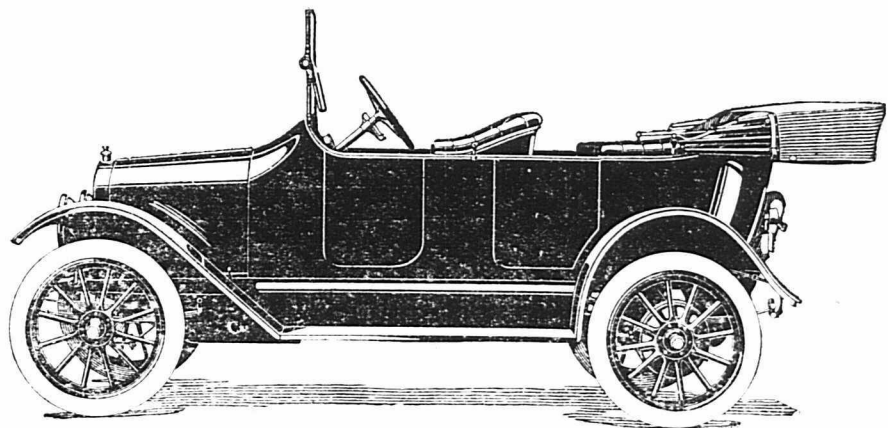


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# The Houghton Star

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No. 2

## A Poor Boy's Thanksgiving

The hands of the clock turned slowly around until they pointed to the hour of four. Denimus aroused from his reverie and looked at the time. Every morning and night he walked a half mile to do chores for a very ungrateful lady, Mrs. White, and it was now fifteen minutes past the time for him to be there. Taking his cap from its nail, he started quickly out of the door.

He was dreaming how sometime he might be able to place his mother in better circumstances. She had been ill for nearly a month and all they had to live on was a very small sum which Denimus earned doing chores.

"If I was only a man so I could do something," he thought "but what is a little boy like me to do? Yet mother tells me to keep continually counting my blessings. If only father were here."

At last he reached his destination. Mrs. White was evidently in a bad humor. She reproved him sharply for being late, gave him his orders and told him if he did not do just as she had told him he need not expect any pay.

Patiently Denimus worked long after his usual hour of quitting. He thought of Thanksgiving on the morrow, but where was his Thanksgiving dinner to come from? At home there was no fuel and what little money he had must be used to buy coal. He thought of his poor mother

lying helpless upon her bed. He could not bear the thought of facing her when she was suffering so for bread, so instead of retracing his steps homeward he roamed listlessly up and down the street wondering what he could do. Suddenly a thought came to him. He remembered what his mother had read to him that very morning from the Bible, how God cares for the sparrow, none ever falling to the ground without his notice. He remembered how she told him of the Father's care and how much he had to be thankful for. "I wonder if God would send us a Thanksgiving dinner if I would ask Him" he mused "I do not believe He will fail me now." Then turning into the park, he knelt down behind a shrub and poured forth this simple prayer, with the implicit confidence in One Whom he was sure would not fail him. "Oh God, You said that you would care for the sparrows and not one should ever fall without your notice. Mother is so sick and hungry won't you please send us a Thanksgiving dinner." Then he arose, feeling confident that his prayer was going to be answered.

The snow had begun to fall, and a sharp piercing wind was blowing from the north as Mr. White was hastening to his home at the close of his day's work thinking of his cozy fireside and the tempting supper that was awaiting him. As he was passing the park, suddenly a voice drew his attention. Immediately he thought of someone in trouble. He heard the petition of the child.

The sweet, musical voice and the fine features, almost concealed in the dim light reminded him of his own little boy whom he had laid to rest but a year ago, on last Thanksgiving day. He thought how he would feel if this would be his own little boy and his heart was moved to pity. The childlike simplicity and confidence with which he asked for the morrow's food for the mother touched his heart. He crossed the street so the child might not know he was watching and followed him to his home where he saw him enter the dingy little house.

Again Mr. White started for home but now the cozy fireside and the tempting supper had no place in his mind. He had found a family who were in need. The only thought now was how he could alleviate their suffering and place them in better circumstances.

On reaching home he found his supper waiting for him. His wife impatiently asked, "What has kept you so long?"

"I have been detained," he answered quietly.

He ate his supper in silence which was a very unusual thing for him to do.

"What has gone wrong with you today?" asked his wife sharply.

"Nothing wife, only I have been thinking that hitherto we have had the wrong conception of Thanksgiving. We have been selfish in our plans while there are those around us who are suffering for the want of the bare necessities of life."

"What has put such an idea into your head? I am sure I have not been selfish."

"It is just this way, dear, you know ever since our little Jean was taken away we have thought there was no divine Providence and God was cruel and unmerciful. On my way home tonight I overheard something which made me feel ashamed. It was the prayer of a little child for bread. Such earnestness and childlike faith I never shall forget. He told how his mother was at home starving and he wanted a Thanksgiving dinner. I followed him to his home and found it was in one of the meanest parts of the city—hardly a place that I would call home. I have been thinking how we, comfortably situated as we are, might be able to help them."

"I don't know but you are right, John. I have thought that the deal-

ings of God were harsh and unkind. How little have I cared about the suffering ones around me when all along I could have helped them. When little Jean died I thought I had nothing else to live for."

Far into the night they talked, planning what they could do. Early morning found them up preparing a great surprise for the needy family. A nice large turkey, pumpkin pie, apples and various other things that help to make a Thanksgiving dinner were put into the basket. Beneath the wing of the turkey was slipped a neat little sum to provide fuel and other things that they might need.

Everything being prepared he now set off on his errand with a light heart—lighter than he had carried for months for now he was making some other heart happy.

On reaching the place he found everything quiet, apparently both were still asleep. He set the basket against the door and returned to his home.

A few hours later, Denimus came to do the morning chores for Mrs. White, his face radiant with the expression of joy and gladness. He met Mrs. White at the door and exclaimed "What do you think has happened!"

"I cannot imagine," she said, all the coldness of the evening before had been displaced by a friendly and sympathetic tone.

"Oh what do you suppose, we found a basket at our door this morning with a great big turkey in and lots of good things to eat. I asked God if he would send us a Thanksgiving dinner and I was sure it would come. You see he brought it there and left it last night so we could be sure and get it cooked in time for dinner. Don't you think He is awful good?"

"Yes, indeed, he is my little man," said Mr. White who had been listening to the little fellow's exciting story, "Very kind and good."

## When the Moon Looks Down on the Corn in the Shock

Oh the still nights and cool nights when  
summer is done,  
And the air knows no more the fierce  
heat of the sun;  
When the locust and tree-toad have  
hushed them to sleep  
Where the leaves that have fallen lie  
soft in a heap.  
The field mice seek daily their long win-  
ter's store,  
And the squirrels too are scouring the  
chestnut grove o'er,  
And hiding their spoil 'neath some tree-  
stump or rock,  
While the moon looks down on the corn  
in the shock.

All the pumpkins lie gold in the dim  
misty light,  
And the nuts drop down slow in the  
stillness of night.  
But the long meadow loses its robing of  
green,  
And the grass bends frost-kissed o'er the  
banks of the stream;  
All the birds too of Spring-time and  
summer are gone,  
And cricket alone holds his sway o'er  
the lawn.  
The leaves of the maple let loose from  
their hold,  
And gliding down softly in scarlet and  
gold,  
They lie with the rest in the grass and  
the dock,  
While the moon looks down on the corn  
in the shock. O. L. S.—1912

## The Book Lover

Ray W. Hazlett, '14

It is one of the most interesting and characteristic sights in the whole world to follow and observe the actions of the real devotee of literature, the true Book Lover, if you please, when he is among his books and not conscious of curious eyes turned in his direction. And, in order to study this truly rare species of mankind in his natural habitat with any degree of success, one should proceed with the utmost caution; for the true Book Lover is a most sensitive and peculiar person, who shuns all notoriety, and at the slightest sign of surveillance re-

treats further back into his shell and refuses to be drawn forth by any inducement or cajolery other than force. Drag him against his will into a brilliant assemblage of fashionably gowned ladies to be exhibited as the lion of the hour, and to be stared and gaped at and made the subject of inane remarks and questions and he feels strangely ill at ease and out of his natural element. Under such conditions his personality somehow seems to fade and lose its usual brilliancy, like a plucked flower; and he is patronized and fawned over just because he is a celebrity.

It is when he finds himself among his shelves and books that he begins to expand and show himself in his true light. To see him then, he is like a grasping miser in his treasure vaults lavishing himself in his golden hoard, and allowing the heavy doubloons and eagles to sift through his talon-like claws ever clutching avariciously for more; or, to choose a more apt and happy simile, like a fond mother alone with her children, lavishing upon them a host of little endearments and caresses not bestowed before strangers. Never was lover more attentive to mistress than the true Book Lover to the object of his devotion.

There is nothing that so delights the heart of the true Book Lover as to be allowed to roam unmolested through some immense library along the walls of which, from floor to ceiling, are ranged countless shelves groaning (as well they might groan) under the ponderous load of the world's knowledge. And does he linger before the numerous shelves from which the masses select their reading, and which contain the light popular novel and trashy fiction? Not he. He passes them all by as not deserving of the slightest notice. Contentedly ensconced in some dimly-lighted, secluded alcove, you may cautiously creep up behind him and find him sedulously poring over some bulky and uninviting volume. If perchance you can catch a glimpse over his shoulder at the finely-printed page, you will doubtless turn away in disgust that anyone could enjoy anything so solid as a History of the World in one hundred and twelve volumes! Or, if you do not chance to find him here, wend your way painfully to the distant garret, where the dust lies thickly overspread and the rafters are festooned with cob-

webs, and there you will espy him, his hair sadly rumpled and awry, his spectacles askew his nose, and his face streaked with dust, yet supremely happy as he rummages among the stacks of old vellum volumes with their Latin phrases adorning the time-yellowed pages, and here and there one with the title "Belles Lettres" quaintly inscribed on the back—all of which with the printed matter has long ago been condemned as obsolete and antiquated by modern standards.

While it may seem that much of the study and research of the Book Lover in the garret of Literature, among the moulding and crumbling ruins, is so much time lost, yet he is actuated by a very definite purpose in thus taking up what must undoubtedly prove a somewhat disagreeable task in some respects. He frankly expects to over-turn much rubbish in his search, and much that is hopelessly out of fashion and antedated; but, at the same time, he entertains sanguine hopes of discovering something of value. Not that he expects to unearth some gem of literature that has been overlooked and relegated to the dust and silence of oblivion by mistake—although that might well lie within the bounds of reason; but what he does hope to accomplish is to find a Rosetta Stone, a key to the real literature that follows. In following the role of the student and investigator of the literature of any nation or people, it is always imperative to trace back, as far as possible, the various steps and stages, and influences and tendencies that have manifested themselves as a result.

For instance, in studying English literature, we would read the saga of Beowulf with all its fierce, primitive passion, and wild bursts of Berserker fury; we would delve deep into the folk-lore and traditions of "Merrie England" when bold Robin Hood and his doughty band of outlaws roamed among the shades of Sherwood forest; we would of necessity devote considerable investigation to the effects of the Norman conquest and the amalgamation of Saxon and Teuton; and our investigation would not at all be complete without obtaining a broad, connected survey of the Renaissance—all of which would be merely preparatory to our real purpose, before we came to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns,

Tennyson and all the rest who have richly contributed to the vast storehouse of English literature. We do all this in somewhat the same spirit that impels the archaeologist to set out on long and dangerous expeditions to excavate in the arid sands of Egypt, among the pyramids and obelisks of the desert, and the palms and crocodiles on the banks of the Nile, in the hope of securing some trace of an early dynasty; or to overturn the light alluvial loam of the Euphrates valley that he may find a few discolored fragments of sun-baked bricks, the only records of a people of remotest antiquity.

As we gaze thus into the life and habits of the Book Lover and learn something of his tastes and habits, we are moved to inquire what manner of man this is, that he should be willing to bury himself in a dead past, when the duties and responsibilities of the present clamor for the attention of every living man. How, we ask, if he is a man of real flesh and blood, can he moon over dry facts and unproven theories when actual worlds are lying all around to be conquered? And you wonder, too, at the anomaly, do you not, kind reader? Ah yes, we feared that perhaps you would somehow gain this false impression from what we have said. We may as well shatter a popular delusion here. We have been talking about the True Book Lover, not that bibliomaniac who spends his whole time in the useless collecting and fingering of rare and ancient books, until he becomes as old and dry and withered as they are, and of far less value to the world. When you really come to know our true Book Lover, if that rare and enviable privilege happens to be yours, you will find under that quiet exterior, you at first thought so commonplace, beats a heart as young and eager as a boy's, filled to the brim with the acute joy and delight of living; while those eyes that seemed to contain such an abstracted and far-away look are in reality keen and searching, quick to note passing men and events and to detect shams and insincerities, yet brimming with sympathy and understanding.

The true Book Lover belongs to neither class or creed; he may be found in any walk of life. He does not necessarily have to be an academic bookworm, or a college Pro-

fessor, or a sure-enough author himself. The heart of the true Book Lover beats as strongly and devotedly in the starved childish breast of Abraham Lincoln as he pored over his first borrowed book by the flickering fire-light, as did that of the noted English writer, Ruskin, as he panned his deeply appreciative essay on the Reading of Books. The true Book Lover may be a humble cobbler conning a passage from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam as he pegs his soles; he may be a busy Railroad president who reads the Odyssey in the original in his spare moments; but, wherever you may find him, whether high or low, rich or poor, if he has a true appreciation of the use and value of books, he may truthfully call himself one of the elect. He believes that a man's life is too short and uncertain, and that there is too much of importance to be accomplished in the narrow cycle of life, to waste time upon the weak and superficial, when all the illimitable riches of literature are to be explored; and yet he is just sentimental enough, too, to love books for their own sake and the associations that cling about them.

Yet while we cannot all be professional Book Lovers, so to speak, we can at least be enthusiastic amateurs, as I have already intimated; no one can deny us the privilege of eating the crumbs that fall from the bountifully loaded table of literature, and of timidly kneeling in the shadow as humble and admiring worshippers at the classic shrine of Books. Oh, there is an infinite delight and worth contained in good books, "books for all time," as Ruskin puts it. There is something in them for everyone—something to satisfy every taste and meet every need. Literature is not a realm of theories or illusions, as some suppose, nor is it a luxury in which only a limited few can indulge. It is the most practical matter in the world; its scope is universal, its influence all-powerful. It is the one great composite picture of life that everyone can view, the vast canvass on which every age seeks to paint its ideals and interpretations to form the one grand whole. It comprehends everything worth while—art, music, science, religion—everything in which cultured and educated people are interested.

Yes, indeed, we agree with Emerson that "the theory of books is noble," even if he does not need our weak voice in support of his statement. A good book is immortal, it is something to be read and reread and read yet again. No man, it seems to me, can read a good book or a great book which is the same thing, and read it at all understandingly without feeling himself stirred to the very depths of his being and forthwith becoming a convert to the ranks of the noble and universal brotherhood of True Book Lovers. Sartor Resartus, for instance, is a book of this kind. It puts into deathless words the unutterable thoughts of the soul itself. The marvelous vitality and sheer genius of the man who wrote it breathes forth like a living spirit, pungent, invigorating, electric from every page. What! too heavy and abstract, you object? I am sorry for you, but turn elsewhere if you must—every man to his own taste. Read Alice-in-Wonderland for a change. You smile at me. Pray do not, kind reader; I venture to assert that if you read this harmless-looking book once a year as long as you live, you will never even then understand fully all the profound philosophy that it contains between its covers. You simply cannot strike bottom no matter how many times you read it; you will continually find something new and unsuspected each time. And so it goes. If you will only begin to explore these marvelous riches found in books, so varied and inexhaustible, you will never regret it—you will only regret that you never began sooner. You can take a good book with you for a companion on every journey; it will be a true friend to you in every vicissitude of life.

And when you come across a book that moves you with such emotions as I have attempted to describe, seize that book, don't let go of it, make it your very own. There is a feeling of satisfaction and enjoyment in handling and being among your own books, even if they are but a few, that is impossible to obtain in any other way. We can all own at least a few of our favorite books, and keep adding to them year by year. Ruskin says that "we call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries." But always keep this in mind: buy

and read only the best. It is also Ruskin who says, "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or stable boy, when you may talk with queens and kings?" Thoreau emphasized the same thought when he said that in his time "the best books are not even read by those who are called good readers." I sadly fear that if Ruskin and Thoreau could see what this age has come to, they would rest most uneasy in their shrouds. Our modern taste is positively execrable. Patrons of the penny newspaper and followers of the dime novel—we! and letting such men as Shakespeare and Milton go unread and lie moulding on dusty shelves.

When the literary ideals of any age begin to deteriorate and weaken, you may look for an equal if not more serious breaking down of the moral standards of the time. If it is true that a man may be known by the company he keeps, I assert that he may be known equally well by the books he reads. But we are paying the penalty for our neglect today in more ways than one—one of which is that we are producing no great writers who are worthy to stand with those of yesterday. My, but those old writers could express noble sentiments in those days with a certain charm and simplicity which we today cannot imitate. Instead of advancing as it should, literature had fallen upon a decadent age, and we find no authors who possess the courage to go back to old models and style. We can travel across the country in our luxurious palace cars at lightning speed, but we are producing no Ruskins or Carlyles; we are building heavier-than-air machines, but we can boast no Thoreaus or Emersons. What use are all these things to us when our minds are not being lifted higher and our souls being fed? Books are an expression of the mind of the author, and the author is largely the result of the age. Judging from the amount of problem novels and sex novels on the market, this age is in desperate need of something wholesome and good.

Let us, as true Book Lovers, join with Ruskin and Thoreau in the uplift and emancipation of our nation's literature. No more valuable movement to the human race could be set on foot than to call the attention of the public to these sterling old writers and point out their

many excellences. People today are "locoed" with the fad for collecting antique furniture and other things ancient; and spend thousands of dollars on decrepit chairs, dilapidated sofas, and wormeaten cabinets, when they might be spending their money for good books. Why not start a "fad" for those old writers? They cost no more than the modern ones, but they are worth their weight in gold. I would rather have a set of Scott or Dickens than all the Louis Quatorze or Quinze furniture in existence. But that is human nature the world over—to pay fabulous sums for worthless things and let those of real value lie neglected under their feet.

Let's have a revival of the old writers, we say—an apotheosis of true literature! Surely this is a noble ideal for every true Book Lover and especially the young scholar to champion.

## A Happy Thanksgiving Day

As Mrs. Egerton sat by the fireplace one cold frosty night thinking sadly of her only son Bob, who was wasting his energy and money in riotous living in a distant eastern college, she was suddenly startled by the shrill whistle of the train. "Can it be possible that it is train time?" she said. "Oh, if it would only bring me a letter from Bob." Then she settled down once more in the old arm chair and mused "Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day and how disappointed Shelley will be if Bob does not come home. It will be our first lonely Thanksgiving."

Bob, who was the idol of his mother's heart, had been left a generous legacy at his father's death which was to be used in fitting himself for the ministry. His mother and sister Shelley, lived in a mountain district in the West. They had urged him to go away to college in order that he might some day become a minister and fulfill his father's wish but his letters were brief and Mrs. Egerton had heard that so large a portion of his time was devoted to frolic that the residue left for his studies, was exceedingly small. However, this was not true, but Mrs. Egerton had clung to the last faint hope that he might turn out all right eventually. She had determined to make Thanksgiving as pleas-

ant as possible for Shelley anyway, even if Bob wouldn't come home.

Thanksgiving day arrived, and Shelley invited her friend Hazel Sheldon over to help devour the carefully prepared Thanksgiving dinner. Appetizing odors escaped from the kitchen that morning. There was the delicious smell of cinnamon rolls dripping a waxy mixture of sugar and of baking flour from big snowy loaves of bread and the tempting odor of roasted turkey and pumpkin pies. Later as Mrs. Egerton placed the turkey on the table, already overlaid with its steaming promises of future bliss, a loud knock was heard at the door. Shelley hastened to open it and immediately a whoop of glee was heard from Bob at sight of the table, a cry of delight from Shelley for there stood her brother and his college chum, Jack Hartwell. Mrs. Egerton stood motionless with a bowl in her hand, her joy finding expression in glistening tears that fell with a splash in the gravy. After greeting his sister and hastily introducing Jack, Bob rushed into his mother's arms and hastily explained why he had not written. Then all her passed troubles slipped away as she hurriedly set the table for five instead of three.

Soon they were seated around the old fashioned table and Mrs. Egerton gave thanks not only for her many blessings but especially for her son's return on Thanksgiving day. Her face beamed with joy, and Shelley was happier than she had been in months before. Bob gave an account of his life in college and his chum Jack told of the many cups Bob had won in Harvard and of his H won in football, baseball and track. Besides being a valiant hero on the gridiron, diamond and track he had won distinction in his classes as being both a versatile and profound thinker. Mrs. Egerton finally asked Bob to explain why he was given a whole week's vacation and how he had won so many honors when she had supposed he was wasting his time. Bob broke in "best of all mother mine, I landed A's in all my theological work this semester and they gave me three extra days. Oh, I forgot to tell you that I am president of the Y. M. C.A." Shelley's face glowed with pride and she forgot the lonesome and dreary weeks that had passed by since Bob had left home, in her joy at reunion. That even-

ing Shelley, Hazel and Jack sang some of the good old college songs while Bob sat by the fireplace in earnest conversation with his mother.

A few days later when Bob was about to leave, Mrs. Egerton said as she bade him good bye "this is the happiest Thanksgiving I have ever spent and I hope that we will always be able to spend it together to the end of our days."

Edith R. Stall '15.

### Mr. Watkins' Lecture

On the evening of Oct. 8, the students and townspeople were tendered a most pleasant surprise in the nature of a Prohibition lecture by Mr. Aaron S. Watkins. Mr. Watkins was at one time a candidate for the vice-presidency upon the prohibition ticket and has established for himself a national reputation as an orator and public speaker and thus when it became known that he was to give a lecture "gratis" solely for the benefit of the people here, a comparatively large crowd gathered to hear him despite the fact that the weather was decidedly inclement.

But besides this, we had to begin with two short speeches given by Mr. Walter T. Bliss, who ran for attorney-general upon the state ticket and by Mr. Lewis L. Brown who ran for member of assembly from this district. They appeared quite typical campaign speeches and the way in which each man supported the other was surely novel to say the least.

Mr. Watkins in his introduction to his lecture told us that he would not attempt to say anything new or strikingly original but that he would try to present some old truths in a new, or if possible, in a more forceful way and before he had finished I am sure that we were all convinced that he had made good all he had promised and more.

During his lecture, Mr. Watkins took up severally the various great problems involved in the liquor traffic and showed conclusively how the traffic was a menace to the country from every standpoint. Taking up the city problem, he showed how some states are dominated by cities and that when the cities are misgov-

erned, the state and nation is likewise affected, and that the underlying cause was not "Bossism", as supposed, but the Liquor Traffic.

Then, having dealt with these various problems involved, the speaker turned his attention to government and discussed that in its relation to the liquor traffic. He said that for over 52 years, the United States government has been a partner in the liquor traffic, ever since the enactment of the liquor revenue law and that it remains for the United States citizens to break this partnership. "Speeches, sermons and prayers", he said, "will not accomplish this," but it only remains for the manhood of America and, of course, thru the use of that most effective of all weapons, the ballot.

In conclusion, Mr Watkins took up the solution of the problem, and showed up the fallacy of various methods of the past, laying down the proposition that "The Good is always the enemy of the Best," and that Local Option and compromise are contrary to the spirit of prohibition. All agreed that it was a fine lecture and that the time was most enjoyably as well as profitably spent.

### Thanksgiving Day

Get up, for it's Thanksgiving morning.  
We're off to grandmother's today;  
So hurry and eat your breakfast,  
While father gets the sleigh.

Put on your furs and your mittens,  
And button your coats up tight;  
For the air is crisp and tingling  
After the frost last night.

Hear the sleigh-bells jingle!  
Father's coming around the drive.  
Pile in now, all of you children!  
Aren't you glad just to be alive?

A merry drive through the country  
Of seven miles or more,  
And there's the big white farm-house,  
With grandfather at the door.

A rush and a hug for grandfather,  
Who can't escape if he tries;  
And then a rush for the kitchen  
Where grandmother's making pies.

And then come the aunts and uncles,  
The cousins and all the rest.  
And the next thing you know comes  
dinner.

Ah! That's what I call the best.

Oyster soup for the first course,  
And look at that monstrous Turk!  
Giblet gravy and dressing,  
In which hidden mysteries lurk.

Celery and cranberry jelly,  
Plum-pudding of hugest size,  
And then, oh wonder of wonders!  
Grandmother's pumpkin pies.

When we've all done justice to dinner  
We gather 'round the fire.  
Grandmother tells us stories  
While we watch the flames mount higher.

Then grandfather brings in apples  
And a bushel of chestnuts to roast.  
The old folks talk of by-gones.  
The youngsters go out-doors to coast.

At night in the big four-poster  
Just before you drop off to sleep,  
The last thing you do is to wish  
That Thanksgiving came once a week.  
Ruth F. Readett, '18.

### WANTED

The following issues of the

"Houghton Star" to

complete the files at office

Vol. I, No. 3, April, 1909

Vol. II, No. 1, Sept., 1909

Vol. II, No. 3, Nov., 1909

Vol. II, No. 5, Jan., 1910

Vol. III, No. 2, Oct., 1910

We will pay for such copies and thank

you.

# 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.

The subscription price is fifty cents a year, payable in advance, or ten cents a copy. Subscriptions may begin at any time.

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Advertising rates will be made known on application.

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### STAFF OF THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Ass't Editor - - - Glenn Barnett-'15

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A BLUE cross in this space signifies that your subscription HAS expired.

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

The crispness of the morning air, the veil of haze which half conceals the beauty of the fading foliage, the rustle of the dead leaves beneath our feet, or perchance the curtain of heavy

grey clouds that hide the mellow rays of the sun from our view and instill a strange solemnity in the atmosphere, all too clearly warn us that the summer is past and that autumn is actually upon us. As some migrating bird, more loath than its companions to leave us, utters its parting cry, a tingle of strange, inexplicable sadness rushes through our hearts, although this is the same song that stirred our hearts with animation as it heralded the approach of spring. The meadows once verdant with the new life of springtime, or golden with the ripened grain of harvest time, are now brown and sombre, and with the poet we exclaim,

"The melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year."

But we cast aside this spirit of melancholy as we realize that Thanksgiving is about to break upon us. Whose mind does not fill with an indescribable thrill of delight as he thinks of Thanksgiving? Visions of the family gatherings at grandfather's, of the turkey, of the plum pudding and pumpkin pie, all appear before the eye of the youthful mind. Nevertheless, we believe that the true spirit of Thanksgiving is not comprehended in the idea of sumptuous feasts and days of ease and pleasure, but this is merely the idea of the child's mind, not sufficiently developed to grasp the deeper and nobler significance of the occasion. But we, in quest of the truest and noblest in life cannot afford to be content with the narrow and contracted conception, when there is within our grasp the vision of higher and loftier ideals. And doubtless the true spirit of Thanksgiving, the loftiest conception of the occasion may best be determined by turning back the pages of history to our first Thanksgiving and finding the motive that prompted our forefathers to institute one of the most beautiful of national customs.

To our youthful minds it was very romantic to fancy our Pilgrim fathers assembled in the log cabins, preparing the feast of such wild game as the New England forests afforded, and of the fruits and vegetables which the soil of the new world had yielded, or perhaps entertaining some of the Indians who had come to celebrate the occasion with them. But we are apt to forget that the principal feature of that day, was the assembling of themselves together in order to thank God for His kindness to them through their first year in the new world. Here, the true spirit which instituted the custom of Thanksgiving is revealed. Little do we realize the dangers, hardships and privations which continually confronted these people, yet what a spirit of devotion and gratitude flowed forth from their hearts.

Turn now from the fields which are dry and barren and see the barns filled with the ripened grain, and behold the fruits which the Creator has cared for and has guarded with His watchful eye! Then with an implicit trust in His wisdom and goodness, thank Him for those things which we looked upon as catrophies and hardships; only then can we realize the true spirit of Thanksgiving, and as we spirit of Thanksgiving, and as we catch this spirit we will pour forth our hearts in the most beautiful of anthems a song of true Thanksgiving.

### *The Temple Quartette*

Among the many opportunities which Houghton Seminary offers, the Lecture Course is one of the best. The committee endeavors each year to secure the very best of talent—not only that which is entertaining, but that which develops one morally and intellectually and lifts one to a higher appreciation of real art.

The students and people of Houghton looked forward with a great deal of interest to the coming of the Temple Quartette which appeared on October 28 accompanied by Miss Elsie Mae Gordon, reader. The character of the program and the ability of the artists was by no means a disappointment to the audience. The voice of each member of the quartette was clear and melodious in the solo numbers and blended well in the quartette numbers. Each selection was highly appreciated, but the

singing of "Abide With Me" during the evening worship in the dining hall was probably appreciated by those who heard it even more than the selections on the program. Miss Gordon proved herself a reader of unusual ability. Her voice was musical and her manner pleasant. It would be difficult to decide as to which group of selections was most appreciated by the audience. Each number brought forth a most hearty applause. Her dialect selections and her child impersonations could scarcely be excelled, and her rendering of Venus de Milo showed real artistic ability.

The audience felt that the first number of the lecture course was in most respects a great success. We are expecting several other good numbers before the close of the year.

### *From the Manager*

The management wishes to express their heartfelt thanks for all those who are so prompt in renewing their subscriptions to the STAR. Several have given us words of commendation and encouragement, and friends if you were ever manager of the STAR or any other school paper you can appreciate a few words of encouragement, (accompanied by fifty cents).

Perhaps there are those who do not like the check system, used this year, to stir up your minds by way of remembrance, BUT, the management wishes to serve you and thus we use the opportunity of showing you your duty. Hence, a departure from old customs and still with a desire to progress we are doing our best to boom the STAR. Went You Help?

Another favor we shall appreciate is to have you patronize our advertisers and say you "saw the ad in the STAR". When you have perused the contents of this issue of our publication please look on the editorial page and notice the check mark, or its absence, and ACT accordingly. We are always pleased to renew your monthly opportunities for 50c per year. Make remittances payable to W. F. Lewis, Mgr., Houghton, N. Y., Box 117.



# ORGANIZATIONS

Gertrude Graves '16, Editor

## The Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association

Mr. Mark Shaw traveling secretary for the I. P. A. on his annual tour throughout the country is visiting the colleges and universities of New York state. He made his first stop at Houghton Seminary on the 21st of October. He gave an inspiring address at the chapel hour and the bursts of applause which greeted his appearance was a true manifestation of the Prohibition spirit which prevails throughout the school. The secretary's talk was on the subject of war. In a very clear manner he showed to the student body that the mighty conflict which the temperance forces of this country are waging against the iniquitous liquor traffic while similar to the war in Europe yet is widely different in many respects: The war in Europe is losing thousands of lives every day, while our war aims to SAVE lives; the majority of the people fighting in Europe know not what they are fighting for—they simply obey orders from their rulers—but WE KNOW FOR WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING!! The European war is breaking up families while the temperance battles unite them; we remove the cause which took the men and boys away from the homes. The question was thrown out, "Which war will you engage in???" Both wars demand the best, able-bodied men of the country. As is the case across the sea, our fighters must be trained. The Inter-collegiate Prohibition Association, started fifteen years ago was organized for the purpose of educating young men, (and later the young women were included) along all the lines of temperance and as opposed to the liquor traffic, and training them to go out and wage a telling warfare against the curse to our fair land.

The address was very interesting, and held the attention of the students and faculty to the end.

The Secretary called together the executive committee of the local I. P. A. and a campaign for new members was launched, resulting at the end of the week in 45 enrollments.

Interesting times are anticipated in connection with the league here at Houghton, and new members will be welcomed. If you have not already joined, hand your name to any member of the association, and you will be given an enrollment blank at once. You don't know what you are missing if you stay out! You need it, and WE NEED YOU!!! Be loyal to the cause which every true, red-blooded American—every true son and daughter of Houghton—believes in!!! Watch this space in the next STAR for further notes on what we are doing. E. S. B.

## The Senior Missionary Band

At our re-organization this year our Band which was known as the Young People's Missionary society was changed to the Senior Missionary Band of Houghton Seminary. We have the honor of becoming the first Senior Band of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection.

A business meeting preceded the program and the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Edna Hester; Vice-President, George Whitaker; Secretary, Miss Thurston; program committee Grayce Steese, Glen McKinley, and Dorothy Jennings.

A short program was then rendered which consisted of a duet by Miss Allen and Miss Hester; a short talk on "Missions" by Mr. Lewis, and a solo by Miss Reed.

Our prospects for the future are very encouraging. Let each member put forth every effort to arouse the

interest and make each meeting as beneficial as possible! If we do our best good results are sure to follow.

The Mission Study Class is making continual progress. Our membership has increased to twenty which is the largest Houghton has ever known. A constitution has been drawn up and our class re-organized.

Our study this year is on the biographies of some of our great missionaries. What an inspiration such good and unselfish lives should be to us!!

The work needs our prayers, but "We must remember that it was not by intercession for the world in glory that Jesus saved it. He gave himself. Our prayers for the evangelization of the world are but a bitter irony so long as we only give of our superfluity and draw back before the sacrifice of ourselves."

G. L. S.

#### The Ionian Literary Society

The Ionian Society has held two meetings since the last report. The principal subject of discussion at Red Cross society and its work was the first meeting. In the business meeting that followed, nominations for officers were made. The second meeting consisted of an interesting program and a question box. After this the election of officers took place. A new feature in the society is a contest for getting new members. Miss Shores and Miss Peck were chosen as leaders. We hope by this contest to enroll all the Preparatory girls before the Thanksgiving recess.

M. H.

#### Neosophic Society

Because of the revival meetings there have been only two meetings since the last report. At the first of these meetings a debate was given on the subject of woman suffrage, Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bowen defending it and Mr. Becker and Mr. Morris opposing it. After a spirited discussion the judges decided unanimously for the negative. At the next meeting the election of officers was held. Mr. McKinley was elected president and Mr. Morris, attorney.

If you are a loyal prep boy you are cordially invited to join and help make 1914-15 the best year the Neosophic Society has ever had.

A Neo.

#### The Athenian

Owing to various unavoidable interruptions we have had only one meeting of the Athenian since the last writing. Although the program was necessarily of a somewhat makeshift character it was interesting and instructive. Mr. Glenn Barnett, our president, in a well worded speech cordially welcomed the new members. In the response, Miss Mary Allen promised on behalf of those addressed to uphold the Athenian ideals and standards. Miss Hester spoke entertainingly of her summer spent on a Kansas farm. Mr. Bardwell finished the literary part of the program by an instructive, chatty, talk on "Life in the Keystone State."

R. J. K.

## Athletics

Carroll Daniels '17, Editor

There is but little to say in this department. Base ball is now only a matter of history so we will not consider it. The new drill company is the most important thing at present. It has an enrollment of about sixty at present. The officers, which were elected, are as follows:

H. Clarke Bedford—Commandant.

Ray Calhoun—Captain.

Robert Kaufman—First Lieutenant.

Carroll Daniels—Second Lieutenant.

William Frazier—First Sergeant.

Arlie Dryer—Second Sergeant.

Besides these officers each squad elects its own corporal.

More will be reported concerning this company and its work in the next issue. We expect that by that time we will at least have learned how to halt

## Exchanges

This month, many of our former exchanges have again come to us. The most of these school papers are well worth reading, not merely because they give us a glimpse into other schools and their life, but because of their real literary value. The Star acknowledges the following exchanges since the last issue:

The Vista—Greenville College, Greenville, Illinois.

The Middlebury Campus—Middlebury, Vermont.

The Rambler—New York Military Academy.

Miltonvale College Monitor—Miltonvale, Kansas.

Alumni News—New York Military Academy.

The Awgwan—University of Nebraska.

University Life—Wichita, Kansas.  
The College World, Adrian, Michigan.

The Cascade—Seattle, Washington.  
The Windmill—Manlius Schools, Manlius, New York.

The Vista and the Cascade are to be especially complimented on their productions. The papers are neat and attractive in appearance and contents.

# ALUMNI

Edna Hester '16, Editor

News came from Forksville, Pa., that Raymond Hart has broken his arm. If the accident had occurred while he was at his school we might have thought he was administering justice to Jones' bad boy; but as it did not we infer that it happened some other way.

Mable and Harold McMillan are at their farm home in Ohio.

Ralph Davy is preaching for the Presbyterians at Succasunna, N. J. Bruce visited Houghton a short time ago.

Ruth Young is doing office work at Castile, N. Y.

Milred Jones is attending school at Washington, Pa.

Homer Perrine's bright face and friendly ways are much missed in school this year. He is enjoying himself at home in Pa.

Noah Shaffer and wife are pastors at Franklin, Pa. They have three other changes in connection with the regular work of Franklin and as a result are kept very busy. Mary Polahar is staying with them recovering her health and strength from an operation. Mary soon expects to enter school at Cleveland, O., to prepare for Mission work.

Helen Kerr is in Normal School at Pottsdam, N. Y.

Ethel Hester teaches near her home—Burr Oak, Kan. A ride of sixteen miles a day is an interesting feature of her work.

Mabel Steese has a large class of music students in Akron, O.

Will Carpenter has gone to Chicago with his brother Glen to attend school.

Wilbur Rigsbee has a family and farms his father's place near Fairmount, Ind.

For the benefit of those who have not read the Wesleyan I inform you that L. A. Johnson is married.

## Campus

Wilford Kaufman '17, Editor

### Faculty Notes

Prof. Frazier occupied the pulpit for the Rev. Whitaker one Sabbath evening

The time that Pres Luckey could spare from his school duties has been occupied in entertaining automobile agents and riding over the country in the best of Buicks and Overlands. He also took two days in attending the Sunday School Conventions at Rushford and Cuba.

Prof. Bedford and wife were entertained at the home of Prof. Coleman the twenty-second of October in honor of the latter's birthday.

Miss Thurston, the dean of women, spent a day in Rochester and while there purchased a pair of

glasses. We hope they are magnifying glasses and will be used in magnifying our good qualities.

Prof. Smith went to Buffalo to meet his wife and children who had been visiting relatives in Ohio.

Miss Fitts visited friends at Castile and Olean a few days.

Our marching out of chapel has always been a source of concern to our oratory teachers. Miss Regall has at last decided we have gained such a degree of efficiency as to need her instructions no longer. We wish to thank her for this compliment and congratulate ourselves for such high attainments. C. N. C.

### COLLEGE LOCALS

The last few weeks, we have had the pleasure of meeting several of the friends and relatives of some of our students. Those who are interested in Houghton, have taken advantage of the beautiful fall weather to visit Houghton.

Mrs. Meeker, son Alward and daughter Olive motored through from New Jersey, arriving here last Thursday night to visit Miss Harriet Meeker and Mr. Harry Meeker, Junior.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and son Harold called on Earl Barrett recently.

Mr. Wallace Worbois blew in from North Chili in his runabout last week to call on his sister Ruth.

Mr. Robert Presley, a former college student spent Sunday with friends here recently.

Miss Ruth Robertson and Miss Ruth Worbois spent the week-end with Miss Frances Woods at her home in Rushford.

Misses Gertrude and Marie Graves, Miss Harriett Meeker and Mr. Harry Meeker spent the week-end with Miss Florence Reid and Mr. Max Reid at their home in Genesee, Pennsylvania.

Several of the college students attended the Shakespearean play "As You Like It" at Fillmore last Friday evening.

Miss Viola Dreyer of Tionesta, Pennsylvania spent a few days with her brother Arlie Dreyer, recently.

One bright Saturday morning a week or two ago a number of our college students might have been seen sallying forth armed with bags and baskets bent on gathering chestnuts. The company was carried

across the Genesee river by means of a canoe and after filling all the bags and baskets they returned to the Campus, very much elated over their success.

Mr. Willard Ballard has been spending his week-ends in Olean recently.

E. A. A.

### Preparatory Notes

Misses Mildred Hart and Nettie Premigen spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Miss Nellie Smith recently.

Miss Hazel Hudson accompanied Mable Parker to her home near Cuba, N. Y., Oct. 16 and spent the week end with her.

Clara Smith was called home lately to attend the funeral of her grandmother.

Mrs. Lucas has been visiting her son several days.

Lois Kent spent Sunday, Nov. 1, at her home in Hinsdale.

Verna Stear has changed her boarding place and is now living with Mrs. McMillan.

Some of our Preparatory students regret that they have not yet reached the age of sixteen. We hope that birthdays are in store for them in the near future. M. E. F.

### Music Notes

We were all glad to have Miles Wagner, one of our old vocal students, with us over Sunday. Mr. Wagner is at present engaged as a singing evangelist.

Miss Lilly was surprised by a visit from her mother not long ago.

Vivian Sanders has been obliged to leave school for a few months. We certainly miss her very much.

The Temple Quartette was appreciated and enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to hear them. We hope they will visit us again.

The first appearance of the Orchestra in Chapel was Thursday, Oct. 22. We all enjoy marching to their accompaniment. George Hubbard is the proud possessor of a trombone, a fine addition to the orchestra.

Did you hear the impromptu choruses Hallowe'em?

Miss Shore is a new music student.

Miss Florence Reed entertained the Misses Harriet Meeker and Gertrude and Marie Graves at her home over Sunday.

R. F. R.

### Theological

Mr. A. O. Barker recently gave a temperance address at Dutch Hill.

Walter F. Lewis has been appointed to serve the M. E. church at Wiscoy, N. Y., and is reported doing nicely.

At the last meeting of the Theologs the following officers were elected.

President—Mr. A. O. Barker.

Vice Pres.—Mr. W. F. Lewis.

Secretary—Grace L. Steese.

Treasurer—Lois W. Besley.

Rep. to Men's Senate—William Kaufman.

Rep. to Ladies' Senate—Louise E. Middleton.

Other business of importance was as follows: Class motto, "His Way is Best." Class colors, Red and white. Class Song, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

We are glad to report as new members in our Theological Dept. Mr. and Mrs. Look from Richland, N. Y., and Miss Iva Shore of Wisconsin, Edmund Lafferty formerly of Cheshbrough Seminary. It is with joy that we again behold F. B. Marke'l among us. He recently returned to Houghton from his home in Canada.

Mr. William Kaufman and Mr. A. O. Barker recently supplied at Higgins and Caldwell for Rev. C. J. White who was assisting a brother pastor in quarterly meeting. L. E. M.

### Miscellaneous

In the previous issue of this publication I discussed the opening of school along with various activities connected with this eventful fact. Such a discussion is no longer necessary in the present issue as the usual grind of school life is under full sway. We as students are led to rejoice now and then for the oil of gladness which is poured upon our heads now and then, by even a stray temperance speaker, for this lubricates the wheels of daily routine and renders the grinding more agreeable. Such lubricants were more numerous than usual during the past month and demand mention at this present writing.

On the evening of October 8 a temperance lecture was given by the Hon. Aaron R. Watkins of Ohio, the lately run for vice-president on the prohibition ticket. His arrival was quite a surprise to both faculty and students as nothing was known of

his coming until the evening before the lecture was to be given. Mr. Watkins is a very interesting speaker and during the course of his lecture brought out some striking facts.

"Uncle Sam is in partnership with the liquor interests," said he, "and the evil, which is in our midst cannot be overcome by local option and state prohibition but must be remedied by the popular ballot. It's time the American people were waking up to the awful situation which confronts them, and were slaying the merciless demon which yearly consumes two and one quarter billion dollars and costs 100,000 lives."

On Tuesday afternoon and evening of October 27 a Sunday school convention was held in the village and school was consequently dismissed. The majority of the students attended the convention, but if they all judged it as I did they found it rather dry. Consequently I will not weary you with vain repetitions.

From this event we pass to the first number of our lecture course given Oct. 28 by the Temple Quartette of Boston. The Quartette was accompanied by a reader Miss Mae Gordon, whose dialect stories, readings and impersonations kept the audience delightfully interested, when the singers were not on the stage. The quartette consisted of talented and accomplished men. Their voices blended harmoniously and their work is indeed worthy of commendation. Both the quartette and the reader were encored repeatedly by a large audience and everyone present felt that they indeed lived in the Golden Age of Opportunity.

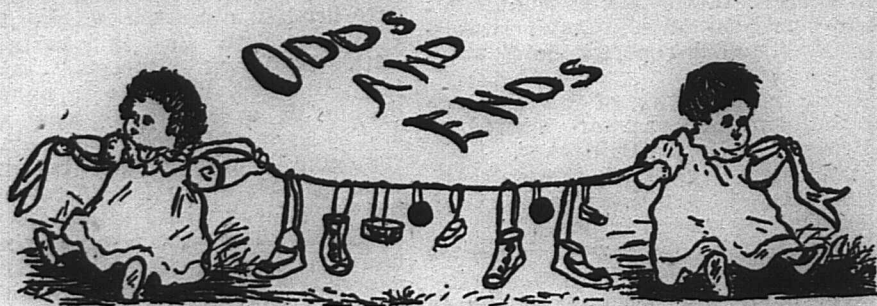
The following Friday evening a band of gallant youths and maidens fair sojourned to the "Forest of Arden" as pictured by the Ben Great players in Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It" given as the first number of the Fillmore lecture course. The striking feature of this trip was that on the road home the chaperone sang "We won't get home till morning."

The next night was Saturday night and not only that but also Hallowe'en. At that time a party was held in the Seminary building, where pumpkins rolled, cats mewed, and witches screeched, but students both laughed and enjoyed themselves. Both time and space fail me in further comment upon this affair, but public sentiment among the students,

seems to intimate that it was the best "do'ens" of its kind, that Houghton has seen for a while.

Thus flowed the oil of gladness

during the past month and now we are again obliged to seize the crank of duty and grind on and on.



Bethel J. Babbitt '16, Editor

Prof. Luckey—Tell me what simple harmonic motion is just as you would explain it to eight-year-old Johnny.

Student—It's motion from one position to another, and back and forth regularly.

Prof.—That's an excellent description of a potato race.

Prof. Smith (having absent mindedly written rules for word-hyphening on the blackboard)—Please give the class of nouns which should be hyphenated.

Class (in chorus)—Nouns preceded by ex, compound nouns made up of a noun plus an adverb, etc. etc.

Prof. (elated)—Fine! Fine! How did you happen to know them all so good?

Class—By looking at the board.

Prof. Luckey (to trig class)—We shall take trig, analyt and calculus this year so we can get credit at Oberlin and make our Adv. Physics easier next year. This will be killing two birds with one stone.

Mr. C.—More like three birds because it will probably kill us too.

Student (rubbing out a window, sees a woman, emitting shrill cries, carrying a child to the dorm)—O look! Someone has just been hurt.

Panic to the window. Several ladies nearly faint.

Lady with child—Will someone please fix my horse's harness?

Prof. Luckey (motioning students to their seats, and incidentally knocking a book and a board to the floor)—Be quiet. Nothing is the matter.

Miss Fitts (inspecting lights for the first time on first floor, knocks at both doors of reception room)—Lights out.

Prof. (hastily running over the roll)—All that are absent please raise your hands.

Roll call, all present so far. "Mr. Raub?"

Voice from rear, "It isn't time for him yet."

#### Can You Imagine

Anyone with good lessons Monday?

Barnett getting stalled?

Lewis with a mustache?

Allen on time to chapel?

Raub early to class?

How Hale feels in French?

Bedford forgetting the gym?

Morris treating?

Yourself subscribing to the Star?

If Ivanhoed the Bonny brae,

If Athelstaned his tunic blue,

If Friar Tucked his grub away,

O! Then what would Rhoderick Dhu?

#### I

A monstrous rat ran over the floor.

All on a Sunday morning!

He peeked into a maiden's door.

All on a Sunday morning!

The maiden awoke and screamed with fright

But the rat looked neither to left nor right!

All on a Sunday morning!

#### II

The other girls came to her aid,

All on a Sunday morning!

And on the rat they made a raid

All on a Sunday morning!

Then how they rushed from room to room

With lamp and stick and part of a broom!

But oh! It was Sunday morning!

#### III

The sleeping ones down stairs awoke

All on a Sunday morning!

They thot it was the hugest joke

Even on Sunday morning!  
Could it have been because of fright  
That this poor rat ne'er saw the light  
Of that peaceful Sunday morning?  
B. F.

Watkins speaks in chapel tonight!  
Everybody come! No admission!

We must not mention how Prof. Luckey  
locked in the Botany Class after getting  
some apparatus for himself.

S. S. teacher (to class of youngsters  
who have just sung "Praise God from  
whom all blessings flow.")—Now who  
can tell what blessings are?

Youngest youngster—What we don't  
get.

German Class—a sentence, "I would  
prefer that you go not by, but stop."

Enthusiastic student translating—  
Prithee pass me not so by! Come sit  
beside me dear!

She (at 5:30 sharp)—Ah there! You  
see I'm taller than you are.

He—You ought to be. You've been  
running me down ever since 3:15.

Chamberlain (oratory class)—Let my  
right hand forget her cunning, and my  
tongue cleave to the roof of her mouth—  
(Interruption by laughter)

Mr. C.—Well laugh! Maybe you'll  
wish it had before I get thru.

If Wallace wrote a note, would Ruth  
Readette? Or if Gertrude is grave, then  
is Harriet meeker?

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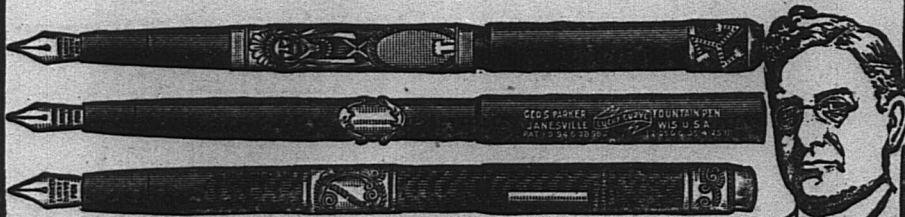
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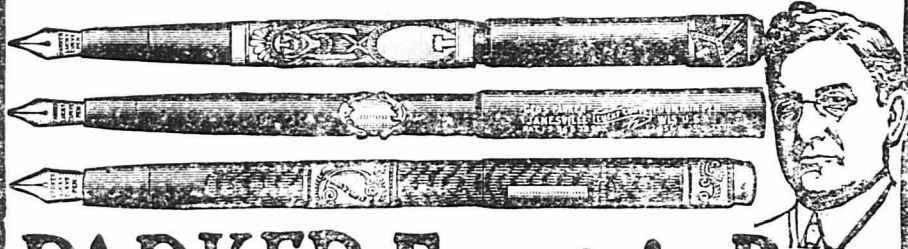
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