



THE

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Oratory---Why

We Study It.

Miss Abbie A. Ball, Instructor in Oratory.

There is an idea prevailing in the minds of some that orators are born not made. We do not wish in any way to depreciate that which one might be pleased to term God's best gift to man, namely, self expression, but we do wish to place emphasis upon man's potential abilities, which are also God given and which are capable of growth and development. It is the combination that furnishes the well equipped orator. The Celts believed strongly and more than any other people adopted the "Triad," a bit of philosophy in which a subject is resolved into three divisions. Their definition of genius was: first, the gift of the gods, second, man's exertions, and third, events to suit.

With the first and third we have nothing to do. Our study deals exclusively with the second, namely man's exertions and their direct bearing upon the development of his own possibilities in reference to public speaking. While it is true that some men seem to be more richly endowed with what is often termed a natural gift and which is unquestionably in itself an asset, yet we believe firmly that man's potentiality should also be held sacred, be cultivated and developed. Not only for what a man is, but for what he might be is he responsible. Within every man's soul there is an innate desire for self expression and because of that we apply ourselves to the study of oratory that we may be able to convey our thoughts clearly to others thru the medium of the spoken word. Many a man has been misunderstood, misjudged and misinterpreted on account of his inability to convey adequately his meaning to another. In order there-

fore that we may be able to present our subject matter with pleasure, force and conviction, it is most essential that we have well equipped minds, trained bodies, and cultivated voices.

Many a beautiful thought, high ideal, noble purpose has lain dormant because of limitations of heredity, environment, or habit. These limitations may be physical or vocal. It is therefore the office of the faithful student to apply himself assiduously to the removal of these limitations, and this can be accomplished only by cultivating the essentials. Granted that the student has a well equipped mind it remains for him to train the physique and cultivate the voice. It is very important for a man who purposes standing before the public to possess a cultivated body. George William Curtis quotes in his eulogy on Wendell Phillips

"Pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in his cheek and so distinctly
wrought
That one might almost say his body
thought."

A cultivated physique manifests itself particularly in a speaker's bearing. This is most significant for it is thru the presence of an individual that he makes his first impressions; it is that which he brings to his audience before he opens his lips to speak. If it be such as to inspire confidence the work is well begun; if on the other hand his bearing is timid, lacks confidence and repose, the fear imparts itself to the audience and they share the anxiety with him until he is able to establish confidence. Then again physical culture is the foundation of all gesture; in other words a trained body will respond to and strengthen a speaker's thought while an untrained body often contradicts it and the message goes forth marred and distorted. This bodily cultivation requires careful thought, earnest perseverance and patient practice, and is very largely dependent

upon man's own effort. Hawthorne says: "God may forgive sin but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth."

Side by side with physical training and if possible of more importance to a public speaker is a cultivated voice. Therefore it behooves the student to understand and to be able to control this instrument of vocal expression. He owes it, not only to himself but to an innocent and defenseless public to present his subject matter in a voice that is quiet, restful and resonant, with sufficient range to lend variety and with no sense of limitation. Can you imagine a situation more direful, than for a man, well meaning though he may be to stand before an audience and deliver a discourse in a high pitched, rasping voice plus the quality we miscall "nasality." His listeners thus worn and wearied, if too polite to leave the room will accept the other alternative and fall asleep. Although a good fundamental tone may be the gift of God, nevertheless a voice that will be free to follow the trend of thought is a matter of cultivation and requires much painstaking and careful study.

Since oratory is one of the fine arts it should be treated as such and like other art studies is based upon the natural growth and development of the individual. In view of this it is most important that the student should have a careful and sympathetic teacher. No amount of theory, no tabulated principles, no unguided individual effort can supply this need. It is the office of the teacher to till the soil, sow the seed, create the atmosphere and then step one side and patiently observe the evolution. In this way it is the individuality of the student that is stimulated and developed rather than simply imitating something that might be held up before him. The imitative system is a thing of the past and little if any thing need be said about it. Whatever there might or might not be in a teacher worthy of imitation it is only his mannerisms and idiosyncrasies that are capable of imitation. It is impossible to imitate the cause that produces a result.

The true orator must therefore have a mind trained to grapple with other minds, a voice and body capable, through cultivation, of following his thought; he must be able to take

his audience into his confidence and influence their thoughts, sway their emotions; he must understand human experience, be broad in his sympathy and universal in his appeal.

A Jolly Night in the "Dorm."

Blanche Thurston.

The girls filed out of the reception room of the dormitory looking very indignant after their regular Wednesday evening meeting with the dean. The dean had explained several new rules and had re-explained a great many of the old ones for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time. A few of the girls were only slightly provoked, a few were more provoked, but the majority of them were most provoked, yes they were mad—down-right mad.

Mary was usually the orator on all such occasions as this, and a number of the girls assembled in her room to hear what she had to say concerning the state of affairs in the dormitory.

"Girls, its rules, rules, rules," she said, "and I'm sick and tired of them. Houghton has two or three times as many rules as any other school. My grief! How does she expect us to remember them all any how? Every time I turn around I have to stop to think whether I'm breaking a rule or not."

"Goodness, that's nothing," said Hazel. "I'm almost afraid to turn over in bed for fear she will make a rule about it."

"Gee, it's worse than that," said Ruth. "I smiled last night after the ten o'clock bell, and she knocked on our door and said, 'time to get quiet girls.' Now wouldn't that grab you? About next week you will hear a rule something like this—'the girls may smile a little between 9:30 and 10, but smiling after the 10 o'clock bell is positively forbidden.'"

"Girls," said Flossie, "did you ever stop to think what might happen if we should talk in our sleep? I think of it every time I eat fried potatoes. They make me dream so horribly, I'm going to quit eating them for I'm afraid I will talk in my sleep."

"Oh, you'll survive on gravy and bread pudding all right I guess," said Mary. Girls, I'm tired of it. I say let's forget rules and fried potatoes for once and have a jolly good time tonight.

"What shall we do?" cried the girls in unison.

"Oh, let's have a fudge party," said Mabel.

"Joy," said Vira, "that's the thing. Happy get your chafing dish."

"But girls, the dean will get us," said Happy.

"No, she won't", said Trude. "If she comes in on us, I'll make a nice little speech something like this—"my dear beloved dean, we are indeed sorry if we have broken a rule. We certainly didn't intend to. We must have forgotten one of them. Will you be so kind as to tell us in which volume and on which page we may find the one which we have violated?"

"Good, that's a fine speech, but girls if she comes let's all hide," said Sunny.

"Where can we all hide?" said Birdie. "Let's see there are just ten of us. Eva can't be here, she has broken her neck again you know, and Dedie has to get her "Trig."

"Ten? Oh, we can hide ten all right," said Mary. Three or four of you can hide in the closet, three or four under the bed and two under the table. Mabel and I will sit in front of the table as if we were studying and she will never know there is anyone here that doesn't belong here if you don't laugh. The fudge is done and we can hide the chafing dish.

"Horrors, girls, she's coming," said Sunny.

"Girls, that's the dean. I'd know that knock in China," said Mabel. "Everybody hide quick and don't you make a sound. I'll open the door then stand in front of the table. Hurry up girls, she's knocked twice now, and she'll think something is up. Now everybody be quiet."

"Say, don't let her stay long," whispered Happy from under the table. "I'll die if I have to stay in this position long."

Mabel bravely opened the door and stood face to face with the dean.

"I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting so long," she said. "This door opens rather hard. Will you come in?"

"Yes," said the dean, "I was just thinking that I had never really called on you girls—except on business, and if you are not too busy, I think I shall spend a little while visiting with you."

"No, we're not busy. We've about got our lessons," said the girls. "Won't you have the rocker?"

"No, I thank you," said the dean. "I'll just sit here by the table."

The dean had been seated only a few minutes when she suddenly exclaimed—"Girls what am I stepping on? What have you got under the table?"

At that moment there was a giggle from under the table, another from under the bed and muffled laughter from the closet. In a moment the dean found herself in the midst of a roomful of girls.

Trude couldn't remember the first word of her carefully prepared speech. All they could do was to look at each other and at the dean and giggle in school-girl fashion.

Finally Happy remembered the plate of fudge which she immediately passed. It happened that the dean was especially fond of fudge or it is difficult to say what might have happened to the girls. As it was, they all forgot rules and fried potatoes for a while, and had a good social time together until the retiring bell.



The Chili Debate.

To estimate merely in terms of a favorable decision of the judges the value to Houghton Seminary of the recent debate with Chesbro Seminary would be to show much lack of insight. It is true that Houghton's team rejoice in the victory which has followed their weeks of hard work and anxiety, but back of all their rejoicing is the quiet consciousness that in going to North Chili they have found new friends, caught new glimpses of wholesome school spirit, and recognized that in Chesbro Seminary, Houghton Seminary has a strong ally in the great fight which is being waged against the evils of the present day.

It would be difficult to conceive of greater hospitality, more courteous treatment, and more splendid school spirit than was shown by the students and faculty of Chesbro Semina-

ry toward their guests. The visit to North Chili will long remain as a bright spot in the memory of each member of the Houghton delegation.

It is hoped that this first one of Houghton's preparatory interscholastic meets may be the beginning of a series of events which will not only lead to many more such pleasant relationships between the schools involved, but also to still closer bonds of fellowship than have ever existed between the religious bodies which these schools represent.



Life of Woodrow Wilson.

W. C. Kaufman, '17.

A little over a century ago there came to this great land of ours an Irish boy, who little thought that his descendant would play so vital a part in the world's history. Shortly after he reached America he married a girl of his own nationality and settled in Steubenville, Ohio. Here in 1822 Joseph Wilson, the youngest son in a family of ten children was born. He, the scholar of his family, entered Jefferson college at the age of 18 to prepare himself for the ministry, to which he felt a distinct call. Soon after his graduation he married Janet Woodrow, whose father came from Scotland to labor as a missionary among the benighted Indians. In Staunton, a village of 5,000 inhabitants, situated in a famous valley of Virginia, the Wilsons made their home. In this little town on December 28, 1856, from a blending of Scotch and Irish blood was born a son, who was destined to receive the highest honor which his fellow-countrymen were capable of conferring upon him.

In Thomas Woodrow Wilson, a descendant from clergymen and authors, an offspring from a good physical, mental and moral combination, exceptional talents and abilities were soon to be detected. On account of his brilliancy he was supplied with the best tutors that could be had and at the early age of seventeen he entered Princeton College.

Mr. Wilson was not long in choosing his course of study. One day he read an article in a magazine concerning the British Parliament and government and from that moment on his life's work was planned. As a student he was distinguished both

for his democratic ideas and his steadfast purpose and determination. His classmate once said of him, "His college career was remarkable for the confident selection of his work and his easy indifference to all subjects not furthering his cause." Government and politics furnished him desirable material. Concerning these subjects he read extensively and debated not a little. After his graduation with the famous class of '79 he returned to his home in the South. One night while there after escorting a young lady home he clenched his fist and said, "Miss Ellen Louise Axson must become my wife." Of course fate forced to obey his unconquerable nature and determined will did not obstruct his path and in 1885 they were married at Savannah.

Two years later, on account of his "Congressional Government" a publication, which won him lasting fame and honor, he secured a position as Professor at Bryn Mawr. Once started he rapidly mounted higher and higher until in 1892, we find him at the head of Princeton College. Under the leadership of Mr. Wilson marks of advancement were soon visible. Immediately after securing his position he reconstructed the school system according to a principle of his own mind, which demanded co-ordination and right relationship. Princeton now showed more concern for manhood than for money. Although the conditions of the school were bittered by more than a moderate degree, various obstacles soon entered to mar his success, chief among which were the dissension and division prevalent in the higher classes and the Proctor offer. Against the latter he strenuously protested and when accepted against his will he resigned his office only to become a captain in the broad field of an historic national struggle.

Thus the character of Woodrow Wilson, as a student, as a man, and as a leader commands respect from all. Whatever he undertakes to do regardless of its nature he does with his might. Whatever he refuses to do he holds to with a firm and unwavering tenacity. He is neither elated by victory nor distressed by defeat, but takes things as they come and abides with the events whatever the result may be. Well might it be said of him.

"His is a life in which a smiling God, Sees day by day the path of duty trod."

Our Lecture Course.

The annual lecture course to which the students and their friends have looked forward with so much interest opened on the evening of November twenty-ninth in a most auspicious and highly satisfactory manner. Notwithstanding the fact that the first lecture occurred during the Thanksgiving recess, a well filled house greeted the speaker and the pleasure with which the first lecture had been anticipated was more than realized.

Mr. L. B. Wickersham of Ohio presented his subject "Day Dreams," and from the moment that the lecturer stepped forward and in a quiet even tone, and unassuming manner began his address, the audience felt that it was mind to mind and heart to heart with a man of broad sympathy, and with intense earnestness of purpose. In his lecture the speaker dealt specifically with things pertaining to the human spirit; life and its aspirations, its trials and triumphs, its difficulties and successes, joys and sorrows; giving a spiritual significance to the mundane things of life and shedding a halo about all worthy aspirations of the human soul. Many of his illustrations were drawn from his own life and work and the keen dramatic instinct with which these illustrations were presented gave an added strength and conviction to his work. On the whole, this lecture was an inspiration, to follow the ideal to the attainment of noble life and virtuous deeds.

We were particularly favored in our second lecture by having with us Ex-Governor Hanly of Indiana. The Governor is a man of powerful physique, strong personality and mighty intellect; a man who deals with the great issues of the state and nation in a masterly manner; a man who holds the history of his country as a sacred thing and touches the great matters of constitutional rights with awe and reverence; a man of powerful convictions, backed up by a thorough knowledge of statesmanship and a wholesome horror of political chicanery. He presented his subject "The Patriotism of Peace" with an optimism born of faith in the future of his country. His plea was for an honest manhood, a disarmed nation,

and a saloonless country. So logical was the development of his theme, so firm his belief in what he presented that he gripped and held his audience in almost an iron grasp. With scarcely an illustration he marched on from point to point convincing, persuading; on, on, till all too soon the proof was in, the last plea made, and the case won. The evening is over and the statesman orator moves on to another place to quicken other minds, encourage other souls, to take up arms in the great battle of life.



Anticipation

Flora F. Presley, Prep. '14.

When autumn days, so bleak and chill,
Bring winds that whistle o'er the hill,
A lonely feeling follows, till
We stop to think of Christmas.

When fall the leaves from off the trees;
And when the ground begins to freeze;
And storms succeed the summer breeze—
Cheer up! 'twill soon be Christmas.

We shake and shiver with the cold;
Jack Frost appears, so rude and bold;
We're prone to grumble, till we're told
'Twill not be long till Christmas.

In spite of landscape dead and bare,
In spite of frosty autumn air;
We think of joys we hope to share,
The gladsome joys of Christmas.

And when the snow, so soft and white,
Envelops everything in sight,
We hail its coming with delight—
It brings us nearer Christmas.

We see ahead a fair, bright day—
When peace and happiness have sway;
And wish that it would always stay—
A blissful, merry Christmas.

There's haste and hurry everywhere,
And secrets fill the very air.
There's lot of work, but who will care?
We only think of Christmas.

So days and weeks go flying past,
December follows—oh how fast!
Until vacation comes at last,
And then there's home and Christmas.

EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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Houghton Seminary:

The credits of Houghton Seminary have been received for advanced standing at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio; at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio; at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska; and at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

J. S. Luckey.

Did you ever give your imagination a free rein and try to think what the world could possibly be, if you should at the touch of some magic wand or other enchantment be suddenly dissolved into thin air, into absolute nothingness, so to speak, and cease forever to exist as a human entity? Of course you have—that is, if you were not born old as some unfortunates are, who are deprived thereby of all capacity to understand and experience any real human emotions, and as a result have become mere automatons, very austere, very precise, and very useless to anyone but themselves—and what a strange, indescribable feeling it gives one. We cannot conceive of a darkness so dense, so suffocating, so Stygian, of a silence so profound, so sepulchral, so oppressive, and of a solitude so wild, so desolate, so forsaken as that of simply ceasing to be. How could the sun continue to shine, and the flowers bloom, and the birds sing without you and I. It is not to be thought of for a single moment. Reason tells us that men and affairs would deviate not a hair from their accustomed course should we disappear from the scene of action, and our vanity and self-importance suffer accordingly; but there is something within us, some principle of our ego that refuses to be consigned into utter oblivion, that assures us that we shall not wholly die.

Now by this time doubtless our readers are rather at sea, so to speak, and so are we, we are bound to admit in all candor; but once more we invoke the patience and long-suffering of a much-abused public. Youth is especially susceptible to these attacks, but they very seldom prove fatal. We all of us—you and I—find ourselves at times obsessed with great and profound thoughts

which press down upon us with crushing force and overwhelm us with their very immensity. The twin paradoxes of time and space leer at us grotesquely and ever mock us with their sphinx-like eyes, while the mystery of life, the great riddle of the universe always looms up vague and mask-like in the background of our consciousness with its eternal interrogation. We are like moths around a candle; we cannot refrain from fluttering back and forth before this fascinating flame, even though we know that we are likely to singe our wings sometime. Youth struggles to know—he must know—and he merely beats and bruises his wings like an imprisoned bird vainly struggling to escape from its narrow cage into the vast expanse of sky and fields. He tries to accomplish all work, all reform, all good at a single stroke; he is intolerant of the slower methods of his elders, and recklessly rushes at all obstacles striving to brush them all out of his way by main strength instead of surmounting those he cannot move. When he grows older however, and has the dignity of a few gray hairs and a wide experience to his credit, he begins to realize something of the futility and the utter hopelessness of the struggle, and resigns himself to the inevitable, having at last learned the lesson that progress is slow and moves by almost imperceptible advances, oftentimes seeming to stand still or even retrogress, only in time to resume its onward march with accelerated motion. He will take the world as he finds it instead of trying to make it all over again; and he will begin to count time in decades and centuries instead of seconds and minutes.

But until then we claim the sacred prerogative of our age—the right to still have our moments of abstraction and moralizing. Naturally our minds revert to ourselves—you and I—as the most important atoms in the whole universe—and we include “you” in it only out of a fleeting sense of courtesy. You and I will always continue to be the most important and interesting persons in the whole world to—ourselves—to whom else could it be of more concern?—because—well just because you are you and I am I. Our interests, our cares, our sorrows, our joys will always engross our attention to the exclusion of the rest of the world. Other men and

their affairs may become sordid and banal; but yours and mine—never! We are supremely disdainful of other people’s foibles and eccentricities—we could never become as they—indeed, it would be quite impossible. Somehow you and I believe that we can evade the pitfalls into which others have fallen, that we can escape the penalty for broken law that has overtaken our fellows, and that we can succeed where others have failed; but one and all we are doomed to disappointment. The mirror in which we view ourselves strangely distorts and changes us so that we cannot recognize our own features. Our disappointments thereby fade into the background, our hardships are lost sight of, our achievements are magnified, our successes are glorified. We will ever hug this delusion to our breasts that we are just a little different than any one else, that the mould in which we were cast was a bit more perfect than that in which anyone else was formed. Your moderate drinker is guided by this same pleasing sophistry. He could never sink to the level of the maudlin and besotted wretch in the gutter, so he very confidently asserts, because he is so different—that’s all; but before he knows it, he has toppled from his high pedestal of virtue and respectability, a common outcast. The gambler and the speculator, too, is always about to make a lucky shot and recoup his losses; but he wakes up some fine morning to find himself irretrievably ruined. There must always come a time when we find ourselves stripped of our egotism and self-conceit, and we see our very souls bared to the pitiless white light of conscience.

A spirit of self-reliance is commendable, and a belief and respect in one’s self is to be encouraged; but true humility is a jewel of incalculably great value to the possessor. We will then never overestimate our ability, neither will we underrate it; for the conflicting voices of self-interest and false modesty will have been stilled, so that only the clear voice of duty will be heard. Your Caligulas, your Neros, your Napoleons and all your repulsive examples of despotism and cruelty are men whose insatiable ambitions and selfish passions have made them drunk with the lust for power and self-aggrandizement, until they at last destroy them-

selves. They are the Master-Egoists, in a word. Your Savonarolos, your Washingtons, your Lincolns and all your great and noble men, blessers of humanity, on the other hand, are the true types of manhood whose influence is always for good rather than evil, who build instead of destroy, who heal instead of wound, and who serve instead of being served. They have indeed imbued the spirit of the lowly Nazerine. The one is the type of those who seek to save their lives and lose them; the other of those who lose their lives in order to save them.

What we need above everything else is to get ourselves in perfect tune with the world, and to lay our fingers on its great, throbbing heart, and listen while we feel its sorrows and joys, its pains and loves strike an answering chord in our own hearts, and make a common bond of sympathy between us all. If we are to sympathize with the suffering and anguish of humanity, so that we can bring comfort and relief we must experience some great and poignant sorrow ourselves; if we are to be in time with the dashing Allegro of Youth and Joy, we must have the spirit of Youth and Laughter beating the measure in our own hearts. And finally when we shall have some mighty task to accomplish, if we shall say "we and God," we will have learned one of the greatest lessons of life.

There Was No Room for Them in the Inn

The shades rested soft on Judea's fair hills,
And deepened the twilight below,
Where Bethlehem's light showed a tortuous way
To travelers belated and slow;
And Gibeah's crest glinted brighter by far
As it caught the first gleam of a wondrous new
Star.

High in the village, the small low-roofed inn
With wayfarers weary was filled;
Sounds harsh and discordant rang out on the
streets

That evening aforetime had stilled.
And revealed by the flicker the long torches bore,
Two tardy arrivals appeared at the door.

"There's no room", cried a voice from within,
"Move along,—

Else sleep in the stable out there!"
The light showed a man strong of limb and brave
eyed,

And a woman with face young and fair;
And turning SHE whispered with eyes growing
dim

"There'll surely be room in the stable for HIM."

So wearily o'er the foul courtyard they sought
A pallet of hay for a bed.

The star entered with them the rude, lowly place
And silvered the rafters o'er head,
And there in a manger with naught to adorn
There was room for HIM found e'er the first
Christmas morn.

O. L. G.



MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

The Athenian

During the past month the Society work has been uninterrupted. The usual routine of the work was somewhat varied by a meeting of very different character at Mr. McDowell's during the Thanksgiving vacation. The only number on the program was a taffy pull. Partiality, it seems, was shown to some present and the memory of the evening will remain in their memory longer than it stuck to

their clothes.

At the last meeting of the Society a debate concerning a central bank was hotly contested. The question was very interesting and instructive to the audience. Several numbers of special music added unusual enjoyment. The society has outgrown the accustomed meeting place, a music studio, and last met in the chapel. With such programs we feel that our Society is being raised to a higher standard.

Ionian Literary Society

The Ionian Literary Society has held several very interesting meetings since the last report. At each of these there has been a large attendance and a marked degree of enthusiasm.

The first program was one concerning Eugene Field. Papers on his life and style of writing were read. His poems "The Biggest Fish" and "Green Apples," were recited. This program was very helpful as we learned some things about Field which we shall always remember.

On the Friday night before Thanksgiving a Thanksgiving program was given. Miss Huntsman read a paper on "The Origin of Thanksgiving Day," Miss Stear gave a talk on the "True Spirit of Thanksgiving" and Miss Laura Little read an original Thanksgiving story.

Our first debate was given on the evening of December fifth. At first the girls felt that it was indeed hard for them to debate, but when the time came, they were so interested in the question that they entered into it with as much zeal as more experienced debaters could have exhibited. The question was: "Resolved—That the 'Honor System' of conducting examinations should be adopted in our High Schools." L. J. C.

Neosophic Society

The Neosophic Society has held some excellent meetings during the past month. The society spirit was greatly increased by open discussions of all the members of the society. At one meeting the society was divided into the majority and the minority. The majority took one side of the house and the minority the other as they do in Parliament. After they were organized the minority, with great dignity read a resolution at which of course the majority quickly laid it on the table. Then the majority read a resolution which was divided in three parts, and proceeded to adopt it. The minority did well to check the adoption of the resolution by making subsidiary, incidental and privilege motions. The time for the discussion was limited whereas such motions would prevent the majority from adopting the resolutions. There was much enthusiasm raised among the members of each side of the house. The minority did exceedingly well in deferring the adoption of the

resolution but however in spite of their excited efforts the majority succeeded in adopting the first two parts. The same style was continued at the next meeting.

At the last meeting the main part on the programme was a debate on the question: Resolved, That Local Option and the Anti-Saloon League have done more good for the promotion of Temperance than the Prohibition Party. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

The members of the society are doing good work and we are sure they will never regret the time spent for the society resulting in their own good and the good of others. S. M.

I. P. A.

Houghton's I. P. A. has not as yet suffered any reaction as the result of the strenuous labor of some of its members during the recent campaign.

At the last meeting a most splendid program was rendered, to which no one could have listened without being interested as well as edified. A most excellent paper was read by one of our new members, Mr. Pierce Woolsey. It was full of information concerning the Internal Revenue. All taking part on the program gave their parts well.

We truly believe that every college man or woman as well as preparatory student should embrace the splendid opportunities that the I. P. A. offers to them to acquaint themselves with the facts concerning the great evil of the day in order that he or she might contribute his or her part in the solution of the greatest problem that confronts the American people today.

G. B. S.

Young People's Missionary Society

The Young People's Foreign Missionary Society holds its meetings on the first Tuesday night of each month. The first meetings of the year were given largely to the transaction of business. A large number of new names have been added to the roll and there seems to be a growing interest in the work among the students.

At the December meeting Mr. Walter Lewis gave a very helpful talk on "Active Work for the Master." Miss Grace Sloan gave a reading and Mr. James Elliott talked concerning the importance of prayer in missionary work. The program was followed by a short prayer service.

ATHLETICS

BETHEL J. BABBITT, '16, Editor

Boys' Athletics

It was in November that the great event occurred. Let that day be remembered forever! For it was on that day that the boys of this institution became so dehumanized in spirit, so regardless of respect, honor and sobriety, so reckless of limb and life that they really had a foot ball game. The weather was of that beautiful type, when low temperature and rain unite to make a soft covering for old mother earth. But the game was played, beginning with the 'Varsity kickoff. Then followed those historical melees in which friend strikes friend, and brother slaughters brother. The second half was played in much the same way. The final score was 0 to 0 in favor of the Preps.

And it came to pass that the next day in chapel, we had recalled to our

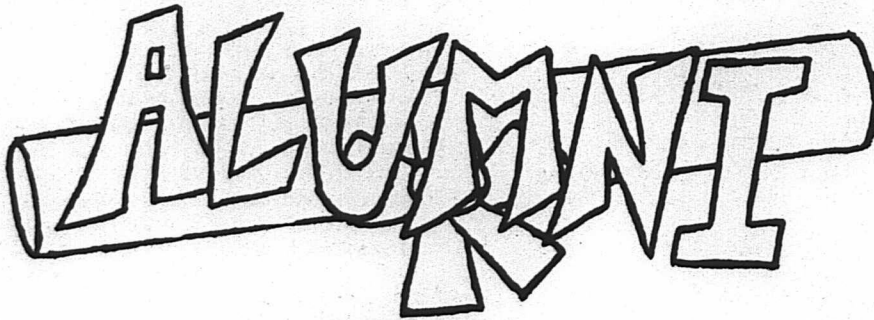
effeminate minds, all those unwritten laws and customs prevalent in such schools. The result was that Rugby's funeral was held Friday night following. Many friends came from abroad to attend the funeral of such a popular friend.

N. B. No one was killed in the game.
B. J. B.

Girls' Athletics

The Girls are showing a decided improvement in their gymnastics and we are sure the latter are helpful to all. Miss Ball has paid special attention to marching and they certainly are improving.

The hand of fate seems to point towards no basket ball but our hearts are encouraged along this line when we look forward to our new gymnasium. We are sure we will be well rewarded for our waiting. H. I. H.



Edna Hester, '16, Editor

In the October issue of the Star you doubtless noted that George Whitaker was in Fairbunt, Ind. Mr. Whitaker has since returned to Houghton and his resolute face is again seen in our halls of learning.

Zina A. Bowen is a prosperous merchant at Wallace, N. Y.

Elmer Vough is engaged in farming at Eastforks, Pa.

Crystal Rork '11 and Aurilla Jones '12 are teaching at Wiscoy, N. Y. However they are still very devoted to Houghton for they may be seen here every Sunday.

Estella Grover Hadley is enjoying splendid health in her home at Northbrand, Kan. Mrs. Hadley is kept busy with her young son, Bedford Kieth, while her husband, Professor Hadley,

keeps the young ones busy.

Mattie Sears works in the telephone office at Eagle, N. Y.

Mabel Dow '06 is teaching English and Normal work in Miltonvale Wesleyan College, Miltonvale, Kan.

Glen Carpenter attends McCormic Seminary, Chicago, Ill., Mr. Carpenter is preparing for practical gospel work.

Louella Hunt takes life easy at home, Richland, N. Y.

Theos Thompson, a graduate of Lincoln University, Lincoln, Neb., formerly one of our most prominent students, is teaching Science and Normal work in Miltonvale, Wesleyan College, Miltonvale, Kan.

Edna Short Mitchell assists her husband in caring for their two live-

ly boys. Their home is in Holton, Kan.

Houghton is capable of furnishing the world with preachers as well as teachers. A few only will be mentioned here: Gertrude Preston '04, Florence Yorton, '02 and Hattie Crosby '03, missionaries to Africa, Chester F. Hurst, Chambers, N. Y., M. E. Warburton '88 and Florence Vough Warburton, Haskinsville, N. Y., Arthur Karker '11 and Laura Whitney Karker, Allendale, Mich., W. Readett and wife, formerly Miss Yorton, Eagle Harbor, N. Y., Fred L. Presley and Rose Warburton Presley, Jasper, N. Y. Earl Cookson and Grace Benton Cookson, '08, Fillmore, N. Y., Samuel Smith and Charlotte Davis Smith, Baptist pastors at Portageville, N. Y.

If any alumnus or old student has made himself famous the Alumni editor would be glad to hear about it. Let us know of your whereabouts. Keep in touch with the school thru the school paper and life will be more interesting. For 50 cents you could get no better Christmas present for your friend than the Houghton Star

EXCHANGES

Grace B Sloan, '15, Editor.

This month we had the privilege of greeting old friends and welcoming new ones. We say to you all, Come again.

The Chronicle. You have a well balanced paper.

The Hermonite. We found in this month's issue the same pleasing ex-

cellence and style we have noted in your previous ones. Why not have an exchange department?

The Dart. We are glad you "darted" in. Come again with your pleasing stories.

Miltonvale College Monitor. Thanks to your artist for that attractive cover.

The Picayune. You have an attractive and well balanced paper. May we greet you again?

The Sayrenade. We like the spirit of your first paper. Success to you!

The Budget. Your Thanksgiving story was excellent.

The Chamberlain Reveille. We like your paper; but, say, why not an exchange department?

The Athenian. We thank you for your friendly criticism of the Editorial in the Houghton Star; but listen, I will whisper to you, "The author is not a high school student, but a college man.

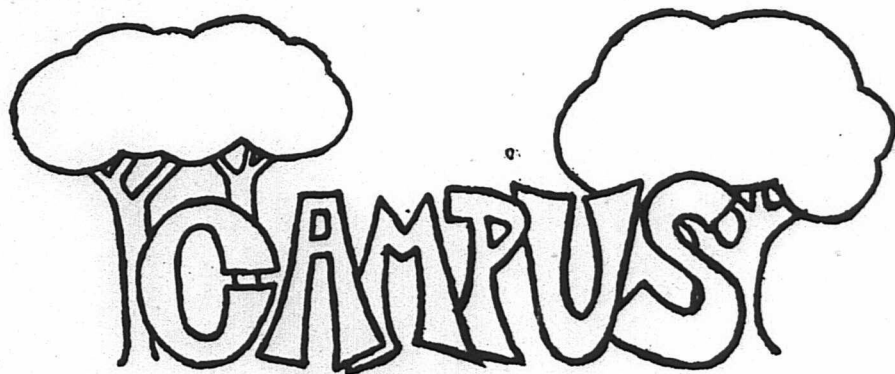
The Rosemary? Your paper proves conclusively that feminine touch adds an interest and charm that nothing else can; it has the logic of man and the art of woman.

The Collegian. Your articles of this month were well worth the reading; they were rich in thought, convincing in argument.

The Albright Bulletin. Your paper has literary merit.

The Ogdensburg. Your paper is attractive; but your Exchange Editor must be a very busy man.

The Wind Mill. Your splendid cuts add to your paper.



GLENN E. BARNETT, '15, Editor

College Locals

A number of college students were in the company who spent a delightful evening at the home of Miss

Fancher a short time ago.

Mr. Woolsey has been on the sick list.

Mr Clarence Barnett spent a week at the home of his aunt in Lockport,

Among the students who spent Thanksgiving at home were: Miss Bond, Angelica, N. Y.; Miss Graves, Olean, N. Y.; Miss Warbois, North Chili, N.Y.; Miss Woods, Rushford, N. Y.; Mr. Smith, Lockport, N. Y.

Miss Meeker spent Thanksgiving vacation at the home of Miss Stall at Lockport, N. Y.

C. Coy Hogg spent part of his Thanksgiving vacation with his sister in Houghton.

A taffy-pull held at the home of Mr. McDowell made vacation time pass more pleasantly for those who were not permitted to go home. G. G.

Preparatory Notes

Misses Dart and Parker visited Miss Parker's parents at Black Creek Nov. 15-16.

Howard Barnett was in Belfast November 20.

Messrs. Lawrence, Rogers, Sheldon were in Fillmore recently.

Miss Francis visited her parents at Centerville Nov. 15.

The following spent their Thanksgiving at the respective places: Mable Parker at Black Creek, Ruth Readett with Vivian Sanders at Blue Stone, Eva Huntsman at Morganville, Arthur Bennett at Bradford, Flora Presley at Delevan, Blanche Eastwood at Short Tract, Agnes Francis at Centerville, Beatrice Hale at Rushford, Carl Walquist at Red House, Ricketts Brothers at Short Tract.

Lula Benning of Hinsdale spent Thanksgiving here with her sister, Grace.

Wallace Hanford was a guest of Howard Barnett recently.

Have you seen the Senior class pins?

A surprise party was held at Professor Rindfusz's Nov. 26, for Mildred Jones, the occasion being her 18th birthday. There were nine gentlemen and nine of the fair co-eds present. The affair was a complete surprise to Miss Mildred. Everyone present reported a fine time.

Mrs. Rindfusz entertained Misses Kerr, Parker, Hudson and Jones on the afternoon of December 2nd.

Curtis Rogers was on the sick list recently.

R. M. B.

Our Faculty

Professor Bedford received a most hearty welcome from the students,

when he entered chapel a few days ago, on returning from his southern trip. He reported a successful effort among the old students of the Southern Conference in behalf of the new building.

Professor Frazier has been absent from school several days on account of the serious illness of his father, Rev. Mr. Frazier, whose death occurred in the evening of December first.

Miss Greenberg attended a meeting of the New York State Teachers Association at Syracuse part of the last week of November.

Miss Spofford spent her Thanksgiving vacation visiting friends in Rochester, N. Y.

Professor McDowell spent the last Sunday of November on the East Leon charge, assisting the pastor, Rev. G. E. Bathurst in quarterly meeting services.

Professors Luckey and Rindfusz spent two days at the Sunday School Convention at Olean last month. President Luckey gave an illustrated lecture on Palestine one evening. This same lecture, the students and members of the Sunday School had the privilege of hearing in the Seminary chapel on Nov. 9.

Professor Smith is spending his leisure hours in erecting another building for his bees. What would Houghton be without Smith's pure honey?

L. J. C.

Miscellaneous

You ask, "What of interest?" I reply, "Nothing except the first number of our lecture course," which occurred recently and which undoubtedly will receive adequate treatment elsewhere. Therefore my task for this month is rendered doubly difficult in being required to interest our readers and fill this allotted space from happenings and events of the most general character. Hence, in view, of the above stated conditions, perhaps it will be pardonable if at times I draw somewhat freely upon my imagination in the presentation of these events.

The Sunday School under the leadership of Professor Rindfusz has considerably increased both in attendance and membership, so that ever since his entrance into office, it has become necessary to have the school meet at the Seminary in order to better accommodate the greater num-

bers. The system of recording the number on time, the number present, and the average offering of the members of each class has had a very beneficial effect. Beside increasing the attendance, the number of tardy ones has been greatly reduced, and the collections nearly doubled. Professor Rindfusz's enthusiasm and devotion are to be credited for the results.

One project recently started by the faculty and indicative of advancement both for the student and for the school as a whole, is the quarterly issuance of report cards. Many surprises undoubtedly greeted the students as they were distributed in chapel for the first time the last day before the Thanksgiving vacation.

Another item of general interest is the announcement that Mr. Lynde has sold his store to F. D. Ward & Co.

As proof of the ability of Houghton students in Oratory, witness the following as taken from the poster announcing the numbers on the Epworth lecture course at Wiscoy for this year. On Feb. 6, "a company of eloquent talent under the direction of Miss Abbie A. Ball, head of the Department of Oratory," will present a selected repertoire. Also on Mar. 3, the Reverend E. A. Overton, a student in Houghton Seminary and also pastor of the Methodist church at Wiscoy, will lecture on "The Customary Way."

Many of our illustrious sons of Freedom of whom such a thing would never be suspected for a moment, have nevertheless been engaged in that disreputable business, the perpetration of which characterizes the offenders as "Moonshiners." Altho the town as previously mentioned is strictly a dry one, nevertheless several of our ambitious students may ere long rival that great Welch industry in the dispensation of refreshing and sparkling delicacies in the form of apple and other harmless juices. Often has it been reported that several milk cans of the community whose history heretofore have never been questioned have for the first time during their uneventful career been clandestinely utilized in the illicit transportation and sale of these popular beverages; while the only outward manifestation of these questionable proceedings was the cautious muffle of voices met in secret conclave long after the dusky twilight of the supper-hour and during the time when only

college men should lawfully be found out-of-doors. But needless to say the majority of those involved in the importation and sale of this delectable nectar were preps, altho a few of those registered in the college department may have been supple and willing purchasers.

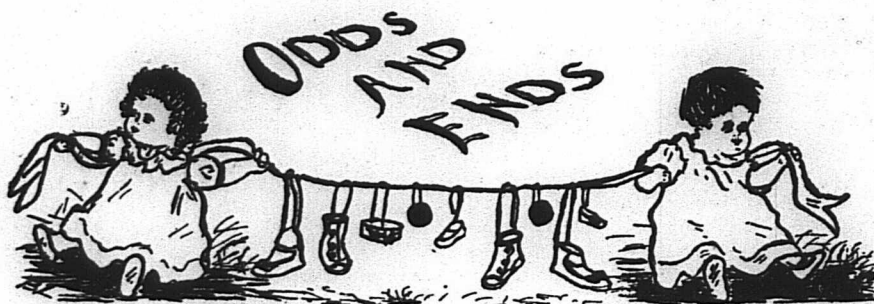
Again needless to say we are all eagerly awaiting the slow arrival of those Christmas Holidays and the long vacation so irreparably linked to it as if in juxtaposition. G. B.

On the evening of the 15th, the students and faculty enjoyed a very pleasant Christmas gathering in the library and study-room, where artistic and tasty decorations greeted the eyes and cheered the hearts of the merry pleasure-seekers. And who can doubt for a moment or question the success of this affair when informed that each boy was taxed the sum of 10c, while upon each girl was imposed the additional duty of furnishing a whole pound of home-made candy.

As soon as the students commenced to gather, topic cards were given out to each of the boys whose duty it then became to make engagements with as many girls for a three-minute chat for each subject assigned. Then followed games of interest to all present until it was announced time for serving, whereupon each youthful laddie was solicitously commissioned to seek out and serve his lassie from the ample store of grape-juice and candies. The following program was given:

Piano Solo	-	Miss Thurston
Need of Social Life in School	-	
	-	President Luckey
Music	-	Girls' Glee Club
Reading	-	Miss Ball
Music	-	Boys' Glee Club
Dismissal	-	Reverend Dean Bedford

No one will soon forget the evening spent, altho the verdict passed was universally favorable.



G. Tremaine McDowell, '15, Editor

The Editor of this Department has decided to return to the old name, "Odds and Ends." So now if you see a joke without a point, you are to conclude that it was intended as something serious.

Lesé Majeste

Miss Greenberg. Translate "Rex fugit."

Latin Student. The king flees.

Miss G. The perfect should be translated with 'has.'

L. S. The king has flees.

Distant Relatives

Prof. Are you and Everett Overton related?

Ferdinand. Yes, sir, distantly. He was my mother's first child and I was her twelfth.

From Our Exchanges

First Student. Where do the bugs go in winter?

Second Student. (absent-mindedly) Search me.

* * *
Sunday School teacher asks, "With what did Sampson kill the Philistines?" The children are unable to answer. To help them, she touches her chin, and says, "What is this?" One little fellow suddenly remembers the story and bawls out "The jaw bone of an ass!"

* * *
Soph. Which is correct, the yolks of eggs ARE white or IS white?

Freshie. The yolks of eggs ARE white, of course., Where'd you study Grammar?

Soph. I always thought they were yellow.

In the Next Star

We hope to publish an article in the next Star by Carroll Daniels on "The Advantages and Pleasures of Hot Taffy as a Seat."

Very Mean

Some malicious person has spread the report that two of the Chili debaters are bald headed, thus inconsiderately depriving Professor Smith of his favorite injunction to our team, "Scalp 'em alive!"

Impertinences

As soon as it gets warm next spring, Capen and Miss Hayes will have their dinners served on the Dorm steps so that they will be able to make the most of the noon hour.

A number of our students are getting a goodly amount of practical experience in teaching this year. Why not let them give Chapel talks too, when the Profs are away?

Remember how highly the Regents inspector praised us on our perfect order in the halls?

Sad but True

I cannot sing the old songs,
The young folks might object.
I cannot sing the new songs
And keep my self-respect.—Ex

The Place of Peace

This little poem by Edwin Markham would lead one to think that perhaps not all the real poets died with Tennyson after all.

At the heart of the cyclone tearing
the sky
And flinging the towers and clouds by
Is a place of central calm;
So here in the roar of mortal things
I have a place where my spirit sings
In the hollow of God's palm.

Kellogg's Studios

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Friday	Saturday	Monday
Dec. 26	27	

Cuba all other dates.

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Pottsdam, N. Y.

I do hold the buying of more books than
one could peradventure read, as noth-
ing less than the soul's reaching toward in-
finity; which is the only thing that raises
us above the beasts that perish.---Pen-
more.

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Drain Tile, and
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Concrete Sluice
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We can furnish your
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FURNITURE

line from cellar to garret.
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in any style frame to suit.
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ARTISTIC MILLINERY,
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MILLINERY
Fancy Dry Goods, Notions,
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Pillows

23x28 inches, same colors as pennants, large golden old English "H" diagonally across the front, four inches of the edge of the pillow slashed diagonally in imitation of leather, golden satin ribbon interwoven around pillow just inside slashed border, only \$1.50. An acknowledged bargain.

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Waist and dress patterns put up in Xmas boxes for holiday use if you desire. Xmas ribbons and other holiday materials. Call and see what I have before going elsewhere.

Dressmaking of any kind done at reasonable terms.

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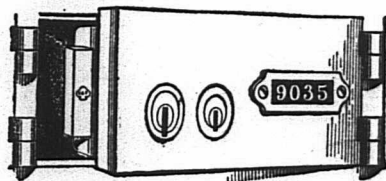
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Rushford, N. Y.

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