

Tremaine M^cDowell

THE

Houghton Star

APRIL 1914.



Alumni Number

Volume VI

Number Seven

Watch This Space!

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W. S. Carpenter.

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Absolutely Pure

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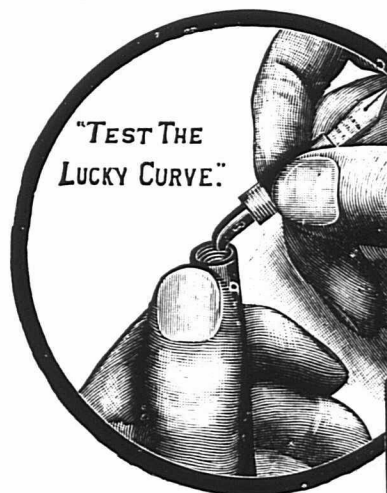
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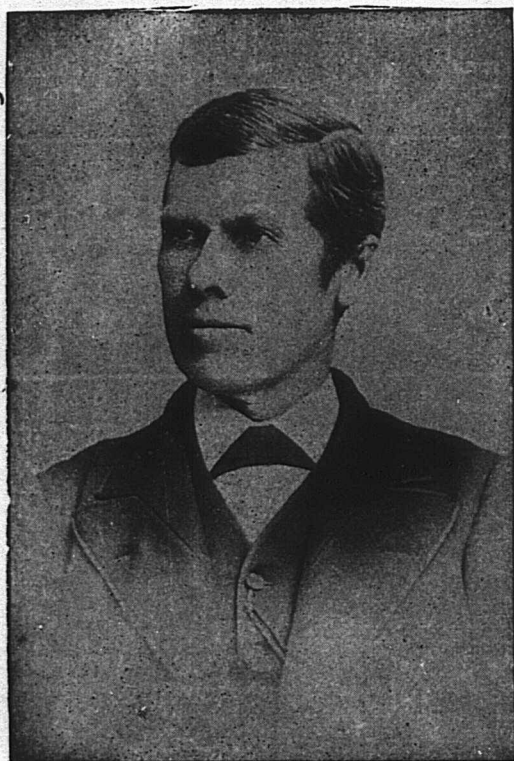
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"I saw your ad in the Houghton Star."



To our great man
WILLARD J. HOUGHTON,
the founder of Houghton Seminary, in all hu-
mility and respect, we dedicate this Number of
"The Houghton Star," in token of our un-
dying loyalty to his memory and love for
the cause for which he labored. The
greatest eulogy that we could write
over his name is that he was be-
loved of the children.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. VI

APRIL, 1914.

No. 7

Life of Willard

J. Houghton

No one who attempts to write upon the life of a really great man can feel other than the deepest dissatisfaction with his weak efforts; it seems that mere words are utterly futile and meaningless beside the plain, unalterable fact of the man himself. We are all agreed that great men are miracles wherever they are found. They live and move quietly among us—we cannot understand them and we give them only the most passing notice; yet one day only too late after they have passed away, we wake up to the fact of their real greatness. Thus it ever goes. They seem to be cast in a different mould; we cannot penetrate their secret; we can only stand in awed and worshipful silence before the dazzling fact itself.

In the Holy of Holies in the innermost heart of every true man, you will always find enshrined three images. The first and the second never change—they are always the same—the divinely compassionate face of the great "Man of Sorrows" and the pure loving face of Mother. The third depends upon the individual himself and circumstances. It may be the face of a dear friend or of someone we have never seen; but, whoever it is, it is always someone whose noble character and true greatness have in some way, either directly or indirectly, powerfully influenced our lives, and caused the spark of Hero-Worship that smoulders in the heart of every man to burst into flames. There can be no doubt that for the American people as a whole this person would be Abraham Lincoln. For us who live within the influence of Houghton Seminary, it could be no other than Willard J. Houghton. It is not our purpose to write an eulogy upon his name, for that would be impossible. He himself would not have desired such an attempt. It is rather our purpose to

give in simple straightforward language a brief sketch of the leading facts of his life and work. If we would seek for a true representation of his greatness, we must find it written in our own hearts.

Willard J. Houghton was born in the little village of Houghton Creek, New York, July 19th, 1825. His grandfather along with several brothers were original settlers on the virgin soil of the Genesee valley and located near the banks of a small stream around which a small settlement grew up bearing their name. Here it was that Willard's father was brought up, and that later became his birthplace. Shortly following his birth his father moved up out of the valley on to the level elevation on which the present Seminary buildings stand. In connection with this, it is an interesting and significant fact to note that Willard's childhood days were spent on the same green sward which was in the future to be transferred into a college campus in the midst of which a fitting monument was to rear its head to the eternal memory of its founder.

Until the time he reached his majority but little authentic is recorded concerning his life. It is probable that he attended the district school a little and worked on a farm the remainder of the time. It is said that as a young man he possessed a genial, good-natured disposition, at all times ready for a hearty frolic. His brother and himself were excellent singers, and their services were much in demand at the various sociables and entertainments of the day.

In 1846 he married Miss Harriet Wilson. The union was blessed with five children, four daughters and one son. Although at the age of thirteen, Mr. Houghton was brightly saved, it was not until several years after his marriage that his real lasting conversion took place in a little old schoolhouse which was the only meeting-house in town at that time. In

fact, the village of that time, the Houghton of the canal days was no more like the present Houghton than darkness is like daylight. The one was noted for its game fights, its Sunday horse races, and its drinking bouts; the other for its peace and Godliness and Christian Love. For any real likeness existing between the two, they might just as well have been situated at the antipodes. If we carefully analyze this change, we will see that this conversion in this little old schoolhouse was responsible for the whole thing. We are moved to remark that the effect of "the little, old schoolhouse" upon our whole history as a nation has been such that it can not be overlooked. But to return. Little can be learned concerning the circumstances attending this event; but we are at least certain of the fact that it meant everything to him; it meant that his life was no longer his own but that his all was henceforth unreservedly at the disposal of his Master.

His first active Christian effort was the organization and supervision of the then much-neglected Sunday School work. Loaded with Bible picture cards for the children and tracts for their elders, he traveled thruout the whole surrounding country pushing this work with all his might. He was so successful in this work that everywhere he was known as "The Sunday School Man." His Sunday School concerts as they were called in which interesting and instructive programs were rendered by the children received wide-spread notice and attendance and were famous in their way for miles around.

His next work was that of a pastor, having felt an urgent call to that vocation. In 1878 he took his first charge at Phillips Creek and later served at Short Tract, Cadwells, and other places. His labors on these various circuits were so productive of good and resulted in such wonderful upbuilding and progress to the Church that he received calls from all over the country demanding his services. Accordingly he now entered upon the work of an itinerant preacher, and many there were who thus came in contact with that simple, God-like man and were inspired to higher planes of living.

It was about at this time that he disclosed a project which had had its inception in his mind for some time,

and had constantly been growing to be a question of paramount importance to him. It was the founding of a school where the sons and daughters of the Church might be prepared and fitted for their life-work. He saw how absolutely necessary to the perpetuation of the Wesleyan Church this was. Himself to a large extent debarred by the force of circumstances from an education, he recognized as no one else the handicap under which the Minister of the Gospel labored without it. During his whole life he strove as best he could unaided to secure more learning from books. He succeeded to a remarkable degree in his study of the Bible, but he clearly saw how his efficiency might have been multiplied if he had been able to secure an education before entering upon his work.

He now entered upon a whole-souled propaganda of this cause. Everywhere he went he agitated it, and strove to secure financial aid. The founding of such a school became the one burning desire of his life. He met many discouragements by the way; the people for the most part were slow to act and some even were openly sceptical; but his was the soul that nothing could daunt. He kept persistently at it, and as we know success at last crowned his efforts. The Wesleyan Methodist Connection took charge of the funds which he had raised, elected a board of trustees, and in 1883 had a fine brick building erected and ready to receive its first enrollment of students. The first registration was not so very large, but every year it gained in numerical strength and steadily raised its educational standards. Mr. Houghton never relaxed his efforts in behalf of the school after it had passed into the hands of the connection. Up to the time of his death which occurred April 21st, 1896, he always worked for students and support for his beloved school. It is needless to speak of the subsequent history of the school, for we all know of its unqualified success and advancement since his death.

This meagre sketch is wholly inadequate to convey any idea of the true greatness of the man. We know though, that he possessed a wonderful character. He lived a simple, quiet life; but he wielded a mighty and far-reaching influence. Everyone trusted him implicitly, saved and unsaved alike

Many persons who would never ordinarily assist in the work of the Church would do it unsolicited for him. Few men possess this power to attract the love and respect of all classes to such an extent as he did. If there is any one thing above all others calculated to convince us of his true greatness, it is the fact of his wonderful love for children, which has never failed to be reciprocated on their part. This has only been said of a few persons—notably Jesus Christ and Abraham Lincoln. Such men are rare; theirs is an almost supernatural gift.

If we would briefly seek to discover the secret of his power, we would say first that he was eminently a man of prayer. He was never known to absent himself from prayer-meeting, no matter how tired and burdened he might be with his many cares and labors. Whenever he felt like remaining at home, he would ask himself the question: "Would I go if I were paid for it;" and the result was that he was one of the first to be on hand. The following incident which occurred just before his death is typical of his great faithfulness and devotion. It was prayer-meeting night, and he was exceedingly tired and broken in body; but as usual he prepared to attend. His friends tried to persuade him to remain at home and rest; but he waved them aside, saying that his time was short and that he must be about his Father's business. He seemed to have a strange premonition of his near departure for the following week he took to his bed never to rise.

Moreover he possessed a true spirit of humility that was not feigned. He was also filled with a spirit of self-sacrifice that was remarkable. He would rather go without himself than see the cause suffer. Ofttimes if he could save a few cents by walking, he would cheerfully do so in order that he might have a little more to give to his school. When traveling all night he would snatch a few moments of sleep pillowed on his satchel rather than expend the money for the luxury of a berth. It was not the spirit of penuriousness that prompted these actions by any means, for he was the soul of generosity where other people were concerned. In common with all great men he had a single, fixed purpose in his mind, one great ideal for which he strove; he was true to his Heavenly vision.

It is impossible to speak more than a word concerning his faithful and saintly wife who was a true helpmeet to him in every sense of the word. She willingly shared every burden with him, and it was her deep devotion and sacrifice in uncomplainingly staying at home and caring for the farm and children along with the heavy duties of the home that made it possible for him to accomplish what he did. She survived him for many years making her home here with her son and daughter until her death which occurred only a few years ago. His son, Mr. Leonard Houghton, has always been the close friend of the students and the school; and has helped in every way possible to advance the cause which his father begun. It can truly be said in this case: "Like father, like son."

The memory of Willard J. Houghton will never die. His spirit and influence will live forever as an untold blessing to humanity and glory to Almighty God.

The Death of Socrates

Alison Edgar '13

Still the folk of Athens lingered near
the old Miletian gate
Looking out toward Piraeus where
the ships at anchor wait,
Though the midnight chill had risen,
tho the night was far advanced
For a singer from the islands had
their ardent hearts entranced
On the ear his silver cadence lingered
soft as on the bay
Of Phalerum in the distance the pale
midnight moonlight lay.
Yet 'twas not the magic music held
the people all night long,
Not the wonder of the singing but
the wonder of the song.
Thrilled the hearts of all the people
as the singer sang of men
Of heroic God-like stature, of great
heroes who had been
In the old Homeric conflicts ever fore
most in the fight;
Welcomed by the gods with transport
on the far Olympian height.
Sang of Athens' rising fortune as
the centuries passed on
Of Miltiades the conqueror, of the
men of Marathon;
How in stern Plataea's struggle the
Athenian state was freed

From the fear of foreign bondage,
 from the menace of the Mede.
 Ardently the people listened and
 their eager hearts beat high,
 And they whispered Zeus to grant
 them other days like those gone
 by;
 Other men in grace to send them
 like the men of long ago.
 Gods of Greece look down in pity that
 the people could not know
 That there lay that night in Athens,
 in a prison chained and old—
 With the dew of death untimely on
 his forehead gray and cold,
 One whom the avenging future rever-
 ently should never cease
 Naming first among their heroes,
 noblest of the sons of Greece.
 Ah they knew not that the centuries
 at his feet should sit and learn,
 That the embers of his wisdom, in
 heroic hearts should burn
 Till they set on fire the stubble of
 the harvests of the past;
 Lurid was the conflagration, red with
 living flame that massed
 Scarlet tragedy against the stainless
 background of the sky;
 Now again the world is sober and
 the tumult has passed by.
 Where raged fires iconoclastic lies
 the cool and maked sod
 Clean and wet with dew of Heaven
 ready for the plows of God.
 Socrates, thy form ungainly such a
 Titan shadow cast
 On the curtain of the centuries that
 before the outline vast
 Of that majesty unmeasured, men
 with reverent hearts have stood
 Questioning if Athens killed thee only
 because those wert good.
 Was it that thy thought was lifted
 from the common thought? Ah no
 'Twas not for thy wisdom's sake the
 people killed thee long ago.
 Was it that thy eager spirit through
 a lofty auro showed?
 That thy feet the long slow ridges of
 the frowning hills bestrode
 Leading to the heart of the eternal
 changeless God? Ah no
 'Twas not for thy goodness sake the
 people slew thee long ago
 Not because thou wert a hero but
 because thou wert a man.
 Through the rich silk of thy nature
 threads of common cotton ran;
 In the chalice of thy spirit water
 mingled with the wine;
 Often Athens found thee human when
 she wanted thee divine.
 Athens knew thy shapeless figure;
 Athens knew thy satyr face,

Thy unlovely awkward manner and thy
 gestures void of grace;
 Keen edge of thy tongue unchasten-
 ed, keen edge of thy surgeon's
 steel
 Athens sullenly resented though its
 stroke was meant to heal.
 Great men are so wholly vital that
 you cannot pass them by
 You can only silence genius by con-
 demning it to die.
 Great men are like vivid pictures,
 with the face against the frame
 Medley of conflicting color; but draw
 backward and the flame
 Of the vision of the artist, the pure
 passion of the art,
 Purging clean thy deadened tissue,
 sweeps across thy prostrate heart
 So our heroes must be dead men,
 for the living veil of flesh
 Still obscures the noble spirit in its
 thick ungainly mesh.
 Blind our brothers of the old world,
 our eyes are they then so keen
 That we see the spirit's grandeur
 through the ugly blackened
 screen?
 Long and luminous the centuries
 since that tragic night have been
 Yet we have not learned the lesson
 that our heroes are but men
 Not untouched by human folly, not
 unscarred by human sin—
 To man's earth and to God's Heaven
 to the heart of life akin.
 Alison Edgar, '13.

Alumni

Dear Friends:

This issue of the Star brings us
 nearly to the close of another school
 year which in many respects is one
 of the best years in our history. It
 has been a good year, first because
 of the class of students attending,
 second because of the work done by
 both school and faculty, and third be-
 cause of the gracious revival that
 God gave us in the middle of the
 year.

The class of students is changing
 gradually from year to year. The ele-
 mentary students who at one time
 formed so large a percent of the stu-
 dent body, have now nearly disap-
 peared. The growing department at
 the present is the College. We now
 give a full college course but the
 majority of our students take three
 years of work with us, and then take

their degree in one year more at any one of several high class colleges and universities. The advantages of this plan are becoming more and more apparent to the young people of this vicinity and of the Church. By actual canvass the average expenses of our young men are only \$60.00 above that which they are able to earn largely on Saturdays and during vacations. This means that a college education is within the reach of everyone who wants it badly enough to put forth a little effort. As already stated these advantages are being recognized and the college students are taking the place of the elementary students who are dropping out.

Thus, while the total enrollment is not changing, the grade of work, the amount of tuition, and the real benefit to the church is rapidly advancing. This means, of course that the work done by the faculty and students is becoming of a much higher grade. I sometimes feel that the older alumni and many of the church fail to recognize the kind of work that is being done at Houghton. To say that a student may take three years of college work here and then take his degree in one year more at any one of several high class colleges or universities is a great statement to make, but it is a fact; and what is more, the reports from these colleges show that our students stand shoulder to shoulder with the students who have taken their full course there. Three times we have tried debates with other schools, once with Alfred University, and twice with Chesbro Seminary. Twice the decision was unanimous for Houghton and once Houghton received the decision of two judges out of three. This year we have added a department of Oratory to our curriculum, and this has added strength to our work.

Twice during the year a revival has been held, with good results each time. In addition to this students' prayer meetings are held each Tuesday night, and on Monday afternoon of each week, prayer circles are held for one hour. Each student is assigned to one of these circles, and all are most earnestly invited and urged to attend. For all the advancement and for all the many blessings of the year we thank God, and we desire to say to the Alumni that there is great reason for encouragement.

James S. Luckey.

Glimpses of the Genesee

Second Prize Poem

Bethel J. Babbitt '16

In that old historic valley
Of the shining Genesee,
Lived a tribe of noble redmen,
Lived they lives both wild and free.
They were happy in this valley
Wrested from the Erie braves
At the Big Bend of the river,
At the bend of many graves.
Here they dwelt in barb'rous splendor
Like the monarchs of the plain,
All their neighbors had concluded
Senecas were born to reign.
Here they planted stately orchards
Interspersed with fields of maize,
Luscious were the fruits the redmen
On these fertile flats could raise.
Here they hunted through the forest:
In the moonlight did they woo.
Here they reared their robust warriors
Guided by the manitou.
But at last an unknown echo
Sounded through the peaceful glen
An echo from foreign shores
From the throats of palefaced men.
On it came, forever onward
Gliding over lake and lee
Till at last it reached the valley
Of the Shining Genesee.
Then the warriors held long councils
Aided by the peace-pipe smoke
In the long huts by the bonfires
Orators and sachems spoke.
For two moons the council lasted
Till at last each warrior thought
They should welcome their white brother
That the Manitou had brought.
So the whiteman lived and prospered
Strong and powerful grew he,
From the redman wrenched the valley
Of the Shining Genesee.
Now the pale moon shines serenely
On a small and peaceful town
Just as on that virgin forest
Its bright light had flooded down.
Now the people of the village
As they saunter to the store
Quite forget that noble redmen
Wandered there in days of yore
Quite forget that in the distance
By a brooklet on the hill
Beneath the needles of the pine trees
Copperhead a grave doth fill
But he sleeps there, all unnoticed
Trials and cares of life are past
He has gone to the Utopia
Of his childhood dreams at last.

Greetings from a Former Principal

Your letter of last month received, in which you kindly asked me, as former Principal of Houghton Seminary, to send you a communication for publication in the "Houghton Star" suggesting that perhaps I didn't know that such a paper was being published. I was not aware of the fact, but am glad that such a paper is being issued, for it makes a bond between the school and the Alumni and students of former days. The fact that it is published indicates vitality and prosperity on the part of the school.

I shall never lose interest in Houghton Seminary although my work in the kingdom of our Lord has taken me to the extreme northwest of our vast country. I often think of the earnest young men and women who used to attend school in the Old Seminary on the hill, torn down now I understand. I believe most of those young people now in the full strength of noble Christian manhood and womanhood are giving good account of themselves. How glad we should be, wife and I, to meet ALL of these dear friends of former years (some have gone on before) and the others as well who have filled Houghton's halls since we left.

We are still actively engaged in aggressive work for the Master in this rapidly developing portion of our Republic. In climate and natural resources God has wonderfully blessed this part of the world. This wonderful inland sea, Puget Sound, could furnish safe harbor for all the navies of the whole world and still have room to spare. One can get on a steamer at Olympia and go to Skagway, Alaska, over 1000 miles on the inland sea. There is no doubt but that the greatest commercial activity of the world will be carried on in this corner of our country. The people of God are trying to lay the foundations of this Commonwealth upon the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Just now we are entering on a fight for State-wide Prohibition. It will go to the people by initiative to be voted on next November. We have large hopes of success.

In conclusion let me say that I shall always hope for abundant success for Houghton Seminary and for

her students. Our kindest wishes to yourself and your associates on the paper, to the members of the faculty, the students, the Alumni, the friends at Houghton and surrounding country. How many familiar faces come before me now!

May the blessing of our God be upon the School in its work for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Yours for the service of Christ,

A. R. Dodd.

P. S. My wife says she may write for the STAR at some future time. Had a very pleasant visit with one of Houghton's former teachers, Rev. J. N. Bedford, the other day in Tacoma.



Views of Congress

I often wish all the students at Houghton could be here to attend Congress these days. For the past week it has been very lively down here. The free tolls question has called out all the big guns in debate, on both sides, and in order to get a seat one has to go about an hour before the time for the opening of Congress. Some take a lunch with them; even the President's family had their lunch with them on Tuesday, the 31st. The vote was taken about 7:00 p. m., and a large majority sustained the President in his request for the repeal of the free tolls bill. It was regarded as a victory for the President, but many of the Democrats think it may prove a defeat for their party in the future.

Now it is to be thrashed out in the Senate, but they are very apt to take a month to argue the question, and it is thought that the vote will be very close. Some of the strongest men there are on each side of the question, so that the fire-works of debate there bid fair to be even more earnest and spectacular than they were in the House.

This is a place where there is always something of interest going on, for the whole nation seems to center here, and they come from all parts for conventions, for office, for presenting petitions, and for about everything that they want to urge upon Congress and the party in power. And then there is no doubt that this is fast becoming one of the most interesting and beautiful cities in the country, and many think in the

world. Millions upon millions are being put into public buildings from year to year. The streets are wide and well paved, and the parks are coming to be a great attraction. One cannot see the beauty of Washington without seeing its parks, which many coming here fail to see. Of course there is much to be done yet to make it an ideal city. For many years it was practically at a standstill, and was about like many other old southern cities. It is going to take years to get the many old wooden buildings out of the way, but for the past twenty years very much has been done along this, as well as along many other lines of improvement. Washington was a great man in many ways, and in his planning of this city his greatness is in evidence in a very marked way. One does not realize this until one has learned what his plans were. Many do not know that Washington really did plan this city, and had the system of parks, broad avenues, and diagonal streets mapped out before there was any city here. As one comes to know this and see it in the development of the city it brings out another point of Washington's greatness in thus planning for the capitol city of the great nation of which he is the accredited father.

However, there are things being done here that make one fear for the future of the nation, that is, if they are at all thoughtful. For instance, yesterday the House of Representatives did a thing that ought to make a thoughtful man shudder, as I see it. Each member of Congress gets a salary of \$7500.00 per year, and is allowed a clerk who is paid \$1500.00. Each member is also allowed twenty cents a mile for travelling expenses in coming from his home to Washington for each session of Congress. Everybody knows that this is several times as much as it costs them to come. Yesterday a bill was before the House to cut the allowance down to the actual cost of making the journey, and thus save thousands of dollars each year to the Government, but it was promptly voted down so that each Congressman will go on putting into his own pocket the difference between twenty cents a mile and the actual cost. That was not all; at the same session they voted to raise the salary of their clerks \$300.00 a year, thus making the salary of each clerk \$1800.

One of the members who spoke

against this increase of salary for the clerks said it was known many of them employed their sons, daughters, or wives to do this secretarial work, and warned them that the country would not approve of this voting more money practically for themselves. Many members did not like this kind of talk and kept shouting Vote, Vote, and thus another grab was passed by a vote of almost two to one in favor of the increase. If this becomes a law it means that it will cost the Government \$72,000 a year to pay the clerks for the members. In my humble way of thinking, this and many other like acts of Congress constitute one of the great dangers to the future of this republic. One of the hopeful signs of the times is the prospect that the temperance question is soon to find a place in the consideration of Congress, and I feel sure it is going to have some strong and influential friends there.

L. H. Houghton.



A Few Facts

There are schools that can boast of their thousands,

Their structures of marble and stone,

But Houghton has far greater virtues

Like manliness, pluck, and backbone.

Just you wait till you've left it for always

Each classroom and student and Prof.

Will be wreathed in a heavenly halo

When you are a thousand miles off.

Every chestnut benign on the campus

That proves his heart good by his fruits

You will miss like a friend kind and human

'Twould cheer you to lie at his roots.

And the cove that December has sheeted

You will hear on a clear winter's night

Just a-calling to you to come skating

Till you ache for its tingling delights.

When you hear Sousa's band—sure, it's splendid,

But it can't start the thrills up your spine

Like the one in the chapel at Houghton

As you march out of step, out of line.

You will smell the fresh earth in the springtime

And will wish you were there on the day

When the Profs. issue forth with their classes

To rake all the dead leaves away.

And years hence if in some distant city

You should meet the old man who swept halls

You would hug him like he was your sister

Or like men cling to rafts shooting falls.

Now the moral of this is a trite one

And old as your own Genesee

That you won't miss the well till you're thirsty,

So drink while you're there 'nough for three!

C. Belle Russel '14.

From the Mountains of Kentucky

Did you say you like mountains? Then come to Smith, Ky. There they stand unmoved by the wind's boisterous blasts and the sun's blistering rays. As you tread their jagged tops keep a sharp eye for the bold rattler or the sly copperhead. Look out there or you will get a bear hug from a black snake.

Please do not settle down upon a final resolve that you will never visit our peaceful little town of one store, one mill, and a schoolhouse and church combined. Smith nestles in a picturesque valley surrounded by the laurel and rhododendron-covered mountains. The old rolling, tumbling Cumberland River sings and talks in playful tones to every welcomed creature whether it be a saucy cardinal or a lazy razor-backed pig with her family who seek the river's cool bank and colder waters.

Would you accept an invitation to take a ride with me in our "Overland"? Oh no! It doesn't have wheels with rubber tires. The rocks would too quickly wear them out. It does have four stout legs and two very long ears. You see there are more such "Overlands" used here than horses for they are surer on foot. We find just a resemblance of roads as the weather is the only highway workman. You understand the methods of public work are very primitive. This is largely due to the distance from the outside world. By wagon road it is eight miles one way and fifteen the other to a railroad.

Did you say something about a feud? Yes, this country saw a terrible feud ten or fifteen years ago, and to this day few will say anything about it. Read "The Trail of The Lonesome Pine" to get a full description of that feud. A man who knew all the details said to me one day, "Do you see that spring? There's where a man was drinking and was shot. Over there is a cliff where another one was killed. In that old log schoolhouse lay a dead man who was carried by the men who shot him." Mrs. Scott and I took supper with a man who lived for nine years hiding in the mountains from those who would take his life. Yet you

call on the people now in their one room cottages and one could ask for no greater welcome.

The one menace which impedes the progress of this particular locality is listlessness. Great strapping young men and some not so young will spend whole days sitting in the road playing marbles and horse shoes. I tell you they are experts for they believe in Paul's theory, "This one thing I do."

Listlessness is the father of lawlessness, thus it is not surprising to find the people shooting each other over trifles. Just the other day, I knew of a man who was tracking another man with the intention of shooting him because they had a dispute who should pay for a box of sardines. The real reason for all this is—whiskey. A government still with its little ones (moonshine stills) is situated in this locality where the trouble between the two men took place. This place, known as Hurst, lies five miles up the river from Smith. It is my privilege to preach the Gospel every Sunday, p. m. at this place. I had a rather thrilling experience last Sunday, (March 15th.) As I entered the school building where I preach, I found myself in the midst of a pitched battle between two feminine contestants. After advancing some treaties of arbitration they were persuaded to cease their hostilities. The last word was, "I'll kill ye if you're the last woman I ever kill. The reason for all this was that one woman had taken the other woman's husband. I had very good subjects to preach to that afternoon. If God had endowed me with power to cast out devils I surely would have tested its power that day.

The idea of decorum to the most of these people as yet is an indefinable something. I must not act at all frustrated while preaching if, unnoticed, two little arms are thrown around my leg or at a very important point of the sermon a roar louder than that of the preacher's voice is heard and two, sometimes three, unfriendly dogs have to be parted and then unbroken the line of thought is again presented. All of these trifles must be unobserved and I go on with these words on my lips, "None of these things move me at all."

Perhaps it would be interesting for the old Houghton students and others

to know something about "Our" home? We have a little two-roomed frame house. It is furnished with a fire-place in each room. Back of the house to the south stands the Old Cumberland mountain towering one mile high. Surrounding the house is a nice garden. A little stream goes rippling along back of the house on either side of which is an abundance of shade.

We are kept very busy, Mrs. Scott with the school and house work and I as an assistant. Having been appointed as Boy Scout Master I find this takes a great deal of my time. We have fifteen members of the patrol. Our annual county encampment is held at Cumberland Falls, Ky., the last week in June and the first week in July.

Mrs. Scott and I would be delighted to hear from any of our old school friends at any time. Our mail comes in three times a week.

Will close with a "Rickety-Rax!!" for Houghton.
Your Old First Tenor, D. Harry Scott.

Prayer to Houghton

Houghton—here's our proffered wishes—
earts and hands that never falter,
eap their praises on your altar;
oping you unbounded riches,
Of success.

Outward throw thy guiding light,
ut afar o'er land and water,
'er the life of son and daughter;
nward lead their steps aright,
Nothing less.

Upward do they look to thee;
pon their ways their lives go wending,
pon their light are they depending,
ntil His fair face they see;
Until then.

God forbid that it should waver,
ive us yet a broader field
rant thy light may brighter yield,
uiding us to meet the Saviour,
At the end.

Heaven's light shine forth thru thee,
ope and faith forever blended,
elping us till life is ended;
arbor us across the sea,
By that shore.

Though the critics may speak lightly;
hough time may your strength assail,
ruth alone must yet prevail;
hou wilt yet shine far more brightly,
Than before.

Oh, that by your guiding rays,
utward shining far and wide,
n the flood of learning's tide,
ther lives may turn their ways,
Toward it!

Never dim the name we love,
either let that name be blotted,
or the fame of it be spotted,
ame it next to that above,
So be it.

S. D. B. '16.

From a Wesley- an Parsonage

The practical Gospel work is the practical Christian life. Example is better than precept. I once lived in a community where there were no good examples of the Spirit-filled life, and the people of this vicinity were contented with a second-best kind of life. There was not much inspiration in that kind of living for me. I like to improve, and I am sure every progressive spirit does. One lives no higher than one's ideals. Houghton is a good incentive to high ideals. One can see there those climbing to the top in spiritual things as well as in material things. I am sure that one's conception of Christ makes all the difference between an ordinary and an extraordinary Christian life. Our dear friend and brother, the Rev. A. T. Jennings, was a good example of the extraordinary conception and the unfolding of the Christ life. Paul says, "I have fought a good fight." He kept his eye upon the mark; forgetting his failures, he pressed forward, using them as stepping stones to success, and his ultimatum was, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness." The saying, "No cross, no crown" is a true one, yet how few there are who will carry forward the imperishable standard—the Cross of Christ.

I am impressed more and more with the weighty things of life and with the value of the acres of diamonds all about us. Sometimes I wonder, Will any of these whom it is my responsibility to help adorn our Saviour's crown, fail to do so because of my shortcomings? The incorruptible seed of the Word of God must find lodgement in the good soil of the heart, there to germinate into eternal life. I am so glad for the frequent sowings of good seed in my home, and for the additional good seed and cultivation received at Houghton. I trust that the years to come will continue to send forth sowers as well as reapers in increased ratio from our dear Alma Mater, that will gladden the angel reapers at the final grand but awful harvest of the world. Clarence Dudley.

I want to express in some degree,

if possible, the love for Houghton and the fond memories of her which I have and very likely always shall have.

A long time ago, when I was perhaps about eight or nine years of age, I went to a meeting held in a schoolhouse on a bright Sabbath afternoon, where I heard Dear Brother Willard Houghton preach. He used the text that I had always planned to use for my first sermon, if ever I became a minister. In fact, I already had a page or two of my sermon written out, in red ink, I think. This was the text: "Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." That was a strange coincidence to me, and yet, to tell the truth, I do not remember the sermon as well as I do the song which he afterward sang—"Lovest thou me?" I can hear it yet. The climax was reached when, after the service, he came to me, shook hands and kissed me and talked so nicely to me. He also gave me a card upon which were two beautiful birds and the verse "Thanks be unto our God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I still have the card among my treasured possessions.

It was about two years afterward before I heard of Houghton school, but immediately I was filled with an intense desire to attend some day. My dreams were finally realized, and I went one short year. After that it was utterly impossible for me ever to return, much as I wished to do so.

But I shall never cease to be thankful for that one year. It seemed to me that even the air was the sweetest and purest I had ever breathed, and that never had the sun, moon, and stars shone with such radiance, and never had the flowers had such a fragrance. Of course the lightnings flashed and the thunder rolled once in a while, especially do I remember when I did not get to class on time because of an extra amount of Dormitory dishes to wash. Imagine what followed. I also have vivid recollections of "coasting down the glistening hill when merry sleighbells chime," and afterward the other girls and I getting our supper the best way we could. Time and space forbid that I should mention any more of our good times.

I never before was associated with so many earnest, devoted people as I was there. How I did enjoy the church services! Many, many times

since then have I wished that I could attend just one more service in the church at Houghton. And those lectures by Brother Jennings I shall never forget. In fact, that year and its work meant everything to me, and I am, I believe, a better woman for having attended Houghton Seminary.

My husband says I talk more about Houghton than he does (he attended five or six years), and he is not sure but I shall have to go back yet.

Mary Wilcox Dudley.

Can it be Found?

The ideal—whether preacher, Christian, workman, or work? If our standard of idealization is not the ordinary shifting one of private opinion, we shall be able to find such an unusual being as an ideal Christian. Whose ideal are we looking for—our own or God's? It makes no difference what our calling or what the object of our endeavor, whether it be pouring over Algebra, Latin or Theology, preaching the Gospel, or editing and publishing a school paper, God has his plan and ideal for the work and for the workman. One student may not be as bright or intelligent as another but if he is "a new creature in Christ Jesus" fitting into God's great plan, he is a thousand times more successful than the more brilliant student who is marring the plan of God by a life of selfish ambition. Their future eternal condition is not to be compared but contrasted. The preacher who is endeavoring to be a preacher in the eyes of people is coming far short of fulfilling his ministry. The ideal minister as God looks at him is one who has been radically saved from his sins, has been definitely sanctified wholly, has been distinctly called of God to the ministry, and is at the present time walking under the precious anointing of the Holy Spirit with his soul aglow with love to God and a burning passion for lost souls. These conditions are not beyond the reach of the man of faith. Therefore the ideal is attainable.

As an alumnus of Houghton Seminary I feel a deep interest in my dear old Alma Mater and desire to see her fame as a holiness school spread from sea to sea. To this end may be used the only paper is-

sued exclusively by and for the school. I believe God has as much interest in the quality and character of a journal whose birthplace and home is a holiness school as He has in the school itself or in the constituency of that school. I am glad to see the articles on reform and missions and the references to religious services and life. This is good as far as it goes. But is there not at least an apparent attempt to rival other school publications rather than to set before the world, by inference as well as plain statement, the standards and ideals for which Houghton Seminary was founded and for which she now stands? Does the Houghton Star set before its one thousand readers—more or less, a fair example of what the school back of it stands for? The literary merit of The Star is high. Houghton stands for clean literary attainments of a high order but it stands for more than that. May we not see more of the "more than that" shining out through the pages of our beloved Star so that when its rays reach the reading tables of other institutions of learning the readers will get a clearer idea of what "Dear Old Houghton" stands for? Let the light shine. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee."

Maurice A. Gibbs.

The Chesbrough-- Houghton Debate

Friday evening, April 17th, the return debate with Chesbrough Seminary was held in the Chapel. The question was: Resolved, That the United States should maintain at least her present relative strength among the navies of the world. The Chesbro debaters were Balch, Simpson, and Hayes; Rider alternate. The Houghton men were Warburton, Barber, and Morris; Markell alternate. The judges were Mr. Matoon, of Jamestown, Mr. Morris of Rushford, and Mr. Dense of Wellsville—all High School Principals.

The debate showed careful preparation by both teams, and was very exciting as well as instructive. The Student Body showed their school spirit in yells and songs. Following the debate a reception was given to

the judges and visiting team. Several musical selections were given by students, and speeches were made by some of the visitors.

Incidentally we might add that the judges gave a unanimous verdict in favor of The Houghton boys.

A Letter from the West

Dear Friends:

The appeal that the Editor of the "Star" sends out to wandering Old Students and Alumni would almost move the heart of stone and since said member in my anatomy is not completely petrified, I will try to comply with his request.

He left me to choose my own subject so I might write pages and pages about the joys and trials of a country school ma'am but remembering how disinterested I used to be in that class as a whole I will merely say that I am still at it, happy, especially if I can get home often enough, and still living—and so are my pupils! It however, is rather harder for me to think of something to write about here in the country leading the simple life than it is for the people who are in school and have the privilege of the lecture courses and other advantages, so I have decided to tell you just a little about Chief Red fox, a full blooded Sioux Indian that we had on our farm last summer. Possibly some of our Eastern friends think we live surrounded by Sioux Indians and that we borrow coffee from Mrs. Short-Dog before breakfast or exchange recipes and gossip with Mrs. Hiawatha during the afternoon but in reality we don't, and an Indian is about as much of a curiosity here as he is in the more civilized East.

Chief Redfox, his squaw, Evelyn, and baby, little Willie, came to us last June. He had been a lecturer but had grown tired of being a "show Indian" and decided to try farming. He then tried farming in Wisconsin but met with a serious accident. He was just recuperating when he came to father for work. He proved so entertaining at his first visit and the novelty of the situation appealed to my sister and younger brother and me so we persuaded father to hire him. He was not very large for an Indian; but his skin was copper colored, his cheek bones high and he had piercing dark eyes. His hair

was cut short where it showed below his hat but on top he had two braids which he kept up with hair pins. He said no true Indian ever cut his hair. Only those who have given up all their tribal relations wore short hair. His voice was soft and beautiful and his English was almost perfect except for a quaint accent. He took quite a liking to the young people in the town and we often went out in the evening to see him build a camp fire in the trees and listened to his stories. His own story was the most interesting and I will try to reproduce part of it. Imagine, if you can, a campfire in an open space, a crowd of young people under the trees their faces lighted up by the glare of the fire, and in the center, in the full light of the fire, an Indian with his long hair, feathers, and war paint telling this story while his squaw and baby hovered in the back ground. "I am Chief Redfox, the son of Black Eagle, a full blooded Sioux Indian from the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota. I was six years old when my father went to fight general Custer in the war of the Outbreak. General Custer was led into an ambush and he and his men were killed. Only one man lived to tell the story. After this war my mother and father with all the other Indians fled to Canada leaving about three hundred of us children in the Hills. From then until I was nineteen years old I never saw my people, for we were taken by the government to Pennsylvania and Carlyle Institute was established for us. I staid there until I graduated in 1889 then I returned to my people. I was with Sitting Bull during the Messiah War which took place in 1889, we were compelled to surrender to the United States. This is the only time that the Sioux Nation ever surrendered to another nation but the White Father at Washington has always been good to the Indian and the Indian knows it, and if the United States were to go to war all the braves of the Sioux Nation would help her. Since the Messiah War I have traveled almost all the time, some times with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, sometimes with moving picture troupes. I have played in the Hippodrome in New York City and during the Russo-Japanese war I took a cargo of horses to Japan, but now I want to farm till Willie gets older. Many people wonder how we Indians get our names. Why my name is

Redfox, when my father's is Black Eagle. You see when an Indian baby is born the next thing the father sees that is extraordinary he gives as a name to the baby. My father shot a Redfox the day I was born so I was called Redfox and when I went to Carlyle they called me William Redfox. Many people ask why I call my baby simply Willie Redfox and this is why. We were in the city of Milwaukee when Willie was born and the most extraordinary thing I saw that day was an automobile which is in the Indian "skunk wagon" and I couldn't call the baby "skunk wagon" so I gave him according to the Indian's idea no name at all. Thank you all for your attention." He usually concluded by giving the war dance and making the night hideous with the war-whoop. I could tell much more about him, how he made us see that an Indian has a sense of humor, how insulted he got when we asked him to wear turkey feathers, how scornfully he told us that the Indian wore nothing but eagle feathers, how proud he was of his people, and how he tried to be a Christian. It was the first educated Indian I had ever met and it taught me that the Indian is not an inferior but an equal. We saw much to admire in Redfox and learned much about his people.

With best wishes for the success of the "Star," Houghton Seminary and all the work of God's people, I am

Lois H. Thompson, '11.

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JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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Came to us a vision (pleasing fiction) such as all poets, prophets, philosophers, and—editors are wont to have when in need of something to say. Yet what matter if there was no substance to it? What boots it if it was but a mere figment of the brain? We have a theory, how original it is I do not know, that in this world of Realism, life would be a pretty dingy and monotonous thing were it not

for the bright, silken thread of Romance which weaves itself throughout the very warp and woof of our natures. Our day-dreams, our idle vaporings, our ideals are all essential to our success and happiness; they serve as a lodestar, high and unattainable, yet pointing the way to our greatest achievements. Within the hazy golden nimbus of all our dreams, there lies some element of reality, some basis of fact on which we can build. Our imaginations are our most valued possessions; through them we are enabled to reach forth and grasp what the material eye cannot see.

But with easy tolerance you would interrupt us to ask what this inspired vision was, what wild flight of imagination we essayed this time. Laugh if you will; but this vision moved us strangely, it seemed distinctly prophetic. In it we caught a glimpse of a new Houghton, a greater, broader, better Houghton than we now know. Its outlines were oft-times vague and indistinct with many a hiatus and anomaly; yet its general import we could not mistake. We must beg the kind indulgence of our readers as we here attempt to transcribe this heterogeneous mass of impressions for their edification.

We saw a large group of noble buildings of stucco and brick and marble, of the most beautiful architecture, proudly rearing aloft their heads in the ambient blue. Nothing seemed lacking; not the slightest detail appeared out of harmony. (If you are not satisfied with the following description, substitute your own ideals for the same.) There stood the immense Conservatory of Music toward which

even the great masters of the world bent their steps. Yonder were the Halls of Liberal Arts and Science, and Languages, and a little farther on side by side the Colleges of Law and Medicine; while here in the midst of them all stood an extra large Theological Seminary. Many other fine buildings there were, some bearing the names of their givers, whom should we mention, you would recognize at once. Chief among these was a vast library (our own gift! Pardon the conceit.) the finest in the world. Ah, yes and to be sure! Of course here was the best and most perfectly equipped gymnasium that money or human ingenuity could build, with horizontal bars and running track and tiled swimming pools and everything that the heart of the most ardent athlete could desire.

Throughout the earth the fame of Houghton had risen "like the morning light." From east and west and north and south came thronging the campus the cream of the nation's manhood and womanhood. Within the classrooms and laboratories were a corps of trained teachers and assistants, each being a specialist in his profession, and even some coming from the capitals of the old world. Our President was second only to the chief executive of the nation in importance. We saw the Alumni occupying the first positions of trust and honor in the nation, becoming rich, and then out of over-flowing love and appreciation heavily endowing their Alma Mater. In a vast auditorium we listened to the rolling applause from thousands of people as a host of young men and women wearing caps and gowns arose amid the fragrance of June flowers to receive their degrees (magic word). Everywhere we saw the triumphant progress of the purple and gold. Upon the forensic arena, the athletic field, in every branch of desirable attainment it led the way, and many were the trophies won. Yes, and we saw, too the Star rise from a small, insignificant sheet to a pretentious magazine, a brilliant stellar luminary of the first magnitude with several weeklies and a daily paper for satellites.

All this and much more we saw; and as we looked a fine glow of devotion and exultation swept over us, and we exclaimed: "This indeed is Houghton's highest destiny." For a moment the vision held us enthralled; then the light faded, and with it our brief folly and madness departed. We looked again, and then we saw that it had not been Houghton—it could not have been Houghton; it was another, a stranger. We had had our lotus-dream, our vision of glory and self-aggrandizement, and now we were awake. We saw things again in their true values. We saw that with our usual rashness and lack of perception we would have robbed her of her choicest possession—her spirit, her individuality, while her real mission we would have neglected.

With deep shame and humility in our heart we turned again to our disillusioned vision and lo and behold! It had wholly disappeared, and in its place we saw the same old Houghton, a trifle changed, her bricks perhaps a little more weather beaten, with some improvements it is true; yet nowhere could we have mistaken it for other than the dear little Seminary overlooking the winding Genesee, that we know and love so well. With a glad cry of recognition we hurried forward and entered its swinging portals. Ah, how well we remembered those corridors and rooms; it seemed as if but yesterday we had sat at those desks and marched up those stairs into the chapel together. We visited the recitation rooms, we listened to the chapel talks, we attended Society and the I. P. A. and the Students' Prayer-meeting; and everywhere the same famous Houghton spirit was breathed forth as of yore. We crossed to the gymnasium and here, altho on rather unfamiliar ground, found the same spirit strongly in evidence. The Old Sem. stood reincarnated; it was as if every brick and timber had been doubly consecrated. Now, indeed, could it truly be said that Houghton stood for the development of the whole man—physical, mental, and spiritual. We saw a small band of no.

ble young men and women receiving this training, imbuing this spirit, and then passing it on to the world. We saw her boys, true, manly, and clean-minded, making ideal Christian husbands, fathers, and citizens. We saw her girls, pure, sweet, and womanly, moving with queenly grace in their homes and among their children, undisturbed and untainted by the modern revolts of her sex, yet never too busy to stoop and lend a hand to a weak and fallen sister. We saw them going forth together into the dark corners of the earth lifting the fallen, binding up the broken-hearted, and bearing a message of hope and cheer to the sinner. Some went forth, unafraid, to meet dangers of strange lands, others renounced honor, wealth, and worldly pleasure—all because of this self same spirit. What was this spirit, you ask? It was the spirit of love and devotion, first to God, and, second, to their fellow men; and its key-note was sacrifice. As we looked backward, we saw that it was the same deathless spirit that had filled the heart of the revered founder of this school and had caused him to give his very life in its behalf; and it was the same spirit that has actuated all its teachers and supporters since and induced them to sacrifice heavily, more heavily than

most people realize, in order that it should live. We saw this spirit passing on down from generation to generation, ever widening in its scope and influence. We saw it purifying politics, purging our social evils, establishing industrial peace, reviving the Church, expanding and permeating the whole world. And thus many who never heard the name "Houghton" came to know and bless its potent spirit for good.

No longer dwelt any doubt in our minds; there only remained a growing wonder. So this was Houghton's highest destiny! Yes it must be! We had to learn over again the old, old lesson that character and true greatness do not depend upon outward show or appearances, neither are they something that can be bartered or sold to the highest bidder; but they are a condition of the heart, an attitude of the mind, so to speak, that can only be attained thru unremitting toil and humble sacrifice. In all probability Houghton would remain the same little school, comparatively unknown and struggling for its very existence, always a failure in the eyes of the world, until the end of the chapter; but why should we grieve, for was not that her destiny—her glorious, her divine destiny!



MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

The Athenian

At a recent meeting of the Athenian Society, an exceedingly instructive program was given. Everyone present had to take part in a spelling-match and there is no doubt that great benefit was derived from an evening spent in reviewing the spelling-book.

The program of the last meeting was a discussion of socialism. "Socialism as a System of Government," "Socialism and Labor," "Socialism as a Religion" were the topics of the papers read. After the program, a half-hour was given to extemporaneous speeches which proved very interesting and instructive.

The Ionian Literary Society

The Ionian Literary Society has held two meetings since the revival meetings have closed. At the first of these a program of readings, essays and music was followed by the election of officers for this semester. Miss Flora Presley is President, Miss Mildred Hart, Vice-President and Miss Floribel Dietrich, Secretary.

In the meeting of April tenth, after the installation of the new officers a very helpful Tennyson program was given. Papers on "The Life of Tennyson" and Tennyson's Poetical Works" showed careful and earnest preparation. Two of Tennyson's poems were read, and the songs, "Crossing the Bar" and "Sweet and Low" were sung.

There are only a few more meetings this year, but let us each contribute what we can toward the interest of the work! L. J. C.

Neosophic Society

The boys have held only three meetings since the last report because of the meetings at the church and other things which have interfered. They have, however, made good use of the time during the meetings of the society. A very good spelling match was held at which some of our Prep boys showed themselves equal and perhaps a little more equal to our most worthy professors. Another meeting was given to music and extemporaneous speeches. The last meeting was given over to discussion on the question for debate with Cheshbrough Seminary, "Resolved that the United States maintain at least her present relative naval strength."

I. P. A.

A meeting of the I. P. A. was held Wednesday afternoon, April 15, in the chapel. The new officers of the League for the coming year were elected: Mr. Lewis, president, Mr. Raub, vice president, Miss Kelly, secretary, and Mr. Glenn Barnett, treasurer.

The program consisted in reports from the delegates on various phases of the State Convention held at Syracuse March 31-April 2. Miss Edna Hester told some interesting facts about the six contestants who took part in the Oratorical Contest. The first prize of fifty dollars went to the representative of Syracuse Uni-

versity and the second of twenty-five to the man from Cornell. Mr. McDowell spoke of the business conducted by the convention and the various state officers elected, mentioning the fact that Mr. Lewis, our President was elected state chairman for the next year. Miss Hubbard spoke on the conference of the Leagues in which the delegates presented some phase of the work prominent in their own league. Mr. Hazlett spoke of the address by Mr. Daniel A. Poling whom he characterized as the coming orator of the Prohibition Party. I. B. S.

Young People's Missionary Society

During the year the Volunteer Band have taken up the study of South America from the text book, "Problems in South America." The program for the April meeting of the society was based upon this book and was as follows.

Map Study—Mr. James Elliott.

Paper "The Great Past"—Miss Lucy Newton.

Hymn.

Paper "Educational Problems in South America"—Professor Fancher.

Reading—Miss Kelley.

Paper "The Conflict Between Romanism and Protestantism"—Mr. Tremaine McDowell.

Quartette.

After the program a short farewell reception was held for Miss Howlett and Miss Tanner who left the following day to take up their mission work in Africa.

Exchanges

Charlotte E. Stebbins, Prep. '14

We gladly acknowledge the following exchanges for the last month:

The Argonaut, Mansfield High School, Mansfield, Mass.

The Athenian, Athenian High School, Athens, Pa.

The Sayrenade, Sayre, Pa.

The Hour Glass, Columbia High School, Rochester, N. Y.

The Oriole, Bushwick High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miltonvale College Monitor, Miltonvale, Kansas.

The Albright Bulletin, Albright College, Myerstown, Pa.

The Scimitar, Lorain High School, Lorain, Ohio.

The Cascade, Seattle, Washington.

Athletics

Bethel J. Babbitt, '16, Editor.

We have no wonderful achievements to write about this month, but we can say that the prospects are brighter. We have had some rather sharp, snappy practice, but as yet no games. The preps have a good start, and the college boys are mixing up a slate for the elections. The preps have elected officers as follows: Capt.—Rob't Kaufmann, star third pegger and brilliant player withal; Mgr.—Rudel Bristol, a youth of great dispatch and a good person for the job; coach—Prof. Frazier, an enthusiastic observing personage, who (it is expected) will show the boys how it is done in Oberlin. But the college boys have lots of faith in themselves.

The overseers of the new gymnasium expect to commence operations in short order. Tho the desired amount is not yet on hand, we are confident that the goods will

come around and bring our gym to view. This cannot help but be a great benefit to the school in more than one way.

At a meeting just before Easter vacation, the association decided to have a field day during "Commencement." The association is to be divided by the chairmen of the different committees as evenly as possible. Everyone is very earnestly invited to join as soon as possible. Just hand the cash to Becker, treasurer.

B. J. B.

Girls' Athletics

A rumor is afloat that the girls are going to start a basket ball team. Judging by appearances this might be so. Still it is probably only another indication that spring is here.

The physical training class has purchased dumbbells and are enjoying their weekly exercises. We are sorry to have lost some of the members of the class during this semester. We hope however, our number will be increased next year when we get our "Gym." M. K. H.



Edna Hester, '16, Editor.

Alumni

Several students of former mention have been visiting friends and relatives in Houghton recently: Roy Washbon '10, Jesse Frazier '11, Ray Sellman, LaVay Fancher, Lulu Benning and Rev. Readett.

Rev. Arthur Osborn '06 and wife Della Hunter Osborn '04 are pastors at West View, Ohio. Rev. Osborn is also president of the conference. Mrs. Osborn is a fine worker and aids her husband most efficiently.

Rev. John Willett '01 and wife Achsa Washbon Willett '06 live in Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Willett is the Treasurer of our Publishing Association. His wife has been spending some time with her parents in Houghton.

Gail Thompson '11 attends college in Nebraska University, Lincoln, Neb.

Philander H. Kellogg '92 is a successful photographer at Cuba, N. Y. Look for his "ad in the Star."

Rev. Charles Sicard '98 and wife Dora Washbon Sicard are pastors at Levant, N. Y. Mrs. Sicard has been visiting her parents in Houghton.

Ben Clawson '06 and Vera Jennings Clawson '06 are teachers in the Kansas University, Lawrence, Kan.

Rev. Harry Bullock '95 is the pastor at Forestville, N. Y. His wife, Ethel Baird Bullock '94 is president of the Lockport W. C. T. U.

Earnest Carnahan '06 and his wife Marjorie Jennings Carnahan '06 live on a farm near Appleton, N. Y. Mrs. Jennings and Dorothy now live there.

Adelbert L. Schuman '95, who married Miss Nellie Robbins is the M. E. pastor at Lawrenceville, Penn.

Marion Strong '01 and wife Grace Blair Strong '02 are farmers at Vinton, Iowa.

Jason McPherson '06 is pastor at Coldwater, Mich. He and his wife are very proud of their bright, lively boy.

Etta Waldorf Woodhead is a doctor's wife in Bradford, Penn.

Old Students

Alban McKnight preaches at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Eliza Goodchild is a dressmaker in Syracuse, N. Y. She belongs to the Wesleyan church at Eastwood and is an active S. S. worker.

Rev. A. D. Fero preached in Houghton not very long ago. He and his family have moved from Penn. to Levant, N. Y. Mr. Fero expects to do evangelistic work. Mrs. Fero is president of the Allegany W. C. T. U.

Elmer Schouten and Miss Whitney

of Syracuse were married New Year's Eve. Mr. Schouten works in the office of Mr. Dietrich, a prosperous business man and President of the Publishing Association. The writer with some friends recently had the pleasure of a visit in Mr. Dietrich's beautiful home in Syracuse.

L. C. Mattoon has the Wesleyan charge at Forest Dale, Vt.

Nettie Rowe teaches the grammar grades, Forest Dale, Vt.

Eugene H. Ives is a veterinarian, Cuba, N. Y.

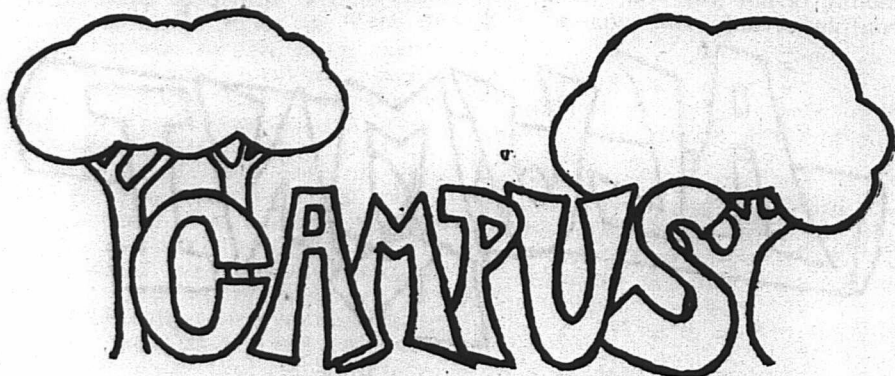
Geo. Moon—farmer near Lake View Mich.

Harley Hill—clerk in a grocery store, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Wm. R. Histed and wife Sarah Gant Histed—farmers at Transit Bridge, Belfast, N. Y.

Lyman Rowe—Real Estate Agent, Rutland City, Vt.

LaRue Bird likes Syracuse University very much but says he still has a warm place in his heart for Houghton.



Glenn E. Barnett, '15, Editor.

College Locals

Adeline Bond spent Sunday with friends in Rushford, N. Y., recently.

Glenn Barnett, Tremaine McDowell, Shirley Babbitt, Ward Bowen, Walter Lewis, Ray Hazlett, Edna Hester and Mary Hubbard, accompanied by Miss Ball attended the State Prohibition convention held at Syracuse, N. Y. If any one wishes to hear an oration of matchless eloquence, let him ask about the weather during the convention!

Mr. Leman Babbitt of the United States Navy visited his brothers, Shirley and Bethel Babbitt, a short time ago.

Ray Sellman, LaVay Fancher and Jesse Frazier, former college stu-

dents, spent a part of their spring vacation in Houghton.

A few out-of-town college students went home for the Easter vacation: Ruth Worbois, Chili, N. Y., Gertrude Graves, accompanied by Harriett Meeker, Olean, N. Y., Edith Hogg accompanied by Miss Spofford, Titusville, Pa., Adeline Bond, Angelica, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. S. E. Graves, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dryer, visited their daughter, Gertrude Graves.

Rev. John Benton of Canandaigua, N. Y., recently called on his niece, Vera Allen.

Mr. Reese of Akron, Ohio, spent a day in Houghton with Pierce Woolsey and other friends.

Messrs. Woods, Carpenter and Daniels attended the modernized version of the "Merchant of Venice" given by the senior class of Rushford High School on the evening of April 3rd. G. E. G.

Preparatory Notes

Among the Prep. students who spent vacation at home were Bertha Stall, Arthur Burnett, Marie and Paul Wallquist, Mable Parker accompanied by Hazel Hudson, Blanche Eastwood, Carl Aylor, Rudel Bristol, Beatrice Hale, Vivian Sanders accompanied by Miss Hillpot.

Miss Florence Sellman has returned to Michigan. She is in the hospital in Ann Arbor.

Suessa Dart and Mildred Jones were in Belfast during vacation.

Howard Barnett recently sprained his ankle. We all sympathize with him during his period of inactivity.

The Plus Ultras were entertained at Professor Bedford's by a sugar party. A pleasant time was reported. The same day the Juniors on the camp ground and the Seniors at Professor Fancher's.

Several of the Preps were at Conference at Fillmore during vacation. Among them were Ethel Hayes, Carrie and Lelia Coleman, Robert Kaufmann, Howard Barnett, Lucy and Charles Newton, Myrtle Bryan, Alta Miller, Flora Presley.

Mr. Frost spent part of his vacation at Hornell.

Esther Bush was at home in Rochester during vacation. April 7th she heard the great pianist, Paderewski, and brought back an enthusiastic report of his art.

Miss Cloe Lawrence visited her sister Elvira, during spring recess.

We will not vouch for the veracity of the following narrative, but who will say that it is not possible, indeed even probable? Bert Bassage was awakened the other night by an awful commotion in the room. He imagined that there was a burglar in the room for he heard the word "Guns," pronounced in awful accents. Then his awakening senses caught the words, "upon the water" in just as thrilling a tone, and he vaguely imagined that the house was on fire. But just then he heard the word, "Navy" and he sank back to peaceful slumber, for it was only Clarke W. rehearsing his debate in his nocturnal slumbers. R. F. R.

Theological

The class in "Theology of Holiness," have recently taken their final examination and are now studying "The Discipline."

Walter Lewis was elected State President of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association in the recent convention which was held at Syracuse.

E. S. Davidson was a delegate to Lockport Conference which was held at Fillmore during the first week in April. Other members of this department were also in attendance.

During these delightful spring days, Mr. Carpenter may often be seen "limbering up" his arm in preparation for the approaching base-ball season. W. F. L.

Musical Dept.

Although the items from this department are not very numerous this time, we are by no means asleep. Everybody is busy, preparing for the April recital and the May Festival.

The graduates have great sympathy for the feelings of those who have to be bored by their constant practise "from morning till night." We must remember that they are working to give the best June musical ever given in Houghton.

The constant practise has made it necessary to have all the pianos tuned again, a fact which is greatly appreciated by the users and listeners.

The girls' and boys' Glee Clubs furnished special music for the Sunday school at Easter time. These clubs show the excellent instruction which they are receiving under the leadership of Miss Spoffard.

The Saturday musical, held in the studio on the 28th of March, was one of the best of the year, and was both enjoyable and profitable to the pupils and visitors who were present. Papers on the lives of Bach, Rubinstein and Beethoven were read and these were followed by selections from their compositions. A very enjoyable feature of the afternoon was a guessing contest of musical terms, which followed the program. Everyone can not help but appreciate the enthusiasm and interest of our teacher, Miss Hillpot.

On account of numerous duties it has been necessary for Miss Steese to resign as pianist of the Boys' Glee Club, and Miss Young has consented to accept this responsible position.

Miss Hillpot has been relieved of her duties as Orchestra Pianist by Miss Young, and Chorus Accompanist by Miss Worbois. M. R. S.

Faculty Notes

Miss Ball was among the number who attended the State I. P. A. convention at Syracuse from Houghton last month. She visited several Oratory classes of the University and reports a most enjoyable time.

Since the First of April, Professor Rindfusz has not been late to his first class in the morning as he occasionally was before. The students are wondering if he is not making use of one of the alarm clocks which he and Professor Frazier discovered in the chapel that day.

Professor Smith has been absent from some of his classes recently on account of illness.

President Luckey and Professors McDowell and Rindfusz attended the Lockport Conference at Fillmore last month.

Professor Bedford wishes to announce through this issue of the Star that the most important subject for discussion and the only theme worth mentioning is that of the new Gym. At his home it is gym for breakfast, gym for dinner and more gym for supper. In his slumbering hours, the Professor's faint cry is "Gym." Just the other day he was heard to call his little son Jim!

L. J. C.

Miscellaneous

On the evening of March 25, the students and towns-people had the privilege of an illustrated lecture upon the subject of forestry given by

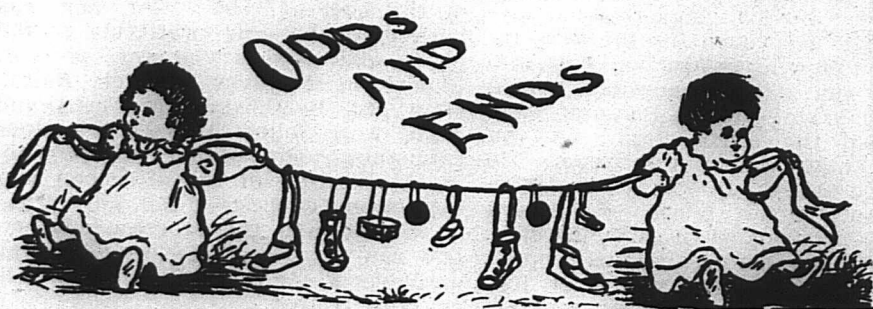
Mr. Francis from the college of forestry of Syracuse University. In addition to a short talk in chapel, in the afternoon just previous to this lecture he took the girls for a field trip into the surrounding fields and adjoining wood-lots at four and the boys of the student body at five. Thus Mr. Francis will recall putting in a full day at Houghton.

We regret in not being able to announce at this time that our orator received first place in the State Prohibition Oratorical Contest recently held at Syracuse University, but we can assure our readers that Houghton Seminary may well be proud of her representative for he certainly did credit to himself and also to his Alma Mater.

The two lady cataloguers, who have been working in the library for the past month, have recently returned home and the library is now opened to the students for use.

The Debate with Chesbrough Seminary will be held in the college on Friday evening of April 17. The question is, "Resolved, that the United States should maintain at least her present relative strength among the navies of the world."

Not long ago it was reported that three of our boys had been seen floating down the wild and turbulent Genesee in one of those most dangerous and unstable of all watercrafts—the canoe. Undoubtedly the lark was due to the restive fever and wild spirit of adventure occasioned by the warm spring days. However we judge that nobody was killed or harmed, seeing that all returned to school the next day. For further particulars inquire of Frost, Smith or Hazlett.



G. Tremaine McDowell, '15, Editor.

Few of our gentle readers realize that this department represents one of life's little tragedies. The unfortunate collector of jokes for our beloved school paper is, figuratively, between a certain unmentionable gentleman and the deep

blue sea. To state the case with all possible brevity, if he puts in some good old grinds on his friends and fellow classmates, he gets his good and plenty and has to go into retirement for three or four days. On the other hand, if he serves up a collection of second-hand wit borrowed from exchanges, everybody thinks he must be awfully slow not to get those really funny things that happen right here at Houghton. So the editor shamelessly begs for pity and sympathy. As we have only one home-produced joke this month, we have decided to save it until next time and then we may find another to print with it. Therefore we humbly beg your tolerance while we perpetrate some you have already read about seven times.

As Dr. Wiggam Would Have It

She (after seeing his physician's certificate). "And will you always be my genetic and eugenic mate, sweet chromosome?"

He (Darwiningly). "Yes, my darling little natural selection."

She. Then you may take me as your cooperative worker in the process of evolution.

And putting on their rubber gloves, they went hand in hand in search of a disinfected minister.

Wanted---Anybody

Is she going with anybody at present?

Yes.

Who?

Anybody, I said.

The Simple Life

A funeral procession was passing a farm house in Arkansas.

"A purty good-sized one is it?" queried the wife, making no effort to move.

"You betcher!" Bud announced.

"I certainly would like to see it," said the woman. "Too bad I ain't facin' that way."

Houghtonites

Mrs. Greenun (traveling in New York City.) "Ezrie! What's that awful noise?"

Mr. Greenun. "I ain't sure. Mirandy, but maybe its that there Long Island Sound we read about."

Ah! Woman!

Teacher. "This won't do. Everytime you see a '6' you call it a '2'. Are you nearsighted?"

Pupil. "No mam, its a matter of habit. I worked this summer in a ladies' shoe shop."

The Blessing

Minister—Johnny, can you tell me what the blessing is?

Johnny—I dunno.

Minister—What does your father say when he sits down to the table?

Johnny—He says. "Go easy on the butter, kids, it's forty cents a pound."

Wiser Now

He. "Will you ever love another?"

She. "No, if I ever get out of this affair."

Who Won?

There was standing room only in the subway car.

"Watch me get a seat," said the pretty miss.

Stepping up to a strange gentleman, she smiled sweetly and said. "Why, Mr. Smith, I'm delighted to see you. Will I accept your seat? Thank you."

The gentleman answered, "Sit down, Nora, my girl. Have you been ill? I noticed you didn't call for the wash this week."

At the Lecture?

Gee, I had an awful fright last night.

Yes, I saw you with her.

Extra

As this goes to press, Brother Capen is snoring in the Library. Has anyone a good, loud alarm clock to spare? Rush it!

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I do hold the buying of more books than one could peradventure read, as nothing less than the soul's reaching toward infinity; which is the only thing that raises us above the beasts that perish.---Penmore.

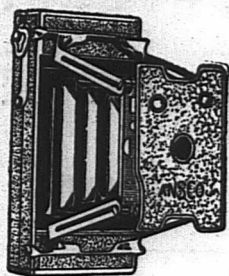
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A MESSAGE

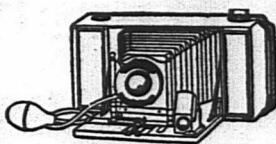
It is full of inspiration and help for old and young. It not only brings information regarding the success of the Gospel among the local churches, but keeps in touch with the interests of our Schools and our Missionaries in the foreign fields. It notes the progress made by all churches and stands for the fundamentals of the Bible—sin, salvation, regeneration, sanctification, and the divinity of Jesus—in fact a full and free Gospel.

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