

*Isabelle Stebbins*

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# Houghton Star

MARCH, 1913.

Volume V.

Number Six.

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. V

MARCH, 1913.

No. 6

## The Unseen Force

Helen W. Kerr

The minister sat at his desk, his open Bible before him. Books and papers were scattered around. His hands lay tightly clasped in his lap. His face wore an expression of dejection and his gaze was dreamily fixed on the opposite window. He was not thinking of his sermon nor of his parishioners—ah no, he was discouraged. It was the night before Christmas and that night's service would close two weeks of special effort. Mr. Gardner had worked very hard to prepare his sermons and had spent much time in earnest prayer. But as far as he could see no definite good had been accomplished.

"What is the use," he thought, "of one's working and slaving? What does life amount to anyway? Since man is only permitted to stay on the earth a few short years, at best, is it not better to spend one's life in following pleasure, than to work and strive to uplift sinful and ungrateful fellowmen?"

He was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of his faithful wife.

"Why dear, what is the matter? You look so downhearted and—what! haven't you written a single word? Why you've been in here two whole hours. I have all my morning work done and —" Here the minister's wife paused for breath.

"What's the use of writing ser-

mons and wasting your time and effort on ungrateful people? Why, here, I've been preaching every night for two weeks and pleading with sinners to be saved. What good has it done? Not one has come to the altar. Who wouldn't be discouraged?"

"Why David, you are just like Elijah, discouraged and sitting under your Juniper tree. How do you know you haven't done any good? Eternity alone can tell how much these two weeks have meant for God. Come, cheer up, God will answer prayer. There is one service yet. Don't you remember the lesson God taught Elijah—that he sometimes works in ways unseen."

"Julia, you are a dear, good wife and the best comforter that ever was, I do believe," said David as he looked up, his face bright with a tender smile.

"God attended to Elijah's physical needs, you know; so I shall attend to yours. Come, get your dinner, then He will help you to prepare a good sermon. I'm sure He'll answer prayer tonight."

It was a beautiful evening. The snow was falling softly and steadily, covering the earth with a pure, white mantle like unto that of the Father himself. The merry chimes of sleighbells broke the evening's stillness and everything seemed to speak of Christmas cheer. The chimes in the church tower were



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pealing out their music through the frosty air, as two young women were walking up the broad church steps.

"I'd a great deal rather go to the Christmas ball tonight," said Eunice Fulton, "but mother insisted that I come to church, and I could not refuse her on Christmas eve."

"Oh, I love to hear Mr. Gardner preach," said Lucile Brown.

"I like to hear him preach well enough," returned her companion, "but his sermons make me feel so wicked and depraved."

By this time they had entered the church and further conversation was postponed.

Just one month before, Eunice Fulton had become twenty-one years of age, and had come into the possession of her aunt's estate amounting to nearly a million dollars. She was the only daughter of wealthy Christian parents, but owing to the semi-invalid condition of her mother, she had been left to herself a great deal. For this reason, she had grown up to be a proud, imperious young woman, whose will brooked no control.

Mr. Gardner announced the hymn, sang, read the Scripture, and prayed; but all the time his heart was going out in an agonizing cry to God. "Oh! Father use me tonight, save just one soul."

He slowly announced his text, "For unto you this day is born in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." He began his carefully prepared sermon, but suddenly an unaccountable hesitation came over him. The words faded from his mind. What should he do? He paused in an agony of suspense, but alas he could not recall one sentence.

Silently he placed his hands on the pulpit and bowed his head on them, while his heart cried out, "Oh God help me tonight!" Suddenly a holy hush fell upon the waiting congregation, as he lifted his head and stepped toward them.

His face shone radiantly as he stood there, tears streaming down his cheeks. The stillness grew more profound, as the white haired pastor looked over the congregation and asked in deep and tender tones, "Unto how many of you is He born? How many of you want Him for your Saviour?" That was all. He had spoken only two short sentences, but he had spoken them in the spirit, and with all the entreaty of his yearning heart.

No sound broke the sacred stillness in that holy sanctuary, save a sob here and there, until suddenly a young and handsomely dressed woman arose and quietly made her way to the altar. The man of God looked down at the kneeling, quivering form of Eunice Fulton and said softly, "Let us pray."

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David Gardner sat in his easy chair before the fire. His hands were clasped under his chin and his gaze was deeply thoughtful.

Julia entered the room.

"David," she said, "your meeting was successful tonight; I can tell it by your face."

"One soul, only one, when there are so many."

"Yes, but one immortal soul is of infinite value to our Father. Who was it, dear?" asked Julia quietly as she gently smoothed the damp hair from David's hot forehead.

"Eunice Fulton," and he lapsed into silence.

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The next morning at the breakfast table Mr. Gardner said, "Julia, I should like to tell you what I dreamed as I sat by the fire last night."

"It was the Judgment Day. All the nations of the earth were assembled before the throne of God. Suddenly I saw a glorious band gather together from various parts of the Judgment hall and move slowly toward the great throne. A young woman in a robe of dazzling whiteness stood calmly at the head of the glistening throng, while a crown blazing with a myriad of stars was plac-

ed upon her head. Soon my name was called, and I was given a place just beside the young woman. As I stood there wondering, I heard a voice, like the roaring of many waters say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' and the Judge placed a crown upon my head.

" 'But Lord,' I said, 'What does this mean?—this crown?—these stars—this shining company?'

"Answered he, 'Let me read,' and opening the Book of Life, he read, 'Saved through the efforts of David Gardner, one soul, Eunice Fulton. Given to my cause by Eunice Fulton a life of service, and a fortune that spread my Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth, bringing light to many, that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death; for my word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.'"

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## Wireless Telegraphy

Did it ever occur to you that the first form of communication was wireless telegraphy? The sending apparatus was either a bonfire on a hill-top or a semaphore, the carrying agent the other, and the receiver the human eye. The other is still employed to carry the messages, but the sending and receiving instruments are entirely different. The reason we can not see these signals as we see light, is because of their great wave length. There are many thousand light waves to the inch, but one wireless (electro magnetic) wave may be a mile or more in length.

This may seem strange yet light waves and electro magnetic radiation are one and the same thing. Faraday saw this truth in his imagination, Maxwell proved it by mathematics, and Hertz demonstrated it by experiment.

The Hertz transmitter was a static electric machine. The two knobs between which the discharge took place were connected to two large spheres in order to intensify

the waves. The receiver was a circle of copper wire with a small spark gap. The discharge of the transmitter caused a surging of electricity in the circle of copper wire which in turn produced very small sparks at the spark gap. This was the beginning of wireless telegraphy.

But Hertz did not stop with a proof of the existence of electric waves. He measured the length of waves from different sources, he showed that they traveled in straight lines like light, that they are reflected by metals, that a metal plate forms a screen behind which there is an electric shadow. He also showed that these waves can pass through wood and stone as light can pass through glass, and that a prism of pitch bends them on passing through as light is bent on passing through a glass prism.

For practical wireless telegraphy Hertz's receiver was not sensitive enough. But Edward Branly invented a practical form of the coherer.

In 1895 Popoff made experiments with apparatus for studying atmospheric electricity. For this purpose he used an "exploring rod," a wire extending upward for a considerable distance. Popoff's exploring rod was the origin of the antenna of the present day wireless equipment.

Thus we see that all the essentials of a wireless telegraph set (antenna, sending and receiving apparatus) were gradually evolved. Yet it took Guglielmo Marconi to put them together in a practical form.

Since its invention by Marconi wireless telegraphy has rapidly grown. At first messages could be sent a few hundred feet, or a few miles at most, but now hundreds of miles are easily reached. On Dec. 8, 1912, Honolulu was in communication with Washington a distance of nearly 6,000 miles.

Trans-Atlantic communication has been a common thing for some time. Even amateurs have taken up this invention until it is hard to find a large city that does not have one or more of these stations. Although wireless apparatus has been greatly



improved in the past few years, great chances for improvement are yet open and time only will tell what great things may yet be accomplished in this field of science.

S. C. D., Prep. '13.



## Why Katherine Left the Dorm

C. Belle Russell, '14

She appeared at the dormitory in early fall. No one knew her pedigree and she vouchsafed no information. Beauty she possessed of a rare, evanescent type, yet she looked too frail and willowily for perfect health. One maiden expressed the unvoiced opinion of many when she exclaimed: "Why, the poor thing doesn't look as if she had had half enough to eat." It was probably the truth, for when food was placed before her, she ate ravenously.

Her table manners would not have been tolerated by Lord Chesterfield, nor a less sympathetic dean. In most ways she was charming. None ever knew her to repulse a friendly advance, but shyly and graciously she accepted all overtures of friendship. She said little, but always responded to a gentle pat on the shoulders with a low murmur that reminded one of the last faint echoes of a cathedral organ, while gratitude softly gleamed from her soulful eyes.

Dormitory life seemed to please her. She never found a syllable of fault with the fried potatoes and the ten o'clock rule. No mortal on the place was so unoffending and easy to deal with. Quiet and unassuming was she at all times, though she grew playful as a kitten after a few weeks of loving care and nourishing food. As a blossoming rose, the petals of her sweet and tender affection unfolded daily, and she would twine her arms tenaciously about the necks of her friends as though loth to let them go, albeit, the second bell had perhaps rung for classes. Her own schedule was very light.

There were times when she showed decided musical talent, though as a general thing she was coy about sing-

ing in public. Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low, an excellent thing in—I can not go on, but a great poet once started something like that. On rare occasions she burst forth into melodies whose entrancing beauty rose from floor to floor of the dorm, its sweet resonance penetrating every nook and cranny of the old brick building.

One word of praise is due her intellectuality. She was not the most stupid member of the trig class. All her friends know that she was keen on sines, while she took a lively delight in tangents. When dear old Prof. looked over his glasses and patiently inquired: "Is this clear as a bell?" She never replied: "It is not."

Nothing gave her greater delight than the jolly spreads which are so thrilling a feature of dorm life. On these occasions she was never known to indulge in the impudent remarks that some do. If the smallest portion fell to her lot, she accepted it meekly and thankfully, but never hesitated to indicate that more was wanted if she finished before the others.

The beautiful days of autumn sped fleetly by and winter with its howling blasts and bitter temperatures came all too soon.

Katherine's friends proved traitors. No cause was apparent, yet one by one they forsook her, and day by day she stood by the window, her attitude growing more and more wistful as she gazed into the unresponsive faces of her former friends, her heart yearning for one sign of recognition. If perchance one did address a remark to her or stretch out a friendly hand, it was almost pitiful to watch her joy. Her heart yearned for human sympathy. It seemed at times as though she must cry aloud to relieve the unbearable ache in her breast. "O speak to me! Speak to me! Won't you speak to me?" Every motion of her slender body showed the agony of her soul.

The days grew colder and colder. It was January. Unhappy and friendless, lone, desolate, forsaken, she shivered as the un pitying winds pierced her thin garments, for she was lightly

clad and there was no kind benefactor to give her a warm cloak. Through the long day she stood by her window and far into the night, for no one cared enough about her to see if she kept the retiring rule, and her face was pressed against the cold pane while her eyes stared straight ahead with unutterable pain and longing. The gladness and brightness had passed out of her life, the old time buoyancy of spirit was gone and in their stead reigned blighting despair and infinite misery.

Slowly passed the dreary days of January, and now it was February. On a gray, chilly afternoon, as the grief-stricken little creature was walking with lagging step across the bleak hill behind the campus, there suddenly appeared a two-legged monster carrying a gun. There was a sharp report and the weary little dorm cat lay down nine sorrowful lives.

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## The Powers Recital

Leland T. Powers, who appeared before a large audience in Houghton Seminary Chapel on the evening of March first in an expressive reading of Charles Dickens' masterpiece, David Copperfield, offered those present a choicer opportunity than many realized. Mr. Powers not only stands first among American impersonators, but he reads publicly for only a month or six weeks during the school year, and only occasionally through the summer. Although his repertoire is large, including dramas from Shakespeare, Goldsmith and others, fiction and poetry from the pens of the great literary men and women of the world, he is considered to be pre-eminently successful in the interpretation of Dickens' characters. So in his rendering of David Copperfield the best both of creative and of interpretative art was presented.

The eight scenes chosen by Mr. Powers give the essential episodes in the development of the main and subordinate plots. He said that the choice and sequence of incidents had been changed and improved many

times since the arrangement was first presented to the public. However it is not plot action, but character portrayal that makes such a reading of literary and moral worth.

In Uriah Heep and Mr. Micawber, both caricatures, there was much cleverness of execution, if less art. Truly it is nothing short of marvelous that the same man could assume the eel likeness of "H-e-e-p, Heep" that "foxy and diabolical employer," and the next second acquire the balloon plus fence post effect of the "Waiting-for-something - to-turn-up" Micawber. The unique humor of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, so enjoyable in the printed page of David Copperfield, is far from losing any of its charm in Mr. Powers' rendering.

Of course the keener insight into the book came to us through the more serious characters. How unfortunate that Steerforth should be true to life—Steerforth, whose lamentable lack of willpower and moral ideals was best displayed by his exclamation, "Oh, why should anyone have to resist anything!" The baseness of which he was capable seemed more appalling when we saw the face Ham, whose burden of grief had resulted in mental unbalance; or the crushed soul of Peggotty as it spoke in his face and form when he went out into the night to search for Em'ly. How shall we speak of Peggotty! His is the one character markedly developing during the unfolding of the plot. He was delightful at the beginning, but at the end, in Mr. Powers' own words, he was Christlike. He never forsook his search for the lost and sinful Em'ly, and he loved her increasingly unto the end.

The artistic success of the reading grows upon one in retrospection. The merging of the artists' own personality into that of the character impersonated was so complete that we do not think of Mr. Powers as Micawber, but simply of Micawber. Another element that seems almost to have bordered upon magic was the change from one person to another, which made it possible for him to represent in a single moment four or



five different people. This change was so rapid, so radical and so perfect that we were made to feel that the art of expression, has, in conjunction with its aesthetic, a well defined and well developed mechanical side.

We are glad that the talent that Mr. Powers has enriched and perfected by years of patient practice and persistent application will not be limited to his career alone, but that through his School of Expression he may be able to bequeath some of it to others, and through them continue to widen the field of literary appreciation.

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## The Policeman

Sarah Davison

Back and forth, back and forth, over his lonely beat walked the sombre figure of policeman No. 3 of the city of Albany. His beat was in the lonely part of the city, where the shops were located and the laboring classes lived, and dreary as the place was at any time, this cold, rainy night made it seem more so.

Policeman No. 3 was a large, sinewy man with a face in which could be seen the keenness of an Irishman, sharpened by experience in detective work. This was Pat Murphy, one of the best detectives on the whole police corps. No man had shown greater insight or ability in any case than he. Tonight he seemed deeply wrapped in thought. Of what was he thinking? Ah! he was thinking how for the past ten years, since he had come over from Ireland he had labored and saved that he might accumulate enough to return and bring his wife and little five year old daughter to the promised land, America.

Now, at last his dream was almost realized. This was the last night he would travel that beat for ten long weeks. For securely fastened to the lining of his inner coat pocket was a passport to Ireland. Tomorrow he would board the great ocean steamer, that would bear him to his loved ones, no more to be separated from

them. And as he thought, the hard labor of the past ten years seemed to be forgotten and his heart filled with joy at the thought of the bright future before him.

Suddenly his mind diverted to the night just five years from this very night when with a light heart he had gone to the bank and drawn out the money with which he had intended to purchase a passport to Ireland. When he had returned to his room at the hotel he laid his money down on the table while he went to the next room on an errand. On his way down the hall he met a man whose appearance struck him as very peculiar, but he did not stop to give him a second thought. Having completed his errand he returned to his room and glancing at the table, his heart nearly stood still as he discovered that his money was gone. He summoned the police and an immediate search for the money was made but no clue was ever found and the man whom Mr. Murphy had met in the hall was found to have disappeared as suddenly as the money had. And although five years had passed Pat Murphy's heart was still filled with bitterness toward the man who had stolen his money. He resolved anew if ever he met that man he should inflict just punishment for his crime upon him.

In a moment he had shaken off his pensiveness and grown alert. He heard a gentle rustle of the foliage and felt something pass by him with a quick, stealthy tread. With the instinct of an expert, Murphy pursued and almost fell over an object which stumbled in the wet grass of a mill yard. Seizing it with a firm grasp the policeman instantly flashed a light upon it and to his great amazement saw a man, hatless, coatless, ragged and wet standing before him. This was no other man than the one he had met in the hall, the night his money was stolen. Only for a moment did he seem to lose his self control and recoil from him as if he were some poisonous reptile. Then as he snapped the hand cuffs on his wrists

he reached for the strange looking bundle which the man held tightly clasped in his arms but the criminal drew away crying, "Stop!! she's mine, my only little daughter." He then removed the poor ragged wraps from the little child and held her up for the policeman to see. And while he told his story and pled for mercy, the heart of the burly policeman was melted.

He confessed that 'he stole the money from the room of the hotel and for the past five years since he had grown worse and worse until now he had sunk into the deepest gloom of sin and despair. He had left his wife and gone away but despite his desertion of her and his degradation she had still continued to love and pray for him. Only that night he had returned home just in time for her to put his little daughter in his arms and see her draw her last breath of life. Now he was trying to escape to a place where he could begin life over and support his little child by honest labor.

When the man had finished speaking and stood trembling, with downcast eyes, Murphy thought of Captain Bruce who had come to him the night before, asking, if he knew of any man who would do to fill the place on his crew, recently made vacant by the death of one of the sailors. For this would postpone the sailing of the vessel to India, if a man were not found. Drawing a card, bearing the name and address of Captain Bruce from his pocket he gave it to the man, telling him to go and secure the position and make his little daughter happy for he had freely forgiven him the theft made five years before. And as the dirty hands of the criminal pressed those of the policeman, he uttered a few words which Pat Murphy will never forget.

The next morning as Pat stood on the wharf waving a farewell to a man and a little girl on the ocean vessel his heart was filled with a strange joy mingled with sadness for he had saved a wretched brother from sin and despair.

## ODDS & ENDS

C. BELLE RUSSELL, '14, EDITOR

Unroll, O Muse, the records of a night  
When hearts beat fast and eyes of youth were bright;

When warm blood pulsed and tingled in each vein  
And Eden lost was welcomed back again.  
Clear stars o'erhead soft radiant gleams let down;  
The white snow formed a blanket for the ground  
And sleigh bells chimed upon the frosty air  
While gay words proved that spirits blithe were there.

There is a fame that kindness true hath died—  
Absurdly false! Say all who shared the ride.  
A few there were who never smiled on maid  
That bravely faced the terror unafraid;  
Yet one did madly curse the cruel fate  
Which forced him and his own to separate;  
One trusted in a time piece, false, unkind  
And just escaped from being left behind.

One veiled his ears within a red retreat  
But kept entirely warm his tiny feet;  
With thoughtful care one brought a well-warmed stone—

Though few his words, the deed did full atone  
And she who sat beside "Uriah 'eepe"  
Was entertained too well to fall asleep;  
Now mingled with the music of the bells  
Were stirring songs and lusty college yells.

When years have passed in life's relentless flight  
Undimmed will stand forth visions of the night;  
Our lives may touch no more in future time,  
Yet this is part of yours and part of mine.  
No boundaries of passing years or space  
Can memories of the by gone past erase  
The deepest things in life dwell not in speech  
The heart has other means the heart to reach.

Prof. Rindfusz—(Telling the Chem.  
Class about the process of apple drying)  
"I have never been through an apple-dryer."

Dormitory and laboratory,  
The two sound much the same,  
Try e'er so well, we ne'er can tell  
What lies within a name.

Simple Glory, and purgatory,  
Are much the same in sound.  
But we are told, in story old,  
The difference is profound.—S. D. B

L. B.—"I'm not going to change  
my name until I get a pretty Goodwin.  
(Good one.)"

Continued to Page Ten



# EDITORIAL

## The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

The Houghton Star is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (9 issues) by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary.

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All material for publication should be addressed to the Editor. All other letters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

'It's good to be alive,  
It's joy to be young.'

Out of the sheer happiness and exultation of living, we too would lift our voices and join in the glad, free lilt of youth. It is a wonderful thing to have lived and to have been even a

humble participant in the world's action, but youth is its heyday, the fairest jewel in the diadem of life. Age and experience may shake its head sagely and moralize solemnly on the folly and rashness of youth, dry, pedantic philosophers may apostrophize youth as a mild form of insanity, and gloomy, synical misanthropes may speak sneeringly of the vanity and futility of life; but we know better, for we have lived and found life good. True the future lies before us—an untraveled highway. In the early morning of life, we pause, staff and knapsack beside us, before taking up our journey, to view the glorious sunrise appear over the eastern hills bright with hope and resplendent with promise as it breaks majestically into full-orbed day; but the night doth not yet appear. The way may become hard and rugged and clouds may darken our horizon, sorrow and misfortune may continually dog our footsteps, and the shades of falling darkness may find us far from home—we know not what awaits us—but even then we would say that youth was its lasting compensation.

Were we of a bucolic disposition, we might wander raptly on anent the happy, blithesome springtime of life when nature dons her festive garb all bedecked with buds and blossoms and grasses green, and the birds carrol merrily from the sighing tree-tops, and all creation is aglow with life; or, changing our figure, continue in a like strain on the bright and prosperous departure from the peaceful harbor upon the long voyage of life with the smiling skies looking serenely down from the empyrean blue o'erhead and fair winds wafting us gently on our course. But rest assured, we would restrain ourselves from any

such rhapsodical ebullitions for the sake of our readers whose patience has already been so sorely tried, even if we possessed the soul of a poet which we do not.

In truth, however, why need we set to words the pure music of our hearts when we are living our own idyl and our very souls echo this jubilant refrain. Ah, but it is sweet in the freshness and vigor of youth to draw the pure, wholesome air into our lungs in deep, satisfying draughts, and to feel the red blood coursing through our veins with bounding vitality and health, and to know that life is all sunshine and joy. We feel ourselves to be the peers of kings and princes as indeed we are. We could ask for nothing better in the whole world than to live in the fair realm of youth and just be ourselves. Sovereigns are we over a wide and unrestricted domain wherein thoughts of kingdoms and principalities harass us not.

It is indeed a beautiful world to live in. We clothe even the commonplace happenings with romance and mystery, while the very thought of adventure causes our breaths to tighten and our pulse to quicken. The thought that we shall soon become a part of the vast, moving world with its flashing, Kaleidoscopic events, its high lights and shadows, and its deadly strife fills us with a thrill of anticipation, albeit not a little mixed with awe. Life to us is an alluring game and the world is our play ground, and we mean to live and enjoy it just as long as the Dear God will let us. Never do the flowers bloom fairer in the mellow sunshine, and the silver, throated songsters pour forth the ecstasy of their little hearts more jubilantly, and the dew drops sparkle clearer on the soft, green sheen of the meadows, than in the vernal days of youth.

Love, too, comes warm and passionate and alluring in the blissful hours of youth. With supreme content we sip the gracious red wine of life, and under its potent influence we feel our cheeks flush with the exhilaration and fire of youth and our blood run riot with the healthful intoxication of living. And it is not irrepressible animal spirits alone and an epicurean pleasure of existence that actuates youth, for the only way to achieve noble characters is by pure thoughts, clean living, and a keen

zest for living.

The qualities of youth are infinitely tender and appealing, despite their arrogance and egotism. Youth is filled with inconsistencies and contradictions and changing fancies. By turns he is vivacious and gay, and moody and repressed; at one moment generous and kind, and the next, inconsiderate and unyielding; today serious and thoughtful, and tomorrow heedless and contemptuous. He is ever impetuous and glories in his strength, acknowledging no master. Clear eyed and aggressive of jaw he stands erect, feet braced, calmly looking the world in the face out of the confident and resolute eyes of youth that know no fear and to whom defeat is utterly unknown.

Truly it is the golden time of opportunity when fair hopes, bright dreams, lofty ideals, and noble ambitions all bloom in glad profusion in the garden of youth. The future holds no misgivings or fears for us, and naught but visions of happiness and success fill our minds. Our imagination colors the future with roseate glows, and well it is that none of the pitfalls and bitter disappointments, none of the deadly intensity of the struggle before us is disclosed. We know but little of the wickedness of the world and in our ignorance fondly believe that we shall revolutionize the universe with our vaunted theories; but it is a grim proposition. The world has an amiable little way of roughly repelling our advances and brutally shouldering us aside when we get in the road. Our dreams soon fade into illusions, our high ideals are ruthlessly shattered, our high ambitions are overthrown and we completely lose faith in mankind. As the fire and enthusiasm of youth is thus surely extinguished, life becomes void of any higher impulses, and we become just one of the common throng.

After the manner of youth we stop to ponder deeply and muse abstractedly on life. The great interrogation stares us in the face with unblinking gaze, and our brains grow weary trying to answer these unanswerable questions. We sense something of the deep tragedy of old age and death as dumbly and helplessly we see the halcyon days of youth irrevocably slipping away from us in their winged flight, leaving nothing but haunting memories. All too soon the time ap-



proaches when we must leave these elysian fields and fare forth into the cold, unfriendly world. Shall we too become swallowed in its cruel, insensate maw, and forever disappear? Ah no, it must never be, the spirit of youth is not so easily broken. As long as we possess this indomitable spirit of youth, life will be worth living and our appreciation of it will never lessen. It looks upon human sorrow and suffering and falters not; it meets hardships and bitter disappointments and never despairs. With it we shall reach ripe and beautiful old age triumphant and with that glorious knowledge and satisfaction that comes to those who have fought well the battle of life. It is the real secret of existence, the true elixir of life—this eternal spirit of youth which time can never rob us of and which conquers death itself.



#### Exchanges

W. LaVay Fancher, '14, Editor

Lawrence High School Budget, Lawrence, Kansas—Would it not give a better aspect to your paper to confine your "ads" to the back pages of your paper instead of interspersing throughout?

Albright Bulletin, Myerstown, Pennsylvania—Your poem entitled "Write to Me" in your February number, though not classic certainly shows the wide insight of the author into student life and his sympathy with it.

The Vista, Greenville, Illinois—We are always glad to notice you among our exchanges. You are a very neat and interesting paper.

The Cascade, Seattle, Washington—You certainly have some good literary articles in your February issue. We do not always want to feel the sentiments below expressed but ask our unfortunate student readers to compare their feelings on the day after a notice of a "flunk" with following from your last issue:

#### "The Blues

Tonight I'm blue!  
No honied phrases flow unbidden from  
my lips,  
Dark are my thoughts  
And gloom doth fill me to my finger  
tips.  
The very stars

Are cold, and each a faithless love  
doth tell,

E'en music notes  
Doth seem to me a very funeral  
knell.

At other times  
I've felt as blithesome as a happy  
lark,

But leave me now;  
The day was gloomy and the night is  
dark:

I'm feeling blue."—Cascade Ex.  
The Oriole of Bushwick High,  
Brooklyn, New York—Your paper is a  
most excellent one, and very well bal-  
anced. It is arranged in pleasing  
form. Your cuts and cartoons add to  
its interest.

We beg leave to acknowledge the  
following February exchanges:

University Life, Wichita, Kansas.  
Collegian, Waynesburg, Penn.  
North Star, Massena High School.  
Miltonvale Monitor, Miltonvale, Kan-  
sas.

Visalia High School News, Visalia,  
California.

The Echo, Gouverneur High School,  
Gouverneur, New York.

The Picayune, Batavia High School,  
Batavia, New York.

Alfred Monthly, Alfred, New York.  
Purple Pennant, Cortland, New  
York.

Personal mention by fellow ex-  
changes:

Ogdensburg Academy, Ogdensburg,  
New York—The literary department  
in "The Houghton Star" is certainly  
worth while, especially the article on  
"Character Building" written by one  
of the students. Isn't this worth our  
while boys?

The Picayune, Batavia High—Hough-  
ton Star—A well gotten up paper.  
Your editorials are always excellent.



#### Odds & Ends Continued

From Page Seven

Did you ever notice?

The new combinations at Powers'  
lecture

Wagner "slamming" in Second Eng-  
lish

Pearl Schouten saying "Gee Whita-  
ker!"

Walton trying to buy a season  
ticket.

Bob Smith wanting to referee  
Goodwin blowing a trombone

Continued to Page Twelve

# ORGANIZATIONS

GRACE B. SLOAN, '15, EDITOR

## Prohibition League

During the past month the league has held its regular meetings, and taken up its regular studies and discussions of temperance problems. That the state prohibition oratorical contest will be held here under the auspices of this association is assured, and arrangements are already being made for the entertainment of the state convention at that time. The contest will be held Thursday evening, April 24. Our contestant is Mr. Shirley Babbitt of Houghton, New York. On Friday evening, April 25th, Mr. Clinton N. Howard will be present

and deliver an address to the public. Let us increase our league membership at once. Let all who can, come and hear the contest, and the speech by Mr. Howard. L. V. F.

During the past three weeks special meetings have been in progress and because of this the different organizations of the school have not met, consequently have no report for this month. However, we hope before the next issue of the Star to have a report from all the different organizations for our readers. G. B. S.



PAUL FALL, '14, EDITOR

If we were permitted to play inter-collegiate games and had won a victory, by a small margin, over some long time rival, we might make this department of our paper glow with the inspiring accounts of the great victory, the return home, the huge bonfire, the students' parade, the heathenistic yells, and the recounting of the merits of our wonderful heroes, who by such strategic efforts and almost superhuman skill had raised higher our athletic emblem. But alas, we have no such epitome to rehearse, no such heroes to laud to the skies and no conflagration to serve as a magnificent nocturnal illumination. However we do indulge in inter-

statureatory contests and such a one was played the first week in March. The Pygmies challenged the Giants and of course the Goliaths would not back down. They entered the fray but somehow the Davids did not succeed as well as did their example of old. Nevertheless a good game was played and many times the rooters were held in suspense by the miraculous stunts performed by both teams.

| Line Up |          |         |
|---------|----------|---------|
| GIANTS  | POSITION | PYGMIES |
| Walton  | F        | Barrett |
| Goodwin | F        | Bristol |
| Hester  | C        | Frazier |
| Morris  | G        | Bedford |
| Fall    | G        | Babbitt |

Score—40-28.

# ALUMNI

MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

Rev. Charles Sicard of Levant, New York, is expected here to hold quarterly meeting.

Miss Rena Lapham '04 of Burt, New York, was here to attend the funeral of Mr. Charles Hauser.

Miss Stella Crosby '06 is pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Avon, South Dakota.

Miss Fredarica Greenberg '09 is living on her claim near Salinas, New Mexico. Besides teaching school, Miss Freda is becoming a genuine farmer.

Rev. Ambrose De Lap '08 is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Otto, Ohio.

We regret that Miss Lois Thompson '11 has been obliged to give up her work in Nebraska University and return to her home in Northville, South Dakota, on account of her health.

Rev. Maurice Gibbs '10 reports a very successful year as pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church in Livermore Falls, Maine.

Miss Thankful Clawson is teaching near Stone Lake, Wisconsin.

Mr. Ray Calhoon '11 is working in a lumber camp near Fillmore, New York.

Miss Esther Dieter '12 is taking training class work at Cattaraugus, New York.

## Former Students

Miss Bessie Edgar is teaching near Webster, South Dakota.

Miss Myrtle Coedner, who was graduated from a Chicago Hospital last June, is nursing in that city.

Mr. Andrew Johnson, who is attending Miltonvale College, was the winner in the local Prohibition Oratorical Contest which was held there last month.

Rev. George Calhoon, who is pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church

at Fargo, Ohio, has just closed a very successful series of meetings in which about seventy-five were brought to Christ.

Mr. Theos Thompson has been appointed Official Recorder in the Chemistry Department in Nebraska University.

Mr. Ozeo Smith is attending school at Miltonvale, Kansas.

Mr. Edward Woodward is working on the Barge Canal at Lockport, New York.

Mr. Will Carpenter has a position in a store at his home in Lacona, New York.

Miss Ada Crow has an engagement as a soloist to make a tour of the state of Iowa attending the Chautauquas. A reader will accompany her.

\*\*\*

## Odds & Ends Continued

From Page Ten

Miss Greenberg's "Brothers" and "Sisters"

Beverly selling a hair brush (otherwise known as a vacuum cleaner)

Prof. Fancher on Sunday afternoon The quartet singing "Luckey Jim"

Frank Wright requesting a meeting of the girl's division

Anybody contributing to "Odds and Ends."

## Wanted

To be 'umble—Everybody.

More hair—Bues.

The clock turned back—Dorm. Sextet.

Girls for the sleigh ride—College Boys.

Permission for after-Lecture spread—Dorm. Girls.

A necktie straightener—Professor Frazier.

Someone to exercise our cow while we are ill—Professors Smith and Rind fusz.





G. TREMAINE McDOWELL, '15, EDITOR.

If we assure our readers that the students of this institution have made their usual trips to the nearby towns, have spent their accustomed Sundays at home, and have behaved themselves after their ordinary manner, we trust that we may be excused from a more particular enumeration of their individual doings. In view of the considerable lapse of time between the date when these items leave the hand of their editor and the day when they meet the eyes of their readers, none but the more general happenings of the school retain enough interest to be readable when they appear.

By far the most important occurrence of the month was the series of revival services which closed March 6. Nearly fifty of the students received definite help and every Christian in the school was strengthened and encouraged. There are many new faces in the prayer meetings and a new ring in many testimonies.

The student body has been active of late. The officers of the men's division have been elected, LaVay Fancher, president and Everett Overton, secretary. Mary Hubbard is president of the women and Pearl Schouten, secretary. We have also voted as to whether we desired Commencement before Regents, shorter vacations during the year and a longer summer vacation, and a thirty-six week year with hour periods.

The girls purchased eighteen dozen

pencils of James, Our Merchant, with the understanding that he would present them with a good pencil sharpener. The boys became interested and contributed a couple of dollars so we now have a marvelous and delightful pencil sharpener. There was some concern lest the girls learn wasteful habits by having so many pencils but this has been dissipated by the nobleness of the boys in purchasing a goodly number of the pencils from the fair co-eds.

Our faculty has been somewhat unfortunate of late. Professors Rindfusz and Smith, especially, have been "under the weather." The short vacations occasioned by their illness made our sympathy especially deep.

The music pupils gave a very pleasing recital on the evening of March 10. It reflected great credit to both of our music teachers.

Some of our budding elocutionists have been "holding forth" in chapel. One of the younger students misunderstood the title, "William Tell's Apostrophe to the Alps" and reported that he had heard "The Devil's Apology to the Alps."

A fact which cannot fail to be of general interest is the announcement that Brother Robert Presley shaved last week.

The college fellows took two sleigh loads of the college girls and senior preps for a sleigh ride March 7. The committee on arrangements fixed up a good time for everyone but the combinations were somewhat interesting.

\*\*\*

"The difference betwixt the optimist and pessimist is droll, The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole."

Foresight is very wise, but fore-sorrow is very foolish, and castles are at any rate better than dungeons in the air.—Sir John Lubbock.

## Kellogg's Studios

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|          |          |          |
|----------|----------|----------|
| Fillmore | Belmont  | Rushford |
| Friday   | Saturday | Monday   |
| Mar. 28  |          |          |
| April    | 5        |          |
| 11       |          |          |
| 25       |          |          |

Cuba all other dates.

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