

THE HOUGHTON STAR

JUNE 1914



CYD FARRINGTON FONT FOUNDRY

Volume VI - Number Nine

To

Prof. Henry R. Smith, Jr.

In appreciation of his efficient aid, in
gratefulness for his unfailing interest,
in thankfulness for a strict training and
close acquaintance, with respect for
his character, with respect for his un-
selfishness, and with sincere esteem for
him, we respectfully dedicate this num-
ber of the "Houghton Star."

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The Relation of Rev. A. T. Jennings to Houghton Seminary

When the management of Houghton Seminary was transferred from the local board of trustees to the Wesleyan Educational Society in 1896, the late Rev. A. T. Jennings was a member of the Educational Board. From that time until his death, Mr. Jennings was continued on the Educational Board and during the greater part of this time he was its chairman.

Several things contributed to make Mr. Jennings a most useful and efficient member of the Board. He had a very full appreciation of the value of education in general and clearly saw the vital relation between the mental development of the young people of the church and the growth and efficiency of the church. With these values in view he understood the obligation and privilege of the church to provide for the education of its own children.

He had an intense love for young people, which gave intensity to his

desire to help them gain that knowledge for which he himself had a passion and acquire that culture for which he constantly strove. These conditions made it easy for him to give Houghton Seminary the full benefit of his ability, his broad culture and his wide experience and observation.

His position as chairman of the Board brought him into the closest touch with the school. For some years after the introduction of the advanced work, his counsel was especially helpful in the arrangement of the courses and the conduct of the work. He was also a liberal financial supporter.

Houghton Seminary owes much to Brother Jennings, more perhaps than any of us know. The members of the Faculty and many who have been students will gratefully cherish his memory and will lead purer and more useful lives because his life has touched theirs. H. W. McDowell.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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No. 9

I Wonder

First Prize Poem

Flora Presley, Prep. '14

I wonder what is life? What does it mean?
What does it hold for me within its bounds?
Is there no more of life than what is seen?
Does it consist of empty sights and sounds?

Who planned for me this life? Why am I here?
Is this a world of "hit or miss?" Does chance
Control my destiny? Does no one care?
Shall all my life be ruled by circumstance?

Is life one stretch of ten and threescore years,
To spend in building up on earth a name?
And shall I center all my hopes and fears
In vain pursuits of pleasure, wealth, and fame?

Wherefore am I to live, if life shall end
When I shall cross the murky stream of death?
Must I to that dark place my footsteps wend,
And close existence with my parting breath?

What is my aim, if this be all of life?
What matters it if I am false or true?
What profit all the labor and the strife
If there be no account of what I do?

Ah, no! I can't believe that it is so—
Else why these strivings of my inmost soul—
This restless longing, reaching out to know
The things beyond, above my own control?

Is there not something nobler—something grand—
Some goal for me to seek and to attain;
Some purpose firm for which my life must stand,
And standing thus, should not be lived in vain?

May I not know the way my feet should go?
Must I be left to plan my way alone?
Is there no one to trust? How can I know
The right, if there be none to lead me on?

There are so many things I do not know,
So very much I do not understand.
From everything I see, these queries grow;
I meet them all around, on every hand.

I cannot see the "wherefor's and the why's,"
And yet seems that Nature has her laws;
To comprehend these laws would be a prize—
To form them, there must be a higher Cause.

No mortal man can make a world, I'm sure,
And hang it in the canopy of space.
Yet worlds and worlds are fashioned and endure,
And each one seems to have its proper place.

There must be some great Ruler, then, who stands
Above this Universe and rules it still:
But what is my small life to One whose hands
Form worlds and shape the planets to his will?

And still I somehow feel the Master cares—
He planned my course and Him I should obey;
He all my noble aims and visions shares,
And He protects and guards my every day.

How happy I shall be if I may find
The way my Guide has planned for me to go!
And I am certain if my heart and mind
Are steadfast in the search, that I shall know.

Then shall my Lord to me reveal His will,
And in His service, I shall find delight;
And daily learning, I shall follow still
In endless paths of Wisdom, Truth, and Right.

The Wind

First Prize Essay

Shirley D. Babbitt, '16

The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.—John 3:8.

We are living in an age of activity and industrialism. So zealous are we in the pursuit of wealth and comfort and the necessities of life, so entirely absorbed in our own daily occupations and activities, that we seldom stop to consider other less conspicuous things that are continually at work about us and leaving the impress of their working upon us every day of our lives and yet we in return giving not even so much as a passing thought to them. So prone are we to give our time and thought to our own personal cares and duties that we are inclined to forget that our life and being has but a small insignificant place in the universe about us.

Is there one among us whose sudden departure would in the least change the course of the great stream of humanity? Were even a large number to go, would not those remaining still travel the same path as now? Yet in the hurry and bustle of life, we often come to think we are in reality the nucleus of the universe. We often think that self is the most indispensable part of the vast machinery about us.

Without doubt it is well that we should think in this way to a certain extent but should we not guard against carrying it too far? We should have a just appreciation of our position and importance; enough to inspire us to feel the proper responsibility resting upon us; enough to inspire us to do our very best in the performance of duty, but then should we not also give our thought to other things which do not so perceptibly influence our lives?

One of the best things we can do in life is to forget the part we play in the drama of people and things about us and to consider the part that these other things play in our lives. How helpless we are! How dependent upon the other actors and the scenery all about us! There are so many things which we have never considered, and yet after all

they are far more important in the great drama than we ourselves. It is well for us thus to stop and reflect. It brings us into proper perspective with the great stage upon which we are acting. There is something truly ennobling and worshipful about it. We see things as they really are. Wonder changes to admiration and admiration to reverence. Oh yes, we would be a better people if we paused more often to see ourselves in proper perspective with the things about us.

Is there a reader who does not know the wind? Yet how many do really know it? To be sure you know it, but have you ever stopped to consider, to think how much the wind means to the welfare of the world? Did you ever think how much the wind means to you? We all know the wind to some extent. We cannot remember the time when we received this old friend into acquaintanceship with us. In fact did we ever receive it? Did it not rather receive us? If there was ever an introduction it was long before the time of memory. It was probably in the very earliest days of our babyhood—perhaps even before the days of the sugar cooky, the rubber ring or the rattle.

I doubt not that we were each of us caressed and fondled by the wind long before we were aware of it. We received its gentle touch and affectionate kiss while we were yet in the cradle or perhaps it was the clothesbasket. These ministrations were undoubtedly bestowed upon us by the wind in its gentler moods even as early as when our grandmothers and aunts lavished their more substantial but similar tokens of affection upon us.

Eluding the thoughtful and diligent guard of nurse or mother, it would whisk through the door at the advent or departure of some other visitor, and hasten to the object of common adoration where it lay snugly cuddled among the cushions and blankets of the crib. Again it would crawl slyly through the keyhole or beneath the door and carefully and all unknown to the singing guardian, gently fan the rosy face of the slumbering treasure. Still later it would enter through the raised window and amuse its childish playmate by tossing the curtains and catching them or by playfully toying with the ends of the pink and white baby ribbons.

From the earliest memory we have watched the arms of the trees sway and toss in the hands of this giant of the air. We have heard its gruff voice as it roared through our chimneys and listened to its shrill whistle as it scurried through the little cracks and crevices of our houses. In summer we have watched it dash the rain fiercely against the window-pane and clapboards and in winter we have watched it lift the snow and whirl it dizzily about in its mad revelry, and when tired heap it in great drifts by every building and fence corner. We must meet it all through life, sometimes in friendly frolic and sometimes in blustering battle. In youth we meet it joyfully and with courage; in old age we meet it reluctantly and with dread. In youth our cheeks are made to blush with its kisses; in old age we must bear the marks of its caresses to the grave.

The winds are the steeds that draw the chariots of rain. We can scarcely imagine what the result would be were we to have no winds. Should the winds cease for a single year we would have thickly settled districts depopulated, cities would be forsaken, what are now the gardens of the world would be nothing but barren desolated stretches of waste land, where are now great areas of verdure there would then be areas of brown lifeless forests, cultivated farms would be forsaken and become sandy wastes, homes would be deserted and left to decay and crumble to ruin, myriads of living forms would perish, living bodies would become but dry dust, and famine would settle like a blighting mist upon the face of the earth.

For centuries nearly all commerce and maritime undertakings were dependent upon the wind. It determined the going and coming of vessels laden with merchandise and riches. It decided wars by the favor or disfavor it showed to the armed fleets that roamed the trackless seas. It has been the guide for explorers leading them to strange and mysterious lands. Cities have been destroyed and lands laid waste by its wrath.

Not only in the past but at the present time it still carries on its activities. Today it is working its effects upon the world the same as it did centuries ago. The history of the wind and its relation to mankind would be an education in itself.

At present it is utilized by sailing vessels that ply in diverse parts of the world. The progress of man will never free him from need of this monster power that has served him for untold ages. The wind is harnessed and made to work the will of man both upon the land and the water. Windmills have been known for centuries and have been used in many ways to furnish power for the use of its master.

The Chinese were probably the first to build and make use of kites. For centuries have they built these novel devices which yet delight both old and young. The story is told of how they once built a kite so large and strong that it was used to draw a plow in the cultivation of their land. They fail to tell how this strange beast of burden was turned about when the end of the field was reached. In more recent times this plaything has been utilized as an instrument for scientific experiment. The wind also guides it as a unique instrument of warfare though in a far different way from which it did the armed fleets. True indeed is that old Scotch proverb, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Myriads of plants depend upon the wind for the dissemination of their seeds. Hardly a breeze passes us in summer but carries its winged and silken freight to be left scattered far and wide from the parent plants, left standing deserted and forsaken in the evening of their lives soon to be buried by the hands of this same bandit that has so ruthlessly robbed them of their fluffy treasures. Many species of plants depend entirely upon the wind for the scattering of their pollen grains, while others send forth their perfume upon the breezes to attract insects for the same purpose. The wind is a tell-tale of all its wanderings. It gives information about all it meets in its journeys, imparting it freely to anyone who has the senses to receive the wanton gossip.

How far might we continue the study of the wind! Would the brief span of a single life be ample to complete it? How closely would we find it linked to the welfare of the human family! How firmly is it interwoven in the warp and woof of man's history!

We note the effects of the wind nearly every day of our lives. We

see how it has slowly worn the paint from the house and begun to make furrows in the wood beneath. Oftentimes we see where it has left its mark chiseled upon the faces of rocks and ledges. Many a strange and fantastic piece of statuary has been carved by the wind and left to adorn Nature's garden and be wondered at by man. We watch it whisk the snow about in wild mesmerizing antic and then fashion it into many an odd and grotesque form.

Many times have we noticed how it has gathered particles of earth from some plowed field and artistically worked it into beautiful and delicate patterns upon the white bosom of the snow, or how it has rapturously mixed earth and snow together in its gigantic child's play. We are awed by its ominous roar when it fiercely drives the angry storm or we are saddened by its painful melancholy moaning during the dark lonely hours of the deep night. We are made meditative and thoughtful by its shrill plaintive whistle sadly lingering upon the solitude like the thoughts of departed friends, or we are cheered and amused by its whispering murmurs of confidence and glad playful frolics of merriment.

This giant friend has its own personality, its moods of cheerful gaiety and of solemn moroseness. Its queer eccentricities and changeful whims mingle with and reflect upon our own lives like the influences of bosom companions. If there are people who live in perpetual calms and never feel the wind's soothing influence, they must be simple and uninteresting indeed. We could not free ourselves from its company if we would and we would not if we were able.

Ah yes, well indeed may we stop and reflect upon the wind! It greets us at every turn of life's pathway, from the buoyancy of youth to the decrepitude of age, from the cradle to the grave. Well may we consider and respect this old and erratic comrade! Who can tell, is it not possible that when the cold damp earth claims its own, the spirit speeds away swiftly upon this same wind that bloweth where it listeth and we hear the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth?

The Unsought Forgiveness

Second Prize Story

Ruth Warbois, '17

"Where's that other net, that you were going to have fixed for me today, Mary?" and the voice of Aleck Maxwell was harsh and impatient as he addressed his wife.

The young woman, tall and slender, turned from the basket of provisions she was packing for her husband, and lifting a pair of mild, grey eyes to his stern face, said, "Oh Aleck, I'm so sorry, but you see,—"

"See nothing! that's the same old thing. Now you don't need to begin telling me you're sorry, for if you were, you'd have it fixed for me. But now, I shall not get half as good a haul, with this miserable affair, and just because that other net isn't fixed," and as he growled out these words, Aleck impatiently snatched his coat from the hook behind the stove.

"I'm awfully sorry, but just as I started to fix that net, I was taken with one of those coughing spells, and after I got over that, it was time to get supper; after supper I forgot it, but I am sorry. I surely will do it today for you, even if I have to go without eating to get it done."

"Oh forget! I wish there never was such a word as forget. I get so sick of it, always the same old excuse. Well there's no use now, I can't have the net today when I need it, the worse way." By the time Aleck had finished snarling these words, he had his coat well buttoned around him, his cap drawn on, his basket of provisions in one hand, and the other hand on the latch of the small, kitchen door.

"Oh Aleck," called the faltering voice, "When are you coming back? Aren't you—"

"Why, in the morning, of course, Mary, just as I always do. Mercy! do you even forget how long I am gone after provisions?" By the time he had finished speaking, the young man had stepped outside the door, he cast one glance back at the slender form, who stood by the kitchen table; he could see a tear glistening in each eye, and the sad grieved expression of her face, while

he well knew that these were but slight indications of the sadness of the heart. As he walked down the beach, where his boat was in readiness for him, conscience whispered, "You'd better go back, ask Mary's forgiveness for being so disagreeable and cross to her, and bid her goodbye as you generally do."

"Don't you do it," whispered pride. "It will do her good to learn a lesson of not forgetting everything. You never had to ask her to forgive you for such a thing yet. Aleck Maxwell don't you ever ask a woman to forgive you."

"I won't" said Aleck half aloud, as he launched his boat from the landing.

Five years before, Aleck Maxwell had brought his young bride to live in the lighthouse at Rocky Point. They had indeed been five happy years, Aleck kept the lighthouse, and fished as a side issue, and Mary cared for the neat little home and made it as pleasant as if they were living in the heart of a busy little town in the center of civilization, instead of in the lighthouse on an isolated point of land on the shores of Lake Superior. But today the joy was all gone, Mary could not enjoy her work; as soon as she had finished her usual household duties, she sat down to fix the net, weaving in many tears with the careful stitches, while the only joy she found for her aching heart, was the anticipation of hearing words of forgiveness and affection poured into the bruised and bleeding wounds.

Late in the afternoon, a thin veil of grey clouds was drawn over the sky, the sun was slowly concealed behind the curtain of clouds, which became thicker and heavier, the wind rose with increasing violence, and the waves became larger and more boisterous, so that Aleck left his fishing before dark and started for the town, though it was not his custom to turn his boat toward the village before a late evening hour.

"You'd better not go Aleck. You'd better wait till tomorrow before you start out, for that water is too savage for you to start out alone," advised an old captain on the following morning as the young lighthouse keeper was preparing to launch his boat from the village wharf, on his homeward trip.

"Can't wait. I've got to get back to the lighthouse and the little wo-

man back there alone. Guess I can manage it all right, as long as I'm used to the trip but I agree with you, Captain, that is a pretty bad sea. Well I'll hug the shore pretty well," replied the young man.

In spite of the advice of his friends, Aleck Maxwell could not be dissuaded from venturing on the heaving waters. It seemed that he was most unreasonable in his determination to start for home, as he left the wharf he heard the old Captain shout, "Goodbye Aleck. If we never hear of you again we won't be surprised."

How those angry waves lashed his boat, and tossed it to and fro on the boom of the sea, till it seemed certain that the craft which bore Aleck Maxwell would be lost every moment. But there was a mighty, burning desire to reach that sad, sweet face at Rocky Point lighthouse, a desire far deeper and stronger even than the desire to save his own life. From the moment he had launched his boat away from the landing on the previous morning, his brain, yes, even his very heart, had been tortured with shame, and an intense desire to repent, till it seemed to him now that he could walk those waves if needs be, in order to pour forth the repentance of his heart to Mary.

Slowly he made his way over the rough waters; he had come within two miles of the lighthouse, when suddenly, a mighty wave caught his boat, and dashed it against a hidden rock, disabling it, so he could not go further. Must he perish thus, in sight of home? He well knew he could not swim to the shore on that sea. Not a boat in sight, to give him aid, and his boat was useless.

But suddenly he saw a figure rush from the door, the door of his home. He saw Mary as she hurried down the beach eagerly scanning his boat, she waved her hand, ah yes, she recognized him, but could not hear him call. His eyes were riveted on the figure as she moved up the beach, entered the boat house, and after a time which seemed to him ages, came from the boat house with a boat which she launched onto the angry sea. Slowly, painfully, she came nearer, but Aleck could not take his eyes from that boat and the woman in it, nor could he silence the lips which constantly poured forth a prayer, such as he had

never uttered before, that the woman might be saved from destruction at the hand of the angry waters.

There is a superhuman strength which seems to be given one, when pressed under the mighty hand of anxiety and danger, and such strength was given Mary Maxwell as she directed her boat toward her husband. After an hour of such desperate effort, she at last came near him, as near as she dared come, else her boat would be dashed into pieces on the same rocks, and Aleck leaped from his useless boat into the waters and swam to the other boat. As Aleck drew himself up into the boat, he saw the one in it was pale and white, and she was coughing, worse than he had ever heard her cough before. As she ceased coughing, she turned her mild gray eyes again to his face, her lips quivered, "Oh Aleck, forgive me—for forgetting—the net is mended now," and Mary sank unconsciously into the bottom of the boat, before she had heard the answer.

An hour later, when Aleck Maxwell bore the lifeless body of his wife into the lighthouse, he found the mended net, but he never found the opportunity of pouring forth the repentance of his heart.

* * *

The Room of Neglect

Shirley D. Babbitt, '16

Oh a spacious room in the mansion of life,
Is the well filled room of neglect!
And it's while we are troubled with cares and strife
And it's while our thoughts are with trouble rife
That its contents slowly collect.

And in this room are the queerest of things,
That were ever in one room kept.
For beside the lowly that each day brings
Is found the noble and worthy of kings,
Where the two have slyly crept.

Though lowly or high, each life is the same,
And this room is in every one;
And though there are none but ourselves to blame
We must look within with a blush of shame
At the things we should have done.

For the things that we have neglected to do,
In this room are stored away.
And all through life do these yet accrue
In spite of our efforts and all we do
To care for them day by day.

For though we think we have careful been,
And have done as Duty called;
It is with feelings of deep chagrin
That we turn to this room and peer within
At the things we see enthralled.

Here we find many a gentle deed
In golden intent molded;
But long since lost in selfish greed
The flower has grown to a noxious weed,
And the bud is yet unfolded.

There are volumes of letters we meant to write,
And notes that we meant to send;
And though each one in itself is slight,
It would have given unknown delight
To the heart of some waiting friend.

There is many a kindly word unspoken
And many a fault unmended;
And the jealous cords are left unbroken
Each fettering fast some friendly token
From the one to whom intended.

There are shelves of the books we meant to read,
And of things we meant to do;
And all the advice that we meant to heed
Is stored away with unfinished deed
And our promises untrue.

And sad it is to look into this room,
And see what is hidden there;
For it fills the heart with regret and gloom
And it seems like viewing an open tomb
That has claimed these forms so fair.

So as we travel along life's way
Let us stop awhile and reflect
That brighter by far would be life's day
And many more blessings could we convey,
With an empty room of neglect.

* * *

College Seniors

Our college department is growing larger and better every year but because of the fact that Houghton Seminary cannot grant a degree, we have very few graduates from this department. Most of our college people take a part of their work here but take their senior year and receive their degrees from some larger institution.

In nearly all classes however we may find some more loyal and faithful than others and thus each year finds a small class graduating from Houghton College. This year we have but two graduates, Mr. Ward C. Bowen and Mr. Ray W. Hazlett.



Ray W. Hazlett



Ward C. Bowen

These young men are the assistant editor and editor of The Star and already well known to our readers.

Mr. Bowen was born in Avoca, N. Y., May 1, 1892. He has lived in Haskinsville and Seneca Falls of this state and at Millview, Pa. He began school in Seneca Falls but has taken his high school and college work in Houghton. It would be difficult to find a more exemplary student than Mr. Bowen. During his stay with us he has studied Latin, Greek, German and French besides completing all the mathematics and sciences that Houghton affords. Geology is his subject of special study and in this will be major next year.

Mr. Bowen is very quiet and meek but his worth has long since been discovered and he has taken a very active part in our school life. He plays the cornet and is seen in both band and orchestra. He has been president of the student body and his wise counsels have been heard in the student senate. Mr. Bowen won first place in the I. P. A. Oratorical contest this year and represented Houghton in the state contest. We who know his sterling qualities of character and strict attention to duties at all times, look forward to a brilliant career for Mr. Bowen. If the past may be read as an indication of the future, he has many successes awaiting him.

Mr. Hazlett was born in Angelica, N. Y., March 1, 1892. While very young he developed that propensity for reading that still characterizes him and knew all the letters of the alphabet and all the figures when less than two years old. Mr. Hazlett experienced the moving about that comes to a minister's son but in 1904 he came to Houghton and has been with us since, taking a prominent part in our school life. He plays the cornet and the clarinet. He was one of the charter members of our band and adds much to the harmony of our orchestra.

Mr. Hazlett represented us in the state I. P. A. Oratorical contest in 1912 and won the June oratorical contest in 1911. He received 2nd place in the I. P. A. contest this year. Rarely do we find a person with so many different talents and abilities as Mr. Hazlett possesses. He has a decided fondness for literature and will specialize in this at Oberlin next year. We can easily imagine Mr. Hazlett as another DeQuincey in his secluded retreat penning immortal passages for future generations to wonder at.

These two young people will be greatly missed at Houghton but we are glad to rejoice with them upon this occasion of their graduation and wish them many future successes.



PREPARATORY GRADUATES, 1914

The Preparatory Seniors

Old Dobbin was doing his best to keep his patient head from knocking his knees and to make his heavy feet continue to plod through the thick, thick dust. He thought it was cruel for him to go jogging along when the sun was doing its best to scorch him and his drivers never even once spoke to him, but continually talked about things which he did not understand and for which he cared less. Suddenly Dobbin was awakened from his mournful reverie by a word which started a happier train of thought.

"Houghton," thought Dobbin, "would I were there in those green pastures with my friend Gypsy, instead of on this hot dusty road."

Having once put his ears in this listening position, he was so tired he could not change them and consequently was compelled to listen to what his drivers had to say, whether interesting or not. Anyway, he thought, if they talked about Houghton, their conversation would at least be endurable. The next words that struck his notice were "commencement" and "senior prep." It was all Dobbin could do to keep these mysterious words in his dust-clogged brain but thinking they might perhaps be the names of some new kind of hay from Houghton, he decided to listen awhile longer.

"Yes, there are thirteen of them and as fine a bunch of prep students as Houghton Seminary has ever graduated. Who are they and what do I know about them? Well I know one of the fellows who goes to school there and he has told me some things about them. Of course I could not write a book on each one but I will tell you what I have heard."

"It does not sound much like hay," thought Dobbin, "but I'll not give up yet."

"Now there's Sam Miner from Richland. Do you know he has a great hobby for shooting folks with that little camera of his and they say the results are certainly pictures of real life in Houghton? Of late too he has an inclination for taking long walks in the suburbs, but probably he is going to try his skill in reproducing the beauties of nature."

"Did you ever hear about 'Sib' Silsbee? He's a young fellow from Haskinsville and they say he is constantly singing that little song: 'Flee as a bird to your mountain.' But 'all the world loves a lover.' He's a first class debator, too, and won honors in the first Houghton-Chesbro Debate."

"Another member of that class, Clark Warburton, from Cohocton proved to be a second Webster in the last Houghton-Chesbro Debate. Clark believes in perseverance and hard work but he is always ready for a good time."

"No girls, you ask? Yes, indeed, there are. That class would not be what it is, were it not for its loyal girls. I do not know many of them personally but my friend has often spoken to me of Flossie Kelly from Brushton. He says she must have learned to put into practice that little rhyme:

'Smile a while
And while you smile,
Another smiles
And soon there're miles
And miles of smiles.'

"Then there's Lelia Coleman, who came to the class in her junior year from Indiana, but whose home is in Houghton now. Her charming personality and winsome manner have won many friends among the college students as well as among the preps. Her favorite diversion seems to be taking a walk about five-thirty in the evening, with another senior, he however happens to be a college senior."

"By the way, that class certainly has its share of debators. George Hubbard, who lives in Houghton, has also won honors in that department. But debating is only secondary with him, for his violin is always first. Under his management a violin quartet has done splendid work and has been one of the features of entertainment in Houghton's social functions."

"Do you know Reverend Readette of Eagle Harbor, who used to live in Houghton? His daughter Ruth is also a member of this remarkable class. I know her slightly myself. She is not very large but what there is of her, just bubbles over with fun and good humor; just as ready to win in a game of tennis as to translate a difficult passage in Virgil or to solve one of those solid problems in geometry."

"Pardon Overton, whose home is

near the banks of the sunny St. Lawrence, is a living example of the fact that a man can live on his own cooking, since he is one of the bachelors in the Overton Club House.

'He uses every flying hour,
As does the busy bee,
And every fortnight where'er you
may be,
This lad, the laundryman, you'll
see.

With smiles so bright and collars so
white

To every man he brings delight.

"This class has one member who has done her part in setting a good example for future seniors. On the beautiful silver loving-cup in a corner of one of the corridors may be read the name 'Flora Presley' who won first prize in the Poem department of the Literary Contest under the auspices of the Houghton 'Star.' Her calm dignity and literary talent may some day bring honor to her home town, Jasper, as well as to the senior class of 1914.

"But New York State is not the only state which can boast of talented young people. For it is to Robert Kaufman of Massillon, Ohio, this class owes the design of their banner which has been the center of attraction in all their social affairs. He excels not only as an artist but also in the study-hall, on the baseball diamond and wherever there is a demand for a helping hand.

"There are two more girls in the class who are often seen together. Bertha Stall, from Lockport, has found a congenial companion in Esther Busch of Houghton, who stars in geometry with her. Bertha's brown eyes and curly hair have won for her many admirers and one even went so far as to offer his services as a tutor. Esther's charming voice is but another evidence that this class has some really talented people in it. Instead of being tutored in geometry, she has decided that she would rather learn to run an automobile.

"Are there any more you say? Yes, one more, Clair Beverly from Haskinsville, whose faithful devotion to his school work has been an example to many a delinquent prep. He, too, is gifted with musical ability, and was a member of the noted quartet—Wagner, Scott, Beverly, Hester, that you heard so much about last year."

Fortunately this was the last of the noted class, for by this time, poor Dobbin, thoroughly exhausted, had fallen fast asleep, his head resting on his knees.

* * *

The Music Department

Houghton Seminary offers as good advantages in music as some of the best music schools in the country and the year just closing has been one of the busiest and best the department has ever known.

The students' recitals which have been held frequently during the year have been very helpful. They have not only given the students practice in public performance, but they have been an incentive to better work. The public musicals have been very enjoyable and have proved that Houghton Seminary is blessed with many talented and industrious students.

The two Glee Clubs and the chorus, under the direction of Miss Spofford, have done excellent work. Miss Spofford has created a great deal of enthusiasm in this line of work and has proved herself successful as a director. The Glee Clubs have been especially popular and have appeared on many of the public programs during the year. The voices have been carefully picked by the director, and the music used has not been of the light character so often used by glee clubs. The work has been very beneficial to the members of the clubs as well as enjoyable to the public.

The orchestra under the direction of Miss Hillpot is of no less importance than the Glee clubs. It has appeared on nearly all public occasions and has been especially appreciated in the daily chapel exercises and Sunday School services.

The violin quartet which made its first appearance on the May Festival program deserves mention even though it has not existed long. Mr. George Hubbard, leader of the quartet, is an enthusiastic musician and a violinist of more than ordinary ability. He has been very successful in training the quartet.

The program to be given June the 5th by these various organizations will probably be the best musical program which has yet been given. Much careful preparation has



Mabel Steese

Floribel Dietrich

Ruth Warbois

Ruth Young

been made and it is expected that the audience will not only be entertained, but that they will hear something of real worth.

The following is the program to be given:

Program June 5th

Overture to Martha	- - -	Flotow
Orchestra		
Hark, Hark the Lark	- - -	Schubert
Miss Nancy's Gown	- - -	Chadwick
Girls' Glee Club		
Overture, William Tell	- - -	Rossini
1st. Pianoforte, Ruth Readett		
2nd. Pianoforte, Hazel Hudson		
Songs, Her Rose	- - -	Coombs
Abschied	- - -	Ries
Esther Busch		
Reading, The House with the Paint wore off	- - -	Richardson
Edna Hester		
Spring Song, Quartette for violins	- - -	Schubert
George Hubbard, Walter Frost,		
Glenn Barnett, Harold Luckey.		
With Moonlight Beaming	- - -	Warner
Glee Club		
One Sweetly Solemn Thought	- - -	Ambrose
Orchestra		
Prelude in C sharp minor for Pianoforte	- - -	Rachmaninoff
Mabel Steese		
Vocal Duet, Springtime	- - -	Wooler
Vera Allen, Edith Hogg.		
Souvenir Du Poiton, for cornet	- - -	Legendre
William Carpenter		
Song, Life's Lullaby	- - -	Lane
Miss Spofford		
Reading, How the Whale got his Throat	- - -	Kipling
Walter Frost		
Overture, Apollo	- - -	Laurendeau
Orchestra		
Songs of the Olden Days		
Glee Club		

Our teachers deserve much credit for the excellent work which has been done during the year. Both are well equipped for the work, having graduated from the New England Conservatory of Boston, Mass. Miss Hillpot has held the position of Director of music and teacher of piano and theory for three years and will return again next year. Miss Spofford, teacher of voice culture and history, will not return another year. She will be greatly missed by all but her place has been filled by Miss Fitz who has graduated from Syracuse and has studied abroad. We believe Miss Fitz will be successful in carrying on the work which Miss Spofford has carried so successfully.

We are expecting that the music department will make even more rapid growth in the future than it has in the past. We are dreaming of some day in the near future when our campus will be made beautiful by a great Music Hall. We are dreaming of a great pipe organ which will make our chapel vibrate with its great solemn tones. We are dreaming of a large Oratorio society which will render Handel's "Messiah" and other great masterpieces accompanied by a large orchestra of 50 pieces. May our dreams come true, and perhaps the day is not far off when they will be realized.

Music Graduates

Miss Mabel Steese was born in Ohio and attended High School in that state. She entered Houghton Seminary this year as a senior in the music department. Miss Steese possesses rare talent and has been a diligent worker. She has developed a splendid technique and plays with a great deal of expression. After her graduation she expects to teach in her home town and take advanced work in piano. She has won many friends in Houghton and they wish her the best of success.

Miss Ruth Worbois was born at Hilton, New York. She completed her preparatory work in Cheshbrough Seminary and studied piano in the same school. She entered the college department of Houghton Seminary this year and graduates from the music department. Miss Worbois is a brilliant pianist with unusual ability. She will take advanced work in the music department of Houghton Seminary next year and continue her college work.

Miss Floribel Dietrich was born in this state. She has spent two years in Houghton Seminary studying vocal music and piano. She possesses an unusually sweet voice and is a talented pianist. She graduates in piano this year, and will continue her music study in Houghton Seminary next year. She will also complete her preparatory work.

Miss Ruth Young came to Houghton in 1912 from Michigan. Miss Young is a popular student in Houghton Seminary, and has won much admiration as a pianist. She will graduate in piano in June and expects to study pipe organ during the summer. She will teach piano next

year and also expects to do church organ work. She is an enthusiastic young woman and her many friends expect that she will have splendid success.

* * *

The Last of The Senecas

It gives me much pleasure to inform the readers of the Star that old Copperhead will repose on the Seminary campus. Those who have read the Star ever since it was started, some five years ago, will perhaps remember reading an article about Copperhead some time ago. For the benefit of those who do not know about him, let me explain.

When the Government removed the Seneca Indians from the beautiful valley of the Genesee and placed them on a reservation, one of the tribe, old Copperhead, obtained permission to return and end his days near the scenes of his childhood. Accordingly, the old Indian rebuilt his hut under the pine trees on an eminence overlooking the valley. Here, known and loved by the whole countryside, he lived alone for many years and, even now, many of the older inhabitants can remember the peaceful yet solitary old Indian. He loved to be where his ancestors had been and to view the forest-clad hills and the sparkling Genesee that they had loved. Many a time, doubtless, he sat by his fire smoking his pipe and telling to an audience of schoolboys tales about the feats and prowess of the old sachems of the Senecas.

No one knows how old he was but it is almost certain that his years numbered over a hundred when, in 1869, Copperhead died. They buried him in front of his hut which stood under the pines just a short distance from the present site of Houghton Seminary. His hut has been gone many years so that no trace of it remains and the little stream that flows by the place has worn away the soil and threatened to carry away even the bones of the old Indian into oblivion. So last week two of the Seminary boys disinterred them. A metal casket will encase them when they are again buried, this time in a suitable place on the campus where a grave has already been dug, and it may be that a fitting monument will be placed

over "The Last of the Senecas."

(Editor's note: The above facts will eventually, and, indeed, do, even now, to a certain extent, lend a historic interest to Houghton and its environs for old Copperhead was the last Indian to inhabit the Genesee Valley.) R. H. P. '16.

Our Preparatory Debaters

By a College Man

The affirmative of the December debate at Chesbrough on the question: "Resolved, That the president of the United States should be elected for one term only of six years duration," was won by our debaters, Silsbee, Hubbard, Frost and Miner.

Mr. Silsbee, commonly known as "Sib," is a very promising curly-headed young senior from Haskinsville, N. Y. His oratory in the winding up speech had much to do with the winning of the debate, is what they say.

Mr. Hubbard, also of that senior class, did his part well. Besides being a master debater, he is the best violinist in town by far. His home at present is at Houghton.

Mr. Frost, or "Jack" has his home in this state. He is reckoned with the juniors though he comes very close to graduating. His clear introductory speech had a very profound effect upon the audience.

Mr. Miner, that is, "Sam, the Kid Photographer," from Richland, N. Y., is the honored and distinguished president of the senior class. So much dignity has he attained unto in that important office that his mere presence as alternate on the platform held everything in solemn hush. Of course I can not swear to that, for I was not there.

The negative of the April debate at Houghton on the question: "Resolved, That the United States should maintain at least her present relative strength among the navies of the world," was won by Morris, Warburton, Barbour and Markell.

Mr. Morris is a Michigander, president of the juniors. Some of the visitors called him an unusually good high school debater. Doubtless he deserves such credit, for his speech



PREPARATORY DEBATERS

Frost	Miner	Hubbard	Sillsbee
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PREPARATORY DEBATERS

Morris

Markell

Warburton

Barber

was both strong and pointed.

Mr. Warburton, a son of the first graduate of Houghton Seminary, now a pastor at Haskinsville, N. Y., showed a remarkable amount of original research and delivered a very heavy speech for a seventeen-year-old boy. He graduates this month.

Mr. Barbour in his rebuttal speech mowed down his enemies' arguments like spears of grass before the mower. His home is in this state. He is a member of the junior class.

Mr. Markell, alternate, ah me!—a bald headed theolog—happy as a bird, steady as an ox, good as can be found and a strong debater. May Canada send us more like him.

Rah! Rah! Rah!!! for our prep debaters!



The Twilight Song

RUTH READETTE, Prep. '14

Sometimes in the dusk of evening.

When the day has been hard and long,

I cuddle up close to mother,

And she sings me a twilight song.

Moon in the clouds;

Stars in the sky;

Hush-a-by,

Hush-a-by,

Baby, sleep in the dusky night;

Silver light,

Shine bright

On the tiny head on mother's breast.

Wee one, be at rest.

Then up on the silvery pathway,

Away from mother I slip,

Way up to the big moon, sailing

With a golden dream for a ship.

The moon man comes toward me and whispers,

"Oh, why did you come?" very low.

"I came to hear the chiming stars

Singing softly a song as they go."

Then a warm white cloud enfolds me;

A soft hand on my hair lingers long;

And the song the stars are chiming

Sounds like mother's twilight song.

Moon in the clouds;

Stars in the sky;

Hush-a-by,

Hush-a-by.

Baby sleep in the dusky night;

Silver light,

Shine bright

On the tiny head on mother's breast.

Wee one be at rest, at rest.

"Euterpe."

The Theological Department

The Theological department of Houghton Seminary is vitally related to the thought and purpose for which the School came into existence. The founder of the school, the Rev. W. J. Houghton was ambitious that the men who should preach the gospel in the Wesleyan Methodist church should have a sufficient education and training with which to compete with the standard of their day, and be privileged to attain their training and equipment in surroundings that were most favorable to the highest standards of moral and spiritual strength. The most careful provision was made for the school with this end in view, and much labor and time was given by Brother Houghton in the interest of the Bible training department of the school.

Many young men and women have appreciated the provision that was thus made by Brother Houghton and seconded by the Connection, and have improved their opportunity in attending, and graduating from our Theological department. Some of these are now filling the most responsible positions in the Church, and are blessing the world with the faithful work, they are doing for Christ.

The present year has witnessed a faithful band of young people diligently pursuing their studies in this department of the school. These young people feel the call of God upon them, and with a deaf ear to the call of the world to get gain, and to build for themselves a temporary monument of worldly honor, are studying to prepare themselves to win souls to Christ, and build imperishable monuments in the lives of those whose influence will bless others when all that is temporal has perished with the wrecks of time. A company of more diligent students would be hard to find. With this diligence in study, has been added a most consistent Christian life, and a zeal in devotion that is most commendable.

They will continue their studies next year, and the new students who join them will find a most helpful and congenial atmosphere to encourage and inspire them in their

school life.

Many are making haste slowly in their Theological studies, because they see the need of the largest possible preparation for the ministry and are taking additional work in other studies, from various departments in the school. The number now studying in this department is greater than for several years past, and several new students are expecting to enroll with us next year.

Our courses are so arranged as to give special emphasis to the spiritual needs of those who are to become in a large measure responsible for the spiritual condition of the church in the years to come. In our Bible studies each year, and in other subjects of special study, the deepest spiritual life is urged, freedom is accorded to all, and a good degree of genuine victory, holy joy, and enthusiasm, is maintained. "Holiness to the Lord," is our motto.

J. J. Coleman.

The New Gym.

The readers of the Star have been kept informed from time to time concerning the prospects for the New Gymnasium which was launched last commencement at the Alumni Banquet. It was proposed at that time to take down the old Seminary Building which had remained for several years unused and to move it to the new campus. There it was hoped a new building containing a gymnasium with baths and lockers, chemical and physical laboratories, and commodious practice rooms and studios for the music department might be erected. Since that time the old building has been razed to the ground; everything of value has been brought to the new campus; the excavation for the new building has been completed; and the footings for the walls and partitions have been nearly constructed.

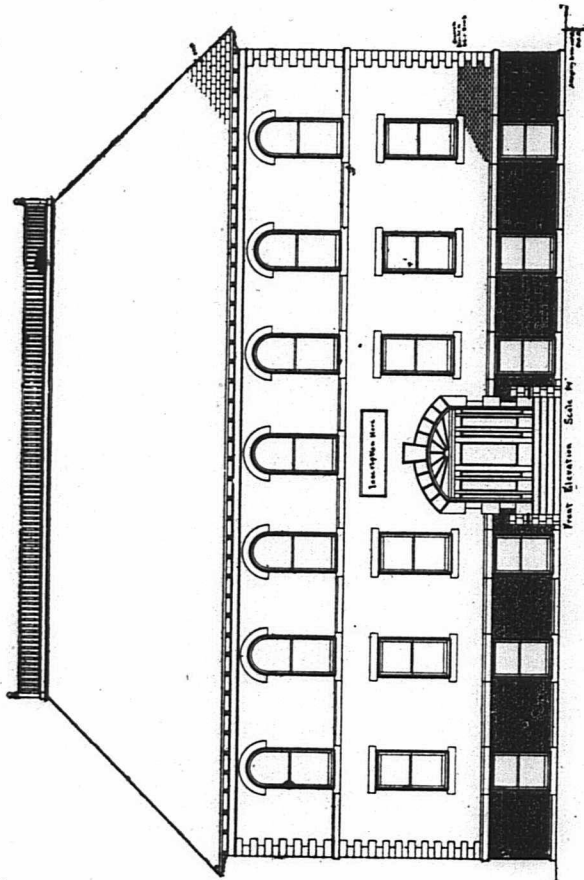
There has been a good deal of sentiment among the old students and friends of the school concerning the older structure. There are not a few people who think, when they see the old brick piled near the present building site, of the heroic labor and sacrifice with which they were first purchased. Brother Willard Houghton, of sainted memory, conceived the noble ideal of a school on

the Genesee. Himself a man of moderate means he sought to raise funds for his enterprise among that class of people. The price of a brick he figured and then began to raise bricks. His devotion to his ideal knew no bounds. That he might expend none of those precious funds he ate cold lunches instead of frequenting restaurants and hotels. Night often found him sleeping in a railroad station with his head pillowed upon his traveling bag. The sum grew slowly but surely. Faith, self denial, and perseverance received their reward. The number of the bricks increased and grew into shape until at last the building stood complete, a monument to a man with a vision. Are we wrong when we feel that these bricks now piled in a shapeless mass on our campus are little less than sacred?

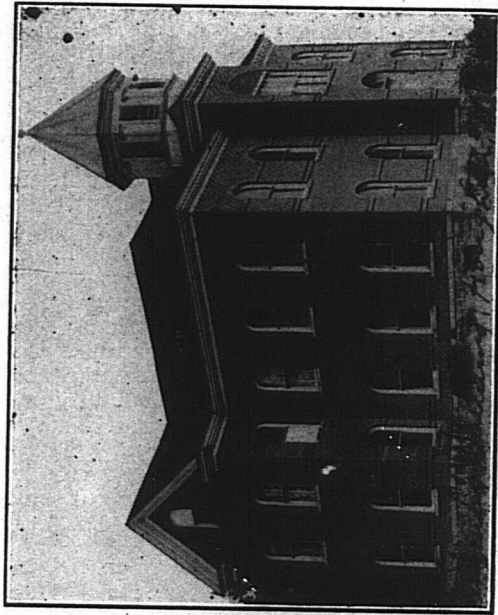
With such an origin Houghton has ever sought to exemplify those virtues which so preeminently distinguished its founder. The task which has confronted us and still remains in part unsolved in our effort to erect this much needed building is not so difficult as that which he was able to surmount. Houghton was then an untried hope. Today its thirty years of service have won the respect and love of hundreds of friends. To our solicitations, these are responding with gladness. Still if the student body and faculty of this institution were to sit supinely by and at best do no more than encourage the friends of the school to give, we should feel that they were unworthy sons. Were his example so soon forgotten it would seem indeed that the noble vision and sacrifice of Mr. Houghton was indeed in vain. This has not however been true. To our solicitation for funds both the students and faculty responded generously. Still it seemed impossible for us to begin the construction work this spring. Soon there arose from all sides among the student body voices challenging us to try them and see what would happen to the excavating and the concrete work. The present advanced state of the construction and the strong probability that we will now be able to press the work on to completion is due in great part to their labors.

Arbor day was chosen for the breaking of the ground. With Profes-

Continued on Page 22



Front Elevation-New Building



Old Seminary

EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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

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

If we were required to assign a title at the head of this editorial (or apology for one) indicative of its general tenor and content, we are not sure of our ability to do so; for by the time it was completed, no man not even we ourselves, would be able to forecast with any degree of certainty what causes might have conspired to turn us from our purpose, or what Imp of the Perverse might have taken possession of our pen

and gleefully driven us through the bewildering mazes of endless digressions. But just now as we are starting out we have a very clear and definite idea of what we want to say to our readers in this, our last message. The thought that has been running through our mind of late, demanding expression, seems to take form in the three words "Appreciation of Life." For a long time this phrase has been recurrent and ever recurrent in our thoughts with a peculiar insistence that we have been unable to account for. At first it meant very little to us, but it has been gradually broadening and expanding on us until now it fills our entire horizon. In fact, it is quite evident to us now that during the past two years (can it be possible!) this unspoken idea has been a vital element in determining our choice of editorial topics which we have oftentimes attempted to treat in a too-ambitious manner, we fear. And so, in a sense, this is a key, a summary of all that has gone before, yet a subject complete in itself.

"An Appreciation of Life," What do you mean by that?" you inquire slowly. "Of course we all appreciate the fact that we are alive, and try to make the most of it—who doesn't?" That may be a part of it—a very small part; but we mean more than that—much more—just what, we do not know—fully. It is something that we can hardly express in words; we can only feel it. We all see "through a glass darkly;" only now and then we catch fitful gleams of the truth, and then we are plunged into deeper darkness than before. Yet some emotions we all hold in common, and we are hoping that this is one of them: then, although our words are vague and misleading, our readers will understand what we mean, once they get an inkling of our purpose. To each of us comes

the question under many different guises: What does life mean to me? How can I make the most and get the best out of it? And we all have different ways of answering, varying according to our tastes, ability, temperament, environment, and a hundred and one other things. We all, too, have our vague longings and unsatisfied ambitions after something—we know not what—something, higher, better, grander. Some times we suffer exquisite torture thus; we seem bound hand and foot and cannot move or utter a sound, as our stricken souls cry and reach out after the infinite.

The "why" of life we may as well leave alone; it is worse than useless to bother ourselves about it. Our first lesson in our Appreciation of Life is to learn to accept this fact, to realize something of the mystery and wonder of it all and our own insignificance, and yet at the same time to feel that somehow we are a part of the great harp of the universe, and that if we are out of tune, there is a discord and confusion of the whole. We cannot understand the intricate mechanism of the great keyboard, nor even yet see the form of The Great Master Player; but we know He is there, for we can feel our hearts vibrate and throb at the touch of His unseen hand. More often than not the strings are faulty and the tones harsh and discordant, sometimes they are broken and refuse to respond but with infinite skill and patience the Great Master manipulates the stops and keys as He plays the exquisite symphony of Life, now weaving plaintive little threnodies, ah, how softly and tenderly, then, faster and faster, swelling into grand paeans of triumph, now improvising wonderful little trills and runs and arpeggios as His fingers wander idly over the keyboard, then suddenly resuming the motif again and leading up to the grand finale with an inspiring crash of chords that grow fainter and fainter and at last die away among the unanswered echoes, only to be caught up in a grander and more glorious strain on the eternal shores. Our part is to listen attentively and keep ourselves always in tune, so that only harmony may prevail. Ah, if we could only hear plainer, how much less strife and discord there would be!

There are so many conflicting elements entering into our lives that we oftentimes quite despair of arriving at any satisfactory results. With the most important two factors, the Personal Equation and Environment, we can do less than nothing. We are like actors in a play; our parts have been already written for us. Few of us realize what a mighty influence the Past exerts upon our lives. We are, indeed, a people bound by custom, precedent, and convention. We must think and feel for ourselves—to be just ourselves—before we can really begin to appreciate life. The highest compliment that we can pay anybody is to say that he has a fine appreciation of life and say it understandingly. It comprehends all the virtues—culture would probably be a word that covers it all. But here enters another difficulty.

We suppose that there is no subject in the world, outside of "Success" and "Opportunity," whose forelock, by the way, is becoming rather scanty this time of the year on account of the persistent application of hair tonic by our schoolboy orators, that has been more discussed and written about than that of Culture. Just what it is has long been a moot question. Some people, notably the nouveau rich and the so-called aristocracy define culture as something that can be either bought or inherited. It means to them a family tree and a coat of arms, the possession of broad ancestral acres, with paddocks containing blooded Arabian horses and meadows laid out as golf links. It means the acquiring of immense libraries filled with morocco and leather-bound volumes de luxe which are allowed to lie undisturbed on their shelves with pages still uncut; and the collecting of priceless Rubens, Rembrandts, Raphaels, Da Vincis, Titians, Vandykes, Gainsboroughs, and all the old Masters into grand salons that are never opened. It means being seated at tables covered with damask and laid with silver, with rare old vintages upon their side-boards, and lackeys ready to heed their every beck and nod. It means box seats at the opera and plush-covered pews at church. Their houses must be filled with all manner of statuary and rare bric-a-brac, their floors inlaid with mosaics and covered with priceless oriental rugs, and their walls hung with rich tapestries. They would

consider themselves positively uncivilized if there were not statues of the Appolo Belvidere and Venus de Milo occupying prominent positions somewhere. They hold amid great state, their social functions at which the women wear expensive French gowns and dazzling tiaras of diamonds, and discuss in what they imagine a very witty way supposedly profound and intellectual subjects, or better still patronize some luckless poet or other long-haired Celebrity whom they have managed to snare; and thereby delude themselves into believing that they possess all the hall-marks of true learning, and culture. They affect to be very disdainful of the low tastes of the bourgeois as they scornfully term them, when in reality very often their own servants possess more of real culture and of the instincts of the lady and gentleman than they do.

On the other hand there is a smaller class of people who assert that culture is something far different, that it comes from within rather than from without, and is spiritual rather than material. Worth and character constitute their only patent to nobility. Theirs, we are sure, is the correct view. Thank God, that although there are but a handful of them the balance of power lies in their hands. They are the men who accomplish something for humanity, the salt of the earth, your true aristocracy, not idlers and wastrels.

To our mind the scholar is in the best position to appreciate life truly. Knowledge, rightly used, is a golden key which unlocks as marvelous an assortment of things as ever reposed in Pandora's magic box.

Our concept of the scholar is opposed to anything narrow, prejudiced, or bigoted. The truest appreciation of life means a broad related survey of the universe in all its varying aspects from the smallest microscopic objects to world systems in space. To the scholar one is just as wonderful as the other. He must always be broad, liberal-minded, and above all sympathetic. A man of the world, cold, cynical, and unfeeling, who has looked at the bottom of many an unwise cup and learned life from bitter experience, he is not; he knows the shady and seamy side of life, it is true, but only that he may help the sinner and understand the conditions that make the sinner. Pedantry and affectation is always

disgusting in the scholar; true humility should ever characterize his attitude. Neither is there any use for the man who is one-sided; he is hopelessly out of harmony. He may know and understand all the laws of the physical universe as far as it is possible for a man to discover them; and yet be less appreciative of life than a child with a flower in its hand or with a dog by its side. The lowliest are not barred. The farmer whose vision has not been obscured by toil and greed so he cannot hear the birds sing and see the flowers bloom, and in whose eye beams a twinkle of fellow feeling, may easily have a better appreciation of life than a man of profounder erudition and less heart; but other things being equal, we believe the scholar has the best opportunity.

We have no hard and fast rules to go by, but it seems to us that there are some things we must feel and love in common in order to have the highest appreciation of life. There is music—it speaks an universal language; it talks to the soul through our finer sensibilities. Who can listen to music from the deep diapason of the pipe organ down to the sobbing wail of the violin without feeling an impelling desire to live better and to accomplish nobler things. Oratory is a noble gift likewise. Dead indeed must be the soul that cannot appreciate the art of the man who by his burning eloquence and the spell of his magnetic personality can cause men to act and think differently and inspire them to higher planes of living. And there are books, too, ah yes, how could we forget them! Think of the loving painstaking care and thought lavished upon them by the author, and of the magic realm they open up to the reader. What can we say of them? They are wonderful! wonderful!

These are but a few of the more obvious things that to love denotes an appreciation of life. Religion is the basis of all true appreciation, without which we are useless. Then there is nature, science, art, travel, languages—ah, what an unlimited field it is—we can just barely touch it here! While these standards are not absolute by any means, and some who have a true appreciation of life may care nothing to hear Bach or Beethoven played, or to read Shakespeare, yet we say there is surely something wrong with the person

who can appreciate none of these things. And while we ourselves, much as we would like, cannot hope to master the technique of music or to write a great book or to do something else like that, yet we can appreciate the art and genius of him that can. We must be very careful, however, not to fall into the common error of regarding these things as a fetish, and thus distinguishing ourselves as belonging to that class of "highbrows" we have mentioned whose only aim is ostentation and vulgar display. The danger line here is hard to distinguish, but we must above everything else strive to avoid it.

But the truest appreciation of life is obtained through our appreciation of each other, our little whimsies and faults and all. True satisfaction and appreciation of life is found only by being true to ourselves and that means to our fellow-men as well. When a man, with a full knowledge of what he is losing, deliberately turns his back upon life, so to speak, in order to help his fallen brother into a better appreciation of life, that is the finest appreciation of life we know—that is sacrifice. The only way we can understand and appreciate life is to get out and live ourselves. We are all too crude, too unsensitive, too unsympathetic. We dislike to have people see we have any emotions; we are ashamed of honest manly tears. Our souls are dried and shriveled up. All men who have a true appreciation of life have fine souls, keenly alive to values and their relations. That is only another way of saying that they have great characters. We have had to go a long way around to discover this fact, but that is generally the way; we go afar in search of the truth and at last find it where we started. But the great masses of people are seemingly too wrapped up in the sordid little things around them to care for the finer things of life. At first they have high ambitions like the rest of us, but it is easier to sink than to rise, and soon they settle in the common ruck of indifference and obscurity where only the baser passions dwell. Ah, how many people die without having really lived!

Oh, this is a wonderful subject and we must close before we have really touched upon it, but if we have made our readers think a little, our weak

efforts will not have been wholly in vain. Such an appreciation of life as we have been talking about is the only thing that makes life worth while; and we care not a whit for the gibes and taunts of the world, for we know beyond a doubt that our philosophy of life is best. When we begin to appreciate life, then and only then do we begin to live. And finally it makes life a triumph and old age glorious. Mellow and vibrant with years like an old Cremona violin, with our appreciation of life not darkened because our temporal vision is growing dim, but with the eternal eye of youth yet brighter, we can face the Nameless Thing wearing the Death Head without a tremor, rejoicing that we have lived once, and ready with the great Apostle Paul to step forward saying, "I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith."

The New Gym.

Continued From Page 17

sor Bedford for plowman and a spanking team of eighty men, the first furrough was turned. All day long the earth was shoveled and wheeled until at night by far the greater part of the excavation was completed. Saturdays and other after school hours have found the same fellows with a loyalty and school spirit that can not be surpassed pushing on the work.

As it has been ours to reap where others sowed we have become debtors to the race. With such examples and traditions as have environed this institution since its inception, we can not be untrue to this debt. To our successors in these halls will we, by the grace of God, transmit an inheritance still further enriched by the labors and prayers of men with a vision.

A Member of the Building Committee.



ORGANIZATIONS

MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

Student Organizations

We see a lad today, six, eight or perhaps ten years old. We have seen him almost every day of his life. We know him as well as any ordinary acquaintance can know such a lad. Circumstances separate us for a half dozen years. We meet again. Some lingering trait, a glance of the eye, a movement, a peculiarity of verbal expression may linger to remind us of the lad of former years, or it may be that he is to us an entirely different person.

To a large extent this is also true of a growing, developing institution. It will retain its own individuality but there is much that changes from year to year, so that after a few years absence the situation is much the same as it was in the case of the boy; we hardly recognize it any more.

One of the ways in which Houghton is changing is with respect to its organizations. Some new ones are added from time to time to meet the needs of the various phases of our work, others change to keep pace with other conditions.

My personal acquaintance with the Seminary began in the fall of 1907. At that time we had two literary societies both of which admitted both boys and girls to membership. Now we have three working societies, the Neosophic for the preparatory boys, Ionian for the girls, and Athenian for both boys and girls of the advanced department.

In the spring of 1908 a committee was selected to draw up a constitution for a society to be known as the Union Literary Society. Early in the following fall the report was made and the present U. L. A. was started. This organization has taken an important place in our school activities. Members of all the literary societies are members of the U. L. A.

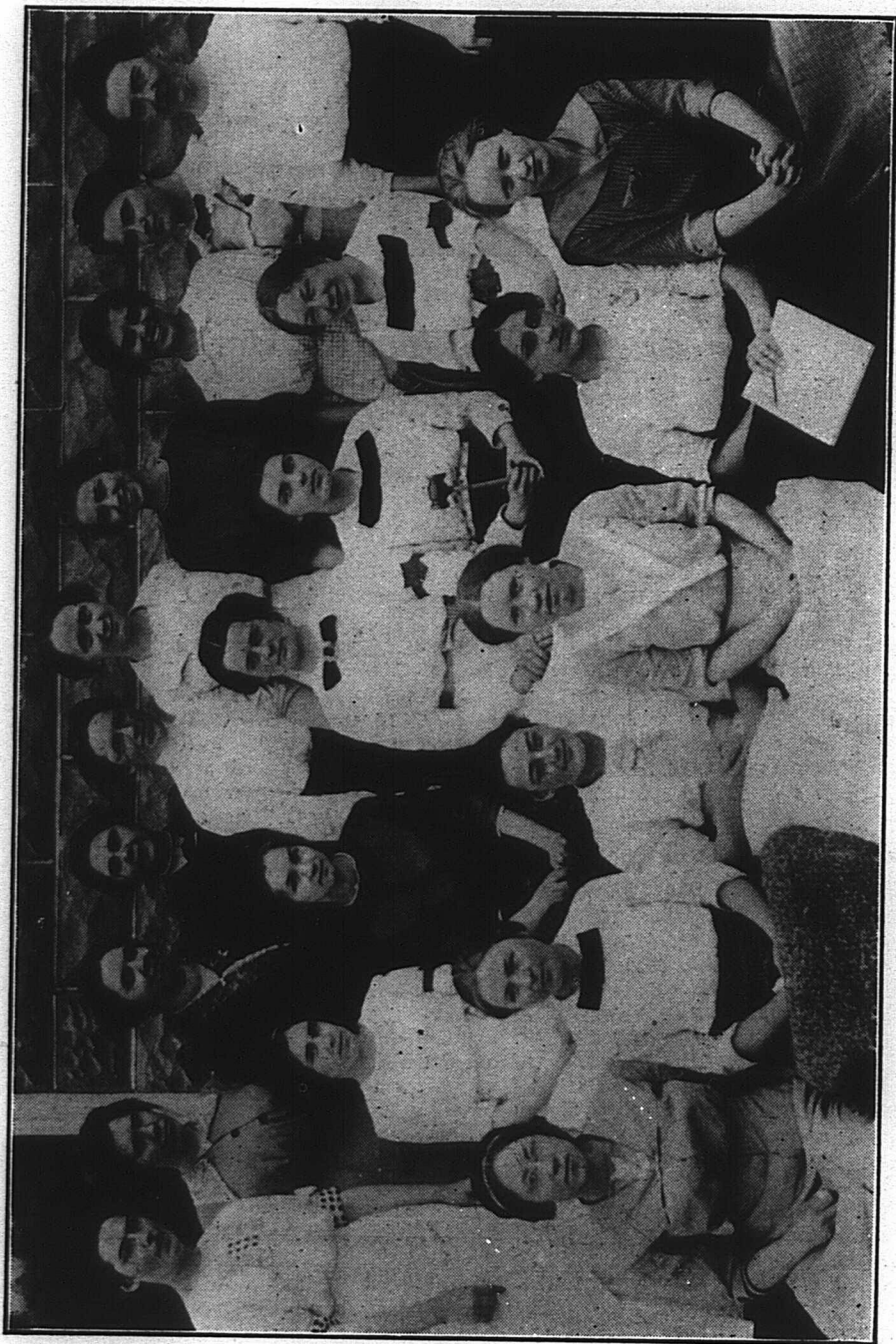
This organization has among its functions the presentation of a lecture course each year and the management of the Houghton Star.

There were, when I first knew the Seminary, two athletic societies, one for men and one for women. Both these organizations are still active and looking forward with joyful anticipation to the completion of "The New Gym."

The student body now has an organization of its own and elects a senate which has power to refer to the faculty questions of general interest to the students and often acts on questions referred to it by the faculty. There are two divisions of the senate, one for women and one for men. Questions of interest to both men and women are brought before both bodies. Each class of each department elects a member to both these bodies. The co-operation of the students and faculty secured by this means is believed by the faculty to have materially helped in reducing friction in our work in the last two years.

For about six years the Prohibition League has been making itself famous not only throughout New York State but also over the entire United States, wherever this organization of college students is known. We have sent one man to Kentucky to represent our state in the interstate contest, we have won at least three journalistic contests against all the college organizations in the country, besides doing much to arouse local interest in temperance agitation by study, discussion, debate, oratory, and personal work.

If space permitted many other organizations could be mentioned, which are operating and having a vital part in our work, but which include among its members some who are not students, as the Missionary society; or others which affect only



Ionian Society



Athenian Society

a part of the students, as the glee clubs, orchestra, band, organized Sunday School Classes, Mission Study Class, Student Volunteers, and others. While not being regularly organized, the Monday afternoon prayer circles have been revived during the last two years and are working, about six or eight in number.

This does not pretend to be a complete discussion of the organiza-

tions but it will suffice to give our alumni a little idea of this side of our life. We are always pleased to receive criticism and signs of interest from our alumni and friends. We are glad too to see them returning to visit us, particularly when we both find the other to have improved with the years during which we have been apart. H. L. F.

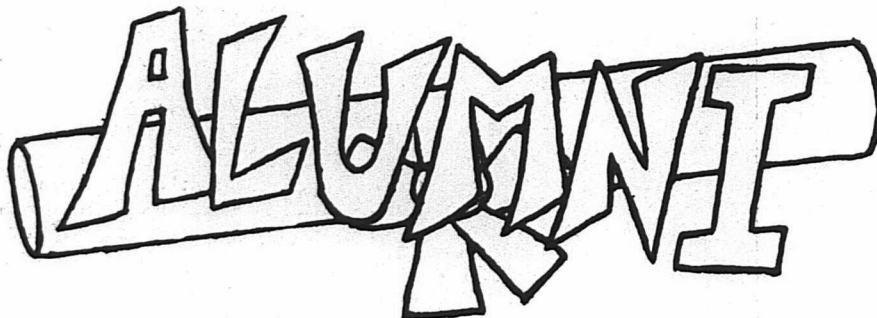
ATHLETICS

Bethel J. Babbitt, '16, Editor.

I don't know what is the trouble—too many orations, too hot, too much new gym., or what—but something surely is. The diamond is the best it has ever been but still there have been no games at all lately. Either the Preps won't play because they have no catcher, no Varsity pitcher, and the Varsity won't play because their men are gone or are too busy. So it is, even that marvelous field meet has gone down in the depths of despair.

So has it been all the year—No football, no basket ball, no base ball. It has been the deadeast year ever in this line and I hope it always will be. So for a summary of the year I would say: Ill, worse and dead, amen.

[We shall never forgive ourselves if being Athletic Editor this year has completely soured Kip's sunny disposition and made a confirmed pessimist out of him. Until we are certain we shall lay it at the door of the little blind God.—Ed.]



Edna Hester, '16, Editor.

The folks are all so scattered
Spread out o'er all the earth,
That to know of all their whereabouts,
Simply means to me a dearth.

So I'll leave the rest for you to guess
Or else find out yourself—
The deeds of Houghton students
And news regards their health.

News was lately received from Smith, Ky., which informs us of the birth of a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. David Scott. Born May 23, name, Mariella Emmajean. Mr. Scott writes "We are as proud as we can be. She has black hair and eyes."

Rue Rogers is visiting his sisters and brothers in Houghton.

Thru the Wesleyan we are informed of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bues. Miss Bues arrived May 3rd and bears the name, Velmalee Essie.

Sarah Davison '13 and Emma Agnew '13 are attending training class at Mooers, N. Y.

Wallace Neville supplies the M. E. charge at Sandusky, N. Y.

Ray Calhoun '11 and Lynn Bedford '11 are attending school at Potsdam, N. Y. Their special line is civil engineering.

Ambrose DeLap '07 and his wife, Hazel Potter De Lap '07 are in Sioux City, Iowa, attending school. Mr. DeLap is taking Theological work.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Gibbs, May 27, Bradford, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hammond are the proud parents of a boy born April 16. His name is Wesley Burton.

Interesting news has arrived from the sunny south. Miss Mary Lawrence, an old student of Houghton Sem. and Dr. E. A. Lambert were married at the home of the bride's parents in Ashburn, Ga., April 30th. Dr. Lambert is a successful physician of Denton, Ga. Immediately after the ceremony, which was solemnized by Rev. W. H. Massey, the couple took the train for their future home where they will spend a few days, preparing for a visit to Florida points.

Don McCarty, who has been teaching in Pa. is visiting friends in Houghton and incidentally, of course, looking over her Alma Mater.

Mr. C. A. Davis, manager of Southern LaGrange Plantation, Stribling, Tenn., writes: "I certainly do enjoy the 'Star.' I think it is improving. I have a very responsible position here and it keeps me very busy. There are 28,000 acres in our own plantation. I am also local Postmaster here. I am glad things are moving forward so favorably in Houghton. To me, Houghton is the dearest place outside of my own home."

Mr. Karl Wittich and his wife have been for the past year laboring as missionaries in the jungles of German, East Africa. But the latter part of March word was received of his death from fever. The following announcement appeared in the Detroit Journal: "Rev. Mr. Wittich was a son of Dr. Wittich of Mt. Horeb Full Gospel Mission, Detroit. He was educated in Houghton College and received a theological training in Rochester Bible School, Moody Institute, and Detroit Bible School."

Florence Sellman, who was obliged to leave school for an operation, is rapidly recovering at the home of her aunt in Ann Arbor, Mich.

Lona Cronk Bush Lowe is living in Rochester.

Maud Gray teaches music at New Lothrop, Mich.

E. M. Woodward is a surveyor on the Barge canal at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Neen Bryan Sypher has married and is living in Hughsville, Pa.

George Sprague and his wife Mariam Churchill Sprague '10 have recently returned from Africa on account of Mrs. Sprague's health. They are staying with Mrs. Bowen. They will spend some time at Haskinsville, N. Y., on his brother's farm and regain health and strength.

EXCHANGES

Charlotte E. Stebbins, Prep. '14

We are glad to welcome the following exchanges for this month.

The Oriole—The prints of your new building make your paper very attractive. The material is arranged very neatly.

The Cascade—We are glad to see a table of contents. Each article of your paper is well written and you have indeed selected several choice gems of poetry.

The Purple and Gold—The pictures of your band and glee club show that your school is not lacking in musical talent. You have a good list of advertisers.

The Vista—Your articles are always worth one's reading. We like to see a list of the advertisers.

The Collegian—Your paper seems small for the size of the advertisement department.

The Monitor—Your paper is always of special interest to us.

The Auguan—You have some good jokes but we do not like some of the illustrations.

CAMPUS

Glenn E. Barnett, '15, Editor.
1913-14

Undoubtedly the school year of 1913-14 will have reached its termination long ere we see this in print. Individually, whatever joys and sorrows, failures and successes it has brought to us, is now wholly or, at least partially forgotten, for we have now reached that time of the school year, so much desired, and so much longed for, until now that it has arrived, we meet to enjoy its many pleasurable associations yet ever with the realization that we are soon to part. Nevertheless, our

minds naturally turn back to the various events of the year which have served in their way to lessen that monotonous grind which almost invariably accompanies the quotidian round of school life.

Looking backward over the past year from the student's point of view, we see many things which indicate advancement, and yet other things of which, perhaps, this cannot be said, but then who would dare to affirm that, upon the whole, we have not had a most successful year? Our students have most nobly upheld and defended our Alma Mater upon the platform, in the capacity of orators, debaters, and entertainers; they have strengthened and added to our musical department thru their natural ability and acquired development as singers, soloists, and musicians; our preparatory students have twice shown their true metal in having loyally upheld the standard of the school in the art of debate; and altho we are not permitted interscholastic games of any sort, our aspiring young athletes have demonstrated their prowess upon our local diamond, and shown conclusively that many of them have acquired no mean ability in that pursuit, as you would readily agree, were you permitted to witness one of our Prep-Varsity games.

In addition to these various feats of skill, we have also had our good times as well. Altho we have had to work rather hard, especially during the pleasant warm spring days of the past, we have paused long enough to have a goodly share of entertainment, fun, and healthful recreation withal—those primary essentials in the life of every school boy or girl, without which school would be a dull place indeed.

Turning our vision to the future—that, indeed, appears no less bright. The prospects for the coming year are exceptionally good and encouraging. Looking out upon the campus, we already see the foundation of the new Gymnasium and Music Hall making its slow appearance amid the surrounding green and this, of course, is to be ready for use in the fall. Surely this is a most encouraging prospect. Then Professor Smith is planning to have several debates between Houghton Seminary and other seminaries and colleges; and here again will be a most splendid opportunity for many students to obtain

valuable training and development, while incidentally bringing fame and added prestige to our school.

The Literary Contest, inaugurated by our present editor with the help and loyal support of our business manager, ought to prove one of the most important features of the school year. Surely the honor of having one's name placed upon such a handsome and beautiful cup, as we have obtained, ought to be an opportunity not to be despised and I doubt not but that many are already working upon their productions with their minds fully made up to have their names placed upon the roll of honor. Certainly this ought to make the literary quality of the Star of a grade that may well rank with that of our larger college monthlies, while at the same time rendering the task of the editor one of comparative delight instead of thankless drudgery; every day of his career being "a veritable red letter one" especially if we may picture the future by the results obtained this year during the last few days of February.

Again our Oratorical Contests ought to be classed among the best that the school has ever had. For, many being convinced thru the results of the literary contest of their ability as writers, will undoubtedly be persuaded to enter these contests, and with the growth and development of our oratorical department under the able direction of Miss Ball, these contests ought to be the best ever. In fact, many of the enthusiastic members of the I. P. A. have already expressed their intentions of representing Houghton Seminary at the State and National Oratorical Contest!

Our Musical department is steadily growing and showing marked improvement, while next year we hope to have with us besides our instructors in voice and piano also one in violin. This will certainly be a fine opportunity for those who wish to begin or further their study of music. Of course, this department is supplemented by a band and orchestra which are continually in search of new members.

Space will not allow us to speak farther upon all the other departments of the school but we can assure our readers that they could well do worse than to decide to return for another year's work or to enter as a new student.



G. Tremaine McDowell, '15, Editor.

Notice!

The editorial and managerial staffs are preparing to wholly exterminate the faithless messenger who failed to deliver last month's "Odds and Ends" to the printer. They will be led by the editor of this department, with bright red blood in his mild blue eye.

At The Faculty Picnic

Professor Rindfusz never supposed the students had it right when they said the faculty liked nothing better than to soak it to them. But he was forced to think differently, when, at the opening of a faculty meeting for disciplining students, the President called on Bro. Coleman to return thanks!

A Defence of Our Business Manager

Dedicated to our Instructor in Oratory.

Shirley Babbitt

Has a habit

Of working for "The Star."

He's quick and nifty,

Grabs your fifty,

No matter who you are.

But don't be grieved,

And don't be peeved,

For his cause is just and right.

For without cash,

It's one big crash,

And good old "Star," good night.

Foiled

The Dean of the Men heard a tramping in the halls. The tramping continued. Still he heard tramping. His righteous indignation finally roused, he sallied forth and apprehended friend Lewis. As he was about to question the culprit, Miss Ball and the rest of the class in physical training appeared. To cut short

the suspense, the noise was legitimate, as the class was being drilled in "How to go up and down stairs." The Dean was foiled again.

Be a Good Girl, Young Man!

He was telling her good night. In a pious, kindly manner he said "Well, good night, be a good girl." She was somewhat flustered over the momentous occasion and hurriedly murmured, "Thank you. Same to you."

Ever See It?

Our English Professor was much puzzled when one of his younger students asked him what a "feebly" was. The little fellow insisted there was such a word and finally produced the book. The passage read, "The young man had a feebly growing down on his cheek."

Two Warnings

While we're talking of Prof. Smith, we may well relate another incident for the admonition of the other Profs. That good man, allowing himself to think of Glenn B. by his nickname, one day inadvertently commanded, "Mr. Gibber, read the next page."

This thrilling episode calls to mind a well worn tale which has been handed down to us from the Good Old Times. Ernest Hall and Ambrose DeLap, both of felicitous memory and the latter familiarly known as "Lappy," were conducting a preaching service on East Hill. Bro. Hall was in charge and when the proper time for prayer arrived, he paralyzed his congregation by solemnly asking, "Bro. Lappy, will you lead us in prayer?"

A Family Quarrel

Two fond young hearts have between them the first crevices of an awful abyss which may some day separate them as far apart as the poles. Miss Stall suspects Bob of stealing her Senior penant. She has tried to relieve her fears by having Mrs. Whittaker look in Bob's room, but as this goes to press she has found no trace of the missing property. If the guilty party or parties has or have any heart or hearts, let him, her or them clear Bob at once.

A Clever Plan

We have a very good attendance at our Student Prayer Meetings. But most good things can be bettered and a good method for increasing our attendance has been devised. The expedient is simply to advertise an illustrated lecture to be given immediately after the service. The result was highly gratifying and a number of long-absent faces were with us again. Of course it would be wholly out of place to comment here upon the fact that among these were good pious folk, both students and others.

Versatile

The Loyal Sons' Sunday School Class were discussing Gideon. One lad declared he chose the men from those who did not throw down their arms anywhere and rush down to drink but he took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other.

A Vindication

We are delighted to be able to deny the rumor, the malicious rumor, concerning Mr. Davidson. For, on account of the reports that he had defaulted with the six cents entrusted to his care by the Parlimentary Law Class to buy flowerseeds for their flower bed, and that he had spent the money buying chocolates to bribe the new Dean of the women, Mrs. Bowen, full and impartial investigations have been made and his innocence has been clearly established.

The Latest

A couple of Brother Moses' Isralites pulled off the latest, one wintry night late in April. Putting on their overcoats and straw hats, they seated themselves on the porch near a lighted window and proceeded to pour forth such dulcet floods of song that the hill dwellers were filled with-er-well-deep emotion.

Love Is Our Tribute

(By Marie Louise Southard.)

Just as the earth was fresh and green and sweet
Just when the earliest flowers flung perfume,
And golden dandelions faced the sun;
He took his flight at early dawn of day,
Tenderly, gently, out and far away,
As one who dreams so sweet he cannot stay.
So quietly, so quietly. We did not even know,
'Till Peace, white-winged, had poised upon his
brow,
Declaring that some view had caught his eye
And drawn him sure and true beyond the sky,
So silently, so silently, away.
Yet think thou not, in battle's bloody fray,
He ever turned his back or drew away.
Those waxen hands, that waved the boys in blue.
Have gently ministered to humble me.
Father, we love thee.
Well, our thoughts have merged
Into one only, father, love for thee.
Love is our tribute, love our memory.

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of the "Star" for some
of my work.

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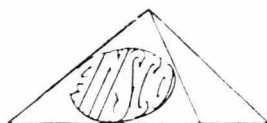
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