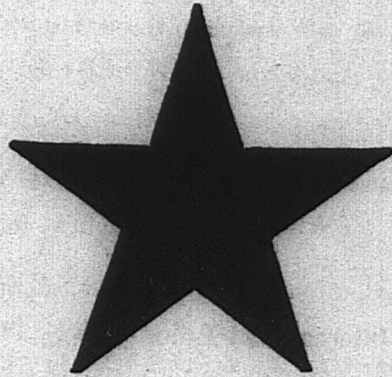


The **Houghton Star**



A Harbinger of Victory--Second Prize Oration.

Advantages of the Small College.

The Voice of Friendship

The Neosophic Society.

Slow to Learn.

Volume II, No. 3

November 1909

Announcement.

We desire to express our best wishes for a successful school year for the students and faculty of Houghton College.

We shall endeavor to give the students the same courteous and efficient service of the past years and furnish the best goods at reasonable prices.

Our stationery, tablets and pencils give exceptional value for the money. Our stock is large and gives a wide field for selection,

We desire to call your attention to the fact that we are sole agents for the celebrated International Tailoring Co. The perfect satisfaction given our many customers in the past is ample evidence of the success of these "Made to Order Clothes." We would be pleased to show you our full line of guaranteed "all wool" samples and quote you satisfactory prices on them.

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Lynde Bros.,

Houghton N. Y.

Slow to Learn.

By A. T. Jennings

We have been exceedingly slow to learn that some times the thing we expect and depend upon to attract, fails us and repels. We urge a boy to go to school and press the thoroughness of the work, supposing he will be attracted by an opportunity to do his very best work, and later awaken to the truth that instead of attracting him we have frightened him away from school.

We urge that a certain opening does not involve very hard work, supposing an easy time is desired, and after a time discover that what we supposed would be an attraction was the chief repulsion; an easy time was not wanted, but rather a hard testing time, a time in which to do exploits and win a name.

Again, it was a hard field, a trying place presented to a vigorous man, as an opportunity in which to win distinction, but this time an easier place was wanted, a place in which comforts and blessings could be had without asking for them. What we imagined would attract repelled. What are we to do?

First of all we have had to learn that we can be over zealous.

Second, that our own point of view may not be the best always.

Third, even if it is the best, each man has the right to look at things from his own standpoint.

Fourth, even if we have failed, that is, repelled where we so much wanted to attract, we must not give up, for giving up never means success, but failure added to failure.

Fifth, to everyone unto whom the Lord sends us there is an avenue of approach. It may be hidden, obscure, very difficult to enter and pursue, but it leads to victory.

Sixth, in morals the end never justifies the means, but in seeking the lost and helping men to better

things, the end, success, does justify putting into the effort much patience, perseverance, self-sacrifice and hard work. A thousand miles may have to be traversed and it is only the last one that reaches the goal, but every other mile made the last one possible. Who can say with authority that the first mile was less important than the last?

We have been slow to understand that what appears as clear as light to us may be as impenetrable to the vision of some one we would enlighten as mud. We direct attention to a certain point in the landscape and yet our friends persist that what we call a pine tree is an elm. We cannot understand his perversity until we discover that we are looking at a real pine tree, while he is looking at a real elm. What seems so plain to us would be plain to him if he looked at what we are looking at from our standpoint. We wondered at the enormous size of a bird in the air a mile or more away and why it did not "move on." A change of position proved to us that our great bird was only an insect on the window but a few feet away. We wonder how a change of view point would affect some other people.

We have been slow to comprehend how it is that things, thoughts, and folks, who interest us so much seem to be of no interest at all to some other people. We have had to resort to various means to keep faith with and in some of these utterly disinterested people. Is it possible that we are as dull and stupid and perverse to anyone as they appear to be to us?

We have been slow to learn how it is that someone in whom we are so deeply interested can be so utterly indifferent to us and all our efforts to cultivate the friendship and interest

of that person. How can it be possible if Satan can keep the one we would that we can have such a longing for help indifferent our approaches will be the welfare of anyone and that one warded off; and in a short time our have only a passing interest in us? zeal will be cooled and the good we Herein is a snare of Satan. In- would have done is not done and can difference begets indifference, as sure- never be done. A little more per- ly as love begets love, and interest serverance on our part would have begets interest, and indifference blocks conquered the indifference and defeated the way to our helping any one, hence the devil.

A Harbinger of Victory--Second Prize Oration.

By Miriam Churchill.

Man is born to rule. God designed it so. His first command to the progenitors of our race was, "Replenish the earth, and subdue it." Obedient to the divine order, mankind entered upon a career of conquest. The virgin soil yields itself to the plowshare; the earth's crust is opened and she discloses her storehouse of metal; the giant oaks of the forest fall at the stroke of the ax and are wrought into articles for man's service. The great forces of nature, and even microscopic particles, are subjected to the human will.

Man glories in his ability to conquer. Naturally he chooses the banner that gives promise of victory. The sight of a flag or shield has led men through the very jaws of death to glorious triumph. The Great Alexander had a shield of the ancient Trojans borne at the head of his army as he marched to conquer the world. Caesar and his men fearlessly followed the Roman Eagle until Italy was subdued with all the country across the Rhine. Constantine conquered by the Banner of the Cross; barbarism gave way to civilization; heathenism yielded to Christianity.

Those old heroes and their symbols of victory passed away. Their despotic methods continued but the spirit of independence refused to yield. A new world came into existence. Bands of colonists struggled with the hardships of the American wilderness. Sickness,

poverty, and death, despoiled. Hostile tribes threatened their safety. The mother country oppressed. The colonists must submit or England's trained soldiers will array against them. They refused and the conflict began—a conflict of the weak against the strong. A universal ensign was needed. Washington planned, Betsey Ross wrought, the Star Spangled Banner was unfurled to the breeze—destined to be a harbinger of victory.

This flag is simple in design yet full of meaning. Its stars and its stripes—its colors, the red, the white, the blue—stand for principles indispensable to the welfare of humanity. Its stars represent the states that form our national constellation: its stripes proclaim the original thirteen states which united to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Together they signify union, present and past. The language of its colors was officially recognized by our fathers. The red, suggested by the morning dawn, symbolizes valor. The followers of this banner must be dauntless, fearless. Bravely must they meet life's humble tasks; bravely must they face the country's foes; and bravely, for its honor, dare to die. Those white stripes and stars are a symbol of purity. Unstained must be the citizen at home; unstained must be the hand that wields the sword; unstained must be his soul who casts the ballot. The field of blue, so like the heavens above,

indicates justice. Justice must be man's watchword in his relations with his fellows; it must cry against foreign evils, and proclaim the doom of an archy. Our banner means union, valor, purity, justice. It means to those over whom it floats: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Physical might does not determine the strength of a nation. Her prowess is in the foundation principles upon which she stands, and the loyalty of her citizens to those principles. God rules and RIGHT is MIGHT.

From Revolutionary days to the present, the success of our flag has been unparalleled. For a time the stars and stripes floated over thirteen states and their savage territory, reaching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from Canada to the Floridas. In less than ten years after the Declaration of Independence all eyes were turned toward the rising west. The lovers of adventure poured over the mountain into land of salubrious climate and fertile soil. The woodsman with his ax, the herdsman with his cattle, the farmer with his plow, came to those mountain sides and plains. In this wilderness they built their homes and made the country yield its store of wealth. The conquest of the flag had begun. The administration of the third President witnessed the acquisition of that vast territory immediately west of the Mississippi River, a few years later the stars triumphed over the saffron flag of Spain, and Florida was coerced into union. Texas sought admission and was received. Sunny California entered, and then from ocean to ocean, from Canada to the Gulf, the folds of Old Glory waved. Our standard floated on the icy shores of Russian America, and in the dawn of the twentieth century reached to the very gates of Asia. Once planted in the great north west, Alaska's mines and fisheries have enriched our citizens.

This banner becoming the insignia of

our sovereignty in the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, completed our national power. The blazing fires of joy and the ringing bells of gladness in Cuba and Puerto Rico, prove the triumph of our flag. England's double cross floats over her United Kingdom, it flashes in the Indian sun, it is kissed by the Australian breeze; but the Banner of Liberty crowns the tops of the highest mountains, it walks the highways of the seas, its influence encircles the globe.

This mighty triumph has not been without opposition. Opposers have been fierce as the raging waves of the ocean; but not dangers nor clamors, nor wounds, nor armies in battle array could daunt the followers of the flag. Its safety has been threatened by heartless traitors and by internal divisions without fatal results. The occupant of a rude garret in the loneliest suburbs of London, tells the story of the traitor's end. An old man lies there. The death sweat is on his brow. An aged minister stands by his side. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" asks the preacher. "Christian!" he echoes. "Will that give me back my honor? Come with me old man, across the waters. There is my native town! Another flag waves there in place of the one that floated there when I was a boy. Were I to walk along its streets the very babes in their cradles would curse me. Yonder flag would rain a shower of blood upon my head." The dying man arises and totters across the floor, opens a valise and draws from thence a faded coat of blue. "Look ye priest! This faded coat is spotted with my blood. This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington. This coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga. Now help me, priest, help me to put on this coat of blue. There is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow: no wife, no child! I must meet death

alone! I, who was first to raise the flag of freedom, am here dying; oh, dying like a dog! His eyes grow ghastly! What a hideous picture he makes as he stands there, erect, livid! There for a moment, then he falls dead! Who is that strange man lying there in that rude garret? Who is this being of horrible remorse? The minister unrolls his faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls the parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army, addressed to Benedict Arnold.

Another character rises before me. A man who was once a great statesman. He attempted to form a separate confederacy and thus destroy the Union. He was arrested on charge of treason. While awaiting his trial he was delivered to prison. There in the common jail, among its wretched inmates, stripped of all his honor, lay the man who once lacked but a single vote to make him president of the United States, Aaron Burr.

Should I speak of the rebellion in the South, I should tell the story of a people living under the banner of freedom yet held in the chain of bondage. I should tell of wails and prayers from cane-brakes and the cotton fields. I should tell of the hardy patriots of the North rallying round their standard; of the capture of New Orleans; of the fields Gettysburg and Antietam; I should tell how when the traitorous Booth sent the fatal bullet through Lincoln's brain, the national emblem, draped in Ford's theater, became a mute avenger of the nation's Chief; I should tell of the final downfall of the Southern Confederacy. I should tell of the victory of our flag.

Every victory must have a future, and the only permanent victories and those that grow more secure with time, are founded on the principles of justice and truth. The strength and safety of our American government must rest in the self-reliant, self-con-

trolling spirit of its people. It was courage, intelligence, virtue, that enabled our fore-fathers to lay the foundations of our republic. It is those same qualities that will enable us to sustain it. The question that confronts us now is—"Will the American people rise as lifts her soaring destiny?" In our midst are unscrupulous and base men who would trail our banner in the dust and cover it with shame. It is in their power to raise issues that shall involve, not the welfare of our country, but the interests of their own selfish ambitions. The war is on between good and evil. It is not a time to be consumed with a desire for greed and lust, to make politics a mere game in which stratagem is the means and self-interest the end, for the champions of right to lean upon their swords or slumber in their tents. It is a time to remember our duty to the home, to realize the opportunities providence has opened to us, to remember that the God of our fathers is our God, and the gifts he gave to them he renews to us, their children, enriched and multiplied.

American citizens should be patient, bold, and strong. The mightiest records of history are yet to be made. Into our hands is delivered the nation's future. An army of little ones lift up beseeching hands. A great cry comes from the lame, the sick, the mentally defected, the morally tainted, and the dwellers in miserable homes in our great cities. The prostrate columns of senate houses and forums, the wrecks of time, the eloquent ruins of nations, exhort to patriotism and honor. Ours is a land that can feed and clothe the world. Ours a people sprung from the most masterful blood of history and protected by the most admirably drawn constitution under which a free people could live. With this as a heritage, what shall be our future? A voice, as of many waters, proclaims, "The Union shall be protected. Future ages shall read with

astonishment the history of our brilliant exploits. In time to come, benighted people shall know that the voice of liberty is speaking, at last, for them."

We echo the words of Everett:—"Courage to the heart and strength to the hand to which, in all time, our banner shall be entrusted. Wherever on earth's surface the eye of the American shall behold it, may we have reason to bless it! On whatever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave companion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any case be stained with shame. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone, may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way!"

Advantages of the Small College.

By Stanley Wright.

Professor Ladd of Yale has stated the functions of the true University in three propositions, the two most comprehensive as well as the most important of which are these: "The highest mental and moral culture of its own students." "The advancement by research and discovery, of science, scholarship and philosophy."

Their relative importance I do not wish to discuss, but I do wish to discover whether our great colleges and Universities are performing these functions, and whether, if so, they are doing it in a better manner than the small colleges.

Concerning his second proposition, Professor Ladd answers my question. He says: "Nothing would seem more impressive to the thoughtful observer in attendance on the celebrations at our great Universities during the past twenty years than the contrast between the magnificence of the physical show and the meagerness of the list of names of men connected with these Universities who could really be called great in science, scholarship, or philosophy."

What do we find concerning the first function; the securing of the highest mental and moral culture to the student, the development of the student? The question of equipment is one of much importance. The library and laboratory are becoming very great factors in modern education. There is no reason why a small college cannot be as thoroughly equipped, though on a smaller scale, as a larger one, and many small colleges are very thoroughly equipped.

It is, indeed, convenient to have a reputation so grand that it will soften the heart of some great steel king, or divert some of the slippery wealth of Standard Oil, but there are some things, even in college life, more valuable than money.

The chief difference between large and small colleges is their size. The number of students attending a college determines its size. When the membership approaches a thousand it begins to leave the realm of the small college, and when it reaches five or six thousand it is ranked among the great institutions of learning. As the number of students increases much of the work is given to assistant professors, instructors, and tutors; so that a freshman may take much of his work under one little his superior. The small college offers to the student both beginning and completion of his course under a full professor.

The different methods of instruction demand our attention. A few years ago, the Board of Regents of New York State would give credit to any-

one who could pass their examinations, but now no paper is received unless the subject has been studied and regularly recited upon during the proper length of time. Why the change? The Board has seen the great advantage and even the necessity of school room drill. And wherein lies this advantage? It is the asking and answering of questions; it is in the bringing to the surface the individual needs of each student. All this is impossible in the great colleges where the classes are of such size that only once or twice in a semester does a student have any opportunity to express himself.

Some few years ago President Wilson of Princeton saw the disadvantage of the large class and sought to remedy it by his Preceptor System. He placed instructors over small classes, leaving them to meet where they would and discuss their subjects as they would. It was merely an attempt on the part of the large college to approximate the methods of the small college. This method presented difficulties at once since it demanded an army of instructors. The recitation, lacking the dignity of the school room, partook very largely of the nature of the club room.

An editor whose duty it is to study the workings of our great Universities remarks that the work done in summer schools is generally more advanced and more thorough than that done in the regular sessions. Why this is, I do not care to discuss, but it might be said in passing that the attendance upon summer school is about one third or one fourth that of the regular attendance.

Is the student who enters college as likely to strive for eminence if he must gain it over two thousand as he is if he must gain it over only one hundred? We are not speaking now of the student, exceptional in ambition or in ability, but of the great mixed multitude that constitute the membership of our colleges. Does not the average student in the great Univer-

sity find the odds too great and surrender his laurels at the outset.

The small college also offers its services to those whom the large ones cannot reach. Mr. Bryce, in the closing paragraphs of his masterpiece, writes thus of the small colleges, "They get hold of a multitude of poor men who might never resort to a distant place of education. They set learning in a visible form—plain indeed, and humble but dignified even in its humility,—before the eyes of a rustic people in whom the love of learning, naturally strong, might never break from the bud into the flower but for the care of a zealous gardener."

Permit me to speak of the lack of interest that our great colleges show toward many vital questions. Take the question that is confronting every thoughtful person, the question of a sober citizenship. The colleges are taking this up to some extent. Yet, while our own school cannot even bear the name of college, in all this great East that boasts of her great colleges not one has taken so strong a stand on this question as has our Alma Mater. If the colleges do not turn the minds of their students into these channels, whence will come that guidance?

Thus far I have spoken only on the first part of my proposition, the highest mental culture of the student. Let us notice the moral culture.

It has come to pass that the terms small college, and denominational school are used largely synonymously.

It is not necessarily so, but it is very largely so. This being the case, we expect to see the small college laying considerable stress upon the religious life of its students and in general we are not disappointed.

Turning to the great colleges and universities, what do we find? A man from Wisconsin was chosen as a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. The last evening that the family could spend at home had come and they were kneeling in

evening devotion. The little girl with a sad voice prayed this prayer, "Dear Lord, we are going to the University tomorrow, so good-bye." The little girl had caught the spirit of the great college far too correctly. Dr. Cochran of the Presbyterian church is quoted thus:—"Why can't we get young men to preach? In the first place there is but little Christianity in the home. If there has been any it is gone by the time the young man is ready for an education. Does he go for an education to a Christian school? A Presbyterian School? He goes to a Godless State University and when he returns he puts religion at a very low ebb."

True, indeed, some of the Universities do give heed to the religious life. There is Cornell. During the year ministers of as many different creeds as possible are asked to preach to the students. The result is inevitable. The students leave the University believing nothing except that they believe nothing. Why is it that infidelity has such a grip upon mankind? Why is it that Jehovah is considered a myth, the divine law a fairly well written moral code and Jesus Christ a decent respectable man? I lay this charge directly at the door of the great Universities.

Houghton Items.

Arlington Willahan, a former student at the Seminary, visited Houghton recently.

The Volunteer Class spent a pleasant afternoon with Miss Lord at Miriam Churchill's Monday.

For the past few weeks our boys have been busily engaged in fighting the "Liquor Traffic."

The Rev. Shea of Winchester, Canada, had charge of the devotional exercises in chapel Tuesday, Oct. 28.

Mr. F. H. Wright delivered a temperance address Sunday evening, Oct. 31, at Higginsville. There was a good attendance.

Monday night, Nov. 1st, Harold Hester delivered a prohibition lecture at Caneadea. Music was furnished by the male quartet.

Miss May Lord, our returned missionary from Africa, spoke of her work at the church last Sunday evening. Miss Lord leaves Houghton Thursday for New York city whence she sails for Africa.

A very interesting map study of the Alaska missionary territory was given by Edward Elliot in the Mission Study Class last week. The class this year is making a careful study of "The Thorough Training for Volunteers."

The Chorus Class is now at work on a Thanksgiving anthem.

Professor McDowell delivered an enthusiastic prohibition lecture at Fillmore Thursday evening, Oct. 28th. Spirited music was rendered by the H. W. S. band.

The faculty and students were pleasantly entertained Saturday evening at an informal reception given by the Senate. The evening was an entire success. If the Senate proves as efficient in carrying on other business as it was in entertaining, the students will be well pleased.

The class officers have been chosen. The following is a list of the presidents: Senior College, Stanley Wright; Junior College, Alison Edgar; Sophomore College, Miriam M. Day; Freshman College, Estella Glover; Senior Preparatory, Maurice Gibbs; Junior Preparatory, Lois Thompson; Sophomore Preparatory, David Scott; Freshman Preparatory, Grace Bedford; English Department, Norman McEwen; Theological Department, Isabelle Willahan; Music Department, Laura Whitney; Special, Charles Pierce. These presidents and the President of the student body comprise the Senate.

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

The Houghton Star is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (10 issues) by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary.

The subscription price is sixty-five cents a year, payable in advance, or ten cents a copy. The year begins with February though subscriptions may begin at any time.

The paper will be discontinued at the expiration of subscription, hence the necessity of prompt renewal.

Advertising rates will be made known on application.

Editor-in-Chief,	Alison Edgar
Associate Editor,	Estella Glover
Philomathean Reporter,	LeRoy Fancher
Neosophic Reporter,	Theos Thompson
Local Editor,	Shirley Keyes
Business Manager,	Stanley Wright
Assistant Manager,	LaVay Fancher

A few apologies, a few explanations, a few promises—we are learning the routine. Last month M. Edward Elliot's name became unfortunately separated from Mr. Elliot's article—Six Years of Progress.

Mr. Wright, author of A Sketch from Real Life, etc., intended in this number to do justice to the Greenbergs, brother and sister. Inspiration delayed and manifold duties intervened. Finally a lady of the staff consented to help him out on Miss Greenberg and we will try to say a word ourselves in introduction of Professor Greenberg. This need not interfere with a longer sketch at a later date by Mr. Wright.

The January paper is the last that the present staff will publish. We desire to give that number up to the old students. We would be exceedingly grateful for articles from or information of former students. We shall need the co-operation of the old students if we make this venture a success. We would like a page or two of items about old students and we want you to send them in. It will

of course be impossible for us to write to any large percentage of the old students but we would like to have as many as possible represented in some way. If you have any suggestions for this number we would very gladly receive them.

Chaucer and Boccaccio peace—we, too, would write our "Legend of Good Women." Since the last paper went to press (during the last paperiad as it were) there have been with us two women whose words deeply touched and helped us.

Miss Dora Wiebens, whose heart and life have been devoted to God and mountain whites, the moonshiners of South Carolina, spoke to us two weeks ago last Sunday night in behalf of her work. And O the story that she told. Dirt prefaced it; sin climaxed it. Ignorance, idleness and whiskey, this was the jist of it. Men who had never learned, and whose fathers had never learned to read; dark, loathsome houses; food ill-cooked, nauseating, drinking, brawling preachers, withal a race naturally sturdy and vigorously intelligent—of all this she told us.

God pity the unfortunate people—the law that they have broken has avenged itself upon them—their unkempt lives, their criminal ideals are the result, both indirect and immediate of their illicit business. When God takes hold of their lives and washes away the sin, the dirt goes too, and ambition awakes, life burns up brighter and illuminates a soul.

Miss May Lord, whom we used to know, spoke last Sunday evening of her work on the mission field. With most of what she said, you are more or less familiar, but it would have done you good to hear her say it. The quiet strength of a beautiful spirit and a gracious mind enforced every word she said.

Greenberg—shades of the vikings! But it is to no Eric or Olaf, to no

Thorwald or Gustav that we wish to present you—Professor William Greenberg—an institution of Houghton Seminary.

We feel a disinclination always to talk of our faculty, lest the briefest and coolest description, couched in the most moderate terms, seem fulsome superlative to those who do not know our teachers. But right in the beginning it would be well to have it understood that Nature threw off a masterpiece when she made Professor Greenberg.

Professor Greenberg is versatile. And if there are those who hold that versatility is incompatible with profundity, give you Professor Greenberg,

(to be continued)

a concrete and convincing refutation. Professor Greenberg is a man of many gifts. Let us enumerate a few. He has in the first place some how contrived to learn every thing. You object to the classification of learning as a gift. We admit your correction. Professor Greenberg might have made a great fisherman, he might have made an astute lawyer, almost anything else you might mention—he himself is inclined to think his talents lie especially in the domain of agriculture. Oh, we could say so much about him but it is almost time for the train that must take this paper to Rushford, and you can see for yourselves that we are getting a little wild.

The Voice of Friendship

When one has a hard problem in hand, the only thing to do it to solve it. This is easier said than done and especially so when the problem is to justly represent the sterling qualities of the members of our faculty. To estimate the true worth of Miss Hanna Greenberg is no exception to the rule.

It is with a sense of my inability that I attempt to describe the character of one who for many years has labored so faithfully for this school and its students.

The eliminating of one's self for the sake of others is a fine theory and one which, it is no exaggeration to say, is carried out in the life of Miss Greenberg. Self died once for all and day by day is shown the expression of the spirit of sacrifice which comes straight from the heart. She is never too busy to help others. Her plans, although carefully laid, are willingly altered, if by so doing benefit may come to anyone. Time and pleasure are gladly sacrificed and the person who is helped is made to feel that that help came freely, not grudgingly.

It is a theory held by most men that

women jump at conclusions, rather than reason them out. All who rightly know Miss Greenberg will agree that her decision on any question is based upon logical principles. Her conclusions are not drawn in a minute neither does it take forever and a day for her to carefully consider a question from all sides. When she comes to a decision she stands by it, and you may be sure it is a liberal and charitable view. She knows whereof she believes; her mind is her own. How great today is the need of one's standing true to what he believes.

Miss Greenberg exhibits a deep interest in her students both in the classroom and out of the classroom. The old students already know this to be true and the new ones are beginning to learn it, as she patiently silences their wailings over indirect discourse and conditional sentences.

But there comes a time when work is over. Then, Miss Greenberg knows just how to be a student among students. She has the power of laying aside her own care and considering the feelings of others. Her way of making a student feel that she is

his friend is unique. This generous social ability has won for her a host of true friends. whom you can trust. If you don't believe this, give her half a chance to help you and see.

From her childhood she was delighted in making an extensive study of nature. If you want to learn to appreciate as never before the beauties and wonders of this old world, just take an hour's walk with her some day and listen to the beautiful thoughts which only a true lover of nature can have. Many have been the discouraged students whom she has inspired to make a final effort for the mastery. Many are there who in times of trouble even despair have found consolation through her words of cheer and comfort. You ask how this is done? Along with her insight of human nature flows sympathy and love for her fellow creatures. The sympathy that finds expression—the human touch

But best of all Miss Greenberg is unassuming. This lends a peculiar grace and charm to her other noble qualities. Her kindest deeds are quietly done. Does not true virtue always show herself thus? I come not far from the truth when I say that when the eternal record books are opened, a host will witness that they have been able to reach the goal because of the encouragement and inspiration of this life. And in that day of days Our Father will be hand; if you have too much conceit, the rewarder of this life so humbly and she will help you unload; in short, if devotedly spent in the service of you want a true friend, she is one others.

The Neosophic Society.

By Theos Thompson.

It is with reluctance that I accept the appointment of Neosophic Reporter. I realize my inability to fill the position of my predecessor, Mr. Rindfusz, whose literary talent, fine intelligence and good judgement rendered him invaluable in every position he filled. are not as well prepared as they might be. The Parliamentary Law drills conducted by Mr. H. H. Hester, are exceedingly interesting and very practical. The drills are for the instruction of all who may attend the society meeting. We invite and earnestly urge all to attend our meetings and thus encourage us to do our best.

The society at present is doing only fair society work. Some of the parts

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Shoes and Rubbers in large assortment. See our line of Rubber Boots and Felts.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Sweaters, and Underwear.

. . . J. H. & G. B. Crowell . . .

Main Street

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Houghton, N. Y.

Just a Moment

Do these cold nights make you think of the cold winter coming? We can supply you with many things to keep you warm

**Bed Blankets, Comfortables,
Sweater Coats, Underwear.**

We are already receiving Ladies' Fall Suits and Separate Skirts. Have you thought about your winter furs?

We are sole agents for the Queen Quality Shoes.

John H. Howden, Fillmore, N. Y.

Colburn & Coy, - Hume, N.Y.

Karl Clothing Co., Olean

Every line of advertising costs money
and we can only afford to spend the
money to advertise Real Values
which will bring continuous
patronage to our store.

**Such Values as These are Bound
To Attract Attention.**

All Wool Black Rain Coats, 52 inches long,
in military or regular collars, \$13.75.
Just the kind of coat most needed
for the unsettled fall weather.

Suits, Overcoats, Hats and Underwear in an
endless assortment to suit every taste

Karl Clothing Company,

Opposite Star Theatre

Olean, New York