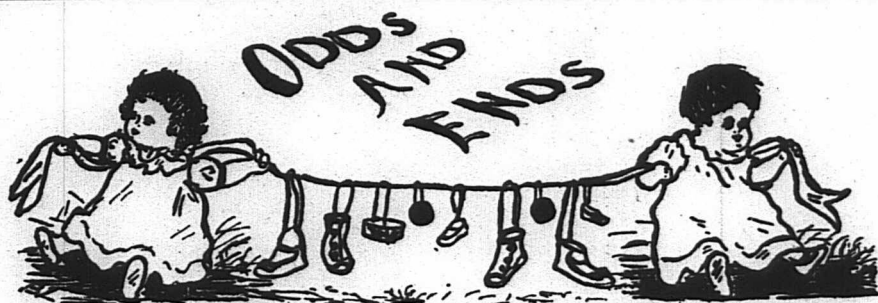
May 31. Championship in the art of angling won by Miss Benton, Miss Thompson, Mr. Theos Thompson, Mr. Silsbee and Mr. Beverly.

June 10. Election of Mr. Ray W. Hazlett as Editor of the Star for ensuing year and Mr. J. W. Elliott as Assistant Editor.

June 17-21. Regents again.

June 21-26. Commencement.

June 27. All gone.



OWEN M. WALTON, '15, EDITOR

Who Was He?

A boy stood on the baseball ground,
His hat was black and yellow;
His hair stood out in forty ways,
He was a handsome fellow.
His socks were red, his necktie green;
His face was streaked and sprinkled;

His mouth was full of Greek and math.

With fun his blue eyes twinkled.
"Oh, me! oh, my! What freak is this?"

Inquired a winsome lass.
"Why, don't you know he represents
Old Houghton's Freshman class?"

There was a young fellow named
Dave

Who said, "My head I will shave;
My hair is quite thin,
Perhaps 'twill grow in;
And then a big scalp lock I'll wave."

Sincere
Earnest
Nice
Industrious
Ornamental
Revered
Students

Stupid
Effeminate
Naughty
Ignorant
Obselete
Rustic
Scalawags

Lura Miner's favorite Biblical character—James.

Harold McMillan's occupation—farming.

He'len Kerr's favorite city—Bedford.

Aurilla Jones' favorite city—LeRoy.

Emma Agnew's Bible character—Jesse

Ray Calhoon's Bible character—Sarah

Ruth Cheeseman's pet—A Bird.

There have been so many important events and subjects of discussion during the year that the Star can not dwell at length on all of them. Therefore to get information on some of these matters you are referred to the following persons respectively.

Whiskers—Kingsbury.
 Illumination and French—Beverly.
 The chance that came to go to Portage—Miss Day.
 Charlotte fever—Sib.
 That Acher lot—McMillan.
 Red pepper on live coals—Wittier.
 The new songster—Bird.
 Her heart in her hands looking for somebody—Hammond.
 News by wireless—Sam.
 How to talk—Capen.
 The long and the short of Decoration day—Overton and—.
 Benediction by D. D., L. L. D., Ph. D.—Prof. Smith.
 Poultry—Beverly.
 Hair—Scott.
 How my wife did the courting—Prof. Rindfusz.
 A device for hanging my husband—Miss Russell.
 "I want to see the girls after Chapel"—Miss Cofield.
 Grace Bedford's next stop—Ross (burg.)
 James Elliott's occupation—A Miner

Can you imagine
 Nathan Capen flirting?
 James Betts not saying "Good-night?"
 Robert Presley in anything but a co-educational school?
 Floyd Hester drunk?
 Clarence Barnett in time for algebra?
 Belle Russell without her Greek lesson?
 Lula Benning not smiling?
 Jesse Frazier in the librarian's chair?
 Everett Overton in knickerbockers?
 The dorm girls breaking rules?
 "Bob" Smith not ready to argue?

If we know our weakness it becomes our strength—Ruskin.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 But they are not all born to be unheard;
 Indeed our latest cornet artist, Clarence,
 Can make the welkin ring some,
 Mark my word.

"A jolly young chemistry tough,
 While mixing a compound of stuff,
 Dropped a match in the vial and after a while
 They found his front teeth and one cuff.—Exchange.

Commencement Week

SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 10:30, A. M

Baccalaureate sermon, Rev. D. S. Bedford.

7:30, p m..

Missionary address, Mrs. G. H. Clarke.

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 8, P. M.

Oratorical Contest

"Gladstone, the Christian Statesman"—Ward C. Bowen.

"A Vision of Eldorado"—Ray W. Hazlett.

"The Master Life"—Everett Overton.

"The Actress in the Drama of Life"—Grace B. Sloan.

"Heroes in Obscurity"—Crystal Rork.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 10:30, A. M.

Preparatory Commencement

Salutatory and Oration—Lura Miner.
 Oration—Rosa Crosby.

Class History and Prophecy—Harold L. McMillan.

Class Poem—Helen Kerr.

Oration—Aurilla Jones.

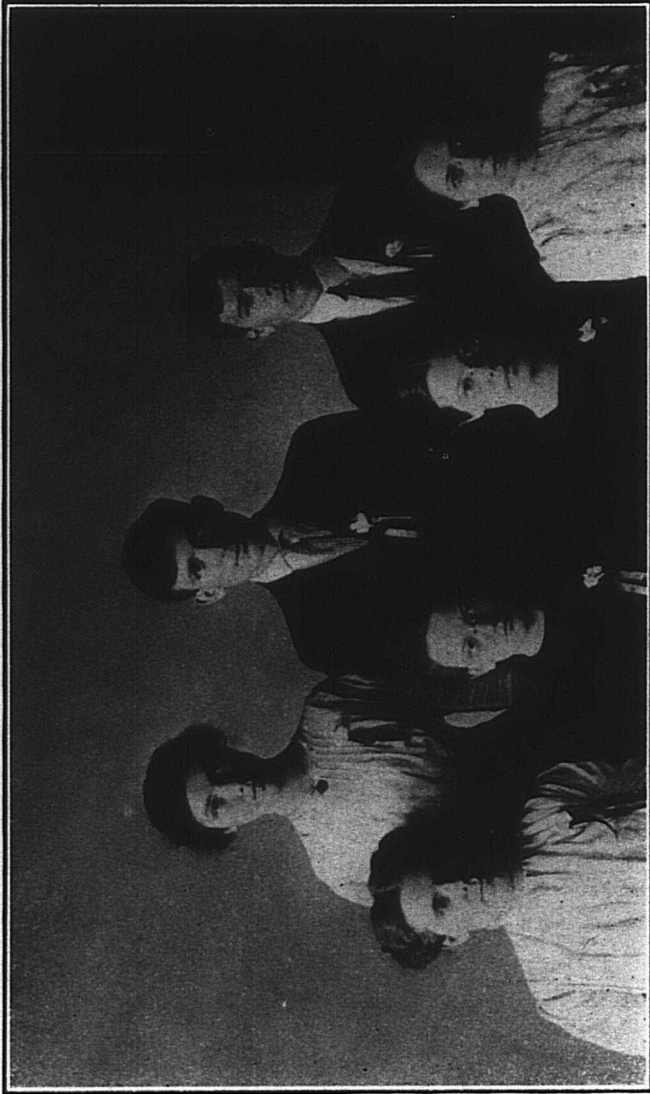
Class Will and Presentation—Esther Dieter.

Oration and Valedictory—Bethel J. Babbitt.

Class Song.

4:30, P. M.

Final chapel.



PREPARATORY SENIORS

*Miss Dieter, Mr. McMillan, Mr. Babbitt,
Miss Crosby, Miss Jones, Miss Kerr, Miss Miner.*

8, P. M.

Meeting of Union Literary Associa'n

Debate: Resolved that each state of the Union should enact laws providing for the compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, constitutionally conceded.

Affirmative—Theos Thompson, Paul Fall, Ward Bowen, Crystal Rork, alternate.

Negative—Ralph Davy, Mabel Dow, Tremaine McDowell, Lois Thompson, alternate.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 10:30, A. M.

College Commencement

Address—Rev. F. A. Butterfield, Hammond, Minn.

Oration—Miriam L. Day.

Alumni Dinner, 12:30.

8, P. M.

Meeting of Library Association

Address—Mr. Leonard F. Houghton.

Directory of Houghton Seminary Student Organizations

Student Body

President—LaRue Bird.
Secretary—Mabel Dow.
Treasurer—Ward Bowen.

Missionary Society

President—H. W. McDowell.
Vice President—
Secretary—Verna Hanford.
Treasurer—Floyd Hester.

Union Literary Association

President—H. C. Bedford.
Vice President—Ralph Davy.
Secretary—Maude Benton.
Treasurer—James Elliott.

Prohibition League.

President—Floyd Hester.
Vice President—Ray Hazlett.
Secretary—Belle Russell.
Treasurer—Gail Thompson.
Reporter—Owen Walton.

H. W. S. Band

President—Owen Walton.
Vice president—Leader—Ray Hazlett.
Secretary—Treasurer—Ross Edgar.

Boys' Athletic Association

President—Ward Bowen.
Vice President—Lorenzo Dow.
Secretary—Milo Kingsbury.
Treasurer—Ross Edgar.

Girls' Athletic Association

President—Grace Bedford.
Vice President—Mary Hubbard.
Secretary—Lois Thompson.
Treasurer—.

Athenian Literary Society

President—Miriam Day.
Vice President—Theos Thompson.
Secretary—James Elliott.
Treasurer—Robert Presley.

Neosophic Literary Society

President—Owen Walton.
Vice President—Samuel Miner.
Secretary—Lula Benning.
Treasurer—Charles Bues.

Philomathean Literary Society

President—Emma Agnew.
Vice President—
Secretary—Suessa Dart.
Treasurer—

Christian Association

President—H. W. McDowell.
Secretary—Ralph Davy.
Treasurer—Floyd Hester.

Our cheeks may well grow white and the blood of the ages leap with a new inspiration, when, standing between christianity and science we find the thunders of the one and the whispers of the other uttering the same truth.—Joseph Cook.

The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served. To be a strong hand in the dark to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a crisis of weakness, is to know the glory of life.—Hugh Black.

From The Business Manager

This issue completes the fourth volume of the Houghton Star. During the past year the Staff has endeavored each month to put out a magazine that would be attractive in appearance, instructive to the studious mind, and especially interesting to former students. We feel that this has been partly accomplished at least, judging from the letters of appreciation that have been received.

Our former music teacher, Mrs. L. Grimes Harvey, sent a postal a short time since saying that she enjoys "The Star" ever so much and that it seems to grow more interesting each time. Last week M. E. Warburton greeted the students in chapel and we were glad to note his statement that although he had been away from Houghton for eight years, yet he felt that he was well acquainted with the students and school because of his Houghton Star. He expects to send two of his children here to school next year.

When the year began last fall

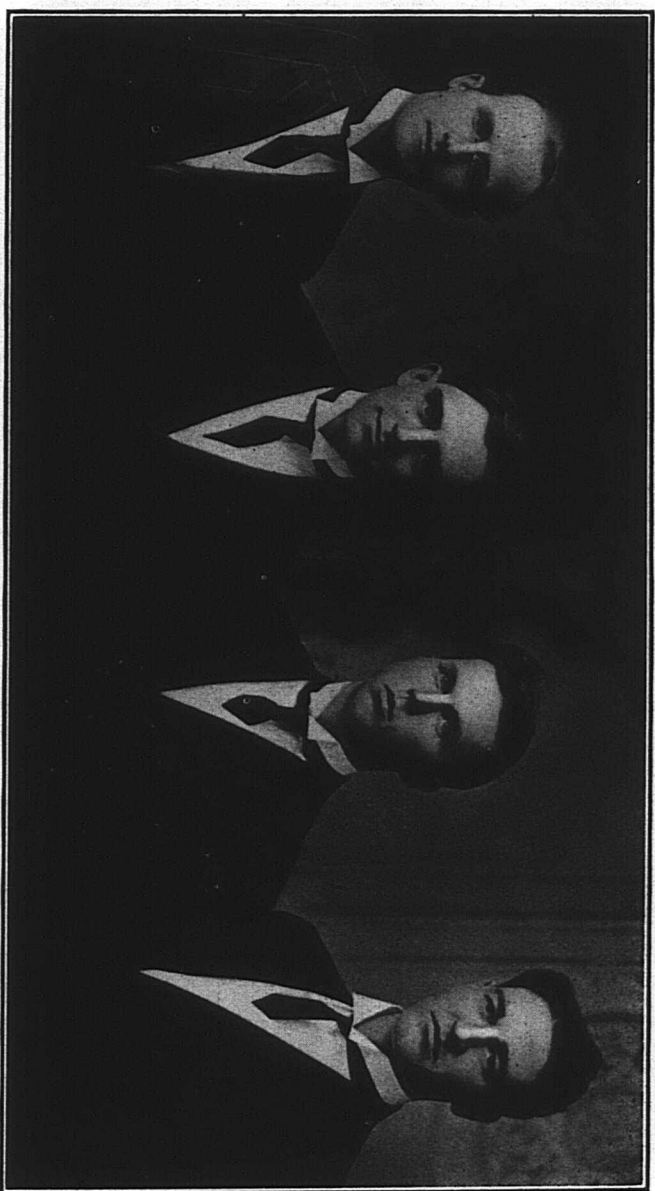
"The Star" was \$30 in debt. But we are glad to report a better condition at present. While a few names have been dropped from our mailing list because of failure to renew, yet 106 new subscriptions have been secured so that we now have 275. The advertisements have also been increased so that the income from all sources this year to the close of June will not only pay for the printing and publishing for this year but will also remove the deficit which was hanging like a dark cloud last fall. The management herewith tender their thanks to every subscriber and contributor who has helped to make this year a financial success, and trust greater things are in store for next year.

If your subscription expires with this issue please send 50c for your renewal to me TODAY, as all bills receivable will be needed to pay the printer.

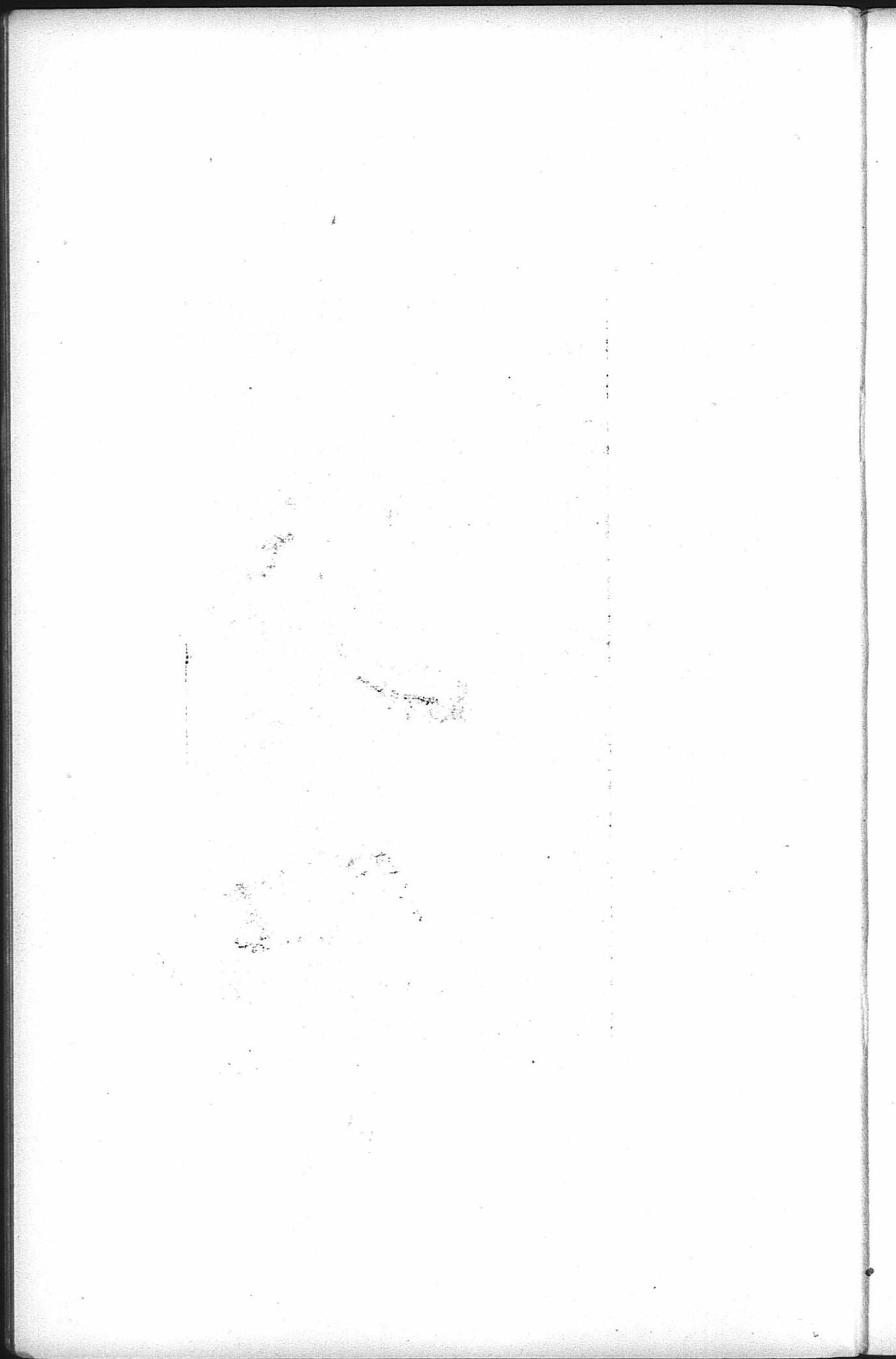
C. Floyd Hester, Mgr., Houghton,

N. Y.





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In all parts of the country makes no impression in a person till his neighbor's house burns down and that makes him "sit up and take notice." When you have exercised your "think pot" about it a little, you will say "what would I do if it were my house and with no insurance upon it?" While thinking of your neighbor's misfortunes take the lesson to heart and insure your home right away in THE TOMPKINS COUNTY

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J. W. Elliott, Houghton, N. Y.

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J. H. & G. B. Crowell have sold part interest of their store to Mr. J. W. Borst of Olean, N. Y., who will live at Houghton and be local manager.

Mr. G. B. Crowell will be at the store each month as usual.

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