

Isabelle Stubbins

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# Houghton Star

MAY, 1913.

Volume V.

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Number Eight.

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. V

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No. 8

## God's Best for Her.

Grace B. Sloan, '15

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Glenn picked up the thrilling novel she had been reading and started down Markland Ave. On her way she met the pastor, and into her mind leaped the thoughts of the good man's Sunday sermon. Thoughtfully she walked until she came to a little path that led her to the woodland. She flung herself upon the ground underneath a grave, old oak. Her book failed to interest her, she threw it aside and gazed around impatiently, the rustling of the leaves and the music of the

birds soothed her wearied spirit. Her heart responded to nature's voice; her eyes rested upon the beautiful flowers. She heard the chirp of the squirrels and the song of the birds; from across the meadows she heard the whistle of the merry farmer lad as he turned the soil. The beauty of the scene moved her heart strangely. Everything God had created seemed to have a purpose in life but her. The words of the text of the pastor rang in her ears, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." She said to herself in half a whisper "Why am I living? I have never done a useful thing in my life. I have lots of fun, but I am not happy. My heart yearns for a life deeper, fuller, richer than I have yet known. I wonder if after all the pastor was not right when he said 'The life of service for Christ is the happiest life.'"

Glenn's heart was heavy, no mortal hand could pen the tumultuous thoughts of the afternoon; but One above recorded them all.

Before she was aware of it, the sun was sinking and the shadows of evening were falling. She walked leisurely home. Many bitter memories of her wasted life and wasted talents came to her that evening. The calm, broad river that flowed past her charming home brought no peace to her distressed soul. She hastily ate her supper, then went to the piano. Instead of playing her popular "rag-time" pieces she played her more soulful ones. She attired herself to entertain callers, but the evening wore on all too slowly for her. She was relieved when she was again alone in her own room. She went to the window and gazed out into the balmy night where the moonlight illuminated the stream below and the twinkling stars seemed to invite her to higher plains of living.



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A great battle was going on in Glenn's heart and it seemed all nature was interested in her decision. There on bended knee, she looked up into the canopy of the heavens and poured out her full heart to Him who had said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." At last the broken, restless heart yielded and she whispered "I will" and the peace that passeth all understanding filled her heart. She found that there was a balm in Gilead and there was a Physician there.

Her heart was enraptured with her new found joy; but the following days afforded her many opportunities for usefulness and for proving her love for the Master in a practical way. She found that by admitting the Friend of Mankind into her life she learned the art of being a friend to those by whom she was surrounded. Her life gave inspiration, hope and good cheer to all, and as God gave to her His best, she gave her best to the world.



## Nature

Edna Hester, '16

"Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

The clods have indeed stirred and their escaped souls have spread a mantle of green over the earth.

Let us then go forth and list to nature's teaching. Walk across the velvety green lawn, thickly sprinkled with gold dust (dandelions), saunter down the hill, past sweet-scented apple blooms, across the brook, up the hill and out into the woods where the pine trees murmur and the hemlocks whisper to you their secrets, and you begin to enjoy nature.

Oh, the joy of existence when one can live near this Goddess of health, feel her soothing balm and listen to her charming melodies. Cares vanish, fears slip away, pains and aches cease, and the pure, sweet, wholesome thoughts crowd in to refresh the mind for—

" 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—  
'Tis the natural way of living."

Listen to the birds caroling their joyous songs and you think of Freckles and his "brothers." See a moth flit by and you think of Elnora Comstock and her heroic endeavors. Spy a footpath winding in and out among the pines and you think of Sammy Lane and the "trail that no one knows how old."

All these thoughts flit through your mind and then with bounding spirits and jubilant voices you begin to explore the secrets of nature.

On a sunny knoll, pale blue violets gaze languidly at you, and farther down in the cool and shade of the glen the purple-hued, sturdy, Johnny-jump-ups peek at you saucily as if to say: "Pluck us if you dare!" Sweet violets. If you could speak, what message would you give us? Methinks, as I look into your eyes, I read: "Be brave, be pure, be good."

On the hillside, among the small pines and hemlocks, you find the little red winter green berries. How delicious they taste as with perfect joy you partake of them. Nearby, the long-sought for trailing arbutus appears and you go into raptures of delight as, with long, quivering breaths, you inhale their sweet fragrance and gaze on their matchless loveliness. Thou too, oh Trailing Beauty, would fain speak to us and say: "Be loving, be thoughtful, be sweet."

As you descend still farther into the valley where the sparkling rill dances and plays, a sturdy little man greets you. Straight and bold, little Jack stands in his pulpit of green and says in clear tones to his listening congregation: "Be valiant, never shirk duty, be true."

Thus as you wander among the trees, every flower has its message and every bird its word of cheer. Your spirit is renewed. You feel new life thrilling and new thoughts filling you and in the midst of it all you look up to the God above, the one who made all things, and with a heart bursting with love and gratitude, praise him.

As your steps turn homeward, the golden sun is sinking in the west, the sky is a brilliant hue, the birds have ceased their songs and the fireflies appear. You feel supremely happy and your soul is filled with peace, for you have been close to the heart of nature and to the heart of God.

## Impressions of the Metropolis

A person on his way to New York for the first time is liable to feel that he is going somewhere, at least that was my experience. Every person, you know, has heard something concerning the wonders of that vast, bustling city, with its huge skyscrapers, its clattering elevateds and mole-like subways, and with its breathless gayety and mad dissipation and its millions of human souls. In time one comes to attach everything of importance to it, and, in truth, it becomes THE City. Politicians throuth the country always rant about Wall Street in connection with the trusts and about Tammany Hall in connection with graft. Fully half the novels written have also been connected in some way with New York City. And so a person naturally gets the idea that the place is quite a town, and feels that he almost has a speaking acquaintance with it before he makes his first pilgrimage thither.

I arrived in New York by way of the D. L. & W. Railroad which travels through a most picturesque mountain region, finding egress to tide-water through the historic Delaware Water Gap. I entered the terminal at Hoboken on the Jersey side at about half past nine in the evening, where I was met by some friends. It seemed to me we had walked about half a mile before we finally passed thru some large doors and arrived in a very richly furnished room which I took to be the waiting-room. My friends sat down, and so did I. After several minutes, I began to speculate on the means by which we should cross the river, when suddenly I felt the "waiting-room" in motion. After a moment of surprise, however, I decided I was aboard a ferry-boat. On landing on the other side, we took a ten-mile ride in the subway, and at last arrived before a large, palatial looking building in Harlem which apparently was the residence of some prominent millionaire. However, my mind was quickly disabused of this conjecture as I entered and found myself in a large apartment house, which was to be my headquarters during my stay.

To describe all the things I saw or to merely mention them would require the space of an encyclopedia. Some of the things, however, of which I had heard and expected the most, were quite disappointing. For instance, Wall Street, which I had thought would be paved with gold and lined with banks and treasure vaults on either side the street, was a very ordinary street—that is for New York, altho the babel and excitement in the Pit and on the Exchange was much what I had pictured. The buildings here as elsewhere towered miles high in the air, it seemed to me. They consisted chiefly of office buildings of brokers and corporations.

Before I went to New York, I had an idea that every other person I would meet on the street would be a rogue or a cut-throat, ready to sell the unsuspecting "hayseed" a gold brick, or to rob one in broad daylight, at least according to the yellow journals. But to my surprise I didn't even see a drunken person on the streets while I was there, while as for other rascalities, they were not in evidence. That of course wasn't any sign that there weren't any, for I had caught, as it were, the merest and most unsatisfactory glimpse of the real city, despite the fact that I had spent nearly a week, day and night, pounding the pavements until my feet were foot-sore, and riding about until my brain was weary. It was rather lonesome at first, mingling among so many thousands of people and yet not seeing a familiar face, where everyone was intent upon his own business and where you didn't even know your nearest neighbor who lived across the hall.

Of course I took in the Hippodrome, and Central Park, and Brooklyn Bridge, and the Battery and the Zoo and Fifth Avenue and all the rest of the innumerable traditional points of interest, which must be visited before you can return home and tell your friends that you have really seen "NooYork."

It was with no little reluctance that I bade farewell to the City and turned my back upon its hospitable gates after my all too brief sojourn, to return to my quiet and uneventful life on the frontier.

Robert L. Smith, Prep. '13.



## Two Days

[The following was found on the fly leaves of an old Bible. In one corner of the front page were the letters "H. W. M. S." and in the opposite corner was "1916." This showed that the writer of these lines was a member of the memorable class of "1916."—Editor.]

I have noticed during my school days here that every person has some trait of character peculiar to himself. I have often wondered whether or not the person was responsible for this. I had also heard a great deal about influence and environment, but I never felt it like I did a few days ago. I knew two persons. One was jolly and full of fun and always had a merry greeting for me. The other was also an intimate friend of mine, but quite the converse of the preceding fellow.

One day I chanced to walk to school with the converse fellow. Silently and solemnly he trod along. He looked dark and sad. I tripped along beside him and tried my best to make him laugh. As we shambled along a cloud came over us. The grass looked dark. The trees sighed. The wind blew cold and chilly. As we dragged along up that old hill, the old bell sounded. I was half a minute late. The professor greeted me with a five minute speech, saying that I had delayed the morning work. I went sulkily from class to class. A dry hello greeted my ears irritatingly. That forenoon was a long one. When Professor Luckey asked, "Isn't that as clear as a bell now, my boy?" I said, "No, I don't know anything about the old stuff." At last noon came, but to me it brought no joy. No appetite attracted food to my lips and with effort it was that I ate enough to drag me thru that long, dreary afternoon.

The next morning I walked to school with the other fellow. I felt blue that morning. My stomach was wrong and I had had a sleepless night. The fellow greeted me with a cheery "Hello, old pal. How's business?" I was rather sulky at first,

but I finally laughed and joked along with him. As we journeyed along, the sun blazed forth from his dark retreat. The air became fresher and crisper. The bright green grass nodded and waved as we passed. The trees hailed our approach with applause and murmured encouragement. As we tripped up the hill, the bell rang forth in melodious tones, "Education broad and free." I entered class a half minute late. As the professor scowled up at me, I said, "I've caught the disease, 'fessor." I passed from class to class with a smile on my face and merriment in my eye. When Professor Luckey asked, "Isn't that as clear as a bell now, my boy?" I smiled back, "It must be a dumb bell, 'fessor." So passed the time away, and noon came. I sat me to the table, not as at a funeral, but as in a famine, and with delight drove I the wolf from my chamber door.

Brother, remember what the poet said. "Whatever comes or does not come, just do the best you can." Be not gloomy, grouchy, grumbling; be gleeful, glad and gay. Strew the path with roses, not with thorns. Leave sunshine behind you, not darkness. Make paradise, don't spoil it. Hip, Hip, Hoorah!

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## The State I. P. A. Convention

O. M. Walton '15

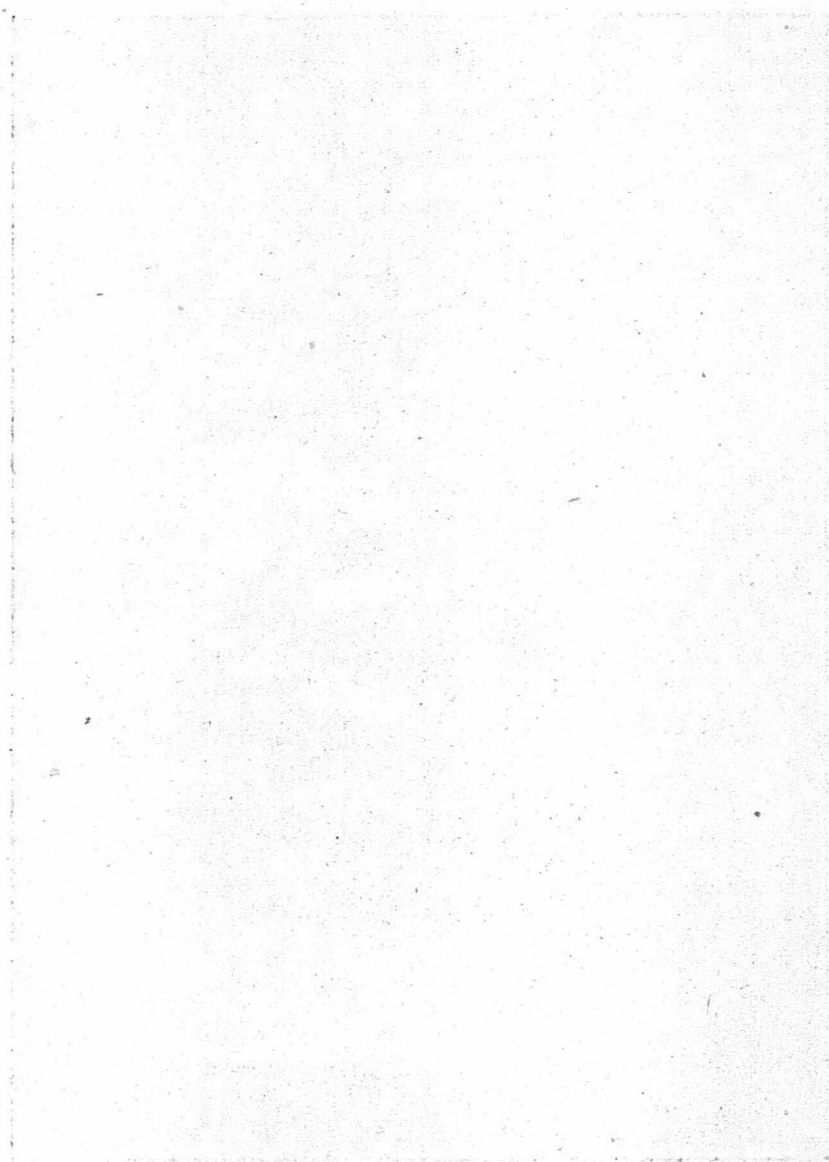
The event to which we have all looked forward with so much pleasure for the last few weeks is past. The honors of the contest are won, the business transacted and the delegates again scattered to their respective institutions. The convention was a decided success from every view point. The contest was a close one, the reports showed the organization in good condition both financially and in point of numbers.

The delegates began to arrive as early as Wednesday night. The league had a hospitable committee to meet the trains and direct them to their places of lodging where free entertainment was furnished both for delegates and visitors. Every effort was made to make them feel at





New York State Convention of I. P. A. held at Houghton, New York, April  
Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth.



home. To this end good use was made of the tennis court and in the afternoon Thursday a base ball game was arranged between the visitors and a Houghton team in which an attempt to keep the score proved futile.

The annual oratorical contest took place on Thursday evening. To say it was a close one scarcely expresses it. Each orator showed a polish and a preparation which enlisted and closely held the attention of the audience from beginning to close. The orations were largely along the same line that the proper solution of the liquor problem is through the medium of a political party. Herbert C. Brown of Chesbrough Seminary was the first orator of the evening. His subject was "A Partisan Issue." Mr. Brown reviewed the position of the present parties toward the problem and showed the necessity for political action. His delivery was clear and forceful. Mr. Remington Rogers of Cornell University next addressed the audience on "Prohibition by Administration." Mr. Rogers pointed out how the liquor traffic had at first only been given the privilege to exist but had now assumed the mastery. He also showed the necessity of immediate political action. Mr. Clarence O. Moore of Syracuse University was the third speaker. His subject was "A Plea for Renewed Allegiance and Action." Mr. Moore showed the danger in present corrupt conditions. He said that the influence of the Prohibition party could not be measured by numerical election returns. He showed the need of party action and suggested a general clean-up of other evils by disposing of the liquor traffic. Last but not least was our Houghton representative Shirley Babbitt, who spoke on "The Great Issue." He gave some appalling statistics upon the waste attributable to the liquor traffic. Mr. Babbitt's oration was especially strong. During the interval between the last oration and the decision of the judges the audience was admirably entertained by Mr. Hogg and Mr. Rogers of Cornell who made quite a "hit" with guitar and mandolin. At length the suspense was over and the first prize of \$50 was awarded to Mr. Moore of Syracuse, the second of \$15 to Mr. Rogers of Cornell. However we have no cause to be ashamed of the standing of

Houghton's man for his oration was marked first in thought and composition with a comfortable margin. Mr. Moore will now represent New York State in the Eastern Interstate Contest in May.

As soon as the contest was over a short reception was given the orators and delegates by the local league in the library. This proved to be a pleasant means of their getting acquainted. A representative from each of the schools made a short speech on "My School."

The first session of the convention proper began at 9:00 o'clock Friday morning. An address of welcome by President Luckey was ably responded to by Secretary Smith of Syracuse University. A representative of the W. C. T. U. gave the greetings of that organization to the convention. After the annual reports of the state officers and some miscellaneous business, election of officers for the ensuing year took place as follows: President J. Lossing Buck of Cornell; Vice-president, L. L. Strickland of Chesbrough; secretary, D. S. Hatch of Cornell; Treasurer, Everett A. Overton of Houghton; Member of the Executive Committee, H. Nile Eddy of Syracuse.

The afternoon session was convened at 2:00 o'clock Friday. General Secretary Harry S. Warner gave a very instructive and helpful address. This was followed by speeches on various phases of the work by H. R. Brockett, delegate from Cornell; Grace B. Sloan of Houghton, and by Sherman M. Smith of Syracuse. These in turn were followed by an open discussion of league problems and possibilities. The Prohibition State Chairman, Olin S. Bishop was expected to be present and address the convention but for some reason was unable to be there. However, Mr. Neal Dow Cranmer, a former Syracuse student and a state worker was present and lent his enthusiasm and inspiration to the convention. At the close of the session Secretary Warner conducted a conference on "Methods of Work in the Leagues."

On Friday evening a large and appreciative audience listened to the "Little Giant" Clinton N. Howard of Rochester deliver his lecture on "Adam and Eve and the Baby." Surely no one who listened to the ready wit and hard facts of this lecture regretted paying the small amount of



admission. At times Mr. Howard would have the audience howling with laughter, a moment later driving home facts that could not be resisted. We were extremely fortunate to be able to close our convention with a lecture by Mr. Howard.

Music for the convention was furnished largely by Houghton talent. The male quartette rendered several selections which were very well received. A mixed octet rendered one selection for the contest. Vocal solos were rendered by Miss Eastwood, Miss Dart and Mr. Wagner. A piano solo was given by Miss Thurston and a duet by Misses Bedford and Reid. Instrumental music was also given by Messrs. Hogg and Rogers of Cornell. Miss Lauer of Cheshbrough gave a very pleasing vocal solo.

Again let me say that the 1913 contest and convention of the New York State I. P. A. was a decided success. The delegates seemed well pleased with the Houghton spirit of hospitality. But let us not stop now that the convention is over but let us plan to make the Houghton league next year the strongest ever. We all join in best wishes to Mr. Moore who is now our representative in the Interstate Contest.

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### A Moonlight Melody

With pensive gaze, we pierce the haze,  
And spy the autumn moon.  
We love its bright and silvery light,  
That leaves us all too soon.

We admire it still, in winters chill  
When the earth is 'neath the snow,  
As it shines on rill, and distant hill,  
And the whitened fields below.

We admire that sphere, so bright and clear,  
As it rides in the jeweled sky.  
And it's just as sweet, when not complete,  
It glides along on high.

We too have found, when full and round,  
It has driven the stars away,  
It sails thru clouds and misty shrouds,  
Like a ship on a white-capped bay.

We admire it here, throughout the year,  
Whene'er its face we see,  
Depending less, on the moon I guess,  
Than on who it is that's "WE."

Babbitt.

### A Tragedy

The morning air was clear, serene,  
Soft clouds skimmed by in silvery sheen  
While Nature donned her richest dress  
And all seemed clothed in loveliness.

Hark! suddenly there burst a cry  
Fraught with the deepest agony.  
The stalwart man grew pale with dread  
And ashen hues his cheeks o'erspread

Again there came a curdling moan  
That would have wrung a heart of stone.  
A child sobbed wildly at the sound;  
A Prof. fell fainting to the ground!

"Why stand like statues nerveless here?  
O hasten, hasten! Have no fear!"  
Cried one more bold than all the rest  
With whitened lips and heaving breast."

"I fear the foul assassin's blow—  
Break down your door—him overthrow!  
Bind up the gash his steel hath made  
Be men, not cowards; brave, not afraid!"

Up stairs they rushed, hearts all aflame  
—Alas! I weep—How can I name  
What met their eyes as through the door  
Came that wild shriek they heard before?

An angry maid glared at the throng.  
"You're rude to interrupt my song!  
Think you my voice I well can train  
When you burst in like men insane?"

"Be gone at once, base knaves and spies  
I hate your staring, curious eyes  
And till you're asked, do not come near  
For I don't want your presence here!

With drooping heads and stumbling feet  
They slunk like dogs caught stealing meat  
With foolish glances to and fro—  
Stung! Yes, we're stung, they muttered low.

C. Belle Russell, '14

# EDITORIAL

## The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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

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

It has been said that Duty oftentimes comes to us clothed in unattractive form, and now we know it is so. The enforced labor and confinement of editing a paper and writing an editorial this month is so irksome to our jaded spirits, that we would fain escape it all by sequestering ourselves amid sylvan scenes "far from the

maddening crowd," or even fleeing to the dreary hermit's retreat, which would probably be the very best thing we could do, if only to save the feelings and patience of our readers.

Who anyway would desire for a single moment to stay in voluntary confinement between four narrow walls to write dull, vapid stuff, when all out-doors is insistently calling one to come forth and drink deep at nature's fount and disport oneself in the warm sunshine? Frankly we did not want to, nor did we. We attempted to compromise by going forth under the open sky to perform our onerous task, hoping, if possible to infuse a little of the tang and freshness of the day into it, but with disastrous results, we fear. Combining business with pleasure and vice versa does not always pay, we verily believe.

The editor, however, busy man that he is, came out of his abstraction long enough to behold and admire the beauties of A Perfect Day. No words can describe, or brush paint all the matchless glories of that day. It almost seemed as though the Great Artist Himself was moving behind the scenes, engaged upon His Masterpiece. From the first crimson and saffron streaked glow of sunrise in the east until the flaming sun dropped below the western horizon, swiftly and surely He worked. All nature was in her most complacent and charming mood. All day long across the azure blue of the sky lightly floated great masses of fleecy white clouds like wandering nomads of space, ever changing into fanciful figures of airy design and texture. Now they would resolve themselves into enchanted castles and palaces with towering battlements and slender spires, which would suddenly catch the ruddy glint of the sunlight and flash and sparkle for a



moment in striking splendor, only rapidly to dissolve and fade into a trim fleet of drifting argosies upon a sea of wondrous blue. Then the Artist would vary the scene a little and begin to etch a dainty pastel framed with rifts and patches of sky, only suddenly to efface it with one quick sweep and fleck the clouds with black thundercaps and drive and roll them together until they looked like the surf upon the shore of a boundless ocean. Thus throughout the long hours of the day the Great Artist labored upon his immense canvas, sometimes apparently resting for a time, then trying some new color effect, until at length came the grand climax with the incarnadined glories of the sunset lighting up the earth in its last radiant setting of day. With a lavish hand He splashed the colors in gorgeous confusion upon the sunset, as if in His haste to complete His picture before the opaque mantle of night should be hung over the easel and end His labor for the day, He had overturned His palette upon the edge of the canvas and allowed the riotous colors to spread and run together in one startling blaze of light and glory. With infinite skill, He blended the whole into one great color scheme, unsurpassed in its sublimity and grandeur to mortal eye. The dying sun broke forth into a wonderful mellow effulgence which surrounded it like a golden halo and which shimmered and scintillated like an illumined vision of Paradise with its aureate domes and stately cathedrals slowly sinking below the western hills.

How could we stoop to the banal and the insipid upon such a day as this, yet what could we do when the hand of compulsion lay hard upon us, and the spur of necessity drove us inexorably on, and Duty with a capital D continually intruded its stern visage into our enjoyment like a fly in the amber?

Still we do not like to be considered in the light of a martyr to Duty or a victim of circumstances, for fame is always bought at a heavy cost. We can truthfully say that our work has been very pleasant this year—now it is all over. We cannot but admit, however, that we shall experience a certain feeling of relief when we shall lay down our work and quietly fade from the public eye. The thought that the end is so near must sustain us, as well as our read-

ers. Our regular Commencement Number appears in June, and then we are through. In order that the dignity of that issue may not be disturbed by any undue lamentation or overdue rejoicing, as the case may be because of the parting, we will take this opportunity to thank our subscribers and advertisers for their lively interest and loyal support, and to commend the Staff and Management for their efficient co-operation and their large share in the success of this work.

The general opinion of both the student body and faculty, which has lately been corroborated by oft repetition and sundry other indications, seems to be that, one and all, we are exceedingly glad that President Luckey has at last left Houghton for distant parts, not to return for some time. There, we knew that you would rise to that time-worn bait, and indignantly deny the imputation. Wait a moment, though; this is not "Lese-majeste" as you may have over-hastily concluded. It all depends on how you look at it. If we were mildly glad before that he was going, we are now superlatively glad that he has gone—yes, glad that our plans have succeeded so well and that his dream of years has at last materialized, glad that he can experience the pure, soul-satisfying enjoyment and intellectual gain to be derived from several months of travel, glad that he can find time to roam in the world's playground for a brief time and find rest from the trying duties and cares of which we constitute no small part. Of course we shall greatly miss his presence during these closing weeks of school and especially at commencement time, but we are not selfish. We all unite in heartily wishing President Luckey "Bon Voyage."

\*\*\*

#### From the Manager

As in previous years the staff is planning to make the June Star a special Commencement number containing pictures of the faculty, graduating classes, etc. Everyone will desire some extra copies of this number which will be on sale at the Seminary during Commencement June 12-16, at 25 cents each. Out of town orders will be promptly filled by mail, postpaid.



If you have not paid for your renewal yet, please do so, for the year is drawing to a close when the books must be closed and turned over to the new management. It is very urgent that no one neglect the payment of his 50c, for it is needed to settle the printing bill.

It is with deep regret that we are obliged to lose one of our assistant managers, Mr. George Whitaker, who has decided that it is necessary for him to be absent for the remainder of this year. He will, however, return next fall. Mr. Whitaker has been a capable, useful member of the management, always ready to do his share of the work. He was employed for some time in the Wesleyan Publishing House in Syracuse and so is not inexperienced in this kind of work. To fill this vacancy, we have secured Mr. Owen M. Walton, who is a College sophomore of more than average ability. Mr. Walton was Exchange Editor last year and hence feels at home as a member of the staff.

Finally, let me call the attention of everyone to the three following IMPORTANT points:

1. Patronize our advertisers.
2. Order some extra June Stars.
3. Renew your subscription as soon as due.

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



#### FELLOW EXCHANGES

Thou products of the students' toil,  
Complied in haste if not in thought,  
Sent out to elevate the world  
And teach poor mortals what they  
ought

To strive to do.

With critic stare we scan thee o'er,  
Illustrious searchers after power,  
And strive to puncture thy balloons  
And ruthlessly upon thee shower  
A rain of missles.

The Clipper (DuBois, Pa.) You are certainly a paper worthy of the name. Your cover is attractive. Your articles are well written and your exchange department is well edited. We regret that you will be unable to exchange further numbers this year.

The High School Critic (Fishkill-on-Hudson.) You are a new arrival on our table. We are unable to judge of your usual appearance owing to

the space occupied by the grades. We think perhaps the plan of allowing the best material from a grade to be published might conduce to better endeavors and be a source of pleasure to the successful pupils and their parents. We would suggest more cuts.

North Star (Maseuma High, N. Y.) You have some of the appearance of a college paper. You contain the school news items put up in a newspaper style. You sadly lack literary articles. We note with pleasure your original story contest.

Echo (Griffith Institute, Springville, N. Y.) A few cuts would improve your general appearance. The arrangement of your material gives a rather 'choppy' effect.

The Collegian (Waynesburg, Pa.) Your covers are attractive and neat, and one expects a considerable within but with the exception of your first articles your material is very local.

The Forum (Mt. Vernon, Ohio.) You are a very welcome guest and a fairly well balanced paper. We would suggest that your 'ads' be grouped and not interspersed throughout the paper.

The Peabody (Pittsburg, Pa.) Another new acquaintance. We are glad to receive you and we enjoyed 'scanning thee o'er.'

The Gondolier from Venice, California, certainly has hit upon an appropriate name. Her material is well classified and her exchange list the largest we have noticed this year.



#### Commencement Events

Thursday, June 12, 10:30 a. m.  
Preparatory Commencement  
Thursday, June 12, 8:00 p. m.  
Oratorical Contest  
Friday, June 13, 10:30 a. m.  
College Commencement  
Friday, June 13, 12:00 m.  
Alumni Dinner  
Friday, June 13, 8:00 p. m.  
Union Literary Association Program  
Saturday, June 14, 8:00 p. m.  
Musical Recital by Graduates  
Sunday, June 15, 11:00 a. m.  
Baccalaureate Sermon  
Sunday, June 15, 7:30 p. m.  
Annual Missionary Meeting



# ORGANIZATIONS

GRACE B. SLOAN, '15, EDITOR

## The Athenian

Again the society has met and that for a brief session as I recall it from the hazy scenes of the past; long since it appears yet in reality only a few short weeks. One feature of this program especially interesting and instructive was a speech given by Mr. Hazlett upon the life and work of M. and Mme. Curie who as we all know have made such startling discoveries in the field of radioactivity. Another part on the program well worth remembering was a paper given by Miss Russell on "The Relation of Science to Conversion." She pointed out with fitting emphasis the fact that only Christian nations and those that upheld the teachings of the Bible had blessed the world with important inventions and discoveries. Prof. Rindfusz who was to give a brief lecture at this time upon "The Rare Gases of the Atmosphere" failed to show up, consequently our program was shorter than usual.

G. B.

## Neosophic Society

The Neosophic Society has proceeded on its way rejoicing ever since its re-organization. The only interruptions have been in the form of entertainments which have invariably occurred on Society night. Nevertheless there has been the best of work accomplished, with everyone pulling together. In one of the meetings not long ago, there was held an oratorical contest in which there were three contestants. They were judged by the members of the society, each one receiving exactly the same

number of votes. This easily shows the ideal state of competition to which the society has attained, even tho it consists of a monopoly in boys. The members no longer talk of disunion, but are working. The prospects are that the society will fulfill the fondest expectations of its friends, altho perhaps not the doleful expectations of the Secessionists. Indeed there can be no doubt in the minds of anyone but that the Boys' Neosophic Society has become one of the firmly established institutions of the school. R. L. S.

\* \* \*

## I. P. A.

The I. P. A. of Houghton Seminary is still alive and since the State convention, which was held here her members are much more active and interested judging from the goodly number present last meeting.

This was the meeting for the election of officers. As a result the following officers were elected: Everette A. Overton, president, Harold R. McMillian, vice president; Mary P. Hubbard, secretary; G. Tremaine McDowell, treasurer; Grace B. Sloan, reporter.

The I. P. A. will certainly miss Mr. Hester who has faithfully looked after its interest and put so much life and spirit into the work. To him is due much of the honor of the success of Houghton's I. P. A.

It is hoped and believed that the newly elected officers will carry on the work as successfully, but they must have, and we believe will have the hearty co-operation of each member of the association.





PAUL FALL, '14, EDITOR

With exceedingly great joy we bid farewell to blizzards, frosts and snows, and greet spring with a merry heart, with all its pleasures, beautiful scenery and "Fruhling" fever.

We are especially glad to have warm weather because we can again get out on the diamond and, like the prodigal son make a home run, or like Adam steal second, and when taking the outs, like Ruth, we can win fame in the field.

We have two quite evenly matched teams, viz., Preps and Varsity. One warm, sunshiny day about the time of the winter solstice, the Preps thought it high time to play ball, and thereupon organized with the following distinguished persons holding office: Mr. Barrett, captain; Mr. Pero, manager; Robert Kaufman, coach. About a quarter of a year later, more or less, the Varsity organized with the result that our distinguished Editor, Mr. Ray William Hazlett, was elected Captain by a unanimous vote; Mr. "Thersites" Ward Bowen,

Manager; and "Foxy" Kip Babbitt, coach.

Three games have been played, two thirds of this number having been won by the upper classmen. The second game was lost by the Varsity, due to a poor substituted pitcher and probably six or a half dozen errors on the part of the other players.

On Thursday, April 24, the school played the delegates to the State Intercollegiate Prohibition Convention with a score similar to the ratio proposed by free silver.

I might add, to relieve the Preps of vain glory and Mr. Walton from embarrassment that the Preps pitcher is a College Sophomore man. Following is the regular line-up:

VARSITY	POSITION	PREPS
Babbitt	C	Silsbee
Hazlett	P	Walton
Fall	1B	Bristol
Frazier	2B	Barrett
Bird	3B	Kaufman
Bedford	SS	Frost
Bowen	1F	W. Kaufman
McMillan	CF	Talbot
Presler, Barnett	RF	Dart, Morris

# ALUMNI

MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

Alumni

Rev. Melvin E. Warburton '88 visited his son and daughter, Clark

and Fidelia Warburton and was in attendance at the I. P. A. Convention.

Mrs. Etta Walldorff-Woodhead '90 of Bradford, Pennsylvania, spent the

week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Walldorff.

Rev. Clarence Smith '95 of Appleton, N. Y., visited here recently.

Mr. Earnest Houghton '95 of Cataugaus brought some of his friends in his auto to attend the Howard lecture.

Mrs. Carrie Perrine-Barker '04 is living in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Mr. Barker is the superintendent of schools in that city.

Mr. Leland Boardman '09 who has been teaching in Nebraska University, has accepted a position in New Jersey.

Rev. Stanley Wright '10 of West Chazy, New York, was ordained at the last session of the Champlain Conference which was held at Hague, New York.

Miss Crystal Rork '11 and Miss Isabelle Stebbins '11 who have been teaching near here, are now at home for their vacation.

Rev. Arthur Karker '11 is pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church at Allendale, Michigan.

#### Former Students

Mr. Karl Wittich is teaching Bible in Mount Horeb Bible School at Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. William Ayers is working in a greenhouse at Hornell, New York.

Miss Beulah Pickup has been spending some time with her aunt in New Jersey.

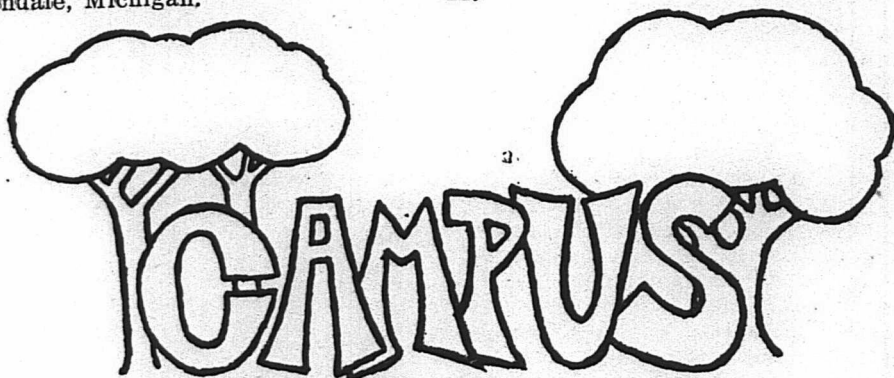
Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Babcock are making their home in New Castle, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Babcock has a position in a tin plate mill.

Mr. John Yancey is working in Olson, Iowa.

Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Smith of Portageville and Misses Leita and Eula Calhoon of Belfast were here to attend the May Festival.

Miss Ethel Smiley is attending the University at Bloomington, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Macy of Oakhill Kansas have announced the wedding of their daughter Carola, to Mr. Archie R. Crapo on Wednesday, May 14.



G. TREMAINE McDOWELL, '15, EDITOR.

Our usual Arbor Day labors were carried out very successfully this year. The grounds were put in very good shape by raking and mowing. A cinder path was made along the north end of the Campus and a goodly portion of the bank in front of the Ladies' Dorm was covered with sod. The sod cutters probably had the best job, for they were so numerous that they were able to spend their time in play and enjoying a feed. The afternoon, as usual, was a holiday. Several saw the Fillmore-Pike ball game.

These spring days are waking up the Senior Preps. They are becoming

more prominent along with the mosquitos, June bugs and other torments which will culminate in Commencement week. They had a high time pulling taffy on the Camp Ground one evening and a couple of days later carried out with great pomp, the solemnity of washing the dishes used on the occasion. The Seniors and a number of the college students were entertained at President Luckey's on the evening of May 7.

Ralph Jones has been working for D. C. Lynde for a few weeks. With Fall and Bird also at Lynde's and Scott and Overton at Crowell &



Borst's our Church should have some business men in embryo.

Several of the fellows evidently mistook the evening of May 1 for Hallowe'en for they appeared in costumes calculated to terrify the stoutest hearted damsel in pursuit of the lovelorn swain who hung for her the sentiment burdened May basket.

The Rev. A. T. Jennings is home again. He is recovering slowly from his recent illness.

We were glad to have the Rev. Mr. Graves of Springboro, Pa., address us in chapel one day recently. He visited his daughter Gertrude who is in college here.

Mrs. Bowen seems to be having great success in "teaching the young idea how to shoot." Witness—the following perpetrated by a student in the Preliminary Department. "Use Babbitt's soap on Brussels (B. Russell's) carpet."

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dart, who have recently come North from Chricton, Ala., and their children Suessa and Claire are enjoying the Spring sunshine in the boarding house on the Camp Ground.

Professor James M. Coleman, a minister of the Scotch Presbyterian church and an instructor of many years experience, gave a series of four lectures at Houghton, May 6, 7, 8. His general subject was social ethics. The topic of the first lecture was society, the social mind. The second treated of government, school, business and the church as institutions of society. The third took up the need of co-operation, not union, between these and the last was an appeal for the recognition of God as the source of the authority of these institutions. Professor Coleman also spoke in several of the classes. He has lectured on this subject in over eighty colleges. He made a very favorable impression and undoubtedly accomplished much good.

The Music Department has been doing considerable public work of late. Three recitals were given recently which were both educative and pleasing. The May Festival was given May 9 and was a credit to the school. The Male Quartet has filled several dates this month and are to make their last public appearance here the last of the month. The Band has an engagement at Fillmore for Decoration Day.

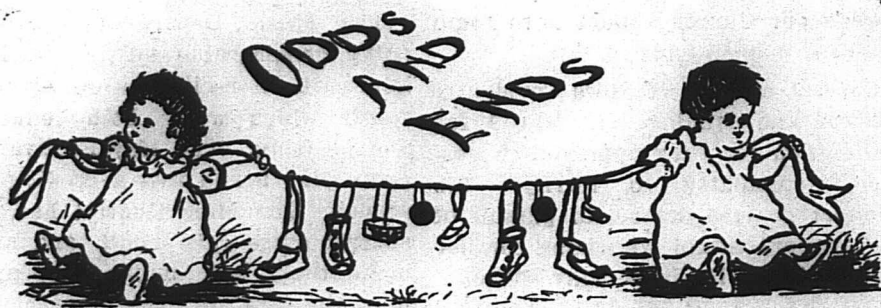
The hot days in the first part of the month put some of the students in a quandary. One said it was too hot to live while another declared it was too hot to die.

Professor McDowell returned May 6 from the Champlain and Canada Conferences. He found the people interested in the school and glad to hear about Houghton. He will be here the rest of the year, taking up part of President Luckey's duties.

Professor Bedford left May 8 for Central, S. C., where he will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon and the Annual Address at the Commencement exercises of the Wesleyan school at that place. He visited Washington, D. C., on the way.

Miss Abbie A. Ball, who graduated from the Emerson School of Oratory last year and is now doing graduate work there, is to be the instructor in our new Department of Oratory next year. Miss Marguerite Spoffard, who graduates this year from the New England Conservatory is to be instructor of Voice. These teachers were engaged by Professor McDowell on a recent trip to Boston.

The students and teachers met at President Luckey's on the evening of May 10 to wish him good luck on his trip abroad. A purse was presented and the proper sentiments expressed. Mr. Luckey left here May 12 and sailed from New York the 14th for Palestine.



C. BELLE RUSSELL, '14, EDITOR

Taffy seems to have a baneful effect upon the organs of sight, for when the Senior Preps sallied forth from their retreat in quest of adventure, they mistook a couple of harmless youths for a bashful country maiden and her amorous swain. A burning curiosity regarding the identity of the unknown aroused in them a grim determination to ascertain this bit of information—at least, so it seemed to the Casual Observer. One of their number recklessly approached too close to the devoted pair and carried away a sore memento of the occasion. Their troubles did not end here. After an absence of some time, they returned to the aforesaid retreat to remove the debris and incidentally to finish eating the candy. They found the former augmented and the latter gone, all except a little which some villain had poured over the—(Say, by the way, who washed those spoons?) But why continue? My pencil will soon need sharpening again, and if I keep going to the pencil sharpener, it may arouse suspicion.

\* \* \*

#### A CASUAL OBSERVER

If anything should happen to Lula, could Earl Barrett?

R. R.—“How did Warner like my oration?”

Kind Friend—“He looked pleased when you left the platform.”

Prof. R.—“There are eighteen dunces in this room.”

E. S.—“Yes, but Professor, there are only seventeen present in the class today.”

Heard in Ethics—“Do you suppose that African chief with the twenty wives will ever get to heaven?”

F. H. W.—“Yes, he will be one of the number who are to come up through great tribulation.”

Prof. S.—(teaching English class.) “If I hang this picture here, can you see it gooder?”

Some one heard Miss Jones say: “O dear, girls, I have lost my Barrett(e).”

Miss Greenberg to Latin class—“Kiss on this side. (cis, on this side.)

Fair Damsel—(at breakfast table.) “I smell rubber burning.”

G. T. M.—“Pardon me, but it's your neck; you're swallowing your cereal too hot.”

Miss E.—(in chorus, to maiden dreaming of other things.) “Do you have ‘Spring Reveries’?”

A daily demonstration, or exemplification of—“How pleasant it is for brothers (and sisters) to dwell together in unity”: Jimmie and Co.

Girls, come out to the ball games and root. It will add greatly to the interest and enthusiasm.

[If any of our readers have any items that could be used in the June “Star,” won't you please send or hand them to the Editor within a few days?]



## Kellogg's Studios

Will be open as follows:

Fillmore	Belmont	Rushford
Friday	Saturday	Monday
June 6		2
20		

Cuba all other dates.

**P. H. KELLOGG.**

### To The Future Business Man

In a few years time you will be in the commercial world, many of you whom will be closely identified with advertising.

When you are planning an advertisement, remember that an illustration will tell more than 1,000 words and when you buy this illustration you want to buy the best.

Our organization will serve you to the end of satisfaction and we earnestly solicit your patronage.

Teller-Hurst Engraving Co.,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

## Authoritative Styles

In Snappy Spring Garments,  
Women's and Misses' Tailored Suits and Coats

As Inexpensive as  
They are Pretty.

From a stock numbering many fine man-tailored garments for women and misses we select just a few for display in our show window. These are examples of what you may expect to find in our Coat and Suit section in the way of dependable garments at saving prices. Every Coat and Suit we show can be relied upon as representing a style absolutely correct and good form. These garments are exclusive both in design and pattern, being confined to us for this town.

We cordially invite every woman to come in and see our fine assortment of new Spring Coats and Suits.

**JOSEPH M. LAX,**

*The Fashion,*

170 N. Union St., Olean.

Second Door S. of 5 and 10c Store.

**Rensselaer** Established 1824  
Troy, N. Y.

## Polytechnic

**Engineering  
and Science**

**Institute**

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

**JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.**

### BARBERING.

**WM. H. KAUFMAN.**

HOURS

4:00—6:30 p. m. Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Friday. Saturday all day.

Opposite Lynde's Store, Houghton, N. Y.

## City Steam Laundry

CUBA, N. Y.

## The Home of Good Laundry Work

**L. A. Webster, Proprietor.**

Others may tell you that they can do better work than we do, but their work when finished does not prove their assertions.

Read the advertisements and follow where they lead.

## JENNINGS' Dry Goods STORE

contains a fine line of  
Clothing, Boots, Shoes,  
Hats, Caps, Gents' and  
Ladies' Furnishings, Etc.

Gents' Fine Tailor-made Suits  
a Specialty.

A Fine Line of Ladies' Suits  
and Coats carried in Stock.

J. V. JENNINGS,  
Phone 16-F BELFAST, N. Y.

F. J. REDMOND, M. D.

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DRUGS, STATIONERY,  
KODAKS AND SUPPLIES,

Post Cards,

FRESH CANDIES AND SUNDRIES  
FILLMORE, N. Y.

Our stock of Furniture  
is Complete.

We can furnish your  
house in the

## FURNITURE

line from cellar to garret.  
The best line of

PICTURE MOULDING  
in any style frame to suit.

F. A. Phipps, Fillmore, N. Y.

## Complete Line of Summer MILLINERY

White Hats for Commencement.

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FILLMORE, - - NEW YORK.

List Your Property with  
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Covering a Territory of 24 states  
and Manitoba, Canada. 2 1-2  
percent commission is all I  
charge. Write for bargain prices  
on Houghton property.

HERBERT W. FRANCIS,

Real Estate and Investments.  
Loans a specialty.  
HOUGHTON, N. Y.

100 Good Envelopes or Noteheads

Printed to order, sent post paid for 30c.

Walter G. Collins, R. D. 3, Cohocton, N. Y.

Mrs. E. O. Butterfield,

ARTISTIC MILLINERY,

Belfast, N. Y.

## BASTIAN BROS. CO.

Mfg. Jewelers, Engravers and Station-  
ers, Engraved Invitations and  
Programs, Class and  
Society Pins

171 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

When in need of anything, read our ads and then act accordingly.



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**Fillmore, N. Y.**

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**Capital and Surplus, \$75,000.00**

**Resources nearly Half a Million Dollars**

**The Leading Bank of Northern Allegany.**

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We have just received a fine line of \$1.50 Negligee shirts in the newest patterns and we will give you your choice of these if you order an INTERNATIONAL TAILORING CO. SUIT before June 15th. Come early and get a first choice of shirts as well as a first choice from our line of samples which is complete and right up to date.

**D. C. LYNDE,**

**HOUGHTON, NEW YORK**

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## **You Can Save Money on**

**Fire, Life, Sick and Accident  
Insurance.**

By seeing

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FILLMORE, N. Y.**

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**J. A. LOCKWOOD**

**DENTIST**

**FILLMORE, - NEW YORK.**

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Graduate of the University of Buffalo and University of the State of New York.

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*We make a Special Effort on  
the Following Goods.*

## **Ladies' Fine Shoes**

**"Queen Quality."**

**"E. P. Reed & Co."**

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## **House Furnishings.**

**Rugs, Carpets,**

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**Lace Curtains**

**and Draperies.**

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**John H. Howden,**

**FILLMORE, N. Y.**



## **"ASquare Deal"**

for everybody is the "Spalding Policy." We guarantee each buyer of an article bearing the Spalding Trade Mark that such article will give satisfaction and a reasonable amount of service.

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Send for our Catalogue.

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**Buffalo, N. Y.**

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## **SEE US FOR**

Basket Balls and Suits, Tennis Croquets, Balls and Shoes  
Base Balls and Bats, Base Ball Uniforms and shoes.

Supporters, Pennants,

Pictures and Frames,

A large line of Fishing Tackle.

Send for catalogue.

**C. V. B. Barse Co.,**

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When patronizing our advertisers, please mention "The Star."

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**Fire, Life, Sick and Accident  
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**Dry Goods,**

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**And a Great Many Other Things too numerous to mention**

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patronage.**

**CROWELL & BORST,**

**HOUGHTON, NEW YORK**

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is now closing its most successful year. The next year promises better things than have yet been realized. New courses are offered in several departments. A teacher in Oratory has been added to the faculty. A summer session offering regular courses and special courses for teachers has been added.

The new catalog containing valuable information is now ready.

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**Suits, \$10 to \$35**  
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