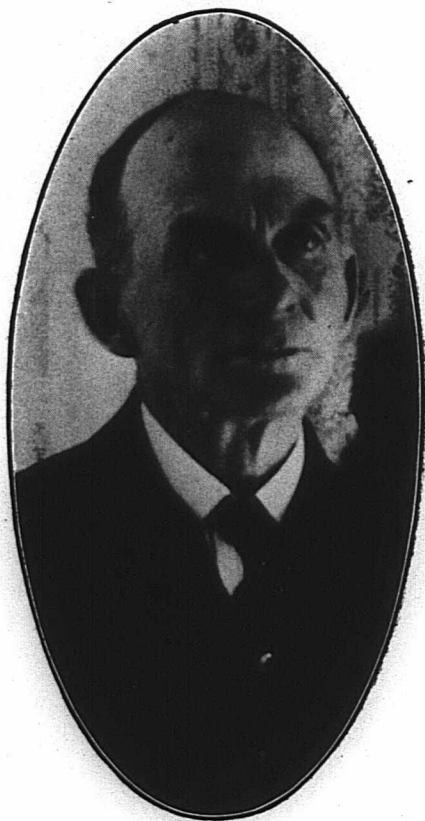


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Henry Elliott, Our Janitor

DEDICATION

To Mr. Henry Elliott who has labored among us so faithfully, and who has been a blessing and inspiration to all of us by his consistent and devoted life, we respectfully dedicate this issue of the Houghton Star.

When school days have passed away;
When we are old, and bent, and
gray,
When we'll remember the man so true
Who was always ready with pin
and screw,
Always quiet, and kind and good
Helping us more than others could,
Aiding in trouble, glad in our joys,
Mr. Elliott—loved by the girls and
boys.

Houghton College Song

E. M. HALL, '06

When the eastern sun is sinking
Toward the crimson west,
Thoughts of thee, fond Alma Mater
Fill our loyal breast,

Chorus.

Houghton, Houghton, now and e'er
May thy name be dear,
Ever on through life to conquer
And our hearts to cheer.

Honored lives for thee have fallen,
Hearts that broke and bled,
Have been wrung thy cause to prosper
And thy light to shed.

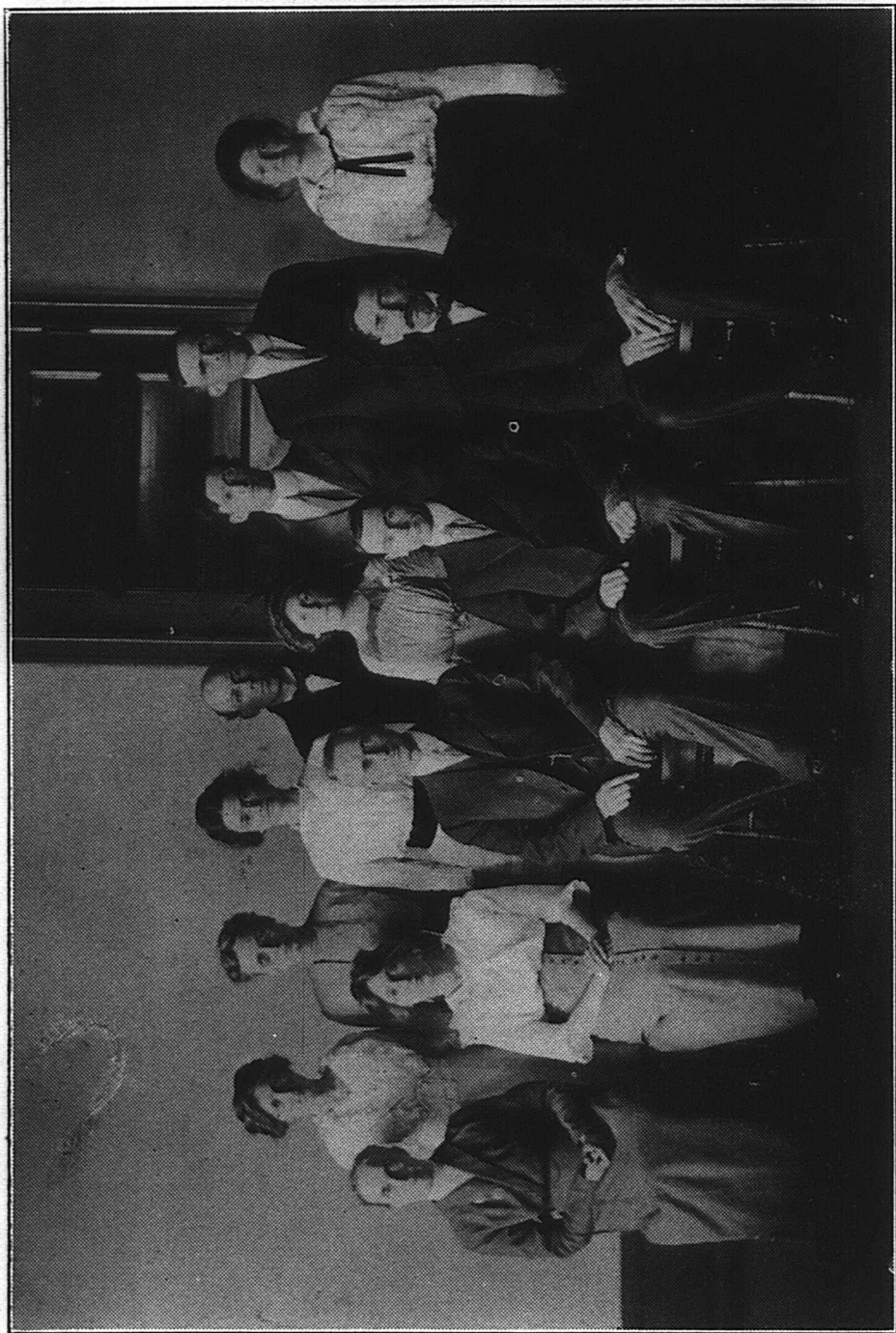
Other schools may claim their thous-
ands
We're a smaller band,
But for God and righteousness we
Take a noble stand.

Soon from out our halls of learning
All must take a leave,
But thy memory still we'll cherish
To thy precepts cleave.

When o'er earth thy fame has risen
Like the morning light,
'Twill but rise the earth to gladden
And dispel the night.

Last Chorus.

Houghton dear, Houghton cheer, one
and all
Let us pray that we,
All her sons be firm and loyal till
eternity.



HOUGHTON SEMINARY FACULTY

Standing left to right—Miss Fitts, Mrs. Bowen, Miss Thurston, Prof. Frazier Miss Hillpot, Prof. Fancher, Prof. Smith, Miss Riggall.

Sitting left to right—Mrs. Jennings, Miss Russell, Pres Luckey, Prof. Bedford, Prof. Coleman.

An Unfortunate People

First Prize Essay.

William Russell.

This is the story of an ill-starred people, the Belgians. A few short months ago all was peace in Belgium. A prosperous peasantry tilled the fertile soil, its artists adorned the art galleries with priceless paintings, its merchantmen sailed into every port, and governed by a wise and heroic monarch, a contented people lived in unbroken peace. Not a ripple disturbed the broad surface of its domestic tranquility, yet unconsciously the whole country was resting on the brink of a seething volcano. In Europe the subterranean fires of commercial jealousy, race hatred, and militarism were about to flame forth into the greatest war the world has ever known. Only a single breeze was needed to fan these deadly, long smouldering elements into a mighty conflagration which would sweep over all Europe, destroying the toilsome work of centuries of civilization. And still the unsuspecting Belgians toiled on in peace.

But now the dark storm clouds began to gather on Europe's political horizon, at first no larger than a man's hand, but ever increasing in size until it hovered threateningly over all the restless nations of Europe. Darker and darker they grew, till with the assassination of the Archduke of Austria, the low ominous thunder, ever growing in volume, became deafening, the forked lightnings flashed back and forth, and the tempest broke in all its fury. Then the call to arms resounded throughout Europe. Austria declared war on Serbia; the Czar assembled his myriad hosts of Serbs and Cossacks; the German Emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm, mobilized his legions while in France too the daily clash of arms was heard. The impossible had been accomplished. The greatest nations of Europe were in arms; the ghastly fires of the present titanic struggle had begun their deadly work, and aided by the most destructive weapons that modern science could invent, the carnage began.

But on whom should the first blow fall? Surely not on neutral Belgium! Yet the Prussian military strategists, searching for the easiest route to invade France, decided that it lay

through Belgium, and soon the vast gray flood of the Kaiser's legions swept over that tiny country, engulfing it in one vast tidal wave of destruction. With one accord, the peasants turned from the fields already ripe for the harvest, the townspeople swarmed out from the shops, the mills, and the factories, and each one stood a patriot in arms, ready to meet the invader. Then King Albert and his gallant army fought for their altars and their fires, struck for freedom with desperate bravery—with the courage of those who know they must lose, for how could they hope to turn back a nation in arms, trained from infancy in every art of military science?

At Liege it held back the overwhelming forces of the Prussians, day after day, while the whole world gazed in amazement. They were crushed at last, but not until the slopes in front of the fortress had been stained by the blood of thousands of its besiegers, the flower of the German army. And the heroic efforts of those Belgian patriots had not been in vain. The Kaiser's plan of a swift march on Paris had been baffled. The Kaiser had made a fatal mistake when he invaded Belgium; he had alienated England. Soon after the violation of Belgium's neutrality, Britain also declared war upon the Fatherland, and the strength of her army, her mighty navy, and her immense resources were added to the Kaiser's foes.

Now the resistless flood of a hostile nation-in-arms swept on over the blackened harvest fields of Belgium and Northeastern France. Behind them lay the smoking ruins of Rheims and Louvain, whose graceful cathedrals of Gothic architecture and world famed museums of European art had crumbled into a shapeless mass of debris—into ashes, cinders and dust. Before them rose the spires of Paris, the gay metropolis of the European continent. Onward swept the iron ring of the German army, embracing the lines of the Allies in a vast semicircle ever narrowing and tightening around them. If the unchangeable, unrelenting hand of fate decreed its fall, the final triumph of German arms was assured. The gray shadowy dawn of each day saw the Prussians nearer Paris. Yet each day saw the allied forces gaining in strength. They were only becoming more compact, and at last, rejuvenated by the unceasing, nourishing stream of recruits flowing from England, France and Belgium, at

the Marne River, in sight of the very walls of Paris, they made their last stand. Day after day, the angry billows of the German army surged against the allied lines only to ebb back, broken and defeated, leaving thousands upon thousands of their bravest troops upon the plains before the Allies' trenches; but the sacrifice was in vain; the allied lines remained unbroken. The hand of destiny had decreed the defeat of Prussia! The high water mark of their fortune had been reached and now before the furious counter assault of the Allies, they were driven, slowly and sullenly, back in defeat. Paris, France and Europe were saved!

Now the scene changed as the Germans, fighting stubbornly for every inch of ground, were driven back toward their Fatherland. Near the Belgian frontier they stopped the onslaught of the Allies, and began a more thorough conquest of ill-fated Belgium, intending to use it as a base for military operations against the coast cities, and later against France and England. Then strengthened by the troop which had remained in Belgium, they began the siege of Antwerp. The fortresses of this city were considered impregnable even to the heavy German artillery, yet before the deadly fire of the Prussian forty-centimeter guns, they soon crumbled into ruins. With the capture of Antwerp, the last powerful Belgian stronghold had fallen, and now truly they were not only a people without a capital, but a nation without a home.

As the bombardment of Antwerp began, its refugees poured out in a continuous stream. Women and children, merchants and peasants, rich and poor were swept along in the helpless current of humanity. Some were in two-wheel carts, trying to save a few treasured household goods, others were plodding patiently along on foot, often supporting the aged, infirm, and sick. Only the monotonous clack, clack, of their wooden sabots, striking against the pavements, could be heard as they dragged wearily onward. Behind them the exploding shells were destroying their homes and all that had been dear to them on earth, meanwhile the dark clouds of smoke rising over the doomed city, hung there, a funeral shroud of Belgian hopes, lighted only by the red flickering glare of the flames beneath.

Not only the refugees from Antwerp but from all Belgium were driven to seek the hospitality of Holland and other generous nations, which have opened their arms to receive them. Millions out of work are forced to depend upon the outside world for their scanty supply of food, barely sufficient to maintain life itself. Every day this condition is becoming worse. The whole country under the rule of a foreign conqueror strives to throw off the yoke, but in vain. Only along the Yser Canal, where the embattled hosts have swayed back and forth for months in the great death struggle, is their gallant army led on by their heroic sovereign, King Albert, still defending the last strip of their native soil. Overwhelmed by numbers, this little country has fought as gallantly against the serried hosts of the Kaiser, as their ancestors, the Nervii, ever fought against the Roman legions under Caesar.

The debt which the other European nations owe to Belgium is the greater because her sacrifice was voluntary. On one side she saw safety, prosperity, and peace; on the other war, ruin, and suffering, yet she chose honor rather than submission, and like Arnold Winklefield, gathered the hostile spears to her own breast, opening the way to victory. Though crushed by the iron hand of war, she leaves a never-dying name, as bright as any that ever adorned the pages of the world's history. The name of Liege ranks with that of Thermopylae and still higher in one respect for the Grecians fought only from necessity to defend their temples and hearthstones, while the Belgian patriots offered themselves a willing sacrifice for the salvation of Europe.

Today all Belgium lies prostrate in the dust. Starving, she looks back towards her harvest fields but they have been trampled beneath the feet of the gray, desolating hosts of invaders, and drenched by the life blood of her bravest sons. Homeless, she gazes back over the corpse-strewn plains and there the flames of her fair cities are rising toward the sky. Her snow-clad meadows are flecked with crimson, while thousands of newly made graves dot the wide amphitheatre of war. The cry of widows, the orphans, the starving babes, in that stricken land comes to us from over the seas. The relentless hand of this world-wide struggle has crushed, not a single city nor a limited district, but a whole nation. We may well say of that ill-starred country:—

The refugees of Belgium stand on
a foreign strand;
The tread of myriad hosts resounds
in her fair land.
Within her sacred temples still
bursts the meteor's roar;
A nation lies in ashes one waste
from shore to shore.
A million upturned faces, too sad to
weep or sigh
Are looking toward us piteously, My
Country hear their cry!

* * *

THE TITANIC

Second Prize Poem

Robert Chamberlain.

Now rage, ye stormy tempest winds,
And wild, ye billows, roar!
For the mightiest ship, of the ocean
deep,
Shall sail on the seas no more.
The lamps in the cabin were burning
bright,
And eyes were merry and hearts were
light.
For nobody thought of danger that
night,
And the great ship glided along
As quiet and still, as the murmuring
rill,
Or the gentle breezes on yonder
hill—
When sudden, a crash! like a light-
ning flash!
And into the ship the wild waves
dash!
Now all the people are running
about,
And the captain calls with a mighty
shout,
“To the lifeboats! Away! There's no
time for delay,
No time to be laughing, jesting and
gay,
When the lives of the thousands are
at stake,
And steel plates bend, and timbers
break,
And every man feels his own heart
quake—
There is no time for lingering
now,
For the water is rising upon the
prow!”
Awake ye sleepers! To the deck!
Stay not for thought, stay not for
gold,

For higher rise the waters cold,
And' round the mighty ship they fold,
The great Titanic is a wreck!
They lift their hands to the starry
sky,
They try to pray, but the words they
say,
Are drowned in a moan, are lost in a
groan,
While higher rises the white sea
foam—
And they turn to their loved ones and
say goodbye,
They leap to the side, and over they
go,
To the swirling waters far below,
And the cruel waves above them
flow;
A wild, wild moan, a long, long
groan,
While on the deck the people
pray,
And over the water a solemn strain
Comes to the ear like a sad re-
frain—
O many the heroes who died that day.
The ship dips down, the life-boats
all
Are gone, and on the steamer now,
The seamen's shout and the cap-
tain's call,
And the sound of many feet running
about,
Sinks down to a murmur soft and
low,
For all the lights in the cabin are
out!
And darkness throws a merciful veil,
Over the sad, sad sight and the
solemn night,
Is broken only by one, last wail,
And far 'neath the ocean broad and
deep
The thousands are borne to their long,
last sleep,
Where the surging waters their vigils
keep—
The great Titanic beneath the wave,
Has sunken to rest in a watery
grave!

* * *

“On bravely through the sunshine
and showers!
Time hath his work to do and we
have ours.”

* * *

A man's first care should be to avoid
the reproaches of his own heart; his
next to escape the censures of the
world.”

Addison.

SILVERSIDES

First Prize Story.

W. V. Russell.

Many years ago, Jack of the Hills was the best guide that lived among the sheltered forests of the rugged Adirondacks. Six feet from head to foot, with muscles of steel and with the clear keen eye of a true child of nature, he was every inch a man. Many are the tales told of his bravery: how he tracked "the bear of West River" to its frozen lair on Prospect Mountain, how the famous panther of Hutchin's Pond and the "sixteen point buck" fell victim to his unerring aim; but all true lovers of the rod will agree that his last exploit, the capture of old Silversides, was the greatest of them all.

Silversides was monarch of the pool; no trout like him had ever been seen in the wild mountain streams, winding in and out among the hidden recesses of the Adirondacks. But all fishermen despaired of catching him. They said it was impossible. Only a few of them had ever succeeded in getting a strike from the wary fish, and these had returned home, baffled and empty handed. They told their wondering comrades of a mighty fish that had snapped their lines of braided silk, as if they had been so many cobwebs; and now at last, Jack of the Hills, aroused by the tale of Silversides' prowess, decided to visit the old king in his cool, forest retreat.

He started one fine spring morning, just as the glorious dawn was flooding the skies with its rosy tints. The air was cool and invigorating, laden with the fragrance of pine and balsam. At once he headed straight for the valley of Lost River, far back in the very heart of nature where old Silversides was holding his court. His lithe, springy stride carried him swiftly through the winding valleys, and over the rocky hills which lay between him and his goal; till finally, far down in the ravine, at the foot of the ridge on which he stood, he could catch a glimpse of the silvery, sparkling waters of Lost River. The dull thunder of distant cataracts came up faintly to his listening ear. There under the Ferguson Falls was the home of Silversides, and Jack of the Hills quickened his pace. And now hurrying down through the dark ever-

green groves of spruce and cedar, which spread out on each side of the valley, he reached the banks of Lost River.

Silversides' favorite haunt was a mile further through the ravine, but between this and the guide lay the best fishing grounds of the North Woods. Here the turbulent, mountain stream hurried on, now forming a roaring cataract, and then changing to broad tranquil pools, so teeming with voracious trout that this little river was often called, "The Fisherman's Paradise." Through these pools the cautious angler fished carefully, and many an unwary trout fell a victim to his skill; but for such game the old woodsman had not come; he was thinking of the monarch under the lower falls, and even a gallant, victorious battle with a splendid, two-pound rainbow, scarcely recalled him from his reverie. Finally, with his creel overflowing with treasures taken from the deep pools above, he reached the Lower Ferguson Falls.

Here the swift current plunged headlong in a graceful arc upon the dark rocks below. As the fisherman stood watching the broad sheet of falling waters, the white spray was flung into his face. Below the falls, the seething current swept through a narrow channel, ending at last in a wide rock-bound pool, flecked with soft, white foam. This was the retreat of Silversides. Selecting his most tempting lure, Jack of the Hills climbed down the steep sides of the gorge, and stepped out upon a flat rock, directly below the old trout's hiding place.

Then he adjusted his leader carefully, and prepared for the first cast. Three times he cast the fly lightly on the surface of the shining waters. The fourth time he skipped it past the edge of a great boulder, around which the waters eddied and swirled. Suddenly the eye of the fisherman caught sight of a huge fish. It lunged out from the shadows, seized the bait, and started back toward the lower reaches of the pool. It was Silversides! Jack of the Hills, tingling in every nerve, felt a powerful serge on his slender rod which bent almost double. He gave a light, short jerk, to set the hook deeper, and Silversides in response to the sharp point, plunged towards the foaming rapids below the pool.

At the first terrific rush a less skilled angler would have lost him, but the veteran sportsman, increasing the

pressure on the line in spite of the reel's defiant scream, turned the struggling monster at last, only a few feet above the rapids. Then the angry fish leaped from the water in a graceful curve, trying in vain to shake the relentless barb from his wounded jaws. The guide gasped in amazement as he saw the real size of the great trout. Quickly he lowered the tip of his rod to prevent the sharp jerk, which would otherwise have snapped the silken cord holding the struggling leviathan. Back and forth, up and down the pool, the contest raged. At any second the slender thread might part, letting the huge trout sweep back in kingly triumph to his old covert beneath the boulder.

Nevertheless the line held, until at last the weary angler saw a flash of silver, and caught sight of a white foam near the surface of the shining waters. The end seemed to be at hand for Silversides was floating there motionless. Gently reeling in, the fisherman drew the great trout almost to his feet, and stooped to grasp his prize. Once more the desperate monarch tried to regain his freedom; but in vain. The victorious angler reeled in again and brought his gallant antagonist, still battling for life and liberty, to the shore. A quick dip of the landing net and it came up filled with a glowing mass of gold and crimson. Silversides was conquered at last! The sportsman's veteran experience told him at once that his splendid prize was the largest trout he had ever taken. Surely it weighed more than five pounds.

And now Jack of the Hills thought of his triumphal entry into the small village which he called home, he thought of the fame which this exploit would bring him, the conqueror of Silversides, the greatest trout ever seen in all that woodland country—these visions passed before him in quick succession.

Then he cast one more glance on his fallen foe. A noble impulse seized him. Gently taking the fallen monarch in his hands he turned and tossed him back into the crystal waters of the pool. There the old trout lay motionless, but only for a second. With one sweep of his fan like tail, he disappeared from view, never again to be tempted by the false lure of an angler.

In deep meditation, Jack of the Hills gazed long at the spot where Silversides had vanished from sight—looked till the last outspreading

ripple had lapped against the rocky sides of the chasm; then slowly he ascended the winding foot path which led up the craggy sides of the hill. At the summit he looked back once more, and then with a full creel but with a fuller heart, he strode slowly along the homeward trail.

* * *

The Value of the Present

Second Prize Essay.

Marie Graves.

If there is a word which, more than another, has to do with the shaping of our destinies it is the one word NOW. If in some way, that word could be placed higher than the highest pinnacle of earth; if it could be set in letters of red fire across the heavens; if, more than that, it could be graven on the tablets of our hearts, so that it would be ever before us, then, the chance of our making a success of life, present and eternal, would be assured.

We think, and truly, too, that the past is powerful. We call to mind the effect that the deeds and thoughts of generations before us have had upon our lives. We remember, too, how our own acts and feelings have made of us what we are today. We think of all these things and, in thinking, marvel at the mighty influence the past has exerted over us all. But there is one thing we must not forget. We can learn many lessons from the past, it is true; we can profit by its mistakes; we can continue to do what we have discovered by experience to be profitable and right, but we must not forget that the past is the past. We have lived that time and it is gone, and never can it be recalled. It will be of no benefit to us to be worrying about its mistakes. It will help us not at all to spend our time in self-satisfied glorying over its successes. A wise man he is, who does learn all that the past can teach him, who gains from it all he can, but who, forgetting those things which are behind, prepares for the future by living only in the present.

Now there are many people who seem to find it difficult to realize the necessity or value of thus living in the present. They do not comprehend the fact that one moment at hand is worth a thousand that are spent. So they waste hours, days, yes even

years mourning and bewailing the past. I remember one man in particular, whose last years were pitiful because of this very thing. Day in and day out and every hour of the day he had some complaining, self-accusing word for the way he had lived his life. He gave himself no opportunity for improvement, for his whole time and thought were taken up in mourning "Oh, why have I lived this way! I've never done anything worth while! I'm a failure! I've wasted my life!" And because of the effect that this attitude toward life had upon him, he sacrificed what should have been his best years and died long before his time.

But there are others who live on the plain of past honors and accomplishments, who seem to think that nothing more is required of them than that which they have already succeeded in doing. These people are just as much paralyzed for present duties as those who are forever lamenting past mistakes. Because they have in some time gone by accomplished work, which they and the world in general consider of some importance, or, because perhaps, that work has yielded them a large sum of money, there is no reason, no excuse for their living in idleness the rest of their days. These poor, self-complacent, self-indulgent cumberers of the ground will just as surely be brought to account for their failure to do, as are those unfortunate ones, known as criminals, who are punished for their wrong doing. God will require a strict reckoning of the days, the months the years wasted in idleness. The very fact that they squander in riotous living the priceless moments given them for honest hard work, that fact alone will be their chief accusation. It is absurd for them to think that what they have done or what has been done for them will take the place of present action; that past deeds will earn for them present leisures.

As opposed to this class of people who dwell in the past, are others who spend their time in dreaming of the future. Now it is very certain that if there were nothing to look forward to in this life or hereafter we would be as Paul says, of "all men most miserable." But to be wondering about the future, to be thinking of what it may have in store for us, instead of making the most of every moment as it comes, will not only unfit us for the duties at hand but for what is to come as

well. Many people fail to see any glory in the common-place things of life. They see no particular virtue in performing well the tasks of every day. On the contrary it is the future that appeals to them. They see themselves the hero of some great crisis, lauded and honored by all the world. But they lose sight of the fact that it is only those who are faithful in these little things who are ever called upon to take a leading part in the great drama of life. As they meet life now, as they conquer each problem of today, so will they be masters of themselves in whatever comes to them in the future. Every hour brings with it some question to decide. Choices between good and evil, or, what is harder, between good and best, must be made continually. We may do this bit of housework, prepare that lesson, teach that class well enough or very well. We settle it in our own minds whether it shall be our best or our second best. But we may be sure that the use we make of these moments of decision every day determine unmistakably which way we shall take at the great turning point of our lives.

The great men of all time have become so only because they have put their best selves into every moment and decision as it came. They have been "faithful over a few things" and for that reason have been made "rulers over many things." Abraham Lincoln would have amounted to no more than his backwoods neighbors if it had not been for that quality of character in him which compelled him to make the most of every moment. He read and reread all the good books he could obtain and made their contents his. He composed little essays on subjects that appealed to him. Seeing boys put a burning coal on the back of a wood turtle he wrote about cruelty to animals. Seeing men intoxicated with whisky, he wrote on intemperance. He improved every moment. And it was this watching the opportunities for constant action that fitted him for his later career. He was ready when the crisis came, because, instead of looking ahead for it and wasting time wishing for it, he had by careful expenditure of his moments, and by the well thought out decisions of early life prepared himself for its coming.

It is just this failure to realize the value of the present moment that has wrought such havoc in the lives of men. As the greatest of all books has

put it, "Now is the accepted time." No other time is ours. Those tasks which come to us now can never be so well attended to at any other time. The lazy farmer who, neglecting the opportunities of spring, thinks to plant his corn in July when the ground is parched and dry, the sun hot, and the rains few, finds his efforts in vain. He has missed the accepted time. Now is the biggest word in our lives. It must be always now or never with us. The past is gone; the future is ahead; the present only is ours, therefore, it behooves us to make the most of every moment, to do what we are to do, quickly. David Swing has a description of a youth, who lived in a house named To-morrow, built on a street named By-and By. And the name of the city was Never. If we would know at last that we have made the most of the life so graciously imparted to us, if we would feel that our fight has been a good one, this one thought must be so imbedded in the very tissues of our soul that it can never be removed, "Now is the accepted time."

* * *

SPRING

First Prize.

C. A. Russell.

What is it in the air today
That makes one glad he's living?
There's something making life more
bright
With something it is giving.

What makes us want to be out-doors?
What makes us want to sing?
It's hard to tell it all at once
Unless we say, "Just Spring."

What is it brings the birdies back
With all their song and cheer,
And makes the world come back to
life

About this time of year?

Why do the little buds peep out?
Why all the sounds that ring?
It's something all are glad is here,
It's something we call "Spring."

* * *

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind, what the weak head with strongest bias rules, is pride, the never failing vice of fools."

The Power of the Pen

Once on a winter's night,
When by the quiet fire-side seated,
A thought of fancy born
Came to my mind, resplendent, bright,
It came, and came again, repeated.
Until by struggling worn
Unable longer to retain
That subtle thought within my brain,
I sought by some means to convey
My thought to others, but in vain.
I sought to make it's meaning known,
By discourse—for they turned away
And still the thought like heavy rain,
Bid fair my reason to dethrone,
Until in wan despair.

I sought to waste upon the lyre,
The violence of that lingering fire,
But all in vain for every note,
Served but to make my passion worse
It seemed the thought would drive
me wild,

Until I ceased with wearied throat
And closed my song in accents
hoarse,

In sorrow weeping like a child,
Then to the pen in haste I flew,
And overturned the ink stand too,
I wrote so fast it seemed my pen,
Like lightning raced from line to line,
My word like red-hot embers burned,
I filled one glowing page and then,
I filled another, no, 'twas nine.
Thus rose the honor of my name,
Some laughed, some mocked, and
called it fame.

* * *

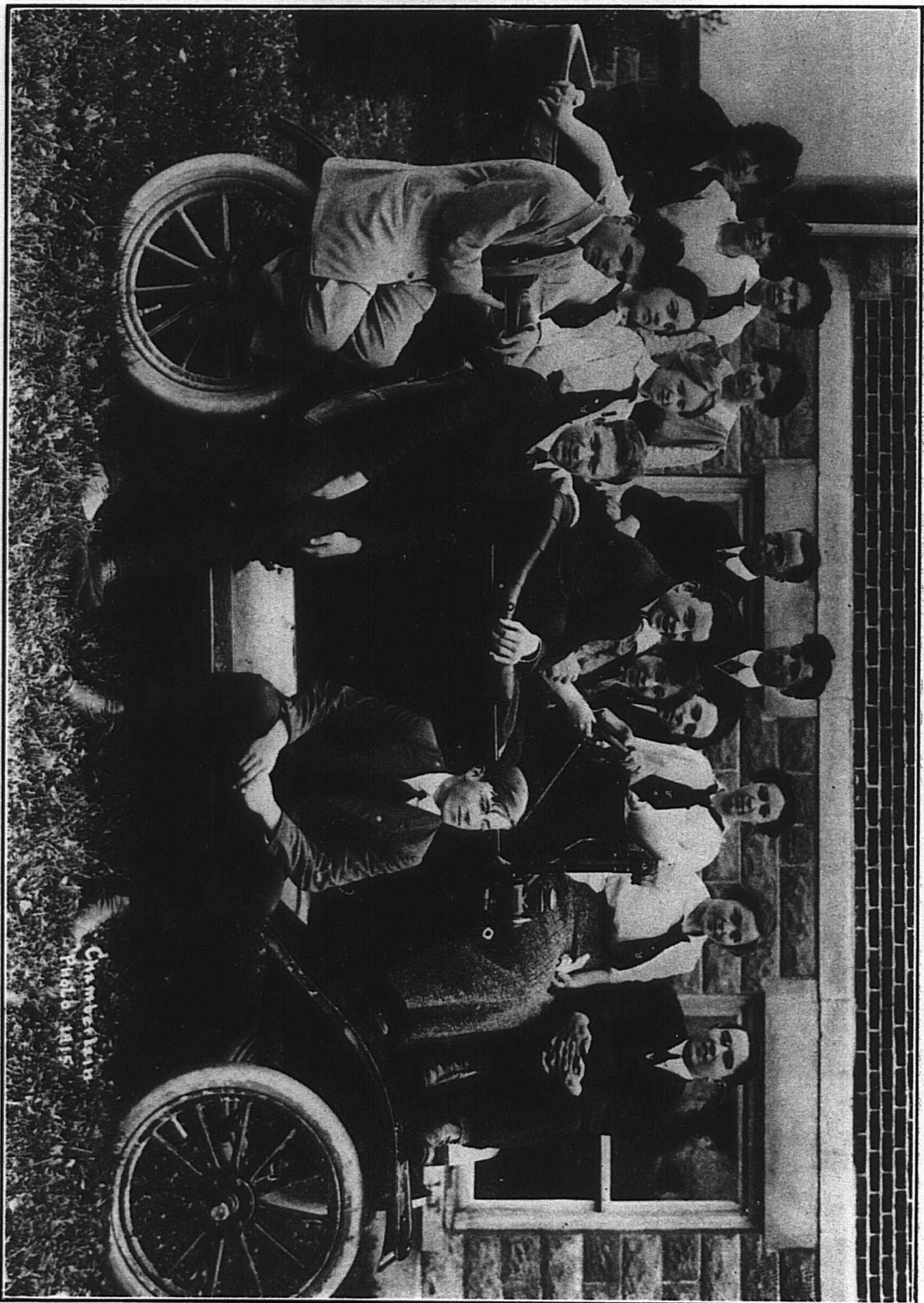
"'Tis being and doing and having
that make

All the pleasures and pain of which
mankind partake;

To be what God pleases, to do man's
best,

And to have a good heart, is the way
to be blest."

Lord Byron.



Chamberlain
Photo 1815

Preparatory Seniors.

The Preparatory Seniors

The class of '15 are seventeen in number and lack only one of equaling the banner class of '11. The class originally numbered eighteen, but unfortunately, one had to drop out because of protracted illness. So many of the graduates were not members of the class heretofore, that it is almost impossible to give a collective account of the class as a unit. Consequently brief individuals notes must suffice.

One of the most active classmen is Robert Becker from Cattaraugus yet he also finds time for general school activities, as is evidenced by the fact that he is preparatory senator and treasurer of the Athletic Association. "Bobbie" is also a first baseman of some ability while his bass is in much demand in the church choir.

Nellie Bedford rejoined the class this year after spending her junior year in school at Potsdam. This year she is a devotee of the goddess Hestia and keeps house for her father in Houghton. Her curls and smiles have worked unconscious havoc with numerous prep hearts. Although diminutive in stature, Nellie makes up her lack in that respect by energy and intellectual brilliancy.

If we were to name one man who seems an essential part of the senior class, we should certainly say George Boice of Lisbon. He is class secretary and last year was student-body treasurer. Boice is also athletically inclined, being a fine swimmer and a good track man. Loyalty to his friend—is George's most commendable trait.

But did I hear you say "who is valedictorian?" Ira Bowen of Houghton holds that enviable position, from whose lofty heights he looks down on all lesser mortals with great disdain. Ira stars at math and science, Knickerbockers are his dearest hobby. He is not an athlete, but he is walking information on all contested rules of baseball, tennis and croquet.

By the way, the class of '15 can boast of several able students, Arthur Bryan from Forksville, Pennsylvania is a strong man, in his studies and also in the true sense of that term. Previously, Arthur has been a theologian but he decided to clean up his

high school work this year and incidentally to become an alumnus of Houghton Seminary. If you want information on Old Testament history, see Bryan.

Myrtle Bryan is a sister of Arthur and also hails from the Keystone State. She is splendid in social affairs of the class and it is said she starred in her speech at last year's Junior-Senior banquet. Myrtle joined the class in her junior year and has been a loyal member ever since.

But who is this well-dressed young fellow? Oh that's "Jim" Colby from Hubbard Lake, Michigan. He was a junior in West Virginia Wesleyan last year but this year he sports a flashy, crimson, senior tie with the gayest of them. James' diversion is preaching. He regularly and very acceptably fills the pulpit of the Sandusky M. E. church. He is also a star half-miler and a good orator.

Bessie Fancher also decided to graduate with the class of '15. Bess is noted principally for two things, she is a natural teacher and this ability she employs as a side issue in instructing several elementary classes in the Seminary. On the other hand she loves to hatch up a jolly good time and as a merrymaker, she has no equal. Her favorite game is croquet.

One of the regulars is Marietta Fancher from Cattaraugus. She believes the purpose of school life is the attainment of knowledge, so she is a diligent student. Marietta though youthful is decidedly in love with her piano. She would rather play than eat and she will certainly make an able pianist.

Another staunch regular is Mildred Hart of Forksville, Pennsylvania. "Millie" vigorously insists on her senior rights and yet she offends no one, but rather wins the commendation of all. She divides her spare time about equally between her jolly little nephew and her grouchy little beaux. They say Kip does feel very Hart-less these days.

Another girl from Forksville Pennsylvania joined the class in her junior year. Bessie Little is a quite unassuming person whose winning manner has gained her many friends. The fact that it takes only a "little" to make some folks happy explains the contentment of a certain college sophomore.

But we must not forget the president of this famed class of '15. He has brown curly hair; his home is

near Owasso, Michigan; he is much interested in literary society work; and he is a classy debater. I am sure all could guess that his name is Della Morris. If one thing more than another won the Chesbro debate last year, it was Della's splendid rebuttal speech.

Geneseo High School in Pennsylvania furnished one member of the Senior class, in the person of Max Reed. The class certainly can afford to be pleased with his advent into their midst, for he is a perfectly corking good fellow. Max is, by far, the best basket ball guard in the school but he is nevertheless very modest about it.

Although Pearl Schouten does not graduate it only seems fair to consider her as one of the class in this article. Pearl fully intended to graduate, but because of an unfortunate accident and consequent long absence from school she could not possibly do so. The patient cheerful way in which she bore her disappointment is a key to her admirable character. She is surely a splendid friend to have in every way.

Edith Stahl from Lockport is another welcome addition to the class roll. Although quiet and unobtrusive she has won many friends during the past year. Cheerfulness is one of her chief characteristics.

Being very particular of her class affiliations, Verna Stear, after due consideration of the merits of former classes, decided to graduate with the class of '15. Verna has been in Houghton for some time and among the numerous friends she has made Caesar holds a prominent place. If you want a lecture on Senior rights and privileges just arouse Verna's ire and you will be perfectly and promptly satisfied.

Ethelyn Stebbins of Houghton is one of the regulars. She is a hard worker and as is right, is also a stickler for her rights, not only as a senior but also as one of the feminine half of the human race. She is an ardent suffragette, a good friend, but an exceedingly poor enemy.

Ralph Tyler completes the list. He is a resident of Caneadea. Tyler is very quiet but then that is very much in his favor for the silent man is very often the wise man. Ralph is an admirer of automobiles and consequently spends his spare time as a chauffeur.

"Long live the class of nineteen-fifteen."

CLASS SONG

1

The year that's left behind,
Has swiftly passed away.
Tho' we are Seniors yet,
We've only one more day.
Before as care-free Juniors;
We roamed the campus o'er:
But long as reverend Seniors,
More stately than before.

Chorus to verse 1.

We love not idle joy:
For careless sport no thanks;
We watch the giddy Juniors now,
And laugh we at their pranks.

2.

Maroon and cream we love,
The colors that we chose.
We love our fragrant flower;
The cream and blushing rose.
Facto Probert, our motto:
Our deeds shall manifest,
That knowledge, truth, and wisdom are
In Houghton of the best.

Chorus after verse 2.

Houghton, Houghton, Alma
Mater thine forever.
Seniors, Seniors, miles
our friendship cannot sever.
Fifteen, Fifteen, we'll forget
thee never, never.
We will ever love thee,
Cling forever to thee,
Houghton on the Genesee.

3.

The school we love so well,
We now must leave at last.
The days have happy been;
And quickly they have passed.
We'll think about each classmate;
For every student sigh.
The time has come to leave you,
And we must say good bye.

First Chorus.

We'll miss the Genesee;
We'll miss the Faculty;
But yet in heart we'll never part,
From M-C-M-X-V.

Second Chorus.

Houghton, Houghton, Alma
Mater thine forever,
Seniors, Seniors, miles our
friendship cannot sever.
Fifteen, Fifteen, we'll forget
thee never, never.
We will ever love thee,
Cling forever to thee,
Houghton on the Genesee.

Edith R. Stahl.



Our College Senior.

You see here our versatile college senior class, a young man who unthreads with enviable ease the mazes of math, science and literature. He shineth both as an orator and as a tennis player, as a toast-master and as a sprinter, while as a pole-vaulter, Houghton has not his equal for grace and beauty of form.

* * *

Our Music Senior.

On account of the additional work which was placed in our music course this year, we have but one who completes the course in Piano music, Miss Leona Lilly.

Miss Lilly comes to us from Port Allegany, Penn., where she completed her highschool course in 1912; and it was here that the excellent founda-

tions of her musical education were laid under the instruction of Miss Florence Larrabee.

In 1913 she went to Detroit, Mich. where she studied a year and a half under Professor Stevens.

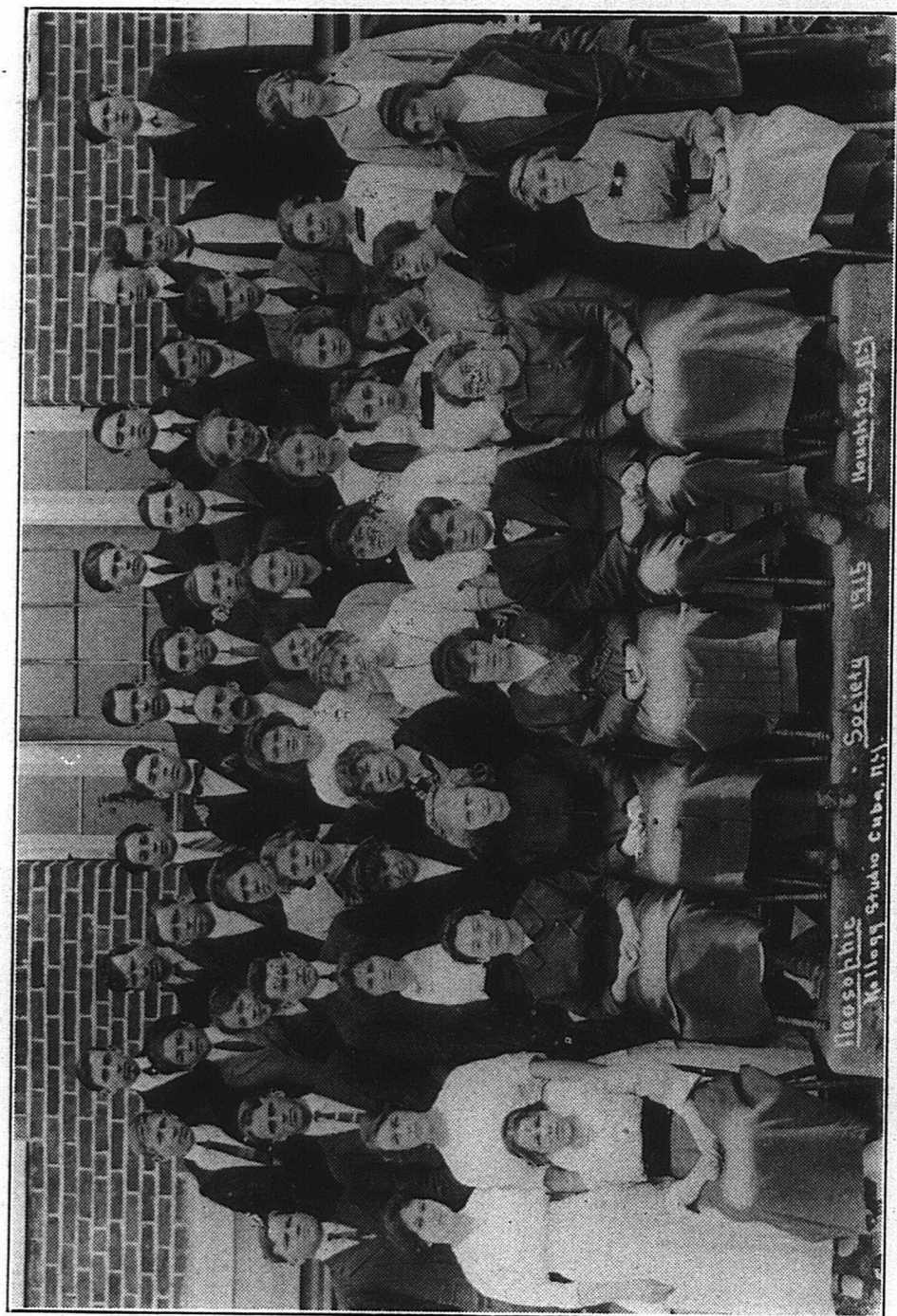
Having entered Houghton in the fall of 1914, she has been an active member of the music department, as a soloist and accompanist of the Orchestra and Girls Glee Club.

Miss Lilly anticipates continuing the study of music, and preparing for concert work during the following year. She cannot but make a success in this work, as she is a pianist of marked ability, and is especially adapted to this phase of the work.

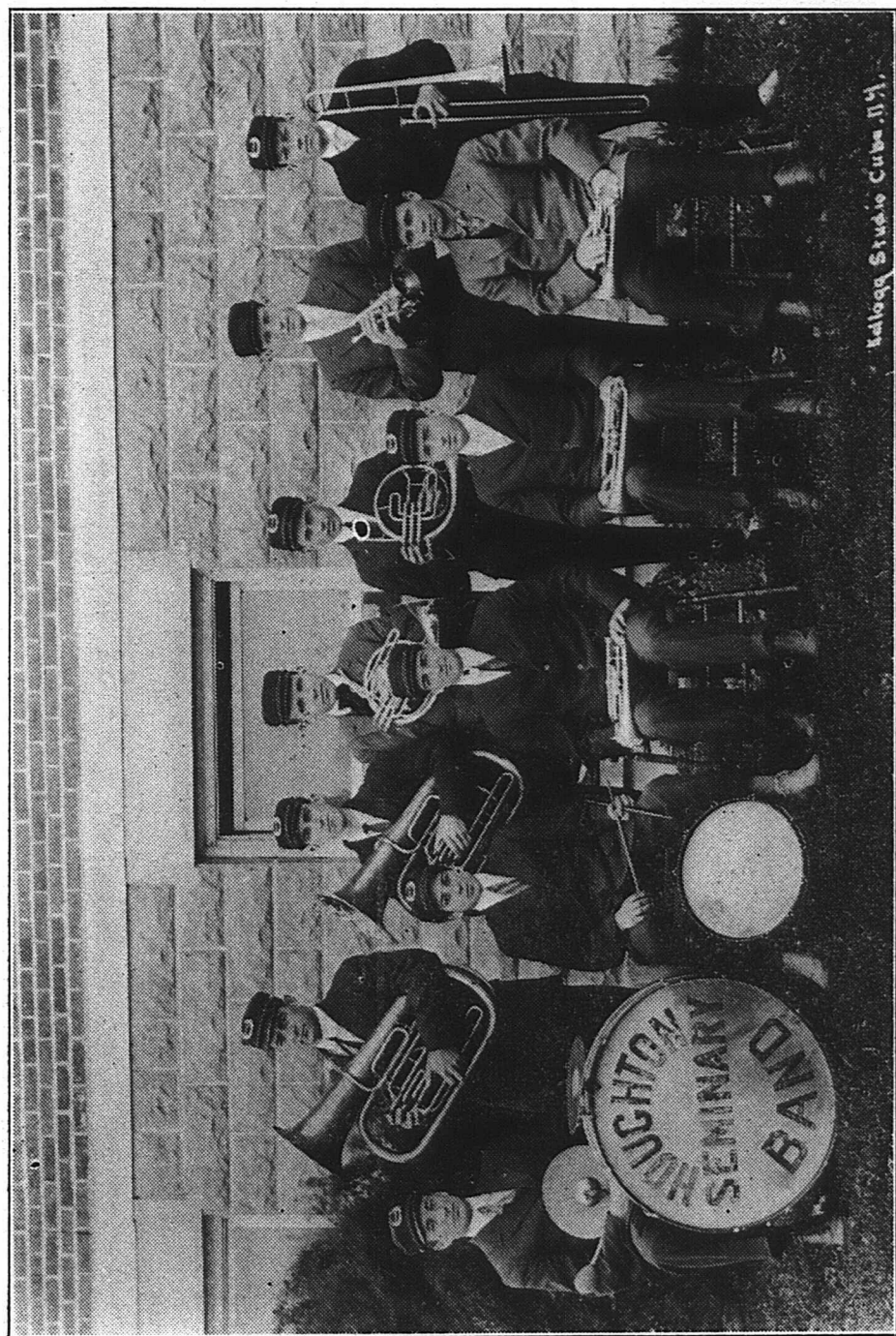
[We regret that we were unable to procure a cut of the Music Graduate, Miss Lilly.]



"STUDENT BODY"



The Neosophic Society



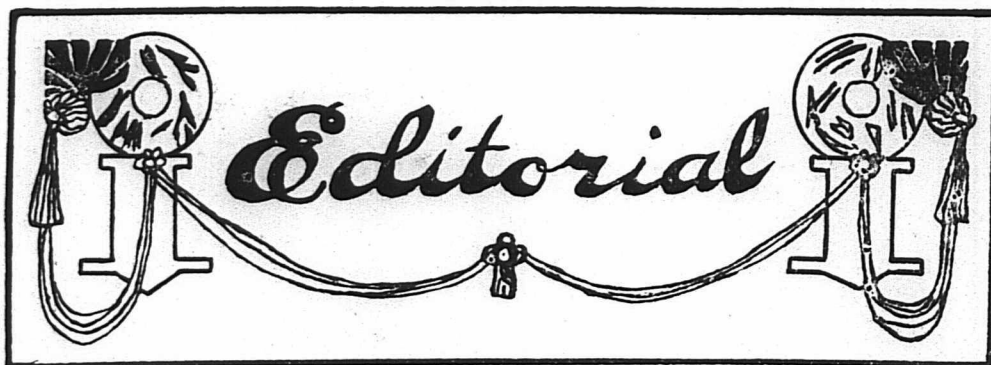
Standing—Whittaker, Barrett, Bardwell, Horth, Parker, Hubbard.
Sitting—Lewis, Dezell, Calhoun, Leader; Barnett, Densmore.



Preparatory Juniors.



Standing—Daniels, Davison, Hester, Lewis, Manager, Wilford Kaufman, Capen.
 Sitting—Gertrude Graves, Worbois, Editor, Glenn Barnett; Associate Editor, Coleman.



THE HOUGHTON STAR

HOUGHTON, N. Y.

Published by THE UNION LITERARY ASSOCIATION of Houghton Seminary, nine times during the school year. Subscription price, 50c per year; 10c per copy; commencement number, 20c, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. All remittances made payable to the Business Manager.

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The subject of influence is a broad one; it reaches into the deepest and finest fibers of our nature, penetrating so minutely and in such detail that we become lost in the maze of the labyrinth as we try to trace it in its details. There are so many and such varied phases of the subject that we often lose sight of those more common aspects, those which affect our lives most definitely—while we struggle on trying to fathom and comprehend the deeper and more intricate aspects.

In our lives there are few great events to which we can point and say, "That event exerted a strong influence over my entire life." It is not the great and extraordinary things which direct the course of our lives and determine what we shall become, not these, but the numberless, common affairs and habits of our every-day life which mold our characters. In like manner we may say that our strongest and most impressive influence will be transmitted to others from the acts and conversation of our ordinary, every-day life, rather than upon those occasions when we are clad in our best clothes,

have on our polite manners, and are trying to make the most profound impression on others.

Could we but realize what small and thoughtless acts influence others, how differently we would live! There are the thoughtless, hasty words spoken when we are tired or in a hurry, but are often interpreted as cold and haughty. While on the other hand, we may say no more than a cherry "Good morning," but in so doing may dispel every cloud from our neighbor's horizon, and bring the warm rays of cheer and sunshine to him again.

A more subtle, although equally strong power of affecting the lives about us, resides in the very expression of the face. Who has not met a person with a face aglow with a pleasant smile and illuminated with peace and happiness, and has not felt a touch of the same spirit? How contrasted with this one is he whose face, like a mirror, reflects the dark clouds of hatred, unrest or discontentment! From such a life, there can radiate no beneficent nor soothing influence; he can create naught but unhappiness and disquietude wher-

ever he may go. Nature has given us an intuitive power by which we may often perceive the influence of a life though no word may be spoken. Have you never come into the presence of one, and felt the air laden with the goodness and sweetness of that life? It is through these quiet channels that we exert our greatest influence. We need not stand in the market places calling out our creed to others, for it will be more clearly and more accurately interpreted by the influence of our every-day lives than in any other way.

When we realize the extent of this power, we are inclined to attempt to escape from its responsibility but such an escape is not to be found. As long as we are mortals and endowed with this power, just so long will this power of influence continue to operate, affecting the lives of others as it radiates from our own lives. The graveness of this responsibility can only be realized, as we come to value our fellow men as highly as we do our selves, and then

will we see the necessity of exerting an influence of the purest and noblest type.

The fact that a tree is known by its fruits has lost none of its truth through the years, and only as we have hearts pure, noble and good, can we exert an influence of like character. Our own characters are such dominant forces in our lives that only as we make them just as we want others to be, can we ever hope to be able to produce these qualities in our neighbors; and while we see to it that our own lives are of the best and highest quality we may be sure that from our lives are radiating forces of good and benefit.

* * *

Notice to All Subscribers

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W. F. Lewis,
Business Manager.



Gertrude Graves '16, Editor

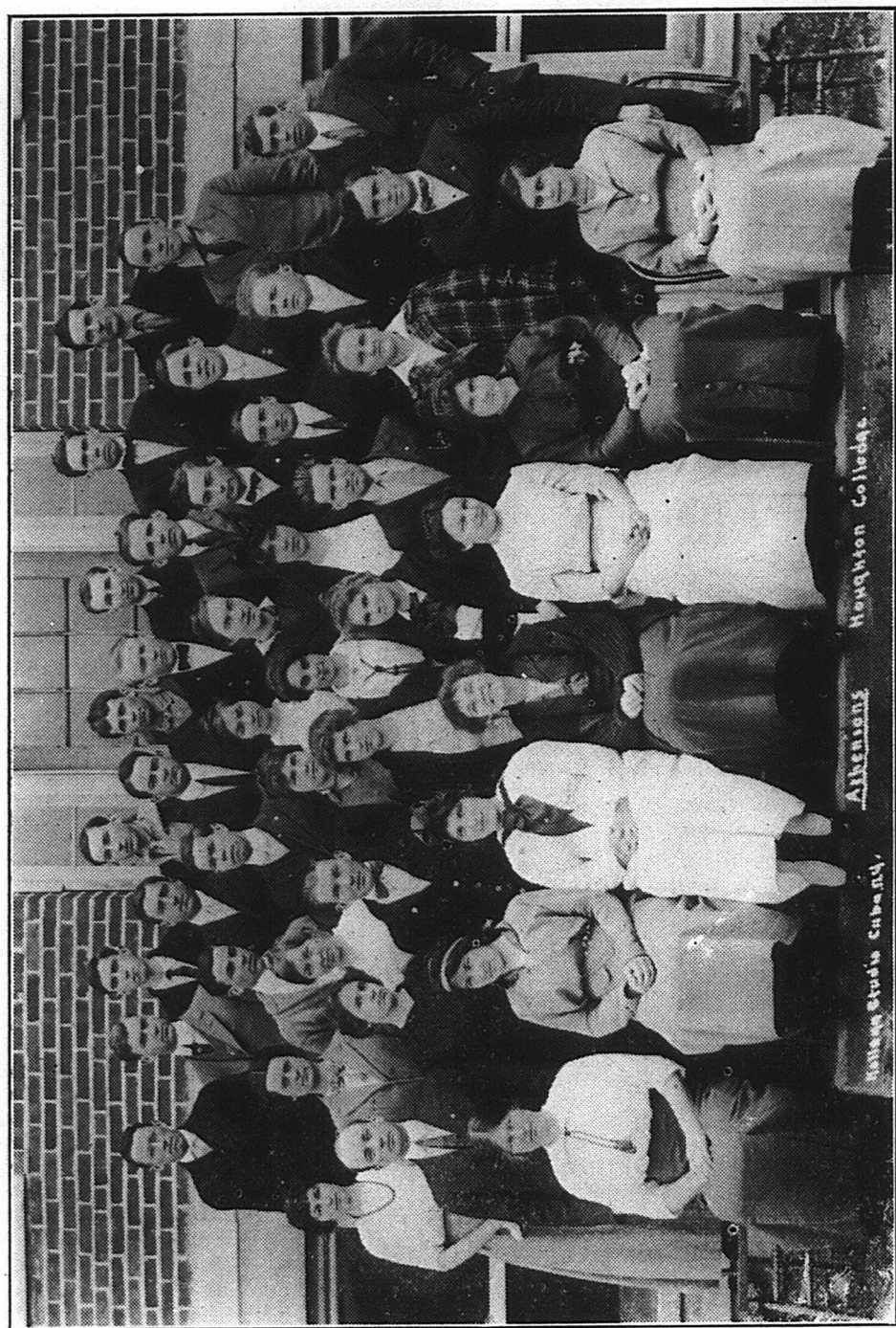
The German Club.

One bright day the members of the Deutsche Verein met as usual and had a short program. We guessed the names of authors—long since dead—and of rivers and cities, which task our leader had vainly tried to make impossible by jumbling letters together in a most confusing manner. Then we heard about some phases of school life in Germany. But it was not entirely educational for our leader had provided readings and both vocal and instrumental music for our entertainment. It was with regret that we realized that the Deutsche Verein could meet but once more this year.

There seemed to be something mysterious about the program for the farewell meeting. It was with great eagerness that we awaited the day for our usual meeting. What a delightful surprise! Our leader had pre-

pared a "spread" for us. But that was not all. Our leader had chosen a toastmaster who called for after-dinner speeches. Why we felt that we were in Germany at a truly German banquet. Just imagine how interesting "Wer ist Wer und Warum?" "Mädchen von Houghton," "Heimweh," and "Knaben von Houghton" could be. But "Brot und Butter," "Endes gut, alles gut" followed. Then came "Ein Lebewohl zu der Deutsche Verein." Would that words and space were available to describe the content of those speeches for they were master-pieces. It is said that all good things come to an end even the Deutsche Verein had met for the last time. But in our memories there is a bright spot which cannot be destroyed. Those good times may be past but there are more ahead of us, so why should we be sad?

Lebewohl, Deutsche Verein.



The Athenian Society

The United Neosophic Society.

While only one regular meeting of the united societies has been held, that was one of the best societies that has been held for many a year. The address of welcome was given by Mr. McKinley. Readings were given by Miss Stall and by Mr. LaVere. The new President, Mr. Morris, gave his inaugural speech.

Perhaps the most interesting and instructive part on the program was a travel through Sierra Leone with Miss Campbell. She told of the customs of the people there in a way that will not soon be forgotten. To illustrate her talk she gave practical demonstrations of the use of native clothes and utensils. Surely, if the society keep up the standard of work with which it has started, Houghton will have a society to be proud of. Let us, everyone, take our part and show the school that the Preps can run a lively society when given a chance. Will you help?

A NEO.

The Senior Y. M. W. B.

Our last regular meeting for this school year was held May 11. We can say that our Senior Y. M. W. B. thus far has been a grand success. Our programs have been full of enthusiasm as well as interesting and helpful and our meetings have been well attended. We hope that this interest will not decrease with the close of this year but will continue to grow from year to year.

Our last program reads as follows: Devotionals by Arlie Dreyer.

A paper on "Money Power in Missions," by William Kaufman.

Marian McMillian read us a poem on Livingstone. Then followed a paper by Glen McKinley entitled "The Influence of Addresses on Missions."

We are anticipating to have Miss Stella Wood, who has just recently returned from India, to deliver our Commencement address, May 13. This will be a change to us for we have never before had the India work presented to us.

G. L. S.

Athenian Society

Our last program for the year was a study of psychology and its practical value. Brief biographical sketches of the famous psychologists,

William James and James Angell were given respectively by Pierce Woolsey and Ethel Kelly. Florence Kelly gave an able discussion of "Habit Formation." "Practical Psychology Applied to Education" was the theme of Harriet Meeker's instructive paper. Ray Calhoun gave an interesting account of the fascinating phenomena "Dual Personality." As a special treat our psychology professor, William Frazier, gave us an oral discussion of an interesting point in psychology. The band then played a closing selection.

R. J. K.

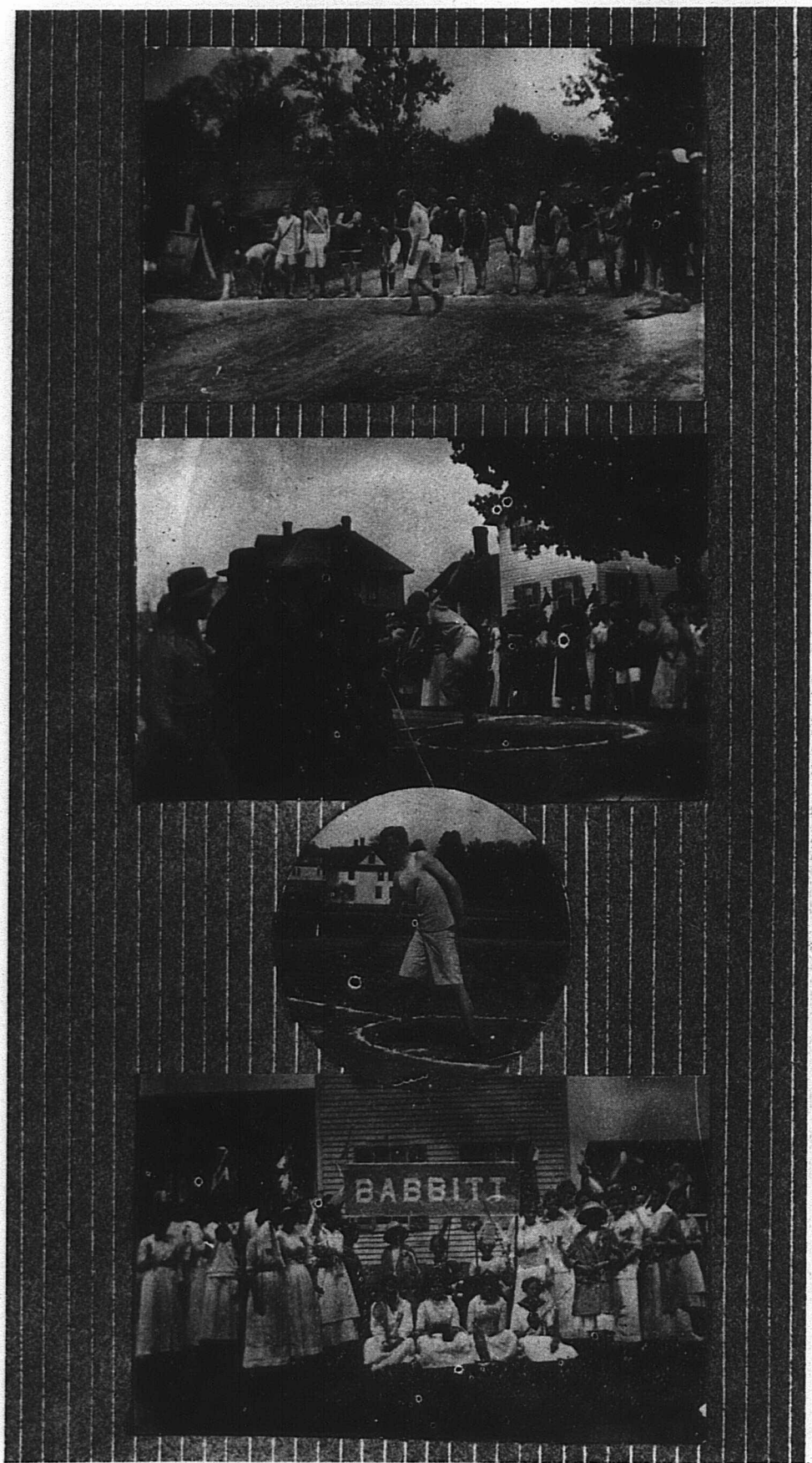
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INTERCOLLEGIATE PROHIBITION ASS'N

Another school year with its opportunities and achievements has passed. The influence of our deeds will live on, but no effort of ours will change them. They are indelibly written on the pages of history and we have only to glean from these pages the means of our success and the cause of our failures, and with these as stepping stones, mount up to higher heights in the future.

The work of our I. P. A. this year has been very successful. Through the labors of our united literaries we were able to send our president, Walter F. Lewis, to the National Convention at Topeka, Kansas. Only one other league in the State was represented there. At the State Convention we were able to report the best work of any league in the State. Then our National Field Secretary, Neil D. Cranmer, was at school recently, raising money toward the new one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the I. P. A. extension fund and enlisting volunteers and militiamen for the work this summer. We understand he succeeded in getting two volunteers who will work for army wages and expenses and two militiamen who have each agreed to secure one hundred and sixty-six prohibition voters this year. We are very glad, indeed, that some of our students are thus employed. Truly we have some accomplishments of which we may be justly proud.

But next year will soon be here, and we wish to make it the best year in the history of Houghton. We should have an enrollment of not less than one hundred. We must

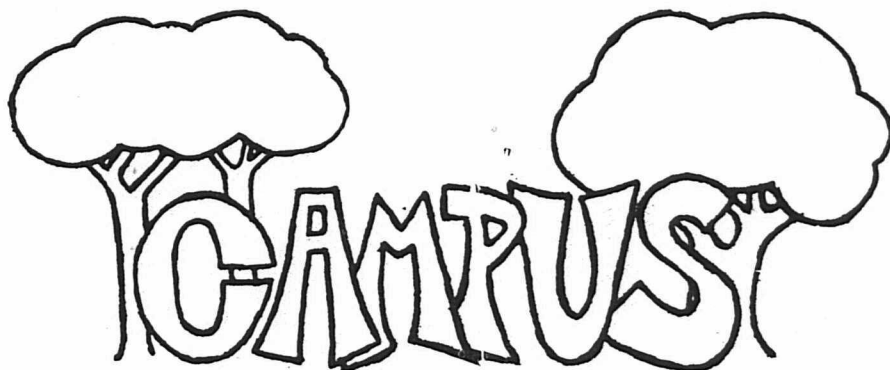


Field Day Sports

then have a study class where the liquor problems may be carefully studied. Our bimonthly meetings must be inspiring and well attended and our oratorical contests must be a real lively one—so lively indeed, that the one who succeeds in getting the honors will be qualified to take the State honors. All these means

work, but they are not beyond our reach. This work needs real manhood and womanhood to make it go. The I. P. A. has declared war on King Alcohol! The battle is on! Volunteers are needed! Let us begin the fight next year with flying colors and fight the battle to the finish.

I. P. A. Reporter.



Wilford E. Kaufman, '16, Editor

COLLEGE LOCALS

Miss Mary Allyn recently spent the week-end with Miss Pearl Schouton at Roulette, Pennsylvania.

The Misses Gertrude and Marie Graves entertained their sister, Louise from Olean, over Sunday.

Miss Lois Wood, of Hinsdale, visited Miss Frances Woods and Mr. Robert Woods the past week, remaining for the May Festival.

The College Sophomore class indulged in a paper chase recently, as a method of spending their leisure hours. The class, led by two of the fellows, pursued the chase as marked out, stopping at a pretty little nook for supper. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, especially the spread.

E. G. A.

Preparatory Notes

Miss Elvira Lawrence of Cattaraugus recently spent a few days with friends in Houghton.

Mildred Hart is at present entertaining her mother and her brother.

Mrs. R. E. Cochrane of Hornell, N. Y., has been the guest of her sister, Miss Grace Beverly.

Miss Mildred Tooke recently visited her sister at the Dormitory.

On the evening of May fourteenth the Juniors gave a splendid reception and banquet to their Senior friends. The company met at the Seminary where they found the study

room beautifully decorated in the colors of both classes. Here an enjoyable program was rendered after which all adjourned to the dining hall of the Dormitory to find a bountiful feast awaiting them.

We, the students of Houghton Seminary, sincerely regret that our preparatory Seniors imposed upon a helpless little Ford, to the extent of making it bear their combined weight while their picture was being taken. We considered bringing the charge of cruelty to Ford against them, but finally dismissed the matter on the grounds that the Seniors, though numerous, may credibly be carried by even a Ford.

M. E. F.

Faculty Notes

President Luckey attended the Sunday School convention at Belmont a few days. On his way home he stopped at Caneadea and enjoyed the outing with the boys of his Sunday school class at the Gorge.

Miss Riggall recently entertained a friend from her home.

Professor Frazier spent a few days in New Jersey looking after school interests.

Miss Thurston, our trustworthy dean, is looking forward to a much needed vacation.

The following news item will remain unchanged until further "an-

nouncements." Our vocal teacher, Miss Fitts, spent a few days in Olean visiting a friend. We wonder if some day some reverend gentleman will not give the friend fitts.

Prof. Coleman spent a day at Cuba on business.

Prof. Bedford delivered the baccalaureate address at the college at Central, S. C. at which place he has accepted the presidency for the coming year. We are sorry to lose our efficient Greek teacher, but we all join in wishing him the best of success. He also extended his travel through Knoxville Tenn. and the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky.

Mrs. Bowen is greatly appreciated by the students as a chaperon for she so aptly adapts herself to the spirit of the company. Such was the version of the small party she accompanied up the creek one evening last week.

Prof. Smith enjoys the beauties of nature to the extent that he spends his spare moments beautifying the campus.

Mrs. Jennings spent a few days in Cuba.

C. N. C.

Music. Notes

The music students have been very busy during the last weeks practicing for the May Festival and since that event is past, interest has been renewed in practicing for Commencement.

The May Concert which occurred the twenty-first of May was considered the best the Houghton students have ever given. The orchestra was especially applauded.

The Dorm girls were favored one lovely night in May by a series of vocal serenades given by the boys. The concert lasted about two hours. After the first half of the programme the boys were rewarded by a treat by Miss Grange and the last part was brought to a conclusion by a parade around the Dorm and a special serenade of "Lights out, Ladies." A card of thanks is hereby extended to the performers.

At the last meeting of the Athenian Society some special music was given by the band and an original song was sung by the Ladies' Quartette. After society the Band went to the Dormitory and gave an impromptu concert with the aid of flashlights.

The music department as a whole has had the best success this year and the recitals and concerts given throughout the year have been indicative of the efficiency of Misses Hillpot and Fitts. We are sorry to learn that Miss Hillpot will not return next year.

Miss Leona Lilly is the only graduate from the music department this year.

R. R.

* * *

ATHLETICS

Carroll Daniels '17, Editor

Houghton awoke on Friday, May 28th, to find colors floating every where. Ballard's men had spent the night in stringing up the Orange and Black while Babbitt's had been equally successful in hoisting the Purple and White. Never has Houghton seen such a day. Everyone was out; everyone wore colors, and everyone helped to cheer. Never before has Houghton shown real school spirit. One company of girls cheered, marched and sang for the Orange and Black while another supported the Purple and White.

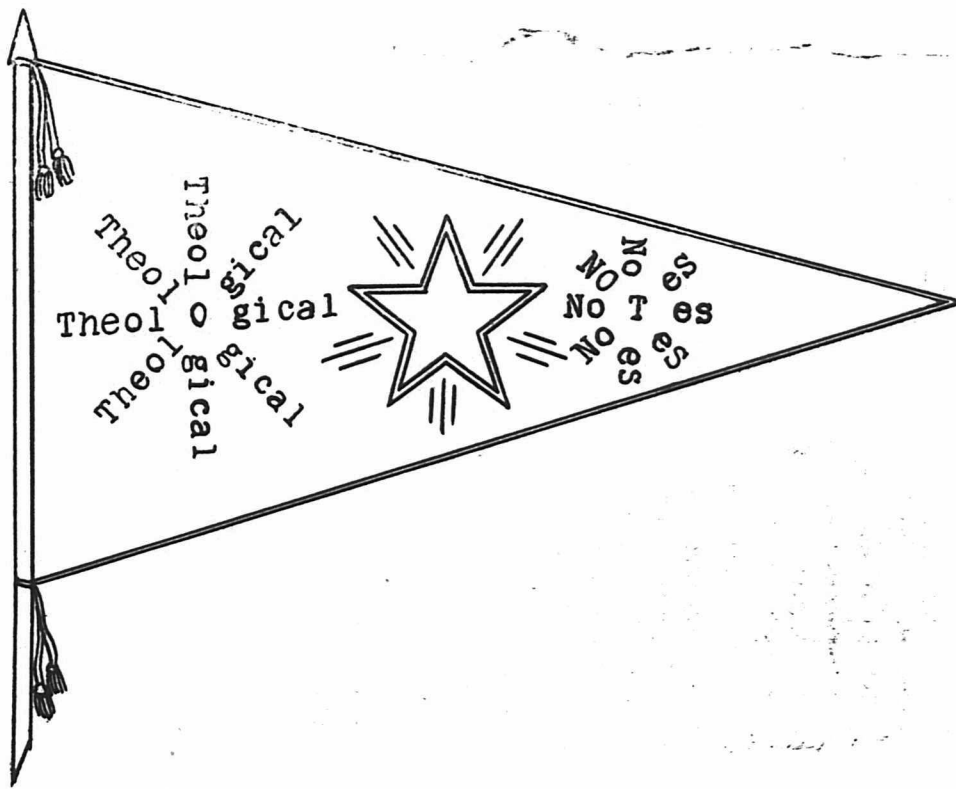
The opening event was the 100 yard dash. Clarence Barnett won first place for the Purple, but the Orange took all the rest. Ballard got first in the Shot Put; Horth, of the Purple, first in the Ball throw. Ralph Kaufman took first honors in the mile. He was well in the lead all the way in from the half-mile mark and kept his feet until he crossed the line, although, in the last hundred yards, the crowd held their breath, expecting him to fall. Woodhead won second place over Dryer by about a foot. The 220 Dash was taken almost entirely by the Purple and White, Clarence Barnett winning first and Ballard being the only Orange man to take a place.

The morning closed with a score of 46-44 in favor of the Orange and Black.

In the afternoon fate seemed to favor the Purple. Luckey won the tennis singles from Dezell; and Luckey and Hubbard won the doubles from Ballard and Dezell. The Hammer throw did not help the Orange any either, for Johnson, of the Purple, won first and again Ballard was the only Orange man to take a place. Luck seemed to change with the Pole Vault. Lee took first and Boice was the only Purple man to get a place. But with the Ball Game things swung back again to the Purple and they won by a score of 5-4.

The Half-mile, 440 yard, Relay Race and High Jump had to be omitted on account of darkness, and the Purple and White were winners.

Clarence Barnett made the highest number of individual points, seventeen in number, and Ballard was a close second.



We are just closing a very enjoyable and successful year for the members of the theological department. An enrollment of nineteen students, with others taking some studies in this department, is an encouraging record. Next year will, no doubt, bring all of the present number back, while already prospective students are corresponding with reference to the coming year's work, therefore, an increased attendance is expected.

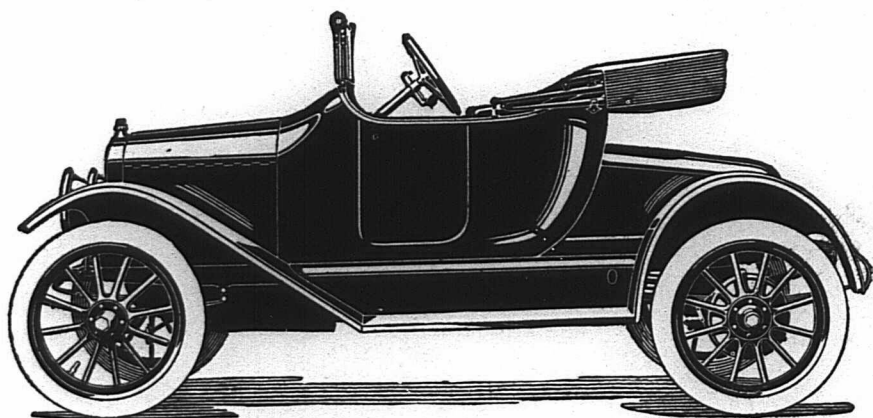
The prayer services, held in the theological room every Monday afternoon, have been seasons of special blessing. One brother recently testified to an especial enduement of power and victory in his life.

The day's work is always begun by invoking the blessing of God upon our efforts.

Rev. Mr. Koontz of Syracuse, president of the New York State Holiness Association; with Mr. and Mistress Northway of Nunda visited Professor Coleman recently, looking over the campus and the buildings. They expressed their appreciation of the character of the work being done here, and are in full sympathy with our standards.

We feel confident that, in future years, we shall look back to the times of spiritual uplift that we have enjoyed here, and to the ties of friendship that have been formed, and thank God that we have been permitted to attend the Theological Department of Houghton Seminary.

F. B. M.



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Harry Cohen

Fillmore, N. Y.

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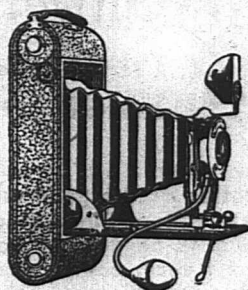
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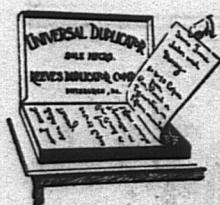
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