

Isabelle Stebbins  
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**Houghton Star**

**Alumni Number**

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# THE HOUGHTON STAR

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No. 7

## The Old Sem.

I saw in the Jan. issue of the Star a piece about the "Old Sem," which interested me very much, and set me thinking of my schooldays spent in this same "Old Sem." and of the teachers that helped to impress upon our not always willing minds the lessons that were to help us in our future lives wherever they might be spent. I do not think there are many of us who spent a part of our time, however short, in the "Old Sem." but have a tender place in their memory for those old rooms and for the teachers that worked so hard for us.

As we grew older, we realized more and more what those patient teachers were doing for us, and wish we had improved our time better, for those days could never come but once in each of our lives. Among the many teachers that were there at the time I attended the "Old Sem." there are two that stand out most vivid in my mind, for their sympathy and kindly interest in all our affairs, whether it was our lessons or some simple affair of everyday life.

I never remember Prof. Dodd or his sister without the wish that I might again see them and thank them for what they did for me.

As I see my children growing up around me, I often wish that they too might have the good influence that surrounded us at Houghton Sem.

We doubt not that the New Sem. is far superior to the Old, but it would not be Houghton to me without the Old Sem. I can picture in my mind those old rooms as they were

when we played ball in the halls or stole quietly into some of the unoccupied rooms to study, or more accurately to visit. I think of the many students that I have met in those halls and wonder where they are and whether they are spending their lives for good or evil. Occasionally we hear of one as a teacher, a merchant, or a farmer, but many of them dropped out of our lives when we parted at Houghton.

I was among the students that attended the "Old Sem." in its infancy. In fact, I was trying to solve the problems of life in the little school house at the foot of the hill at the time the Old Sem. was being built. I well remember the foot prints we left on the soft brick the workmen had spread out to dry, never thinking that we were doing something that would remain so many years afterwards.

I am separated by many miles from those scenes of my childhood and only a few of my old friends are left in Houghton; but I hope some day to visit both the Old and the New Sem., and also to meet President Luckey who was one of my schoolmates.

A Student of the "Old Sem."

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In life, as in football, hit the line  
hard  
Don't foul, don't shirk. Hit the line  
hard.—Col. Roosevelt

❖ ❖ ❖

As a babe, you feed awhile, becomes  
a boy and fit to feed himself,  
So minds at first must be spoon-fed  
with truth.—Browning.



## Pickle and Prune

William Greenberg

They are neither fruit nor vegetable but ponies. In color, they are blue roan, and they weigh about eight or nine hundred pounds each.

Their colthood days were spent on the Wyoming hills where they learned how to care for themselves, whether among large herds of horses or alone on the range. Their characteristic remains with them; and they recently spent eight hours coming from town because the woman who drove them had no whip, the usual time being four or five hours.

As the foregoing suggests, they are also remarkably slow. In three years of driving, but one team was ever found that walked slower. It was a mule team and probably very tired.

Pickle has a friendly, trustful disposition, but Prune is sullen and suspicious. On the other hand, Pickle is easily scared, while Prune is seldom disturbed by anything.

They first distinguished themselves in the spring of 1910 by hobbling away one Sunday morning. Their heads were tied to their feet, but that did not prevent them from going, once their minds were made up. It took careful trailing for ten miles to find them. Then, to get even, the three of us mounted them bareback and made them carry us home.

Nothing of importance marked their lives after that until the writer drove away to buy oats in June of the same year.

The spring had been very dry, but the road was new, so when a running stream was reached, it occasioned no great surprise, although the water was roily. Into it we went, not knowing that a cloudburst at its head had raised it to flood stage. Soon the pail and grain bags in the buggy box were floating. Turning to save them from drifting away, took but a second or two, yet in that time the ponies became completely covered except their heads. Thus we went across to the other bank which was nearly perpendicular, the writer being perched on the seat to keep from getting wet. Vain hope!! Worst of all, the water did not become shall-

low at the shore, but when Prune's nose reached the bank, it was about all of him that could be seen. So back we started for the former shore, but could get no farther than the middle. There we stuck while the faithful beasts in their struggles alternately disappeared in the current and then rose to the surface again.

At this critical time one of the lines was lost, so the driver pulled the remaining line and turned them toward the steep bank once more, hoping to cling to the bank by one hand and assist the horses with the other. When near enough, a dive was made for the bank from the top of the seat. After crawling out of the water by digging hands and feet into the mud bank, the ponies were seen to be making their way out on the other side.

The seat cushion and grain bags were recovered further down the creek by means of a long pole. Then the writer pondered the situation. How could he get back to the ponies? For once, he was glad he could swim. But it was not necessary, for just then a native drove along looking for a crossing and took him into his buggy and carried him around by a bridge to the other side.

Prune and Pickle were quietly munching willow leaves in the thicket where they stood. Their coats were soon dried, but the driver slept that night in wet clothes in a friendly farmer's granary.

Later, Pickle took fatherly oversight of a neighbor's mule colt, chasing away any horses that tried to approach. One large work horse that came too near, still bears the marks of his teeth.

Many delightful rides have been taken on Pickle, but one night he took fright just as he was being mounted. We were coming from a nearby ranch with a packet of mail and had just passed through our own pasture gate. Away he went with the driver hanging over the saddle, standing in one stirrup, and holding the reins in one hand.

Pulling the reins had the effect of making him go round and round until his fright was over. When he was at last under control, the driver did not know where he was except that he was somewhere in his own pasture. Finally, after studying the constellations a while, he determined the direction of the shack. Next morning he went back to find the mail.



If Pickle's harness happens to give way, look out for trouble. It has occurred several times without serious results. However, the last time it took place, the writer's wife was driving with her two children. Pickle kicked and plunged, then ran. Lazy Prune saw nothing to run for, so Pickle had to drag him along. This made them describe a circle, and all would have been well; but, in going along a hill, the buggy rolled over. Both children were injured somewhat, and their mother has never trusted Pickle since.

The writer's brother had an experience of a different kind with Prune. He hitched him up with another horse and drove away into the rough lands for a load of lignite. The weather was cold, and there was a spring in the canyon which had formed a mud hole. At this place Prune stopped. Neither persuasion nor punishment could move him. Not until three o'clock the next morning did he make up his mind to go.

These are some of the escapades of an H. S. alumnus in the school of life.

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## The Poet's Lament

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

J. A. McPherson '09.

I'm asked to write a poem—the poem will not come—

I've lost the art of rhythm—the Muse from me has gone.

I've sought her in the wild-woods; I've sought her in the vale;

I've sought her in the cities' whirl: I've sought her without avail.

At night upon my pillow, when sleepless hours were long,

I've prayed her to return to me, in vision or in song.

I've wooed her as a woman ne'er was wooed by man  
I've used like ardent lover every conceivable plan,  
The wooing that I've given her would melt a heart of stone,

'Twould win for any man a loyal mistress for his home.

But like Esau who his birthright sold, and sought repentance late,

My wooing and entreaty in vain has been; I must accept my fate.

What have I done, you ask, that causes her to flee?

Well, the story's short; the cause I'll tell you presently.

'Twas not because we quarreled; for quarrel she never would;

'Twas not because I loved her less, I loved all that mortal could.

'Tis not what I have done that causes her to hide,  
'Tis what I have not done that makes the breach so wide.

I used to write some poems, in rhythm not so slow;  
I used to be the poet of Houghton Sem. you know;  
But since I left my Alma Mater, her halls of learning grand,

My talent like the servant's lies hidden in the sand.

Of troubles with the Muse I will not further write,

I'll only call attention to the lesson clear and bright.

Young men and maidens, ye students of Houghton Sem.,

Give heed, I pray you, to the voice of the poet's pen;

Profit by his experience; hark to his mournful lay;

Follow not his footsteps; flee from his path away;  
You may not have his talent, the poet's gift of song;

But you have what God has given, in Him you may be strong.

As plow-shares are brightened by using; and wings strengthened in flight;

So talents, if you would preserve them, are in use made strong and bright.

Listen, then, ye students, ye students of good old Houghton Sem.,

Use the talents God has given, be they one, five or ten;

For so hath the Lord, the Maker of one talent men and ten, decreed

That he who will not use his talent, will want it in time of need.

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## Happiness

The most important thing about happiness is: that it is something we can control and not something that controls us.

We can learn to be happy just as we can learn to be studious, diligent or neat.

It is not a matter of temperament. It is not a matter of circumstances. It does not depend upon health, money, luxuries or any such thing.

This is the hardest truth, almost, in the world for ordinary folk to see. Yet it is absolutely vital. So long as you nurse the false idea that your joy in life depends upon anything outside of yourself, you are fore-doomed to misery.

To prove this look first at the concurrences of opinion of all wise men of time. The teachings of Solomon,

Buddha, Socrates and Emerson, are agreed upon this one point. Certainly it ought to have great weight when there is not a dissenting voice among the deepest thinkers.

If this authority fails to convince you, consult your own common sense. Happiness is nothing but a feeling, and can a feeling mean anything to you except it be in your own heart?

Happiness then lies not in things, but in your attitude toward things. It is not in events. It is in the way you take them. If you are going to be happy, it is yourself that you must go to work at, and not other people nor outside things.

Paul and Barnabas sang in prison. That which amazed the pagan world in the character of the early Christian was that even in torture and death they smiled one at another and sang hymns.

The secret you must seek is the one that can make you triumph over all that happens to you.

Now this secret is not one reserved for only a few chosen souls; it is for everybody. The first thing to learn is to find your happiness in the simple things of life. These are with you always, they surround you every minute. There are air and water. Did you ever turn your mind on them and try to appreciate them? Have you learned how to draw pleasure from Nature's beauty? There is joy for you wrapped up in every flower, every tree, in the clouds of evening, in the stars at night, in the river and mountain. Practice finding this kind of pleasure. When you have once got in the way of tasting and liking life's simple things you will discover that you have found the truest culture. You will not be a false but a real "Superior person," for you will have an inward fountain of refreshment "the world knows not of." What a wealth of reproach in the lines of Wordsworth:

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A simple primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

Real culture consists precisely in this power to find one's pleasure in simple and common things. The coarse and vulgar people are those that must always have something extraordinary to amuse them.

Perhaps the most deep-lying thought for us to master, if we would be happy, is our thought of the universe itself, or of God. The question now is not whether you are religious or

not, nor what church you belong to, but simply what kind of a person or force do you think it is that is controlling the world?

Whatever your God, the Cardinal point to believe about Him is that He is not "angry at the natural human joys, nor wants you to tremble as you sit at life's feast."

Underneath the happiness of every thoughtful person must rest the profound belief in the goodness of God.

We can't be in high spirits all the time. We shall have our pains and disappointments, shadow as well as sunshine.

What I wish to emphasize is, that one who cultivates the art of enjoying simple things, who studies to draw his joy from life's great ocean of common things, who with childlike mind accepts that which is and tries to adapt himself to it, who cultivates day by day the habit of cheerfulness, and who believes that He who made us feels as kindly toward us as we feel toward our own children, such a one will find, in days of trouble, certain hidden and profound resources within himself, a poise and peace too deep for any calamity to disturb:

"And so make life, death and that vast forever

One grand, sweet song."—G.

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#### El Dia

A zephyr wand'ring idly by,  
The mountains rimmed with bands of gold,

Mirages scattered on the plain,—  
The sun has risen o'er the ridge.

The sagebrush motionless and still,  
The rattler lying in the sand,  
The prairie simm'ring with the heat,—  
The golden sun holds sway at noon.

The shadows moving toward the east,  
The sky with flaming colors bright,  
The twilight softly deepening,—  
The mountains guard the sleeping earth.—Fredarica Greenberg, '09

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God marks how long this life shall be  
How grandly broad with reach of sympathy

How high toward heaven its growth  
—He leaves to thee.

Aldis Dunbar.



## A Word of Encouragement

When Professor Frazier gave us that uplifting and soul inspiring address in Chapel on our responsibility and opportunity as students of Houghton, I thought of a little instance of how, already, many have learned of us. I pass this little incident on to you, not with the thought that our conditions here may ever resemble those I am about to describe, but to show what people are expecting of us.

A few weeks ago I spent Sunday in a little school town not unlike Houghton. The institution located in the place was a Holiness school, with principles much like those of this, our beloved Seminary. But how unlike was it in one small but, to me, significant feature. Instead of the church filled with students and a full attendance of the faculty to which I had grown accustomed at Houghton, on Sunday evening I saw but a fraction of the students at divine worship and only one of the teachers was present. I could not refrain from asking my friend how the spirituality of the school was kept at the high level so imperative in an institution of its character. He did not answer my question but said, "It must indeed seem strange to you. I have heard even here of your splendid church attendance at Houghton."

Once more let me assure you that I do not imagine for a moment that such conditions will ever obtain at Houghton. I know that these spring days bring a desire for recreation, that the week's work leaves us wearied at its end, but I have no misgivings for I know that at Houghton we have learned that the sweetest rest and the most satisfying recreation are found at the House of God.

My sole desire is to let you know how far the fame of our goodness has spread. I am sure we will continue to fulfill as nobly every expectation of this great cloud of witnesses round about us as we have lived up to our splendid reputation in the one particular, attendance at Sunday evening service. Indeed, what can we do but press on in the way in which we are now going and make this last lap of the year's race count for the most that is possible?

A Religious Student.

## Feminine Wisdom

Can the Houghton girls do as well as these California sisters of theirs?

"Sweet girl graduates of Long Beach Polytechnic High School will pay \$2.50 each for the commencement gowns they will wear next June.

Maids of the class of '13 are following the precedent of the class of '11, whose common-sense won them praise in editorial and news columns of leading papers all over the country.

While the lassies have considered the purse of the poorest of their members and the much strained purses of some of the more well-to-do, they have not sacrificed beauty and utility to cheapness for the class gown in every detail will measure up to the commencement standard, dainty simplicity.

Mercerized batiste is the chosen material, of which four yards will be required, costing twenty-seven and one-half cents a yard."

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## Clinton N. Howard and the I. P. A. Convention

By the time this reaches our readers the four sessions of the Eleventh Annual Convention and Contest of the New York State Intercollegiate Prohibition Association will have been held.

The first meeting will be the Oratorical Contest on the evening of Apr. 24. Shirley Babbitt, a college freshman, will represent Houghton. He will vie for state honors with Remington Rogers of Cornell University, Clarence O. Moore of Syracuse University, and Herbert C. Brown of Cheshbrough Seminary, North Chili.

The second session will meet Friday morning and will be devoted to annual reports, business, and greetings



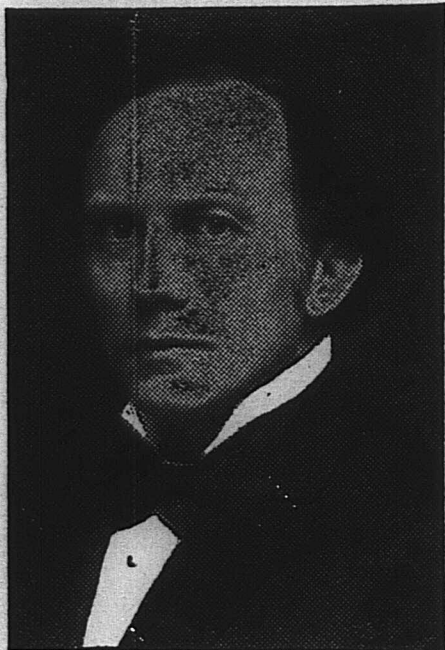
from the State W. C. T. U. and Prohibition Party.

The third session convening Friday afternoon will consist of symposium of Club problems and an address by General Secretary of the I. P. A., Harry S. Warner of Chicago.

The fourth and crowning feature of the convention will be Friday evening when our beloved Clinton N. Howard will give his masterly address on "Adam and Eve and the Baby."

heard him give "The Handwriting on the Wall" at Atlantic City, N. J., July 10, 1912. This address is a masterpiece filled with unanswerable argument in favor of the Prohibition Party and has been printed in pamphlet form.

Because of his decided stand and the active fight Mr. Howard wages against the liquor traffic, he has not escaped its notice. Twice in his home city the liquor men attempted



### Clinton N. Howard, the Famous Rochester Orator

Yes OUR Clinton N. Howard; for has he not won a place in the affections of the people of this community? He has been here twice on the Fourth of July and the Neosophic Liteerary Society secured him for a lecture in the Old Sem several years ago. Few men have the wit, humor, convincing argument and endless command of words, which, all together, go to make Mr. Howard the famous orator of both the popular and the temperance and prohibition platform. Anyone who has never heard him should take advantage of the first opportunity. The writer

to take his life or ruin his character, but each time the unseen hand, we believe, providentially intervened. Last December my sister Edna and I called at his home in Rochester in view of securing him as the speaker on the second night of the State I. P. A. convention. His home is pleasantly situated in the northern part of the city. It is equipped with spacious porches and stately shade trees without and is beautifully furnished within.

C. Floyd Hester, State Pres. of I. P. A.

# 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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Advertising rates will be made known on application.

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

In a large sense this annual Alumni number is dedicated to Memory. Ah yes, very good, you say, but before you go on, pray tell us what is memory. Straightway the answer glibly rushes to our lips that surely such a question is too obvious

—why memory is simply a "state of mind" in which we retain a knowledge of our past—but here we halt in confusion, as we realize that we have begun by introducing still more undefinable terms and ended by weakly begging the question. We turn in our perplexity to the learned doctors of metaphysics to throw some light upon this subject, only to find that they, too, have sought to cover up their ignorance with meaningless and ponderous abstractions.

And so, perforce, we must be content merely to know that memory does exist as one of our most cherished and sacred possessions—an inseparable part of our very personalities; even though we cannot explain and tell what it is. For that matter, there is very little that we can understand and explain anyway, least of all, ourselves.

How wonderful it is to be able to turn back the pages of the past and linger once more in tender retrospect upon those sweet yesterdays of our lives—yet how sad! As we lie idly dreaming in the hazy, summer gloaming, or sit lost in reverie before the glowing fireplace while the wintry storm howls mournfully without, by a strange trick of fancy we suddenly find ourselves living again in the past. Like wraiths flit before our minds those scenes and acquaintances of yore, while down memories' halls troop an endless procession of apparitions from out of the past. Long would we dwell here lost to all sense of passing time; but with a start we awake to find the damp dews thickly falling, or the dull red embers fitfully dying away, and nothing remaining but—memories.

The present may forcefully hold us in its grip, and the future irresistably



call; but ever and anon comes memory unannounced, causing us, strange as it may seem, for the moment to forget—forget the present with its sor did cares and sorrows, forget the future with its nameless dread and uncertainties, forget that life is ephemeral and we are growing old—and in this blessed forgetfulness find fresh strength and courage to renew the conflict. In these glimpses into the past, our very souls lie bared as we pass over our dead hopes and ambitions and sentiments, and see that which might have been.

There is that memory called remorse, which forever haunts the wretched victim like an avenging specter, and continually gnaws at his shriveling conscience with all the implacable torments of the damned, until oblivion would be welcomed as a blessed relief. We are full well assured that only clean living and upright principles will ever pay, for we know that in memory lie the seeds of immortality. Happy, indeed, is that life to whom at eventide follow no vain regrets or bitter self-reproaches for wasted opportunities and misspent lives; but to whom memory comes in the sacred stillness of the vesper hour as a silent benediction.

There stands alone and desolate upon a hill in the little village of Houghton-on-the-Genesee an old and weather-beaten brick building, with an ancient belfry fearlessly rearing its head aloft like the lone sentry of a deserted outpost. Sturdily there it faces alike the chilling blasts and storms of winter, and the fierce heat and rain of summer, yet its many rooms are tenantless and its spacious roof shelters no living soul from the raging elements. Gloomy and cheerless is its appearance in the last vanishing remnants of its former glory. To many who pass by and note its shattered windows and unkept aspect, it means no more than a very old structure which has long since outlived its usefulness and is now rapidly crumbling into decay; but to a few there is something infinitely sad and pathetic in its ruin and desolation, for they have called it Alma Mater.

Now, inasmuch as this issue of the STAR, after a good and well-founded custom, is devoted to the Alumni of Houghton Seminary, doubtless right at this point would be the psychological moment for the youthful and immature editor to blunder in with the gratuitous and entirely original infor-

mation to the old and experienced Alumni as to what being an Alumnus really means, etc. Although the opportunity is tempting, we do not, however, quite possess the temerity to embark upon such a course, for the simple reason that, aside from a few high-flown and preconceived theories which all young editors are more or less seriously afflicted with, we really do not know what it means to be an Alumnus. That it denotes a true and tender homage approaching reverence, and a loyalty and devotion akin to love of home and country, we are assured; but what it actually means in its deepest sense, we can never know except from experience. One never understands the deepest and truest meaning of home until far removed from the parental hearthstone and long separated from its love and protection. Patriotism is always a more or less meaningless term until the shores of our native land fade from our view for the first time, or our lives have been volunteered to preserve its integrity.

Thus thrice blessed above all mortals is he who owns an allegiance to his Alma Mater, be she ever so humble. Houghton may be small and comparatively unknown, but it's the best spot on God's green earth to us, outside of home. We are quite sensible of the fact that there are thousands of great and renowned colleges in our land today whose Alumni ostensibly love their Alma Maters equally well even to the extent of lavishly endowing them with money and buildings, but sometimes we wonder whether they have caught the true spirit of their relationship. We know that Houghton has been blessed with a rich heritage of ideals and traditions that money cannot buy. If consecrated service, vicarious sacrifice, noble characters, and devoted lives are any indication, we are rich beyond compare. Perish the day when, through fame, honor, or wealth we shall ever be ashamed of our Alma Mater. We might add that there are other things in life besides that the fickle world calls success—but we won't, for fear we should find ourselves merely uttering truisms. Altho all this may be regarded in the light of an unpardonable digression, yet it may be that, all unawares, we may have not erred so grievously after all. The image of the Old Seminary will always endure in the hearts of the old Alumni, undimmed by the changing years. Al-



though a new order has supplanted the old, and a later generation has risen to take the place of the past, yet the spirit of Houghton is the one immutable principle that inseparably unites the two. Perhaps in this transition from the old to the new, our Alumni may find some expression of their own lives.

There is something almost human at times about an old building to those whose sympathies allow them to enter into and interpret its moods. It seems almost as though the spirits of its former tenants haunted it still, and in the dusky twilight hour came stealing softly back to hold ghostly reunion in its empty rooms, filling its shadowy halls and recesses with vague shapes and forms which whisper silently with the wordless voices from out of the past. And thus, in the Old Sem. still dwells the bygone spirit of youth which pervades it like the intangible, lingering fragrance of a faded flower.

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#### From the Management

Commencement is drawing near and there will be more or less purchasing done for that occasion. You will please our advertisers and indirectly help our school paper by PATRONIZING THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US. When trading where you are unacquainted, please make it known that you are from Houghton or that you saw their ad in "The Star." This will insure the continuation of the ad. Merchants do not wish to pay out money for advertising unless there is going to be a reasonable return in sale of goods.

Since our last writing several have sent in 50 cents for renewal or have replied stating their desire concerning their Star subscription. At present there are 47 renewals due. A few of these are in Houghton and the others are scattered over the U. S. Each one has been notified of his obligation. Please do not wait for another letter before you reply. Although a few names have been dropped, yet the list is gradually growing, the number now being 331. However, your assistance is solicited, for, we will have to work hard to reach the 400 mark by the close of school.

The following words of cheer and encouragement will doubtless be of interest to you as they have been to the staff, since nearly all of them are from Alumni or Old Students:

"I hope 'The Star' is prospering and growing. I enjoy it very much and wish I were near enough to get acquainted with the entire corps of writers," Wm. Greenberg '07; "Am just off to conference as your letter came. Success to 'The Star' and its managers," J. S. Willett '01; "You will find enclosed the coin card containing two quarters for 'The Star' another year. There is sort of a homey atmosphere about it that has 50 cents worth of cheer in a year. Wife and I send greetings to our old friends," Maurice A. Gibbs '10; "I wish to pay arrearage and also a year's subscription in advance. I am homesteading here. I have a fine dry farm and have named it El Rancho Cebolla because I shall plant Denia onions next year. One man in N. Mex. made \$2070 on one acre last summer. All he had for irrigation was flood water. I expect to make my fortune also," Freda Greenberg '09; "Your December Star is the best yet it seems to me. The productions are excellent, the news well told and sparkling," Harold H. Hester '11.

"I enclose 50 cents in card to renew my subscription to 'The Star.' I trust I shall not miss the April issue of the paper for it is one of the most welcome pieces of mail I receive. I wish to extend my very best wishes for the continued prosperity and success of the paper as well as the school which it represents. May Houghton continue to be a blessing to hundreds who come within the realm of her influence. I also wish to congratulate the officers of the paper, editorial and managerial, for the efficient work they have done," Chas. F. Pearce; "I enjoy 'The Star' very much and like to keep in touch with the old students," Mabel L. Benton; "Fifty cents for renewal with pleasure," Roy Douglass; "I enjoy 'The Star' and wish it to be very successful," Willard Francis; "Enclosed herewith please find P. O. M. O. for \$1.00 to cover my past and present subscription to The Star," Steele White.

"I can't tell you how much I enjoy 'The Star.' Just as soon as it comes I sit right down and read it and don't believe there are many words left unread either. I do enjoy it so much and it is becoming better and better or so it seems to me. How I would like for all of my Houghton friends to see our little

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-2  
baby girl Elizabeth Drucilla who was three months old March 28. She is quite a fine girl we think," Mrs. L. Grimes Harvey; "I enjoy reading 'The Star' very much, especially since my visit to Houghton," Mrs. Mary Scott; "We enjoy 'The Star' and appreciate somewhat the services of your editorial staff and managers," Mrs. Fred Ward

"I have had the privilege of perusing 'The Houghton Star' regularly as it has been published for the last year. It has been a welcome visitor and many memories have been awakened (in fact they have never gone to sleep) of the autumn of 1906 when 'The Dorm' was in an unfinished state and the cook had to do the first week's cooking in a private home on the hill and for a time had to use the kitchen for dining room, etc. We found plenty to do besides cook, for there was a lot of unpacking and settling to be done as the rooms were gotten ready for the furnishings. But we found a friendly lot of young people, some of whom 'The Star' seems to keep in touch with. Many of them are taking responsible positions in life. May each student to be a power for good. God help them. Some are still in the ranks at Houghton, though not all as students, but a few as professors who have been trained at Houghton to train a host of others. May success crown their efforts. Montana needs some live Houghton or Miltonvale missionaries whose lives are a power because God is with them," Mrs. Isaiah Martin or "Aunt Betsy" the first cook at Houghton Dormitory.

C. Floyd Hester, Mgr., Houghton, N. Y.

✻ ✻ ✻

#### Exchanges

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following March exchanges:

The Oriole, Bushwick High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alfred Monthly, Alfred University, N. Y.; High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Rapid Soo, Sioux Rapids, Iowa; Albright Bulletin, Myerstown, Pa.; The Collegian, Waynesburg, Pa.; The Hour Glass, Columbia School, Rochester, N. Y.; The Purple Pennant, Central High School, Cortland, N. Y.; The Walking Leaf, Cook Academy, Montour Falls, N. Y.; Awgwan, Uni-

versity of Nebraska; University Life, Wichita, Kansas; The Echo, Griffith Institute, Springville, N. Y.; The Budget, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Kansas; The Cascade, Seattle Seminary, Washington; the Echo, Gouverneur High School, Gouverneur, N. Y.; the Volcano, Hornell High School, N. Y.; Hobart Herald, Hobart College Geneva, N. Y.; the North Star, Massena High School, Massena, N. Y.; Miltonvale College Monitor, Miltonvale, Kansas; High School Forum, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; the Vista, Queenville, Ill.; the High School Item, Amsterdam, N. Y.

#### Hits From the Bat

"Your editorials are strong, Star, but the general air of your paper is too local, and for that reason does not compare well with the metropolitan high school monthlies."—The Oriole.

"We would suggest more impressive covers for the Houghton Star."—The Hour Glass.

"Your paper is very good in your literary departments but why not a few more jokes and a little 'ginger' in your write ups? We think it would add considerable to the paper. Your cuts are fairly good."—The Echo.

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree; "For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle, Without being Fiddle D. D."—Ex.

Miss Genung—"Wie kommest du, Herr?"

Fleming—"Nobody. I comb it myself."—Ex.

Minister—"My mission is to save young men."

Tick—"I'm glad to meet you. Save one for me."—Ex.

I gif to you a violet

In token that

I'm glad we met.

I hope we may

Already yet

Once more again

Together get.—Ex.





# ORGANIZATIONS

## The Athenian

The Athenian Society has held only one meeting during the past two months due to special services being held at the church, the recent Easter vacation, and other important happenings which naturally took precedence. Nevertheless it once more becomes my incumbent task as recorder of literary events to present to our readers a brief report, however terse and inadequate.

We notice that our program committee are sagely heeding the admonition of the faculty in emphasizing the work of extemporaneous speaking, for in our last program we had the pleasure of listening to impromptu speeches given by eight of our members. Subjects were assigned to Messrs. Elliott, Presley, Babbitt, Barnett, McDowell and Hazlett and to Misses Hubbard, Russell and Sloan. All did exceptionally well, some even starrng forth as young "Ciceroes" in their forensic eloquence. In fact, the very atmosphere seemed charged with brilliant ideas and conducive to the best work of the speakers. Mr. Overton's speech on the "Possibilities and Results of Explorations in the Polar Regions" was given in an interesting style pleasing to the audience. G. B.

\* \* \*

## Neosophic Society

The Neosophic society, which committed suicide just before Christmas vacation, has reversed the action and resurrected itself and is about to enjoy a millennium. On the second Friday night just before Easter vacation a number of the Prep boys and three men of the faculty assembled in the library and adopted the old Neosophic constitution revised which occupied about three hours. After its adoption the assembly, feeling that they had done enough to make the date of March 14, 1913, famous,

adjourned. The following Friday night they met and elected officers. The first program has not yet been rendered at the time of this writing, but the programs have been posted on the Society's Bulletin Board. We will leave it to the public to judge therefrom what success this event portends.

\* \* \*

## Prohibition League

We are glad to announce to our readers that our league was successful in the journalistic contest of which we have previously written. This is the third contest which our league has entered, and we have had the pleasure of winning each of them. This means that we have been able to add thirty dollars worth of prohibition literature to our library without any cost to either the library or the league since each time a league is successful in winning a contest it receives ten dollars worth of books, while the reporter receives the same value in cash. The books have already arrived and we invite the students to inspect and peruse them.

Our league has met in its regular semi-monthly meetings during the past month. Each time there has been a program composed of discussions, readings and songs. We desire an increase of membership before the time of our state convention which is to be held here April twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, at which will occur our state contest and an address by Mr. Clinton N. Howard. W. L. F.

\* \* \*

## Young People's Missionary Society

Our Livingston program has been given but its memories still linger. On the evening of March 18, a large audience assembled in the church and listened to several excellent discus-



sions, readings and songs. One new feature was a mixed quartette composed of Messrs. George Whitaker and Harold McMillan and Misses Florence Reed and Lelia Coleman. Their singing was entirely acceptable and we hope to hear them often in the future.

In a map study of Africa Tremaine McDowell traced the journeys of Livingston from the founding of Cape Town until his death May 1, 1873. Everette Overton, Elsie Hamford, Lavay Fancher and Belle Russell spoke of Livingston's call and portrayed the various phases of his work. Miss

Sloan gave an inspiring reading written in memory of the great missionary. Several persons then discussed the topic: "What Impressed Me Most in the Character of Livingston."

The program was instructive as well as entertaining and all felt that the 100th anniversary of Livingston had been well observed.

On April 2 Misses Hattie Crosby and Florence Yorton left Houghton for the foreign field. May all our prayers attend them. A special service was held for them the night before their departure. E. A. H.

# ALUMNI

MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

## Alumni

Miss Florence M. Yorton '02 and Miss Hattie Crosby '03 have returned to again take up their work at the Wesleyan Methodist Mission at Kunso Sierra Leone.

Mrs. Anna Bedford-Chamberlain '02 of Caneadea visited her brother, Professor H. C. Bedford recently.

Miss Alpha Bedford '03 is at home in Tacoma, Washington.

Miss Luella Newton '08 who has been teaching in a mountain school in Smith, Kentucky, is visiting here. Miss Newton is much interested in her work and expects to return there next year.

Mr. Roy Washbon '10 of Elmira, New York, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Washbon.

Miss Isabelle Stebbins '11 visited her aunt in Buffalo during vacation.

Mr. Ray Calhoun '11 has accepted a position in the Pitts Locomotive Works in Buffalo.

\* \* \*

## Former Students

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crosby of Olean spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Crosby's father.

Misses Cora and Elizabeth Stoll are attending Geneseo Normal.

Mr. Leroy Douglass is farming at his home at Horseheads, New York.

Miss Mary Wilcox, who has been teaching at Millview, Pennsylvania, writes that she enjoys her work and that the "Star" is always a welcome visitor.

Mr. Steele White has accepted the pastorate of the Wesleyan Methodist church at Franklin, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Timothy Doane is attending school at Kingston, Penn.

Miss Jennie Wright visited here recently previous to returning to her former home near West Chazy, New York.

Miss Nettie Rowe is teaching at Forest Dale, Vermont.

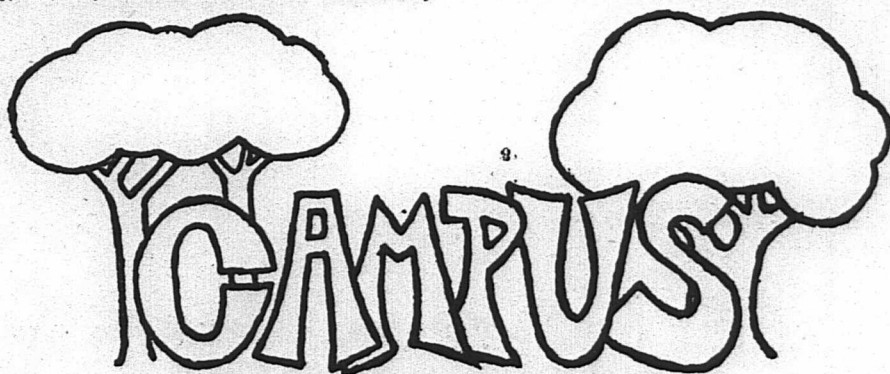
Miss Ruth Readett is attending High School at Albion, New York.

Miss Imo Jones who has recently returned from her work in Sierra Leone, West Africa, is at her home near Lyons, Kansas.

The following alumni and former students attended the Lockport Conference which was held here—Rev. H. J. Bullock '95 of Forestville, Rev. C. W. Smith '95 of Appleton, Rev. Charles Sicard '98 of Falconer, Professor H. C. Bedford '01, Rev. H. R.

LaVere '02 of Ransomville, Earnest Carnahan '03 and Mrs. Marjory Jennings-Carnahan '06 of Appleton, Mr. E. B. Houghton of Cattaraugus, Rev. Frank Wright '10 of Hume, Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Cookson '08 of Fillmore,

Rev. Walter Readett of Eagle Harbor, Rev. D. S. Bedford, Mr. Lewis Dietrich of Cattaraugus, Mrs. Sarah Markey Donaldson of Hamburg and Miss Isabelle Willahan of Driftwood, Pa.



G. TREMAINE McDOWELL, '15, EDITOR.

#### College Locals

Miss Lulu Tanner, a returned missionary from Africa, recently visited her niece, Mary Hubbard.

We regret that Miss Jessie Benning has been obliged to leave school for the remainder of the year.

Owen Walton spent the spring vacation at his home in Ohio, taking State examinations for teacher's certificate.

Harold McMillan was at his home in Marengo, Ohio, during vacation.

Our assistant instructor in Chemistry, Paul Fall, has recently made an extended tour visiting the famous cities of Hamburg, Syracuse and—

Gertrude Graves and Harriet Meeker spent their vacation down town practicing Domestic Science.

Charles Bues enjoyed a very pleasant vacation at Loveland, N. Y.

On April 1 Grace Sloan received by parcels post a shipment of eggs from yard A, yard B, and yard C. We expect that she will soon have a large flock of prize winners.

Belle Russell visited her aunt at Ulysses, Pa., during vacation.

"Kip" Babbitt spent some time recently in the construction of a windmill—for a weathervane.

The Rev. Mr. Neville was at his parsonage in Pa. thru the vacation.

Jesse Frazier, Leo Raub and Earl Barnett spent the vacation at their homes in this state. L. A. M.

\* \* \*

#### Preparatory Notes

Clark Warburton's uncle, the Rev. Mr. Warburton and his two daughters

were in Houghton during the session of the Lockport Conference.

Charles Newton's sister, Miss Luella, is visiting here.

Floribel Dietrich has been working for her board at Prof. Rindfusz's for a few weeks.

Robert Smith spent the spring vacation in New York City.

Messrs. Dart, Kauffman, Miner and Frost spent the vacation in the unique diversion of manual labor.

Misses Dart, Hudson, Jones and Jones were in Fillmore April 4. Hats!!! Well, yes!!! Some!

Nine of the girls experienced (and survived) a pickle feast recently.

One clever Dorm Miss puts her fudge in her Sunday hat for safe keeping. Can you beat it?

Mildred Houghton spent a few days in Portageville recently.

Sarah Davison and Emma Agnew visited in Belfast during vacation.

Several of the Preps attended the concert given by the Royal Male Quartet at Fillmore April 7.

Mr. Beverly has returned to school after a vacation, presumably for his health.

Did you notice the new costumes of "The Jolly Sextet?"

Edna Smith, Ruth Young and Mr. Morris were at their homes in Mich. during vacation. Florence Reed was at home at Genesee, Pa., and Nettie Bremmigen at Potter Brook, Pa.

The following were at their respective homes in this state:



Marietta Fancher, Clara Smith, Lula Benning, the Hanford Sisters, Vivian Sanders, Blanche Eastwood, Mable Parker, Bertha Irvine, Amsdell, Wagner, Aylor, Silsbee, Becker, Jones, Bristol and Hanford. E. J. A.

### Our Faculty

President Luckey is busied with the preparations for his trip abroad and so has asked that we call only at a certain hour. Can't we get in the habit, so that when we have him with us again, we will not be intruding at every hour of the day?

Rev. H. W. McDowell attended the Allegany, Lockport, Central New York and Champlain conferences of the Wesleyan Church in the interests of the school. He represented the other connectional interests as well.

Professor Bedford will not act as

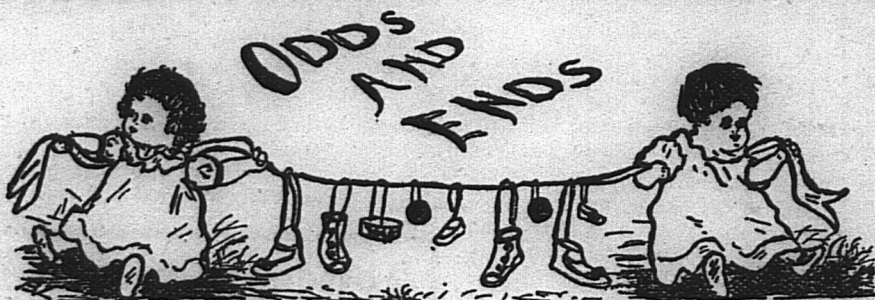
pastor of the Fillmore Church another year. He is secretary of the Lockport Conference and served during its recent session.

The Rev. Mr. Coleman preached on Sabbath morning of Conference week.

Miss Greenberg has been active in getting her Sunday School Class of girls together and in keeping them to get all they can from their work.

Sister Bowen was practically the only flood sufferer among the Faculty in our recent inundation. Being a dweller in the valley, her potatoes and apples floated merrily in the cellar.

Professor Fancher spent part of the vacation at home but he found it necessary to return before its close. We might mention in this connection that several of the country schools nearby were closed at the same time as the Seminary. G. T. M.



### C. BELLE RUSSELL, '14, EDITOR

It will interest our readers to learn that through the untiring efforts of our energetic hosiery dealer, President Luckey has decided to wear exclusively during his European tour, the Getmor socks, manufactured by the Getmor Hosiery Mills, Reading Penna.

### Athenian Idyll

Sad witticism  
Stern criticism  
Hard hiticism  
No approbation  
Deep consternation  
Black degradation.

L. B. C.—"My brother brought two guinea pigs home for dinner, but they had hung in the market until they were all green under their feathers."

P. S. Her brother says they were guinea hens.

Miss G. (severely)—"Have you had my best peeling knife?"

Dorm. Degenerate—"No, roommate's away—don't need one."

Ask Sarah about Bob's question b. and her answer b. We dare not elucidate; nay, more, we dare not suggest, even, the inexpressible shock sustained by the American History class.

Little Walter—(after watching his uncle ask the blessing at the table.) "You can't read that off my plate—lemme see yours."

Small Brother—(reading sister's opinion of trig.) "Say mamma, is Mr. Trig a fellow she doesn't like? What does she go to the same school with him for?"



You are growing old, of course. But why feel aggrieved? Are you alone singled out from humanity to bear this grave misfortune? Will the years cease their flight because you howl? Is it not possible that others may be as old as you when they have lived as long? If the boys and girls laugh at you because your youth is slipping away, do you not think it probable that the next generation will taunt them for a like offense? At any rate, be a philosopher. "Grow old gracefully" is a wise maxim. You may not be so handsome, but you will be more intelligent; you may not be so gay, but you will be more sympathetic; you may no longer be a dreamer of dreams, but you will know the genuine joys, sorrows and loves of humanity. And finally, lean for comfort upon the staff of religion. It will steady your steps as you pass through the gate that will never swing back.

\* \* \*

Just a wee freckled urchin  
With hair of nameless hue  
But the mouth was sweet and tender  
And the eyes looked straight at you  
"Want to see sumpfin' pretty?"  
"Yes, dear, of course I do."  
"Then shut your eyes and I'll lead you—  
Don't peek till I tell you to."  
"One, two, free! You can look now—  
It's Ruth that's on the nest,  
But Boaz likes to stay near her—  
He feels quite 'portant, I dess."  
Here, just hold Ruth a minute—  
Now Boaz, it's all right;  
We'll put her back in a jiffy—  
Good 'tittle doves never bite.  
Ain't the two white eggs cunnin'?'  
The babes are fast asleep  
Inside the shells—spose they're dreamin'  
That they'll see me in a week?"  
Dear little artless treasure,  
The dove-cote gave us joy,  
But the fairest thing in the sunshine  
Was a tiny blue-eyed boy.

\* \* \*

Prof. Luckey—(In Analyt, pointing to hideous instrument of torture on blackboard.) "Why, this problem is handsomer than Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair!"

\* \* \*

Prof. Smith—(In English II, wishing an exercise to be done orally.)

\* \* \*

"Fill up the blanks in your mind."  
Miss Greenberg and Mr. Wagner,

who became lost in the wilds this side of Buffalo, while searching for Arbutus, have returned to school.

#### STATEMENT

Of the ownership, management, circulation of The Houghton Star, published monthly (9 issues Oct.—June included) at Houghton, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of Editor and Managing Editor, Ray Hazlett. Post Office address, Houghton, N. Y.

Name of Business Manager and publisher, C. Floyd Hester. Post office address, Houghton, N. Y.

C. Floyd Hester, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of March, 1913.

Peter B. Loftis, Notary Public.  
(My commission expires Mar. 30, 1914)

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