

Fidelia Harburtou

# The Houghton Star

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## PROFESSOR MCDOWELL VISITS HOUGHTON

On Tuesday, October 21st, we were delighted with a visit from President McDowell of our Miltonvale school. It seemed good to have him again facing us in chapel and to be refreshed again with his keen wit, good humor, and practical application of common sense, which latter we may more fitly express as uncommon good sense.

Professor McDowell chose as a basis for his discourse the verse of scripture found in Ecclesiastes XI, 9, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee." He showed that the right kind of joy was that which resulted from right relationship to God, and that the joy resulting from work well done is better, more enduring, and productive of results far richer than the joy that comes to the fellow who is only "in for a good time" and who has neither eye open to the future.

He gave us a good illustration of the result of the studious habit in the life of Mr. Forgan, president of the First National Bank of Chicago.

When Mr. Forgan began work in the bank he began to study the business. He studied the men who did business with the bank. He discovered what the money which passed through the teller's window meant to the man who turned it in or drew it out. There came a call one day for a man who could take charge of a bank in Nova Scotia. Mr. Forgan was younger in business than others, but he knew the business, and he got the job. In his new position he soon found it necessary to make out a report so complicated that, by all the natural laws of his business career, he could scarcely have been expected to be able to make it. What did he do? Back in his former position he had at one time been called upon to copy just such a report. The average fellow would have considered it a tedious peice of work. The quickest way of doing it would have seemed entirely too slow, and he would have breathed a big sigh of relief when it was finished. Forgan saw some-

thing in it that he wanted to know. He took plenty of time in copying it, and when he was done he knew something that he didn't know when he began. That is why, when he found it necessary to make the complicated report up in Nova Scotia he got busy, made it out, sent it in. He had acquired the studious habit. That is why he is at the head of the Chicago National Bank to-day.

We like your talks, President McDowell. Come again.  
C. A. R.

## IMPROVEMENTS FOR HOUGHTON

Mr. Joseph P. Porter, a representative from the Landscape Art Department of the University of Cornell, gave us an inspiring talk in chapel on October 23rd.

In 1917 Professor R. W. Curtis of the Landscape Art Department was in Houghton and drew up a plan for the improvement of our school grounds. Mr. Porter is here continuing the work, particularly that relative to the new roads.

Our location here is delightful, and with a little industry and perseverance we shall be able to make our school surroundings so beautiful that they will be a joy to us forever.

Mr. Porter is also making plans for the improvement of the school farm and of Houghton Park.

C. A. R.

## THE SEMINARY FARM

Some of our students may not know that the Seminary owns and rents on shares a very good dairy farm. The old students may not all be aware of the progress that is being made in the size and efficiency of the farm. This farm is situated about one and one half miles west of the campus. It consists of two hundred eighteen acres of land. On the farm is a new modern barn eighty-six feet long. There are two silos, besides other necessary farm buildings. A new well of excel-

lent water was drilled this summer and a new milk-house is just about to be erected. Clifford Hurlburt of Freedom, New York is here now to construct it for us. There are on the farm about thirty head of cows and young cattle, more than twenty hogs and pigs, five hundred bushels of oats, and sufficient hay and silage to winter the stock in addition to twenty tons of excellent hay and one thousand bushels of potatoes for market. Mr. Will Luckey, a brother of President Luckey, is the present tenant and he is proving an efficient one. It might be well for the young people to visit the school farm on some of their "hikes". At any rate it should not be forgotten that this farm was formerly the property of Willard J. Houghton and the early home of Leonard E. Houghton. It is the intention of the Seminary Board to continue to improve the farm in both its ideal and its practical interests.

H. L. F.

## NEW FACULTY PERSONELL

The personell of the faculty has materially changed since 1918. Five of last year's staff are elsewhere. Miss Davis is teaching public school music in Franklinville; Miss Moses teaches History and English in an Academy at Belleville, N.Y.; Prof. Hester is continuing his course in the Oberlin Seminary; Prof. Smith is studying in Cornell; and Miss Hillpot is at Frenchtown, N. J., caring for her father.

Five new teachers occupy the places made vacant. Professor George Sprague comes to us with special fitness along missionary lines, having served six years as a missionary in Africa.

Professor Sprague's wife, formerly May Lord, is library and study room attendant.

Miss Beatrice Eldredge is instructor in elocution. She is a graduate of Syracuse School of Oratory.

Miss Hazel Eddy, instructor in vocal music has been teaching in Wisconsin since being graduated from Oberlin Conservatory in 1915.

With Miss Millie Paddock, instructor

in instrumental music, many are acquainted, as she supplied for Miss Hillpot four years ago. Miss Paddock is a graduate of the New England Conservatory at Boston.

Professor La Vay Fancher, instructor in science, brings a varied experience both in education and in army service. Besides having taken an Extension Course from Albany Teacher's College and a summer school at Columbia, and holding an A. B. from Oberlin, Professor Fancher has held the position of principal of High Schools in Albany and Warren counties. In the army he held commissions in the Artillery, the Signal Corps and the Aviation Corps and was a licensed pilot.

J. E. H.

## Current News

Miss Ruth Houghton spent the week end with her uncle at Belfast and then motored to Olean where she visited her cousin, Mrs. Pearl Kelly.

Miss Lillian Christman spent the week end, Oct. 17-19, with her parents at Wellsville.

Miss Helen A. Sicard of Syracuse is visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Sicard, for two weeks.

Mrs. Blanche Stevens and daughter of Clymer, Pa. returned home Monday, after visiting her son Harold Snyder.

Misses Vera McElheney and Laura Baker of Rushford High School spent Thursday with Miss Mabel Mattoon.

Miss Mary Mountain of Rushford visited her brother Thomas one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Messner of Akron, Ohio are visiting Mrs. Messner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Steese.

Professor La Vay Fancher spent Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at a meeting of Physical Training directors in Rochester.

Lewis Silsbee has recently purchased a new Buick car.

Harold Luckey visited his parents here a couple of days last week.

Everett Lapham has entered the Junior College Class.

Robert Presley, a former student of Houghton, was in town Friday night for the Recital. He is working at Belfast, N. Y., as telegraph operator.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddy of Albion, N. Y. visited Miss Hazel Eddy on Friday, Oct.

24. Miss Eddy and Miss Kelley returned home with them.

Lovina Thayer was home from Alfred to spend the week end with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Woodhead are entertaining their nieces, Misses Bertha and Rena Woodhead from Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Crawford have been entertaining a brother and a niece from Warsaw.

Lula Calkins visited her brother, Will Calkins, and other relatives this week.

Mrs. H. J. Bullock is visiting her daughter Gratia, at the Dorm, and other friends in town.

Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Bullock and daughters were guests at the home of L. H. Fancher Saturday night.

Maude Reddy acted as telegraph operator at the depot Saturday night.

Esther Bush has a position as accountant with Kohn Co., Bradford, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Knox visited her parents Sunday.

Mrs. Van Buskirk was shopping in Olean Monday.

C. J. Thayer and family recently entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Thompson of Sonyea.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Talbott of Fox Hill are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter. They were both former Seminary students. Old students will remember Mrs. Talbott as Miss Nellie Smith.

Prof. Fancher and Mr. Cott have decided to exchange residences. Mr. Cott is to rent the farm where Prof. Fancher has been living, while the Professor has purchased Mr. Cott's farm.

John Bruce has been called home by the serious illness of his sister.

Max Molyneaux was so unfortunate as to break his wrist, in attempting to crank a Ford.

Misses Kitterman, Fish, and Ellingwood spent the the week end, Oct. 24-26, with Miss Anna Haynes of Rushford.

Professor La Vay Fancher gave an excellent chapel address on Theodore Roosevelt, Oct. 27, that being the date of the ex-president's 61st anniversary.

## ARE YOU A SOUL WINNER?

Who is the real soul winner of today? Have you not come in contact with people who live a cheerful, upright, consistent holy life- people who by their presence and life really create within you a desire to live such a life as they?

Then you have met people with whom you were very favorably impressed at first

acquaintance, but as you became somewhat intimate with them your respect and appreciation of them began to wane. In fact you regret that you became intimate because of the lack of respect and confidence it brought with it.

I am quite sure you have met with both classes, but possibly you have not discovered the secret of the former. We might simply say that the one is living the victorious life, while the other is enduring the up and down, ever defeated life. I am sure we can safely go beyond this in our diagnosis of the real secret.

When we meet those impressive characters our desire to hear them relate their experience is at once aroused. We drink in every word that falls from their lips as they carefully point out to us the stepping stones of true success in their life. They tell us of a remarkable conversion, when God for Christ's sake washed away their many sins. Then of the Pentocostal experience when God came in his fullness and destroyed that always existing something that seemed to hold them down, that which caused doubt; that which kept them from getting beyond themselves and breaking thru to the beautiful rays of sunlight where unfathomed joy and peace is found.

After hearing such an experience you feel greatly disposed to get alone and carefully consider and question yourself why your life is not full and overflowing like others. How often we are prone to excuse ourselves by saying that God wants me to be natural, and my natural makeup and tendency is to be rather despondent and gloomy. Well, the Lord bless you, He does want you to be natural, but with that naturalness to have an overflowing amount of old time bible holiness; and if such an experience will not overpower and drive out the gloom, then I am obliged to say that you are a natural born pessimist and there is absolutely no hope for your recovery.

It is needless for me to ask which person would attract you or accomplish the most in life. You know beyond question that the real soul winner is the one who is living the victorious life. Constant victory first means a genuine heart repentance and destruction of the carnal mind, second it means a life of prayer, fellowship and activity.

Is it not a fact that like produces like and we can only help others to the extent or degree that we have gone ourselves?

J. E. B.

### HALLOWEEN IN SMOKY HOLLOW

"Think of it, Bob, most seven weeks of school are past, and it seems as though we only started coming a few days ago."

"Yes, and our last year, too. Say, Ella, what do you suppose we'll be doing next year at this time."

"I'm sure I don't know. If Ralph Lane hadn't been killed in the war, he would have taught another year and given us first year high school work. And if papa hadn't died, mother says he used to plan on sending us to Houghton Seminary, and then to college. But now, I'm sure I don't know what we will do."

The above conversation took place at the lunch hour in a little red school-house, perched on a hillside in the sunny Catskills. Below, the tranquil valley, known as Smoky Hollow, stretched away among the foothills, following the windings of Smoky Creek. Robert and Ella Mosher, twins, as anyone could tell at a glance, sat on the school-house step munching the lunch contained in a little tin pail. They appeared to be fourteen years old, but perhaps the slight puckering of their foreheads, caused by pondering over the future, made them seem older than they really were. Both had light hair and dancing, blue eyes. Their faces were open and winsome.

After a rather lengthy pause in the conversation, Ella's face suddenly brightened.

"Oh Bob, guess what! Three more days and it will be Halloween! What shall we do?"

"Halloween? Why, I never thought of that!"

There was a moment of deliberation, and then a happy thought occurred to Robert.

"I know what let's do," he exclaimed. "Let's a bunch of us go down to Johnson's place, and roll their buggy in the creek! You remember how he wouldn't let us pick up any of his apples to eat."

This suggestion met with Ella's immediate disapproval.

"Oh no, let's not do that, because the girls can't go along. Let's all do something together, the whole school."

But, Ella, what else is there to do? We might carry off Barton's gate, or

put a tick-tack on Mrs. Wilson's window. She'd near throw a fit."

By this time, an idea had occurred to Ella. "I know, let's have a surprise party!"

"Who'll we surprise?"

"Well-l-l, there's Mr. and Mrs. Lane."

There was a slight pause for consideration of this idea. Finally Robert answered, "That's not bad. Suppose we ask the rest what they think about it."

And thus it came about that the dozen heterogeneous specimens of boyhood and girlhood attending the Smoky Hollow district school formulated a plan. Of course, there was wordy and animated discussion before all the details were worked out. Nevertheless, thanks to Ella's and Robert's engineering, the scheme was finally decided upon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane were the parents of Ralph Lane, who had planned to teach this year again and give first year high school work to Robert and Ella. They were a kind-hearted old couple, and liked by all the children in the neighborhood. Their boy had enlisted in the Great War, and had been killed. That happened just before the armistice, eleven months ago. "Then why not give Mr. and Mrs. Lane a vase in memory of their teacher," thought the children. The vase was first suggested by Ella, and no one could improve on it. Her mother, she said, was going to the city in a day or two, and could get the vase if each one would bring twenty-five cents. This seemed a lot of money, but all had dearly loved Ralph when he taught two years ago. Consequently, each one undertook to procure money from his parents, and to bring it to school the next morning. All had just taken a dire oath of secrecy, "Cross my heart and I'll never tell nobody but pa and ma," when the school bell rang for the afternoon session.

There was so much excited whispering back and forth that afternoon that the teacher grew quite impatient as the day dragged along, but, at last, the hands of the clock pointed to four. After a short lecture on deportment, the children grabbed their wraps and burst out doors with shouts of relief. There was another short consultation back of the woodshed while final plans were laid. The teacher, happening to hear the knot of boys and girls talking

in excited undertones, thought mischief was brewing. For once she was mistaken.

As Ella and Robert slowly wended their way homeward a little later, they again thought of how their school life and fun were drawing to a close.

"Wait till I'm eighteen," declared Ella, "I shall teach school and earn money. And then I'm going to Houghton."

"And I'll work and save money and go with you. Mother says I can do almost as much as a man all ready."

Mrs. Mosher heartily joined in her children's plans for Halloween, glad that no mischief was afoot. And when Robert told how he and Ella were going to work to earn money for high school, she was more glad. Yet secretly, she understood only too well the difficulties ahead.

The next two days seemed long and tedious to the children of Smoky Hollow. Mrs. Mosher was given the money and procured what appeared to the admiring purchasers the most wonderful vase in the world! Three dollars and twenty-five cents, the price tag read, and Mrs. Mosher had supplied the last quarter.

October thirty-first, the long looked for day, finally arrived. There was a morning of fidgeting and an afternoon of suspense. A last rehearsal of all the various parts was held around the bend in the road, just out of sight of school. And then all scattered to meet again at fifteen minutes to eight by the big oak tree opposite widow Wilson's orchard.

As dusk deepened into twilight, and the air grew keen with frost, Smoky Hollow sheltered many homes where snug contentment reigned. In cellar and barn, the bins were heaped with the harvest's golden stores. Here and there cheery lights pierced the semi-darkness from farmhouse window.

Had a mischievous elf, or spirit, such as are wont to go abroad on Halloween, peeped in the old Lane home that night, however, he would have found two lonely hearts. The elderly couple were sitting in silence around the fireplace brooding over the past. In front, the fire crackled merrily, casting flickering shadows in the darker recesses of the big room. They could scarcely have been dreading the winter, for the past season had been

### THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## Editorial

### WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

The question is often raised "Why do you attend college?" Many people look upon the four years spent in college as wasted or worse than wasted. They cannot see why we should spend so much time in study when we might be out in the world earning money instead of spending it. We must admit that many people go to college merely to have a good time, and perhaps in such cases the time is wasted. But it must also be admitted that the college graduate has a much better choice of work than the person who did not finish a college course.

President Woodrow Wilson says that the college is "for the training of the men who are to rise above the ranks." Statistics show that he is right. By far the greater number of our prominent men have been college graduates. It is not so much the amount of information that one receives at college which counts, for after he has finished his course there are whole worlds of information as yet untouched, but it is the mental discipline he has received which counts.

The college man is a specialist. He has learned one line of work especially well, but if he has received all that he should from his training he will not be confined to that one branch alone. He will be able easily to adapt himself to other lines of work whenever it becomes necessary. Wilson also says, "We live in an age when no achievement is to be cheaply had." That statement is being proved every day. More and more the call is for trained men, men who have learned the secret of achievement, and people are beginning to see more and more the value of the right kind of education. We should therefore see to it that our years in college are well spent, and that they mean to us all that it is possible for them to mean.

### THE GREAT AMERICAN

Scarcely ten months have passed since a message sent from Oyster Bay bore the word that Theodore Roosevelt was dead. Thruout the land men turned from their rejoicings in the advent of peace to mourn the loss of a friend and leader. All men from those high in literature and politics to the humblest laborer, hastened to pay tribute to his memory.

The place the ex-president holds in the affections of the American people is secure. Some saw faults, indeed, but if he made enemies he made stronger friends. Fearless yet sincere, he was looked upon as a hero, and champion of fair dealing. Men conceived him as a friend, and that in an intensely personal way. "No man," says Dr. Frank Crane, "has ever been more a part of every man in America than Theodore Roosevelt."

To his public career it would be difficult to find a parallel. Lieutenant Colonel of the Rough Riders in the Spanish War; champion of integrity and honesty in city and state government, and in national governmental affairs; naturalist; hunter of big game, writer and moral philosopher: Mr. Roosevelt's thirty-five years of public service represent a life of phenomenal productive activity.

Americanism was the great theme of his later years. He loved his native land supremely—it was his overwhelming passion. Ready to make good his words with deeds he sent four sons to the front in combative service. More

than any other man our country has produced, Theodore Roosevelt is the personification of America.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association is now conducting a campaign for the erection of a monumental memorial in Washington, and for the maintenance of a park in the town of Oyster Bay to be preserved like Mount Vernon and Mr. Lincoln's home at Springfield.

### FAREWELL

Whither bound, bluebird,  
Pride of the summer,  
Monarch of melody,  
Joy of the world?  
"Far away, somewhere,  
Life ever vernal  
Promises bluebirds  
Springtime eternal."  
Have you a message,  
Herald of happiness,  
Jewel of memory,  
Ere you depart?  
"Time's sweetest lesson,  
Dearest one, learn:  
I will not fail you,  
I will return!"

L. K. H.

## Organizations

### ATHENIAN SOCIETY

Some of our members have been very kind in relating some events which occurred during the time they spent in the service of Uncle Sam in our recent war.

Fenno Densmore of Michigan gave an account of his time spent in the service of his country including the time spent in training camps, his trip over the "pond" and his sojourn in France. He seems to have a favorable opinion of the French people especially of the French "lassies."

Cecil Russell of Houghton who was also a member of the U. S. Army gave an interesting narration of a battle which took place at Vesle River. He was engaged in active warfare and was one of those many heroes who were compelled to go without food or water for several days.

Prof. Fancher of Houghton, one of Uncle Sam's aviators, related some exciting events of aviation. Among

them was an experience with an airplane near the Scotfield flying station in Illinois. We surely cannot tell in words how much we owe these heroic soldiers of U. S.

Ray Russell, a former Athenian, rendered an impromptu speech, thus giving an account of himself since being a student of Houghton. He at first spent one season raising vegetables, taught school one year and now has a Civil Service appointment at Washington. —H. R.

### NEOSOPHIC SOCIETY

Real talent is beginning to make its appearance in the programs of the Neosophic Society.

On Monday, October 20th, a splendid program was rendered, one of the main features being a quartette, with a ukelele accompaniment. Miss Nora Mattoon, president of the society, played the accompaniment and Miss Helen Clark, Edward Samets and Royal Woodhead were the other members of the quartette. Then selections were well rendered.

Wilbur Clark, also gave two vocal solos which were pleasing to the Society. Mr. Clark tells us that this is the first time he has ever appeared in public alone; so we can see how much the work of the Society is doing for the development of talent of the young people.

Members of the Society are getting more and more interested in the work, and are putting themselves into it with much enthusiasm.

An entire musical program will be given soon, at which time the ukelele "band" now being organized, will take an important part. Much of the musical talent of the Society will be brought out at this time. —A. B.

### HALLOWEEN IN SMOKY HOLLOW

Continued from page 3.  
one of prosperity. And yet, their hearts were sad. The old woman first broke the silence.

"Si," she said, "if Ralph were here, he'd be teaching now, and next fall we could have sent him to college. But now, instead of him benefiting by our savings, his insurance is"—A quaver caused her voice to break.

"No, Martha, it don't seem hardly

right," Silas answered after a long pause. "But Divine Providence saw fit to take our boy, and I s'pose He knows best."

There was another long silence. As yet, the course of time had not dulled the poignant grief of mother and father.

"Si, I've been thinking as how we have plenty and to spare," said Martha, again breaking the silence. "Seems as though we might do something for Ralph yet. When he was teaching school, he was always talking about how bright little Robert and Ella Mosher were. And he was expecting to teach this year, if the war should be over, partly so as to give first year high school work to them. The children do hate to give up school so much, too. Don't you think we might do something for them? They have always been so good to us, too, running errands, and helping in other ways till they seem most like our own children." And leaving her husband to think the matter over, she got up to light the lamp.

The idea was not entirely new to Silas. The more he thought of it, the more he liked it. And so, after a long conversation, they arranged a plan. That very night, they would invite Robert and Ella over to tell them. Their eyes shone with happiness at the thought of the pleasure they were about to give. Just then a startling thought struck the old woman.

"Oh Si, here it is Halloween, and I don't believe you've locked the outside cellar door, and looked after putting things in the barn. It's just possible that some of the boys might be out looking for mischief to-night."

Hardly are the words out of her mouth, when a great commotion is heard outside. As both hesitate a moment, the two outside doors and cellar door burst open and a head in each shouts, "S'prise!"

There is a great deal of laughter as Robert, Ella, and ten other boys and girls file in, one carrying most carefully a tall box. Soon chairs and boxes are grouped around the warm sitting room. Then Robert, as spokesman, steps forward and presents the vase, with a little speech, to "Mr. and Mrs. Lane, from the Smoky Hollow School, in memory of their beloved teacher, Ralph Lane."

Tears glistened for a moment in the eyes of both father and mother. But after an instant, the hostess thought of her duties. Before long, she had molasses candy on the stove. A big pan of apples soon made their appearance, followed by pop-corn and corn-popper. An evening of merriment followed with taffy-pulling, apple-bobbing, and such freehearted fun as boys and girls delight in.

Finally, late in the evening, the time came for the party to break up. As the children said good-by, their faces still glowing from excitement, Mrs. Lane asked Robert and Ella to remain a minute. Suspecting nothing out of the ordinary, they waited. As Ella thought "Maybe she's baked a pie she wants to send to mother."

"Sit down, children," Mrs. Lane began in a motherly voice. "I want to tell you some plans Silas and I have been thinking over."

Somewhat astonished, the twins sat down.

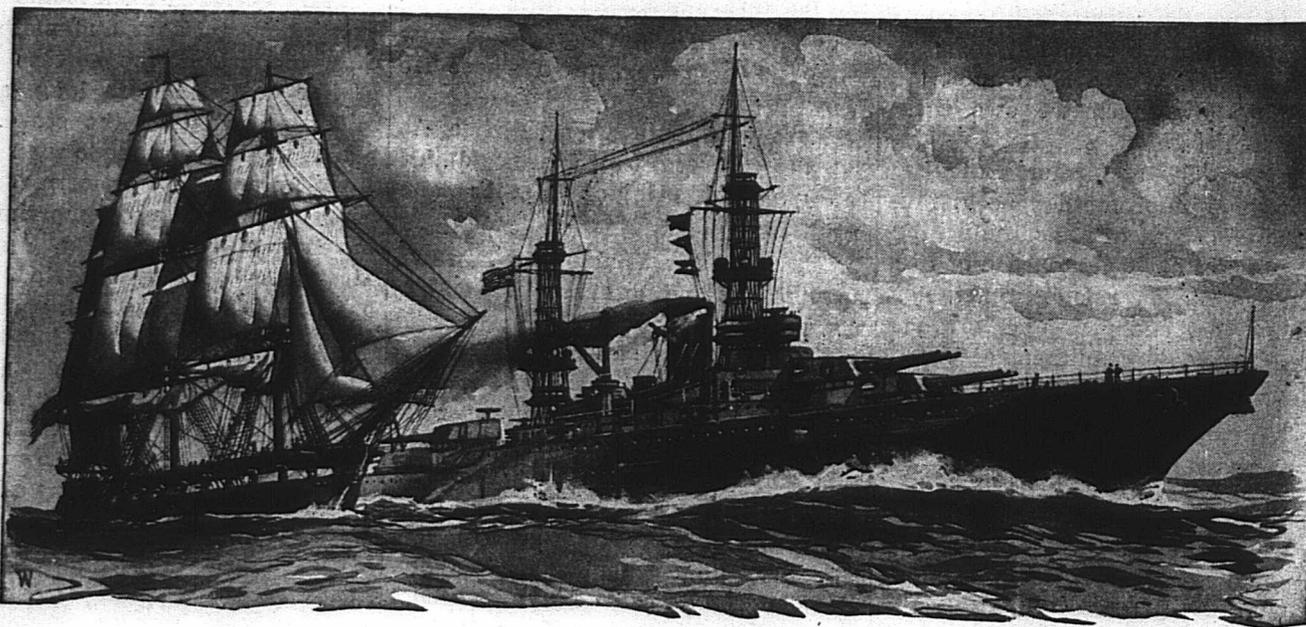
"You see, we have been thinking about our son. He had planned to go through college, and we had saved, little by little, and we thought in another year we could send him through, with what he would get teaching. Well, then he went away to war, and you know the rest." Her voice trembled.

"Well," she continued, "now we find that he had insured his life for quite a bit when he entered the army, and the insurance is enough to keep Silas and me comfortable the rest of our lives. And, to make a long story short, knowing how interested he was in you children, and how you wanted to go through school, we decided to send you both to Houghton Seminary next year. You have been almost like our own children, running errands, and doing little things here and there. So now my dears, we want to do this for you."

Happy! It is doubtful if there could have been a happier boy or girl than Robert and Ella at that moment. Certainly, they did not think so. Robert was unable to restrain a shout, and was for running home immediately to tell the glad news. Ella, in girl fashion, threw her arms around Mrs. Lane's neck, and cried.

"I feel as though I had two mothers, yes, and another father," she said. "I don't see how you can be so good. Now, I'm going to run home and tell mother, cause I know how glad she'll be." And away they both ran toward home.

"Was there ever such a Halloween before!" panted Robert. —P. R. Russell



## The "Constitution" of To-day—Electrically Propelled

**T**HE U. S. S. "New Mexico," the first battleship of any nation to be electrically propelled, is one of the most important achievements of the scientific age. She not only develops the maximum power and, with electrical control, has greater flexibility of maneuver, which is a distinct naval advantage, but also gives greater economy. At 10 knots, her normal cruising speed, she will steam on less fuel than the best turbine-driven ship that preceded her.

The electric generating plant, totaling 28,000 horsepower, and the propulsion equipment of the great super-dreadnaught were built by the General Electric Company. Their operation has demonstrated the superiority of electric propulsion over old-time methods and a wider application of this principle in the merchant marine is fast making progress.

Six auxiliary General Electric Turbine-Generators of 400 horsepower each, supply power for nearly 500 motors, driving pumps, fans, shop machinery, and kitchen and laundry appliances, etc.

Utilizing electricity to propel ships at sea marks the advancement of another phase of the electrical industry in which the General Electric Company is the pioneer. Of equal importance has been its part in perfecting electric transportation on land, transforming the potential energy of waterfalls for use in electric motors, developing the possibilities of electric lighting and many other similar achievements.

As a result, so general are the applications of electricity to the needs of mankind that scarcely a home or individual today need be without the benefits of General Electric products and service.

### Figures that tell the Story of Achievement

Length—624 feet  
 Width—97 feet  
 Displacement—32,000 tons  
 Fuel capacity—a million gallons (fuel oil)  
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*An illustrated booklet describing the "New Mexico," entitled, "The Electric Ship," will be sent upon request. Address General Electric Company, Desk 44, Schenectady, New York.*

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1916

On Tuesday Evening October the twenty-first in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen according to the common laws of nature and good wishes of Dame Fortune, the class tree planted June the fourteenth in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen, returned to the spacious drawing room of Professor Coleman's residence on Overlook point to be examined.

In looking upon this tree Professor LaVay Fancher, who by the way according to Houghton tradition in reference to all Senior Parties acted as chaperon and especially assisted the two lonely male members in entertaining five of the fairer sex, to say nothing of the bits added by Prof. and Mrs. Coleman when the former could be induced to leave his studies, found that four of the seven branches still clinging to the old class tree are with the dear Alma Mater, continuing the good work they started as it seems only a short time ago. He also noticed that Dan Cupid had evidently shot his graft arrow into this budding young tree of three years four months and seven days of age no less than five times, and according to his close observation of the cards and envelopes floating around he found no less than three more buds.

A witch or other wind spirit then entered by the way of thought and compelled each by lot to tell their fortune and give a practical demonstration. Imagine if you can Professor Coleman a musician, Mrs Coleman a housekeeper, Dorothy a conductor, Ray a missionary, Fidelia an office girl, Gratia a nurse, Edith a farmer, Carrie a merchant, Prof. Fancher a scrub woman and yours truly telling the people the good way instead of the High Lights.

A gentle wind then stirred these branches by way of a class meeting with our dear old President Ray at the head of six other enthusiastic members into doing a year's business as it passed in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixteen in about thirty minutes.

After our kind hostess, Miss Carrie, had served us with food and drink enough and to spare, we departed looking for little white beds to rest our weary heads murmuring the words of the poet,

"An image of that calm life appears  
That won my heart in my greener  
years."  
C. E. L.

## COLLEGE FRESHMEN CLASS

A Question of Chirography

Mr. White—glancing at the board—"What do you mean by Greek Wisdom?"

Mr. Hester—That says—"Seek Wisdom."

Ambiguous

Said Mr. Mountain to the President, Mr. White, "Madam President."

Numbers Again

Mr. White, speaking of ballots in class meeting—"How many did you get, Mr. Tillman?"

Mr. Tillman—"I got one from everyone here."

The class of 1923 now has an enrollment of 15 members as follows:

Charles White	Enno Densmore
Robert Haynes	Edwin Ballinger
Frank Tillman	J. Eloise Sherman
W. Orange Hester	Nellie Linebarger
Irwin Johnson	Gladys Grange
Archie Neal	Eleanor Farmer
Thomas Mountain	Elvira Lawrence
Charles Pocock	

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## Ginger Jar

Miss Editor—"Say, I got a nice letter from your brother to-day."

Orange—"Which one?"

He might have known it wasn't from John. Natural perversity.

We are still forced to consider Tilluan's superior pedigree. His uncles are preachers, lawyers, Mormon priests and governors, and altho his family, (and he says there are three or four thousand of them,) all have blue eyes, all these illustrious uncles of his have black hair without an exception.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

Prof. Coleman, in biblical geography,—  
 "Miss Sullivan, for what is Mt. ion noted?"

Miss Sullivan—"It was the scene of the transfiguration and the giving of the law."

Found, a new kind of fish bait. For further particulars see Eric W. Bascom, 4723 W. Water St. Tonsorial Parlors, Houghton, N. Y.

"Gratia, haven't you got any childhood impressions of Hallowe'en?"

Gratia—(Suddenly coming back to the realms of finite existence,) "I never had a childhood."

"Have you proof-read this article?"  
 The Editor "No, but John did, it's all the same."

Question in Bible exam.—"Who were the parents of Samuel?"

Answer - "Ruth and Boaz."

Miss. F.—What was the difference between the parliament of 1235 and that of 1295.

Pete—Thirty years, of course.

Mr. White, speaking of topics in Political Science—"My choice is 3, 6 or 9."

Prof. Sprague—"You must have singled her down closer than that when you got married."

Miss Fancher—"What kind of a man was Edward II?"

Pauline—"He had two sides."

Miss F.—"Most men do have."

?? Eleanor had Bob to the lecture, she also had Bob hair.