

*Miss Mary Warburton*

# The Houghton Star



Christmas Number



December, 1915

Volume 8

Number 3

# 1883 Houghton Seminary 1915

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## 'Tis Christmas!



Joy reigneth through the world,  
The Christmas bells are ringing;  
Hark! we hear from all around  
The happy voices singing.

All the earth is clothed in white,  
Old King Winter's Sunday best,  
And the trees are laden down  
In honor of our fest.

How the carols fill the air  
With praise of our Savior's birth  
Of how in heaven he lives,  
Yet reigns o'er us on earth.

Then fill the world with gladness,  
Raise your happy voices high;  
This is Christmas morning  
And the Lord of Hosts is nigh.

M. M. A., '18.

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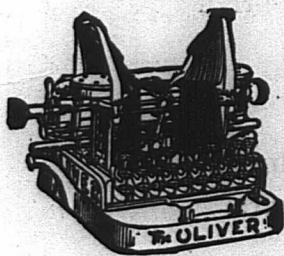
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# The Houghton Star

Volume VIII

December, 1915

Number 3

## MOTHER

God be with you till we meet again!  
Neath his arms securely fold you,  
Daily manna still provide you,  
God be with you till we meet again!

This was Mrs. Lawrence's voice. Her notes swelled to their normal round fullness, but in their depths quivered something alien—a kind of wistfulness. Peggy and Lucy assisted their invalid mother from the piano, and after the nurse had laid her comfortably upon her soft bed, Peggy arranged the pillows more smoothly beneath her weary head, while Lucy gently soothed her tired brow. It was very quiet in the room. Now and then one plaintive bird called to another, but always the last note was a drowsy cry, ending in sleep. The mother kissed her daughters, leaning over her, then with a radiant smile, closed her drooping eyelids and fell asleep. The girls came to an upright position immediately, for the clock was just striking ten.

"Look at that clock, Lucy! Our train is due at ten-thirty! What shall we do? I simply can't awaken mother to say good-bye!"

"Let me think!" hastily rejoined the older sister. "She's so happy now; she kissed us just before she fell asleep; now when we kiss her, that'll be a mutual good-bye without saying it. Why need say good-bye?"

They hurried on their coats and hats, then dropped on their knees beside the bed, while each caught a hand and carried it to her lips, to her cheek, and whispered, "Good-bye, mother dear!"

"Good-bye, old nurse! Only three short months until the Christmas holidays!"

The door opened. A mild breeze wafted the fragrance of chrysanthemum

from the garden into the large dim library. The door closed again, and Peggy and Lucy were off to college, many miles from home.

It was fully an hour later, when Mrs. Lawrence awoke and listened, silently staring out at the colors of the starry skies. All the house was still.

"Nurse—they're gone—?"

"Yes," calmly answered the nurse; "they're gone."

In spite of the fatigue that had thinned Mrs. Lawrence's whole figure, slowly her face filled with a sweet serenity.

"If the worst were to come to pass, why should people grieve for a separation of mere time? Why should we mourn because a shadow covers us from our own for a few small years?"

### PART II.

It was raining a steady downpour that scarcely ever ceased for a moment. Ragged, leaden clouds hung over the valley, dragged so low by their own weight that they not only shrouded the upper peaks but hid the lower ridges as well. But even this could not check the laughter and jollity which ever and anon strained to a higher pitch, as the girls exchanged farewell greetings in Haven Hall, one of the fashionable girls' boarding houses at Jefferson college. The door of the Lawrence girls' room stood slightly ajar, through which, presently, Miss Barr, the music teacher, entered. She trod very lightly. The expression on her face was amiable. She saw, before her nervous, frowning Peggy in a frivolous lilac garment and Lucy with a curious look in her eyes and a sardonic and timid twitching of her lips. For Peggy and Lucy had no home to which they might go. All their vacation plans had been blighted and Mrs. Lawrence lay almost at the point of death in a sanitarium, miles from home and miles from

them. She was to undergo a serious operation, after which, if it proved successful, the doctor had promised that she would be completely restored to health, but it must needs be a most critical operation.

This very day, the one preceding Christmas, was to decide her fate. For an instant Miss Barr was discountenanced, but she at once recovered, accomplishing a bright salute.

"I only heard the sad news this moment; I came over at once." She cleared her throat and looked first at Peggy, and then at Lucy. "But God's in His Heaven, all's right with the World."

There followed a short interval of silence, and Miss Barr was gone. Peggy dropped into the old rustic window seat. The curtain flew back, rattled, flapped. With a sudden impatient movement, she reached forward, jerked it up halfway. "Well, all I know is that I can't stand this very long. I don't see why misfortune always has to light on us!"

"Why, Peggy, how can you talk thus? Have you always deserved the best things in life?"

"There," Peggy complained. "Hinting at my selfishness again!"

But from the very deliberation of her sister's question, Peggy realized how vital was that very question.

"O, Lucy, I know I am selfish and have an impetuous disposition, but I've always meant well, though, at heart—and if mother only could get well, I'd be a different girl."

Lucy bowed her head, and Peggy, thinking she saw an uncertainty in her expression, repeated more emphatically, "Yes, I would! I'd be more appreciative of home and mother!"

On the following morning Lucy and Peggy went down to a late breakfast, their first in weeks, but their attempts to eat were farcical. Peggy leaned back and closed her eyes; her hands in Lucy's were as cold and quiet as if there were no pulse of life in them. For a moment Lucy looked at her in silence. She bent closer. "Peggy," she cried, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

"Telegram for the Misses Lawrence."

The girls rushed madly to the door.

Lucy seized the envelope from the small messenger boy's hand, turned, petrified with fear, and stared blankly before her—not daring to open it.

"Let me read it, Lucy! I must

know at once!" Peggy wrested it from her sister's clenched fist, tore it open, and read, "Operation a success. Will be home New Year's day."

Peggy's eyes gleamed with a fire that blazed higher and higher each moment as though the very torch of joy were burning there. Lucy looked down at her, and her velvety brown eyes continued to lighten. "I knew other things happened, but not that wonderful, glorious, unexpected surprise that you've been waiting for all your life."

Peggy chattered with a breathless abandonment that amazed Lucy, while the quick lift and drop of her eyelids, the brilliancy of her lips made Lucy's face a living thing of happiness.

A few hours later, Peggy was joyfully exclaiming, "Say, Dean, do you know we're telling you good-bye?"

Presently Lucy, wrapped in a long heavy coat, with her face almost hidden by the upturned collar, came tripping down the stairs to where the two were excitedly talking it all over. The sympathetic Dean looked down at the beaming faces, and with tears in her eyes, clasped their hands in hers, and from the depths of her big warm heart greeted them, "A Merry Christmas, my dear girls!"

With a big generous hug, in one voice they joyfully added, "And a Happy New Year!"

ETHEL KELLY, '18.

\* \* \*

## Playing the Game on the Square

### In Four Chapters—CHAPTER II.

James saw before him a thin, worn-looking individual who looked at him questioningly and was apparently waiting for him to speak. After a moment's hesitation James stepped up, and with outstretched hand, said:

"I am James Jackson. This is Mr. Warren is it not?"

"That is my name," said the man as they shook hands. "I see that you have received my letter and evidently have decided to act upon my advice. I am very sorry that things are as they are, but the best we can do for you under the circumstances is to offer you a home while you are getting



a start for yourself. You are probably tired from your journey now, so you may go to your room until six, which is our regular hour for dinner. In the morning you can apply for your position. The servant will conduct you to your room."

Although there was nothing in his guardian's tone or manner at which James could take offence, yet he at once knew that the kindly sympathy and interest for which he so much longed were not forthcoming, and his heart sank within him.

He was soon led to a gloomy, moderately furnished room on the upper floor, which he was informed was to be his. He entered the room, waited until the last sound of the servant's footsteps had died away, then closed and locked his door. He was face to face with one of the critical periods of life. He realized that he had come to the parting of the ways, that his care-free, happy boyhood days were over, and that henceforth he must take his place among men in the mighty conflict of life. A feeling of helplessness came over him, and now, in this hour of need, he lifted his heart in prayer to the great Father above whose ear is ever open unto the cry of His children and in whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning. James rose from his knees strengthened in spirit and began his preparations for dinner.

At six o'clock he found his way down to the dining room, where the family had already gathered. Mr. Warren introduced a large-framed, black-eyed, overdressed woman as his wife, and a slender, peaked-faced personage with an indolent manner as his son. The meal was not an altogether pleasant affair for James as the conversation was conducted mainly by the mother and son, the latter eyeing him with a supercilious stare. It seemed to James as if the hour would never close, but at length it was over and the family adjourned to the sitting room.

Restless in spirit and more weary in mind than in body, James longed to be alone, and early excused himself from the uncongenial company. He went to his room, and from the bottom of his suitcase brought forth a black leather-bound book, over whose pages he sadly lingered as fond memory brought back to his vision the happy scenes of the last few months.

Then he sat down at the little table

and wrote continuously for some time as he poured forth his thoughts to the only confidant he had in all this great city—his diary.

However, such is the buoyancy of youth that it spontaneously rebounds from the effects of depression, it cannot be held in bondage, it naturally looks forth upon life with an eager, hopeful attitude, and thus after the night's rest, James arose early the next morning, with new courage in his heart and a spirit that goes forth to conquer. He was so anxious to start out that as soon as possible he interviewed Mr. Warren, who talked over the prospects with him and directed him to several vacant positions of which he knew.

James was undecided for which place he should first apply, realizing that his future depended in large measure upon the outcome of the next few hours. One of the references bore the same name as that of a kindly old man, Mr. Jones, whom he had known all his life, and accepting this fact as a good omen, he determined to call on him first.

He took a car and in a few minutes arrived at his destination. He entered the waiting room, presented his card, and was soon ushered into an office where sat a square-shouldered and kindly but shrewd looking man of middle age, who surveyed him critically. James returned his gaze in a straightforward, honest, manly way and said, "This is Mr. Kent Jones, I believe." The man nodded. "I am James Jackson. I have recently been obliged to leave school. I have a good education and am willing to work, and, having been informed that a position was vacant here, I came at once to see you. If you are in need of an employee I would like to obtain the position."

Mr. Jones was silent for a few moments, then replied, "As you probably know, I am a lawyer. My last office boy was not efficient and I am looking for another. I need someone perfectly trustworthy, some one who can typewrite and assist me in minor business details. I already have an apprentice who is studying law with me, but this position gives a fine opportunity for some young man to prove his worth and to obtain advancement. Do you consider yourself the right man for this place? It means no shirking, but hard work and plenty of it."

James listened eagerly to these

words. Oh, if only he might be so fortunate as to get this position. He had long been anticipating the time when he would be a lawyer. Now he felt that although his advancement might be slow, he could at least make some progress toward his chosen occupation.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "I have never been employed as a professional typewriter, but have known how to run one for several years. I have had considerable practice, having done much typewriting for the students and the school which I recently attended. I will do my utmost to please you and I believe I can fill the place satisfactorily if you will give me a chance."

Although Mr. Jones knew that the youth before him was inexperienced in business, and in fact a mere student, still he recognized sterling qualities in him which he had learned were not to be found in the average applicant. He felt an interest in the boy and decided that he would at least give him a trial.

"You may come to my office ready for work tomorrow morning at 7:30," he said, and turned to his desk.

James was at his desk promptly on time the next morning and as the days went by he applied himself so diligently that he soon became an efficient assistant. He enjoyed his work and his association with Mr. Jones very much, but there was one great drawback to his happiness. He longed for a place where he might feel at home. From the first Mrs. Warren had held him aloof, and as time went on his energy, ambition, and success as contrasted with the indolence of her own son seemed to arouse in her a spirit of antagonism and jealousy, so that she indeed made life miserable for him.

He at length decided that he would endure it no longer, and accordingly made arrangements for a room in a boarding house on an adjoining street, where he took his few possessions.

One morning after he had been at work for nearly a month he arrived at the office to find that Mr. Jones had been called away from the city for two weeks and that John Maxim, the apprentice, had been left in charge. James had been working in the same office with Maxim for a month, still he had had very little to say to him, as that young man had always conducted himself as if he considered James his inferior, and James some-

times had a feeling that Maxim did not like him, although he was certain he had done nothing to arouse his antagonism.

But, although he did not know it, James had incurred Maxim's displeasure when he obtained the position, for it had formerly been held by Maxim's cousin Frank. Frank had proved dishonest and careless and Mr. Jones had accordingly dismissed him. He and Maxim were chums and both hated James and called him "Mr. Jones' favorite." Frank longed to take revenge, but no way opened until Mr. Jones left. Then he set his wits to work and with Maxim's cooperation he planned a scheme. He came to the office Monday morning and waited around until James had gone to the bank on an errand. Then he slipped into the room where James' coat always hung and was just putting something in the inside pocket when Jim, a little bootblack, stepped into the doorway and called out, "Have a shine sir?"

Frank flushed guiltily, and stepping toward the boy gave him a rude shove into the street as he said angrily, "Keep out of here, you young cur."

Although James missed Mr. Jones' pleasant, genial face, still the work went on as usual for the first week. Yet a dark cloud was hanging over his unsuspecting head which was soon to close in about him and engulf him in its darkness. When he was finishing his work preparatory to leaving the office on Monday night, Maxim coldly informed him that his services were no longer needed and that he might consider himself discharged.

James was dazed for a moment. At length he said, "You have no right to turn me out of my position without an explanation."

Maxim's lip curled as he replied disdainfully, "I do not think it necessary to explain the reason, as you already know it. We have no use for thieves here. That is all I have to say. You may go."

FLORENCE KELLY.

(To be Continued.)

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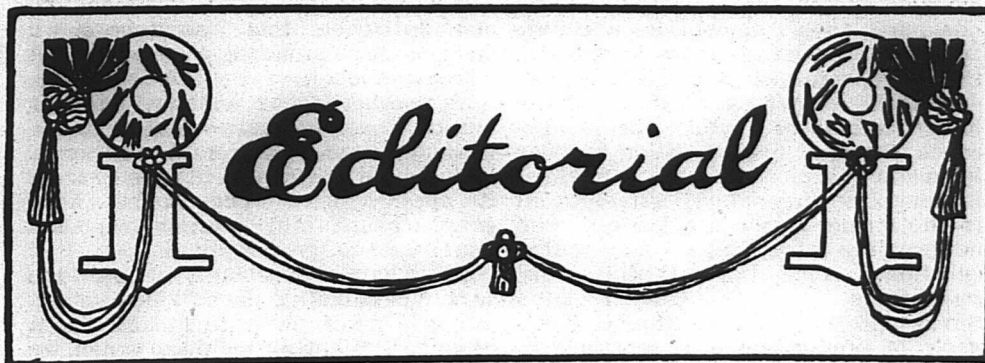
Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.—Michael Angelo.

## Christmas Is Coming

How about that picture?

For Kellogg's dates see page 19.





## THE HOUGHTON STAR

HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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You will confer a favor on the management and obtain every issue if you renew at once.

History is the diary of man, upon whose pages time is recorded in ages and man's progress in periods of centuries. As age succeeds age, and period follows period, in this wonderful advance, we behold certain illustrious characters, who stand high above their fellows, with whose achievements history is concerned. Thus Dante and Napoleon, Newton and Michael Angelo, each in his own realm, make history romance, instead of merely a record of bygone occurrences. These master minds, as beacon lights, illuminate the darkened corridors of time, while their contemporaries, in numberless millions, lived and died unmentioned and unknown.

But why look at the past when the present evidences the same fact? The

world today is borne on the shoulders of a few, while the rest of us it knows not of. When this age becomes history and this present becomes the past, our successors will read of those who, as leaders of today, will become heroes of tomorrow.

As thus in thought we ramble, to our wandering mind comes the question, as oft before, "Do we make the age in which we live, or does the age make us?" How shall we judge this universal conundrum? To my mind it is unanswerable by merely yes or no. The situation is complex. Man is both a gainer and a loser in the deal. Undoubtedly man is affected by his environment, but he, in turn, breathes forth that atmosphere which elevates to a higher plane or degrades to a lower level. Man is a

composite creature, indebted, on the one hand, to his age for its contributions and on the other consisting of those intrinsic qualities which no age can produce. We stand awed at men like Shakespeare. But why? Because the age made him, or because he made the glorious age for which his memory lingers? To attribute all to the former is essential to him who believes the latter half of our opening question. Accepting this view, Shakespeare no longer remains Shakespeare, but is torn from the pinnacle of literary fame in gratitude to the age in which he lived. On the other hand, there are those who worship Shakespeare as a god, forgetting the time of his existence; forgetting that his was an heritage not to be despised and that the animating spirit of his age was more than theory. That spirit which braved the wild and billowy deep to discover new worlds and open up new fields for human activity; that spirit which wiped the dust from old forsaken classics and chronicles in what we term the Renaissance; that spirit which awakened the slumbering spirit of human kind from religious lethargy and ignorance in the stirring Reformation, was the one in which Shakespeare lived, moved and had his being. To say that he was unaffected by it would be nothing short of folly. But he who says that he was carried along on the wings of this animating spirit, unable to swerve from his course, and blessed the world with his immortal writings because he could not do otherwise, is equally mistaken. We cannot conceive of Shakespeare as being merely a product of his age, but would rather say, with Ben Johnson, "He was not for an age, but for all time."

Life is no treadmill in which a being named man ekes out his existence by grinding forth products, predestined by some cruel fate, helpless in her hand, with no choice of his own, until suddenly, mysteriously, his course is ended and he leaves the stage of action. Man is no automaton, who given a certain stimulus, helplessly reacts according to law. Neither is he a machine to which something says, "Go," and he goes, or "Stop," and he stops. We are not our own, 'tis true, and to this extent are indebted to our age, but again we are our own and to this extent are indebted to that ego within us which largely makes you what you are and me what I am. This ego, to my mind, is what makes

life worth living. What a monotonous existence this would be if we were merely products of the age in which we chanced to find ourselves, with nothing at our command to steer our bark of life divergent from the beaten course of our contemporaries. Variety is the spice of life, and surely it applies here. This variety, however, consists in nothing less than your personality and mine.

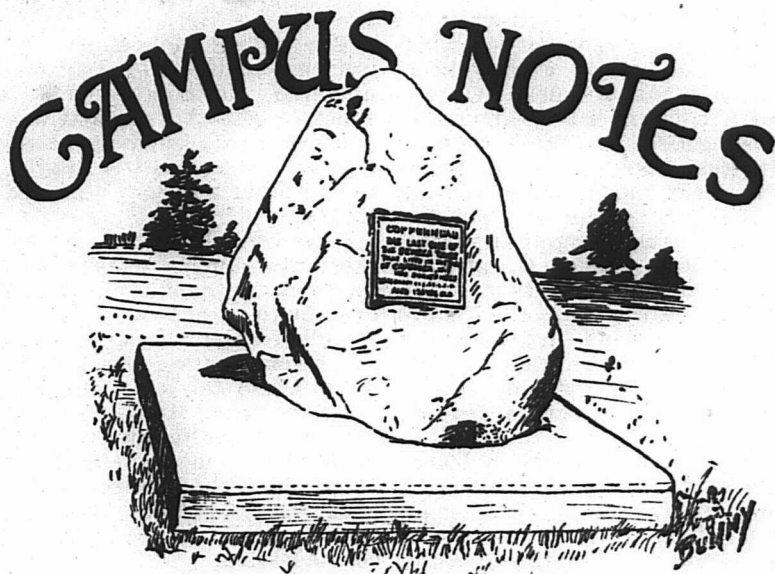
But what is personality? Coleridge says, "Personality is individuality existing in itself, but with a nature as a ground." What do we mean when we say of the man, that he has a striking personality? His appearance? No. His learning? No. His religious faith? Not necessarily. What then do we mean? We mean that indescribable combination of elements which gives him his individuality. That sacred something, which no age can produce, taking its origin at the very spring of life, and as our body developing from childhood to maturity, forfeits not our possession of it, so our personality, enlarged perhaps by the age in which we live, nevertheless remains our own.

We turn to the world of literature, and what a wonderful world it is, where, unabashed and unscorned, we may associate with kings and princes, with masters and with heroes. As you revel in this element did you ever stop to think why one author appeals to you more than another? Why Poe, perhaps, graces the topmost round of the ladder for you? Why Longfellow, pouring forth his soul in liquid profusion and elaborateness, as a mountain stream its sparkling waters, crowns the summit of literary achievement as far as you are concerned? Why Tennyson surpasses Browning? Or Wordsworth Tennyson? My answer to this question is individuality, which gives all writing its subtlest charm. A man's character stands written in his style as surely as in his face.

Thus we conclude that he who says we make the age heeds not environment, while he who holds that the age makes us forgets man's personality. Both, as extremists, have missed the mark. Therefore let us avoid extremes along life's pathway, which, as protruding rocks, threaten the destruction of every bark which follows not a midway course. Man is not a creature of his time; neither is he one alone of choice, but is, as already stated, a composite creature.



He is a debtor of great responsibility. A debtor to his age for unmerited blessings, which his life should in a measure repay. "Freely ye have received, freely give." We have a debt to pay. As a creature of choice, he is responsible both to Him who gave him life and glorious liberty, as well as to his fellow men over whom his choice, his subsequent life, exerts a lasting and unfathomable influence. "Choose well; your choice is brief, yet endless."



David Bunville, Theo. '18, Editor

This issue would not be complete if we missed the great society event of the season, the "Star Entertainment," which took place in the auditorium, November 5, 1915. The program was excellent and greatly appreciated by the audience. The numbers were as follows: Piano solo, "Valse Chromatique" (Godard), Miss Vivian Sanders; vocal solo, "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume" (Rubenstein), Mr. Robert Kaufman; reading, "Too Late for the Train," Miss Mary Allyn; violin solo, "Alpine Maiden's Dream" (Lubetsky), Mr. George Hubbard; vocal solo, "I Hear You Calling Me" (Marshall), Miss Dorothy Jennings; reading, "Evangeline on the Prairie," (Longfellow), Mr. Winfred C. Pero; mandolin solo, "In Fairy Land," (A. Johnstone), Miss Hilda Wills; vocal solo, "Happy Days," (A. Strelezki), Miss Suesa Dart; reading, "If," (Kipling), Mr. Carroll O. Daniels; piano duet, "Kings of the Forest," (S. K. Kiesling), Miss Gratia Bullock, Miss Ethel Bryne. Practically all the numbers were encored.

The great feature of the evening was the heroic conduct of our business manager in entertaining members of the faculty. And the ex-business

manager wasn't any behind, either, although he didn't use his 20 minutes. The proceeds of the entertainment went toward the publication of this paper, and enough was realized to pay for this issue.

\* \* \*

The second number on the Lecture Course occurred Wednesday, November 17, when Mr. C. C. Mitchell gave his humorous and inspirational lecture on "Job's Ash Heap." Mr. Mitchell is certainly one of the most unique lecturers who have ever visited Houghton, and had his audience "with him" from the start. In the evening he led worship at the Dormitory, and the inspiration of his personality will abide for a long time. It is great pleasure for Houghton to entertain such men as Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Mitchell. One noticeable fact about the last number on the course was the numerous changes made by the students in their "keynotes."

We ought, perhaps, to speak a word to our readers by way of exhortation. The remaining numbers on the course are all strong and are well worth the price of a season's ticket, so don't delay.

Perhaps one criticism might be

made on our course—the absence of music. Houghton has ample talent and an orchestra would do much to liven up the long waits before the program begins, and would be greatly appreciated by the audience.

\* \* \*

President Luckey, Rev. W. F. Lewis, Rev. David Bunville and Rev. B. W. Whitaker attended the district meetings of the Allegany County Bible School association recently. On November 9 a meeting was held in Fillmore W. M. church and on November 10 at Mr. Bunville's charge at Centerville. President Luckey delivered addresses at both places on "Teacher Training" and "Our District Organization—Its Relation to the County Organization and Its Relation to the School." Mr. Lewis was elected recording secretary and treasurer for the Fillmore-Caneadea district, and Mr. Bunville, missionary superintendent for Rushford-Centerville district.

\* \* \*

The evangelistic meetings were greatly blessed by God in the saving and sanctifying of souls. The evangelist, Rev. Shea, gave a number of chapel talks to the students and many took an active stand for Christ in the meetings. A number of students met in the church Friday morning, November 19, for prayer and fasting, and the Spirit was noticeably manifest.

\* \* \*

George Whitaker, Harvey Miner, Earl Barrett, Clark and Fred Warburton accompanied Mr. Bunville to his charges one Sunday and participated in the service. The following Sunday Nimrod Long accompanied him, delivering the evening sermon on "Sanctification."

#### FACULTY NOTES.

President Luckey and Professor McDowell were in Belmont October 25 on business.

Miss Thurston went with the party of students in the recent campaign as piano accompanist. Miss Riggall and Miss Fitts also accompanied the party a few times.

Professor Fall believes in being scriptural, inasmuch as he visits the fatherless and widow on Sunday afternoons.

President Luckey attended the Sunday school convention held at Fillmore and Centerville, November 9 and 10.

It is reported that Miss Riggall

spent November 6 in Olean spending the money she received from the Star entertainment the night before.

Miss Anna Tooke visited Miss Riggall and Miss Fitts recently.

M. E. C.

#### COLLEGE LOCALS.

The college department of Houghton has either forgot that this old universe contains such a thing as sport, or else they, in a strange sense, appreciate the dignity of their position and consequently leave all fun to the other and less dignified departments.

However, let that be as it may, there are some joys that we are able to share in common. The mid-term examinations are over. Perhaps, too, we filled ourselves so full of sport at the Roast that we will not care to indulge again for some time.

By the way, Mr. Lee desired that I should ask the fellows to refrain from rolling any more barrels over the bank above his house. They make good wood, but he informs me that that is not all there is to take into consideration.

By way of conclusion I would say that the college department is composed of the very best of students, but they simply are not in it when it comes to making news.

D. C. M.

#### MUSIC NOTES.

Misses Mary E. Church, Dorothea Leekins, Bertha Grange, Rosa Crosby, and Messrs. Garret Visser, Lawrence Hill, Wilford Kaufmann, Pierce Woolsey sang a beautiful anthem at the Thanksgiving service, which was held in the church. Great credit is due Miss Fitts for the success gained in rendering the selection.

The Men's Glee club has at last come into being. Miss Fitts, our able voice teacher, directs them. Sixteen fellows with healthy lungs comprise this organization, and what is lacking in quality is easily made up in quantity.

But the Star program! Oh how many of us will remember it! Not only for the program itself, but for the pranks Cupid played that night, was it worth while. Miss Hilda Wills made the "hit" of the evening. So well were her mandolin solos appreciated that she was called back for a second encore. The program



was a credit to the work of our teachers, both of music and oratory.

Perhaps the business manager of the Star can appreciate this "poem:"

Dear Houghton has a paper  
Which is called The "Star,"  
It twinkles, twinkles, twinkles,  
Till we wonder "What you are."

It has a Business Manager,  
An excellent young man,  
He gets up dandy programs,  
Beat him if you can.

He wants every one to be there,  
And bring their friends along.  
So up he pops and gets ONE! !  
Sure something must be wrong!

Here's to dear old Davidson  
Manager of the "Star,"  
We see the twinkle, twinkle,  
We know "who you are!"

Miss Fitts went to her home (?) at Moravia, N. Y., to spend a week-end recently.

Subscribe for the Star!

GEORGE HUBBARD.

#### PREPARATORY NOTES.

Another student has been added to our department since the last issue of this paper. We are all glad to welcome Miss Lillian Hampton of Portageville, N. Y.

Miss Gratia Bullock spent the week-end of October 22-24 in Forestville, N. Y., among her old friends.

Miss Lucy Newton spent a recent week-end at the home of her sister, Mrs. D. H. Scott of Fillmore, N. Y.

The boys of this department were well represented among those who helped dig ditch a few Saturdays ago. Stops for refreshments in the line of pie, peanuts, etc., were reported to have been rather frequent.

Mr. Arthur Bernhoff spent a recent week-end at his home at Five Points, near Cattaraugus, N. Y.

Misses Ethel Bryner and Gratia Bullock were in Bradford for the week-end November 12-14. They returned to Houghton on Monday, stopping off at Rock City on the way.

The physical geography class took a field trip to Moss Lake on November 18, for the purpose of observing the kettle holes, but it was reported that snowballing was rather more popular than kettle holes, even our dignified Professor Fall taking part in the sport.

E. H. W.

#### THEOLOGICAL NOTES.

—Special meetings have been held for some time in the church by the Rev. Shea of Winchester, Ontario, Canada. Mr. Shea is a fiery, devout, holy man of God, and does not leave us in doubt about our need of a Savior. The writer heard him about six years ago and now finds him more on fire than at that time.

—We are very glad to announce the reception of letters from three of our former Theologs. They all express regret for not having the opportunity of being with us this year, but are doing very nicely in their several locations. G. B. S.

—The Theological Department has had an addition in the person of Stanley Lawrence of Morley, N. Y., who expects to enter the Wesleyan ministry.

—Rev. David Bunville has been permanently stationed at Centerville and Eagle by the M. E. church. At Centerville there is a fine church, the buildings costing about \$5,000. It is equipped throughout in modern style. He is also preaching at Eagle, but may not retain this charge owing to poor transportation facilities. Mr. McKinley will remain at Sandusky, N. Y., for the present.

—Harvey Miner of the Theological Department helped Mr. Bunville in the services Sunday, November 7, at Centerville and Eagle.

—Mr. Sumner of Vermont, whom we had hoped to number among our members, has decided not to come this year.

—"It's alarming to see how very popular the baldheaded Theologs are becoming with the fairer division of the Faculty. Even Bunny, who showed marked hostility at the beginning of the year, backslid at the last lecture."

—"The good is the enemy of the best." Writing notes may be a good thing when the purpose for which they are written is just and right; but to write notes during the recitation period, and to disregard the instruction of the professors, is to secure what may be good at the expense of the best.

Just so in every avocation of life. How many of the best things are lost sight of because people's minds are occupied with that which is trivial while the weightier matters of the law are completely ignored. This is especially true from a spiritual standpoint. Jesus said, "I am come

that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." But with a sorrowful heart He again said, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

The call to a holy life is disregarded and eternal issues are lost sight of because of temporal interests, and men's eyes are blinded by the

"god of this world," therefore, they are led captive by Satan at his will. May God enable us to make our choice in the light of His eternal truth. For what is a man profited if he gain all this world contains and lose his soul?

F. B. M.



Mary Allyn, '18, Editor

#### I. P. A. NOTES.

For 16 long years Old John Barley-corn has not been granted the right of citizenship in Caneadea township, in which Houghton is located. But every two years there has been a fight on. This year the Rummies entered the fight with zeal and the Houghton I. P. A. promptly responded.

An orchestra was hastily organized, consisting of the following members; Miss Thurston; David Scott, pastor of the Fillmore charge; Carrol Daniels, Harold Luckey, George Hubbard and Miss Hilda Wills. With this orchestra to hold and entertain the crowds and Messrs. Lewis and McKinley as speakers, the I. P. A. went after Old John with blood in their eyes. Tuesday evening they went to the German M. E. church, where Rev. Tyler of Caneadea is pastor. Wednesday evening they were in the Oramel church, of which Rev. Nelson of Belfast is pastor. Thursday evening they were at the East Hill schoolhouse, where Rev. C. B. Whitaker of Houghton preaches Sunday afternoons. And Friday evening they were in Rev. Tyler's church at Caneadea. Transportation was furnished by Rev. Scott, Carrol Daniels, George Whitaker, and Mr. Chamberlain of Caneadea, each gladly giving the services of his auto without any returns except enough for gasoline.

The attendance at these meetings was good and all seemed especially

pleased with the music of the orchestra. After the people were cheered by a good lively orchestra selection, the first speaker would turn his gatling gun on the congregation, letting the bullets strike where they would. The orchestra would clear away the smoke of battle and Mr. Daniels would give a reading, which was always appreciated. The second speaker would then train his rapid-firer on his victims with telling effect, using all the arguments and flourishes of which a young preacher is capable. Then, after the collection had been taken, and the orchestra had rendered their "star selection" and answered encores, the meeting closed. Some of the party were at Fillmore on Sunday evening and assisted in the meeting. Claude Ries also accompanied this party, giving his I. P. A. contest oration. A quartet was also present—Mr. Scott, Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Lawrence Woods of Rushford—which did excellent work.

Caneadea township went dry by the largest majority for several years. The I. P. A. is loath to take all the credit, but the sacrifice and labors of the workers were surely not in vain.

The I. P. A. has obtained permission from the faculty to hold a public meeting on the first Friday night of each month. This meeting is to be strictly literary in character and by this means it is hoped the I. P. A. may extend her borders. The "Star" program interfered with the meeting this month, but we expect to have one the 3d of December.



The outlook is good, the uplook is better, and if everyone will get busy the results will be best.

G. M.

#### NEOSOPHIC.

For various reasons the Neos have not been able to hold many meetings during the last month. But our Hallowe'en program, mentioned in the "Star" of last month, was a success in every respect. Edith Warburton's reading, "Little Orphant Annie," was exceptionally well given and Ray Russel's original story showed as much, if not more than the usual amount of Russel literary ability.

We were honored at this meeting by the presence of the Athenians, who had adjourned their meeting. We called on some of them for speeches or readings, but they declined mostly, tho' Miss Allyn responded with a clever little poem of the cornfield.

#### THE SENIOR Y. M. W. B.

Missionary interests in Houghton are by no means dead. Anyone that attended the Senior Y. M. W. B. meeting on the 9th of November must have been inspired by the earnest appeal and the instructive papers that were read. The papers were entitled: "The Conditions and Needs of the Southern Negro," "Appalachian America and Its Needs," "Conditions and Needs of the American Indian,"

and "The Challenge of the City." These subjects were thoroughly discussed and gave us an added zeal for home missions. A vocal duet and songs by the band also added to the interest of the evening.

We believe the spirituality of a church can be measured to a great extent by the interest it takes and the sacrifice it makes in mission work. Also, that one of the principal factors in keeping a church alive is by keeping it well posted on the needs and conditions of the mission field. If this be true, let us all study this question and keep in close touch with the work.

—W. H. K.

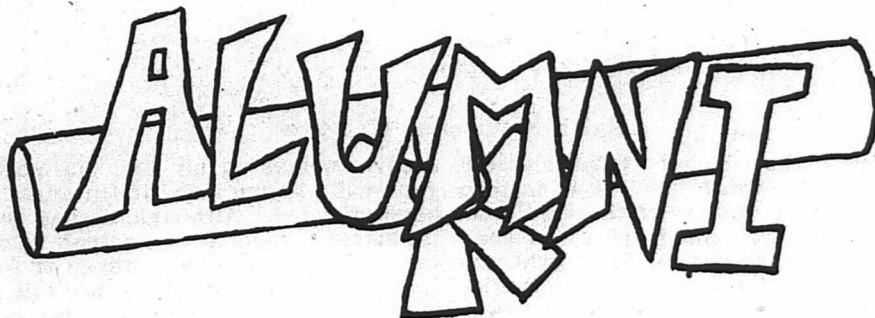
#### STUDENTS VOLUNTEER BAND.

The topic discussed in our last Students Volunteer Band meeting of November 8 was, "What Constitutes a Missionary Call?" This subject is of great interest to every one who feels the call of God resting upon him to be a missionary. Mrs. Jennings led the discussion by bringing before the class the thoughts presented by Robert E. Speer in his pamphlet entitled, "What Constitutes a Missionary Call." Mrs. Jennings' talk was followed by a general discussion.

Those who were in harmony with the Holy Spirit could surely feel His presence throughout the entire meeting.

The interest seems to be increasing.

C. C.



Lelia Coleman, '18, Editor.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

A splendid report comes from Mr. Arthur Bryan, who is teaching school at Smith, Kentucky. When he wrote, Mr. Bryan was holding revival services, being both evangelist and leader of music. Mr. Bryan preaches two or three times every Sunday. He is enjoying his work,

and we are sure he is making good. Mr. Bryan graduated in the Prep class last year, and has also taken two years of Theological work in Houghton. He writes that he hopes to return to complete his Theological course.

Mr. Amos Barker, one of the former Theological students, was married

this fall. He is now attending school at Hillsdale college. He expects to return to Houghton for Theological work later.

Mr. Densmore, another Michigan Theolog, is teaching school this year near his home. He also preaches some.

Mr. Ballard, who was a Theological and college student last year, is preaching for a Methodist church in this state.

When we look around, we see many people prominent in the church who have attended Houghton.

Rev. H. R. LaVere is pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church at Ransomville, N. Y.

Miss Florence Yorton has served several terms in our mission station in Africa. She is now at Kunso.

Rev. Walter Readett is pastor at

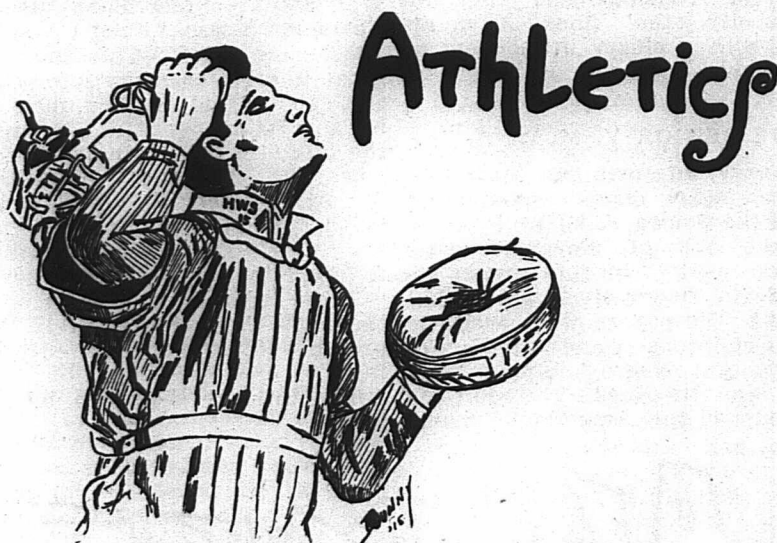
Eagle Harbor. Good reports come from his work.

Rev. H. J. Bullock is living on his farm near Houghton. He is not too busy, however, to preach for neighboring churches quite frequently.

Rev. H. S. Bedford is doing good work on the Appleton charge. Word comes from there of a good revival service being held now.

Rev. Walter Thompson is quarterly meeting evangelist in the Indiana conference.

Professor and Mrs. H. C. Bedford of Central, South Carolina, kindly remembered the Faculty of Houghton with a beautiful box of flowers from the sunny southland a few days ago. They were so long connected with Houghton that they seem to be a part of us yet, though he is now the President of our school at Central.



Ralph Kaufmann, '17, Editor

Would that Ho'ton were situated in sunny Dixie just now, instead of the chilly valley of the Genesee. For then we could play baseball throughout the school year, whereas now we must confine our activities along that line to a few short weeks at either end of the term. I feel that I have a twofold justification for my seemingly unpatriotic and commercial desire. Football is outlawed in the "red book," and we have no place to play basketball. Consequently baseball is our sole means of athletic diversion, and on the other hand it is the editor's sole source of material for this department. So now—in-dignant reader—perhaps, knowing my

motive in making my first statement, you will forgive me if (in aught) I have offended. Although, as has been intimated, reports of actual games can appear in only three or four issues, yet, unless my plans fail, I shall try to have an article for each issue, that shall at least not do discredit to the really splendid athletics cut which made its first appearance in the last issue. Blessed be Bunny, who for the Star worketh diligently and to whose making of pictures there is no end. (With all due apologies to "The Houghton Beatitudes".)

Had all things prospered well, I would have had at least one game to report, but thereby hangs a tale. The



Varsity faced the Prep-Freshmen in the first inning of the sixth game with a broken up infield. Capt. Kaufmann was off form and his delivery suffered much damage. On the other hand, Lawrence Woods pitched good ball and not a man reached first. Woods' outfield gave him excellent support. In the second inning, the Varsity switched their infield again to accommodate some delinquents who had just arrived. Fall and Barrett played at first and second as usual, Daniels went to third, while R. Kaufmann took his old position at short. This inning was without much interest, as I remember it, except that then Barrett made the only hit in the two innings for the Varsity. In the first of the third the Prep-Freshmen hit the ball hard and filled the bases. Ragged infield work was as responsible as poor pitching on the Varsity captain's part. The next batter up hit a scorching grounder to third. Daniels made a clean stop, but did not take time for his throw and missed a chance for an easy force-out by throwing wild. In trying to get the runner from second at the plate, Bobbie threw wild again. By the time equilibrium was reached once more, four scorers had crossed the plate. The score stood at 9-0 when the last Prep batter was thrown out at first. But here comes the sad part of my sad story. The only bat was "busted," and as no other war clubs were forthcoming, the game was adjourned to meet the call of the Weatherman next April.

I am sure we were all disappointed because we could not finish our last game. Why we could not I have already stated. But shall we accuse the Baseball committee of lack of energy because they did not provide the necessary equipment. To some extent, perhaps, yes, but the chief

trouble was that they had no funds with which to buy the needed articles. Evidently the delinquent members of the Athletic association are more to blame in the matter. Just here let me add my plea to that of our treasurer to pay up your dues, so that we can promptly cancel our obligations.

It seems to me that the members might be classed in three groups in this regard. First, are those who consider it a duty and a privilege to pay their dues promptly (may their number increase.) Then there are those who intend to pay, but who cause the treasurer endless bother and foster careless, procrastinating habits by neglecting to pay promptly. Finally there are those who intend to get all the use they can out of the association property, but who intend still more to evade paying for the privilege, if possible. I shall not waste much time in exhortation. I do not believe many of the students belong to the class who are dishonest. But there certainly are a goodly number of careless ones. Let's be square, pay up our just dues promptly, and get the association finances in a creditable condition. If athletics teaches anything, it teaches "The Square Deal." Let us go into the games when we have games with all our vim, but first let us feel that we have a right to be in the game and then we can enjoy it all the more.

Perhaps it would please some of my readers to hear that "Kip" (sometimes called Bethel J.) Babbitt has starred at football on the Senior class team at Oberlin. He came near landing a regular berth on the All-Star team, picked to match the crack Freshmen champions. Ray Calhoun, too, has played on the Senior team, as has also Owen Walton. Our students can win in athletic lines as well as in intellectual pursuits.

## EXCHANGE NOTES

Florence Kelly, '18 Editor

We have received some excellent exchange numbers this month; some which show evidences of real talent among the contributors. We believe a school paper should contain not only local items, but also stories, poems, and essays that represent student effort. We would be glad to receive criticisms and suggestions

from our exchanges.

The Chronicle—You have an up-to-date breezy paper.

The Echo—The cuts at the heads of the several departments of your paper are original and attractive.

The Otterbein Aegis—Your paper breathes forth the spirit of integrity and morality. The essays, "My

Country, Right or Wrong," and "Not Salary but Opportunity," deserve especial mention.

The Cascade—Your paper ranks foremost among the publications to be found on our exchange table. The literary productions show evidence of real talent.

The Vista—An increase in the number of stories and poems would add to

the value of your paper.

The Wissahickon—Your athletic notes are written up in a forceful, vivid style.

The Agwan.

The Adrian College World.

The Middlebury Campus.

The Backbone.

The Monitor.

## WISE & OTHERWISE



William V. Russell, '18, Editor

"Bunny," Assistant Editor

Home Student Girlie: "Yes,—he was the goal of my ambitions, but—"

Dorm Girl: "But what, dear?"

H. S. G.: "But father kicked the goal."

\* \* \*

After One of Those "Serenades"

Voice from Dorm Window: "My, I wish I had your voice."

Singer, from below, vastly pleased: "You do?"

Voice: "Yes, I'd tie a stone to it and drop it in the river."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "What animal is the most dangerous and persistent foe of man."

Voice of Married Pupil: "Woman."

\* \* \*

College Student: "Hey, Pero, where did you get that black eye?"

Pero: "That's a black mark for misconduct."

Lewis: "Say, Davidson, why did you break off your engagement with that school teacher?"

E. S.: "Too much red tape! If I failed to show up at the Dorm at the proper time evenings, she expected me to bring an excuse signed by the Dean."

\* \* \*

Young Luck: "I've got an idea!"

Bev.: "Well, treat it hospitably; it's in a strange place."

"No secret society is allowed in the Institution."—Catalog. What about Faculty meetings.—Ed.

\* \* \*

Stanley Lawrence says that if any one writes him up in the Star they will get their needin's. However, Lawrence won't see his name in print because he is among the steadily decreasing number who don't take this paper.

\* \* \*

Haughty Lady (to a youngster who is sniffing in a very annoying manner): "Boy, have you got a handkerchief?"

Little boy (suspiciously, and in a very dignified tone) "Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."

\* \* \*

The Pessimist.

Minister: "You say you haven't anything to be thankful for. Why just look at your neighbor, Jenkins, whose wife died from an attack of influenza!"

Mr. Longumsigh: "Yes, parson, that's all right for him, but it don't do me any good; I'm not Jenkins."

\* \* \*

We wish to retract several statements made in our columns last month. The statement that Mr. Lewis is "attending" the Houghton M. E. church is utterly unfounded, or confounded, and will be refuted by the



Dean of Women, or Clare Dart. Gladys Jennings has also changed the color of her "friends' hair slightly, preferring a darker shade of red.

\* \* \*

Lucas: "In what course do you expect to graduate?"

Spencer: "In the course of time, I guess."

\* \* \*

"Sammy, how did you hurt your hand? You haven't been fighting have you?"

"No, mother. Johnny Jones and me wuz a-talkin' an' he got mad and called me a name and then hit me on the fist with his teeth."

Teacher: "Jimmy, what do you call the man who sits on the front seat of an automobile and steers it?"

Jimmy: "It depends on how close he comes to hitting me."

\* \* \*

Mis Bryner: "Oh, dear, I wish I had some tea."

Visser, standing just behind her chair. "Were you speaking to me?"

\* \* \*

#### In Geometry Class.

Prof. Elliott: "Who originated the first geometrical proposition?"

Pupil: "Noah."

Prof.: "How is that?"

Pupil: "He constructed an ark, B. C."

\* \* \*

Miss Russell: "Do you know Shakespeare well?"

Chamberlain: "G'wan, you can't kid me; Shakespeare's dead."

#### UNDER ANOTHER NAME.

The Youth's Companion.

That familiar things have different names in different countries was discovered by an Englishman visiting this country. Thus he tells the story of the watermelons:

I was eating dinner in an Eastern city, and saw on the menu, "Watermelon." We have watermelons in England, but they are what you in America call "muskmelons." Therefore I called the waiter and said, "Bring me two watermelons."

The dusky waiter's eyes grew large, and he protested:

"But, sah, you don't want two watahmelons!"

I am not accustomed to have waiters tell me what I want. I knew perfectly well what I wanted. I saw some people at the next table smile at each other, and I was vexed. Therefore I replied to the waiter with much dignity:

"I want two watermelons."

The waiter seemed about to protest again, but reconsidered it and went away. While he was gone, I looked round and found everyone within hearing distance smiling curiously. Looking farther, I saw another waiter setting down before another man a plate containing an immense round of something green outside and bright red within. Then I spied my own waiter returning, bearing on each up-

lifted palm two immense green ovals. No wonder they smiled! The smile was about to become a laugh. I thought I should die! Then an idea came to me! When the waiter reached my place, I looked at his burden quite judiciously, tapped each of these elephantine "watermelons," and then gave my order in a calm, decided tone:

"Bring me a slice from this one."

Were all men saints, what would be left for us to bear at others' hands to please our God? But now hath God ordained that we should learn to carry each the burden of another.—Thomas a Kempis.

Mere financial success is purely metallic. The man who gains it has four metallic attributes—gold in his palm, silver on his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart.—Abraham Lincoln.

Success is coming up to the level of our best. It is making the most of our abilities and opportunities. It is the best I am blossoming into the best I can do.—Wilbur Crafts.

Knowledge in truth is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.—Webster.

If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but as long as I can avoid it I will never be unhappy.—Sydney Smith.

# The Houghton Monthly Slam

Published Every Once in a While by U. R. HITT and I. SLAM  
Subscription Price: Your Good Will. Pay Subscription Promptly.

VOL. I. —TWENTY-THREE DAYS BEFORE XMAS— NO. 1.

(Special to the Slam.)

## COMPLETE DRAMA IN 2 ACTS.

### CHARACTERS.

Tired father, endeavoring to read his evening paper.

Little boy, with an inquisitive bump, trying to engage aforesaid father in conversation.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

Son (for the ninth time): "Say, Dad, look a-her."

Irate parent. "Keep still, didn't I tell you not to bother me?"

(Silence ensues: Little boy thinks deeply.)

### ACT. II SCENE 2.

Son (reflectively): "Say, Pa, there was an awful accident in the subway today."

Father (interested at last): "Well, son, what was it?"

Son (edging towards the door): "Why, a lady had her eye on a seat and a fat man came in and sat down on it."

(Exit son—Cum magno celeritate; Father ditto.)

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. Chamberlain recently arrived in his Elective History class—on time.

—Pierce Woolsey was awake part of the period during a recitation in Lit and Crit.

—All of the wonders of the world are not dead yet. In the Physics class one day a certain young lady computed her volume at 1.7 cubic centimeters.

—Friendly students while awaiting their mail prevented an outbreak between Bunny, the cartoonist, and Glen, the milk man. Bunny was grateful and game, so he treated the crowd with kisses; as a result several young folks had temporary attacks of lockjaw. (Note: We forgot to mention that the kisses were made from molasses.)

## FAMILIAR SAYINGS OF PROMINENT HOUGHTONIANS.



"MONEY TALKS. Has Yours Spoken to Me Yet?"

—E. S. Davidson.

## CLASSIFIED COLUMN.

Don't fail to read this.

FOUND—That the best way to make a good joke department is for everyone to write something for it. Get busy!

WANTED—To know if you buy your Star or read your neighbor's. Subscription Manager.

WANTED—Everyone to try a Slam want ad. "They bring results." Adv. Mgr.

WANTED—"You to give me more Wise and Otherwise jokes. Editor.

WANTED—A girl. Apply, Earl Barrett.

## DORMITORY RULES.

Board—"Fifty cents a square foot."

Girls need not be afraid of burglars in your room, because the clock will strike one.

Don't be worried about your board bills. The Dormitory is supported by its foundation.



**OUR BUREAU OF MISINFORMATION.**

Q. Can you tell me the square of 800.50. A "Freshie".

Ans.—Certainly.

Q.—Do you think we will ever have a woman president?

Ans.—No. The candidate must be over 35 years of age.

Dearest Ed.—Do you believe in

love at first sight?

Ans.—Certainly. If we had second sight there wouldn't be any love.

(Advertisements.)

**UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT NEEDS A HAIR CUT.**

Nuf 'ced.

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

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Cohen has them at very reasonable prices.

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**H. Cohen**

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in any style frame to suit.

F. A. PHIPPS, Fillmore, N. Y.

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You are welcome. Call and see us.

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