

R Lynde

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME IX

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1917

NUMBER 12

It Is Not Long

It is not long since first we saw these
walls—
These walls so richly fraught with memo-
ries.
Our friends—we loved them better than
we knew—
Are dearer now, yet we must say farewell,
And ever leave the old familiar scenes
Haunted by thoughts, too sweet, too deep
for tears.

We go each to the vale that shall be home
And when the years of half a century
Have passed, the same bright sun that
shines today
Shall shine as sweetly on these very halls
And faces that the old days never knew.
We cannot know within our silent graves,
If then, the world will count our work as
large
And bear eternal witness to our fame,
Or if a fairer fate shall veil our faults
Forgetting all we hoped, or planned, or
gave;
Nor care we for the praise of earth or
man
If only in our soul the whisper comes
"You lived and did your best."

But now the shadow of the parting falls
And we must take a last farewell. Tho
Here we cannot say that life was always
happy
Yet ever have we found our pleasures
brighter
By the contrast of the pain. And now
The shadows of the parting fall
And we must take a last farewell.

W. Verne Russell.

Rev. C. B. Whitaker.

Among the portraits that Houghton students hang on the walls of their memories is that one of our faithful and loving pastor, Rev. C. B. Whitaker. At the coming session of the Lockport Conference to be held here April 3-8, Brother Whitaker ceases his labors as pastor of Houghton church. Rev. Charles Sicard, the president of the conference, will take his place.

We know not how to express our gratitude to Rev. Whitaker for his whole-souled, disinterested and untiring interest in the students of Houghton Seminary. The absorbing passion of his life seems to be to empty out his all for others.

As a pastor and teacher of the Great Book he can hardly be excelled. He is positive, definite and clear in his declar-

ing the full gospel. He is tactful in his criticism and inspiring in his suggestion. In business affairs relative to the school and church, he has a generous initiative and energy. And let it here be said that to Brother Whitaker we owe our success in our latest undertaking—the printing office. His leadership and interest have been invaluable.

Yes, Brother Whitaker, the students of Houghton love you and appreciate your labors of sacrifice and love among them. May your future work be crowned with fruit and the blessing of God. We cannot refrain from quoting Goldsmith:

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying
hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to
prize,

More skilled to raise the wretched than
to rise.

At church, with meek and unaffected
grace,

His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to
pray.

The service past, around the pious man
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
pressed,

Their welfare pleased him, and their
cares distressed;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs
were given,

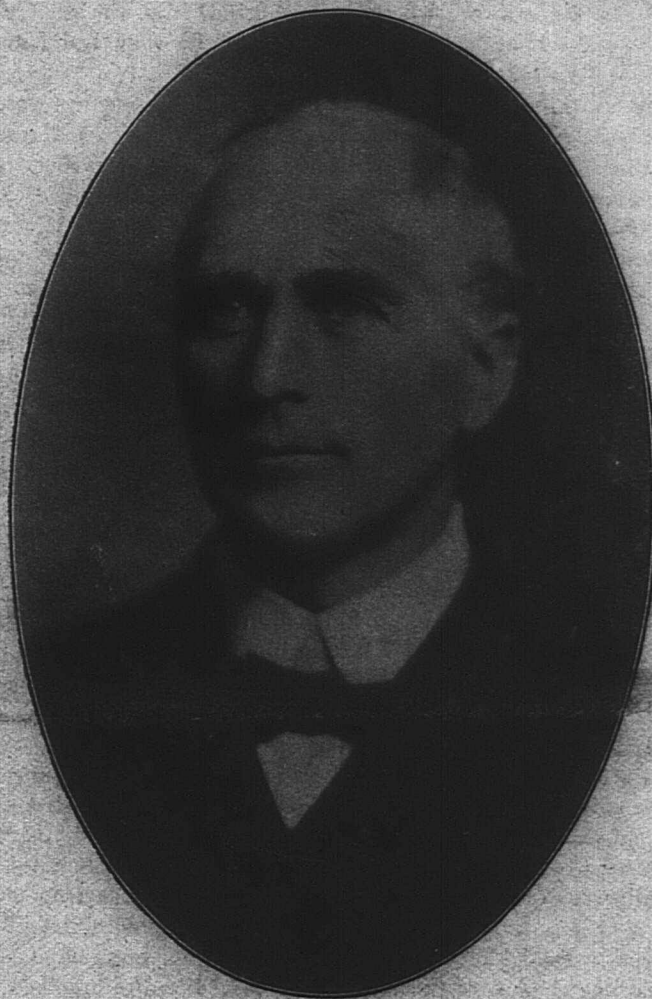
But all his serious thoughts had rest in
heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds
are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Claude A. Ries.



REV. C. B. WHITAKER

The Meaning of the Eastertide.

Two thousand years ago a star shone over the heights of Judea, and angels sang the first Christmas carol. It was the dawn of a new age, the beginning of a new era, the birth of a new civilization. It came as quiet as the winter twilight. Earth was still unmindful of her new glory. From the weed-thatched hut to the marble palace the world slept as soundly as before. But back of a little Bethlehem inn, in a cave where the oxen were stalled, a pale and radiant girl pressed more closely to her bosom a tiny morsel of Divinity and humanity. She knew. The humble shepherds heard and brought to the infant King a gift ever acceptable and precious; the sincere worship of human hearts. The East brought spices rare and perfumes fragrant. But outside of these wise men and simple Galilean shepherds the news was comparatively unknown. It was the golden age of the Roman empire. The old philosophies were being questioned. Classics were coming into existence. Nations were evolving. Wars were almost unknown. Peace and prosperity reigned. The world was atremble to the dawn. Men were ready to think, to resolve, to follow. The world was ready for the newborn King.

Clouds darkened around the manger throne, until the storm broke in all its fury. But Jealousy strove in vain against Divinity, and after a brief exile in Egypt Nazareth of Galilee became the home of the new King.

The years went by, and the child became a man, learning the lore of the common world of humanity, and the higher world of God. He left his home and set out upon a ministry of three years. He passed from village to village teaching the simplest doctrines and brightening them by illustrations drawn from the country life about him. "The common people heard him gladly." Here was a man like themselves. He could not look down upon them, for his personal possessions were few. He cast in his lot with the poor, and their hearts were touched by the loving deeds which he constantly wrought among them. More than all, he loved them. Never had they heard such teaching before. His popularity increased. He was pressed on every side. One day the people sought to make him king. What a glorious opportunity! His mission was surely accomplished at last! Now there would be no more persecution. At the head of an invincible army he could establish a great Jewish empire and

be hailed as the true Messiah. Scribes and Pharisees would vie to do him honor. The whole world would ring with the plaudits of an admiring people. A Caesar or Napoleon would have hesitated and finally yielded for the good of the nation. Yet the Man of Galilee wavered not, but fled from the sceptre and crown. His popularity waned and many forsook him.

Meanwhile his enemies were intriguing for his life. A plot was formed and executed through the treachery of one of his followers. The three brief years of his ministry had gone by. His work was apparently, a failure. His disciples were discouraged and one of them denied him. He was seized, taken to the judgement hall, and sentenced to death by his own confession. Conscious of his own integrity, he wavered not. The falsity of his enemies trembled before him. The people called for his life, and he was appointed to die the ignominious death of a criminal. See him as he stands before his enemies. His form is marred with clots of blood, and his hair is tangled with thorns. He is struck at, spit at and blasphemed, but he uttered not a word. He is led out to die. The throng have no pity upon him. Cries and jeers greet him as he passes by.

The cross he is carrying overpowers him. He sinks exhausted from loss of blood; another is found to carry his burden, and he passes slowly up the winding way. The cross is laid upon the ground and he is laid upon it. Nails are driven through his quivering hands and feet, and the cross is lifted to its place. They gaze upon him. They laugh and shout. They mock him, and call to him to come down.

Listen—he speaks, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

A cloud falls upon his spirit; the sins of all the world are pressing upon him—your sins and mine. He feels the terrible guilt of wrong and pain, of God's displeasure—not for himself, but for that world which is mocking and cursing before him. His spirit is crushed in the agony of that hour and he dies.

A darkness falls upon the earth, silhouetting the crosses against the sky. The earth quakes and the multitudes fly trembling, hither and thither. The vail of the temple is rent in twain. The first act of redemption is finished.

Tenderly they lay him to rest in a quiet tomb. The Jewish Sabbath is at hand. His disciples are scattered; his

enemies have prevailed. Evening falls upon a world of darkness.

The night presses and watches stand guard before the tomb. They are Romans and they are not afraid. No soul may venture to approach them. Morning is approaching. A light breaks upon them and they fall trembling to the earth. From the ground rises the glorified Christ. Redemption is completed, and man is no more an outcast. Earth is exalted to heaven. The angels sing their most joyous songs. Eternity has come to its springtime, and the future blossoms with sunshine and hope. The humble Galilean has prevailed. The kingdom of heaven has come upon earth and God is reconciled. He walks again upon the earth, and the cause for which he has died becomes a mighty movement, inspiring the hearts of men.

R. S. Chamberlain.

Mr. Hindus on "Russia Today"

With Mr. Morris Hindus' lecture on "Russia Today," came the last paid number on the course, the May Festival as is generally understood, being entirely of home talent. The course has been consistent in its goodness this year, if we except one or two admitted exceptions which were only slightly less so, and we remember it as a whole, rather than something of mediocrity worth made worthy only by occasional individual brilliancy.

The peasant life and its connection with Russia was the theme of Mr. Hindus, a subject of present interest, which he elaborated in a way impossible to the lecturer not directly familiar with that which he is discussing. Born among the rude hovels of rural Russia, and coming to America at fourteen, graduating from Colgate and now taking a post-graduate course at Harvard, the speaker aside from his lecture, presented a very interesting personality, a striking illustration of some of the mutual benefits of immigration.

All of us are vaguely familiar with the deplorable conditions still existing in this immense country; larger by far than the U. S. in area, and greater in population by 60,000,000. Yet, the statement of Mr. Hindus as to the present illiteracy is astounding. Eighty-five per cent of the peasant class are illiterate, can neither read nor write. Slight imagination is needed in seeing what a superb opportunity this affords the tyrannical aristocratic and ruling classes, who, beside domineering the legislative halls, own most of the land—all that is good. More than three-

quarters of the peasants live in so-called villages, with their single, unsanitary streets, and equally unsanitary homes. No lights, no pavements, no parks, not even trees, can be found, and as might be suspected, little happiness. Here rights are equal; women have exactly the same tasks to do as the men and no more favors.

We Americans, thought the speaker, are a happy and cheerful people, the more so in contrast with the downtrodden Muscovite. One may be impressed by the tremendous power of the novels of Tolstoy and Dostoyevski and their pessimistic realism, but never by humor or hopefulness. The picture which the Russian artist called "Victory" was characteristic in spirit, a gloom-inspiring heap of skulls. Their greatest musician could only inject the wierd and an overwhelming pathos in his compositions, sometimes driving their players into hypochondriac distraction. Still there are counteracting influences to this oppressive heaviness; the peasant, like the old Kentucky slave playing his fiddle while going to the dreaded South, saves himself from disaster by little bits of self created gayety. The cattle, the latest in gossip and the weddings are topics which dispel the tedium, that, had they ever experienced, would have been intolerable. At heart they are kind and hospitable; in general they are solid, and we think of a similar, if more favored, society, whose loss Goldsmith laments,

"A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Assuming the role of prophet for his compatriots, Mr. Hindus predicted a change in government. "The Washingtons, the Lafayettes, the Garibaldis of Russia are sleeping under the snows of Siberia." Instead of responsible counselors, the Czar, he said, had ignorant monks; instead of competent officials, the ministry had, in one instance at least, pro-Germans. Singularly enough, at the identical time when the speaker was predicting an eventual uprising for liberty, the evening papers were announcing the overthrow of the Czar and the ascendancy and triumph of a "new freedom."

E. J. H.

Mr. Hindus Gives Talk.

Morris Gershon Hindus, the speaker of the evening of March 15, kindly consented to give a short talk to the students at 2:15 P. M. He began his talk with re-

marks that betrayed a keen sense of humor, and then proceeded to introduce us to the folk tales of the Russian peasant, who is very superstitious and especially fond of ghost stories in which he thoroughly believes. Mr. Hindus possesses the rare talent requisite for a story-teller. He describes his characters and incidents so vividly that he holds his audience spellbound. He used simple sentences and repetition very effectively. One climatic sentence in particular was repeated three times with telling effect, "But the ghost in the front and the ghost in the back didn't stir." We could almost feel the shivers running up and down our spinal columns as we in fancy beheld those ghostly figures. In spite of their interest, we are glad that we have not had our intellects stunted as have those these peasants by continually hearing superstitious tales from early childhood. Needless to say, the students were unanimously delighted with those stories and especially so the literature students who have been making a study of national folktales.

F. B. K.

I. P. A. Convention.

The largest State I. P. A. Convention ever held in New York will take place at Cornell, April 20-22. Houghton's I. P. A. is especially interested as it is the occasion of the State Oratorical Contest when Colgate, Alfred, Cornell, Syracuse, Rochester, Cheshbrough and Houghton will compete for I. P. A. Oratorical honors.

Our school expects to send a delegation. Just how many anticipate attending is not yet definitely known. However, we are pleased to learn that our Male Quartette expect to be present to help boost the I. P. A. along the line of musical ability.

An excellent convention program is expected. Among the special features are addresses by famous temperance speakers of the W. C. T. U. and other Prohibition organizations. At the close of the Convention, Sunday, Hon. Wm. J. Bryan will give his remarkable Prohibition address. This is surely a unique opportunity for hearing one of the nation's greatest men, as he makes his plea to New York State's college men and women at this time.

We wish our oratorical representative, Mr. O. Glenn McKinley, the winner of our local contest, the utmost success at Ithaca. We feel certain a large delegation from Houghton would be an inspira-

tion to him, and that all who go will find the convention especially worth attending.

L. K. H.

Editorial

Much has been said about that mysterious, unmistakable entity we call school spirit. We are not thinking of the way we roared out those school yells following the report of the delegates to the great national I. P. A. convention, nor yet of the ostentatious promenading of the Senior class, but the quiet, hearty response of the students to Professor Smith's appeal to help decorate our campus, and the ardent whole-souled cooperation of the various classes, who in their appointed order sang the college song from the rostrum during chapel. We believe a word of praise is due our loyal faculty for their splendid singing of the college song. You gave us a good start. This proves again the close cooperation of faculty and students. These things demonstrate practical school spirit in action. May it continue and expand.

How long has it been since you have taken an inventory of yourself, of your present status? It will do every one of us good to put ourselves, each individual me, in a corner and then begin to probe with some very pointed questions. Shall I begin? Am I measuring up to the ideal I had in mind before I came to college? Is that ideal just a little higher now than it was when I matriculated? Is my vision of the world's needs broader today than it was a year ago? Yes, and does each minute yield sixty seconds of real produce or sixty seconds of soap bubbles? Our ideals should be vastly higher. Our visions, if such they may be called, should burst their little world of just my pal and me and begin to throb in unison with the great heart pulse of the universe. Our time should become more valuable as the days roll by. The greatest thing the prodigal wasted was his time. If we are not advancing along these lines why go longer to school? "Life is real, life is earnest." It is not a burlesque as some seem to think, but a stewardship given us by God to be worked to the utmost efficiency and at the great final pay day to give a detailed report of how we spent that stewardship.

Keep your eyes open for our next issue. It will be something new and entirely original.

In order that we might brighten the pages of our June magazine number we have launched a photo contest. Regulations for it will soon appear on the bulletin board.

It Isn't Your School—It's You.

"If you've never made a brother have a happier time in life,
If you've never helped another in the conflict and the strife,
If you've never been a comfort to the weary and the worn,
Can you tell us what you're here for in this happy land of morn?"

Whoever said that Houghton Seminary has no reasonable excuse for not being a typical little Heaven to go to Heaven in—(particularly since our wonderful revival) whoever said it was not only an optimist, but a philosopher. Are you happy? Why of course! Does the one you meet in passing every day know you're happy? If he doesn't, your happiness needs a revision, needs brightening up so it will radiate!

Did you ever stop to think that it's "better to aim somewhere and get nowhere than to be put somewhere and stick?" That the next best thing to success is honor bright failure, the kind that puts pep enough into a fellow to pick things up and go at them again with the smile and grit that keeps things moving?

Do you love Houghton? What does school spirit mean to you anyway? Does it mean enough to you to make the day bright, if by nothing else than keeping your troubles to yourself? Really now, how much did you ever gain by kicking and gossiping and publishing your trials and tribulations? How do you feel when you wake up in the morning? Grouchy? Forget it! Make yourself laugh three times—then watch the blues skidoo! All the effort it takes to force yourself into gladness is doubly repaid in the outcome.

Does school spirit mean enough to you to make you give your neighbor the benefit of the doubt, always, to make you look at his sincere motives instead of your own suspicions and notions? Of course you have perplexities all your own, but did you ever stop to think that the other fellow probably has a similar heart ache hidden underneath the exterior? Your smile demands a smile in return and then you both feel more like facing the battle. Everybody isn't "mad" at you; perhaps you can't even imagine how many, many really like you, in spite of your not knowing it.

Last of all, does Christianity mean enough to you to make you forget yourself and think of loving your neighbor as yourself? Be a Booster! There's a time coming when you won't regret it.

L. K. H.

Organizations

At the Athenian.

Story-Telling Program.

Athenians had a jolly good time March 9, the night of the spelling match and story telling contest. Some of them, at least, were especially worth passing on to our Star friends.

His Idea Of It.

Jimmy was especially realistic in relating adventures. One day while reporting an unexpected swim to a childhood friend he wrote:

"You know Jack Snyder's neek, don't you? Well, today he fell in the pond clear up to it."

L. I. G.

He Spoke Too Late.

Cold storage eggs are sometimes all right, sometimes otherwise. Pat, an Irishman, having come to this country only recently, was dining in a New York restaurant. Eggs were his favorite eatable—and they happened to be boiled eggs. Pat swallowed one. He heard a peeping, a squaking, a cry coming from the direction of the egg as it went down, down. Patrick turned with a cynical grin on his face to those near him.

"All right," were his words, "But he spake too late."

W. V. R.

Did He Follow Directions?

A skeptic thought it might be wise to obey whatever he found in the Bible for once. So he opened to:

"Judas went out and hanged himself."

He thought it strange, so he tried again.

"Go and do thou likewise," was his discovery.

Once again, but horrors!

"Whatsoever thou doest, do speedily."

I. B.

Fearfully and Wonderfully.

A theological professor's students decided to play a trick on him by glueing the leaves of his Bible together in sever-

al places. When he read the next morning he began;

"Noah took unto himself a wife—," turned the page and went on, "made of gopher wood, three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits wide, a door in the upper story, daubed with pitch inside and out."

His comment was; "This is evidence of the glorious fact that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

R. R.

Why Couldn't He Stop?

A lawyer lost his set of false teeth. He was forced to send to Sears and Roebuck for a set before his next court case. They arrived just before he had to give a speech. He began talking, on and on, hours, and nobody could stop him. His wife and a doctor were summoned, but to no avail. Finally a dentist—and he succeeded in extracting the teeth to make a startling discovery, "Sears and Roebuck had made a mistake and sent him a woman's set of false teeth!"

A. B.

The story telling was supplemented by an interested spelling match. Arthur Russell won the honor of "spelling down" the society.

L. K. H.

World War Program.

The Athenian society was called to order by its president, Mr. Lee. The chaplain, Mr. McKinley, led in devotionals and the society sang a number of songs appropriate for the War number. The business was taken up and several questions discussed. One of the interesting features of this part of the meeting was a "mock parliamentary drill," by two of the members of the society.

The program was taken up and the first number was a paper by Mr. Hopkins on "The Present Submarine Question." He took the question from different viewpoints and showed the need of equipping ourselves along this line.

Miss Bolles' solos, "If I Built a World for You" and "Violets" were very much enjoyed by all present.

Miss Head gave an original story of "The First Crusade" or "The Fall of Bagdad. It was splendid and very fascinating. We were given a good idea of an Englishman's love for his country.

Mr. Barnett's cornet solos were very pleasing and were a fitting close to a splendid program.

The society was dismissed by the chaplain and adjourned to meet again in two weeks.

All Welcome.

H. A. S.

Neosophic Notes.

For various reasons the society has been very much interrupted lately, but the new officers for the second semester have finally been elected. The work is progressing finely under the management of these new officers: Mr. Hill, President; Miss Benning, Vice-President; Miss Farmer, Secretary; Mr. Walrath, Treasurer.

The life of Patrick Henry was vividly depicted in a brief biographical sketch given by Nimrod Long.

Two naughty girls lose their way, experience numerous scares, then finally are found by their father and mother, was the plot of an original story by Marion McMillan.

Gerrit Visser again delighted his audience by singing two beautiful solos. This time he sang "Holy City" and "Mother Machree."

"Sounds of Springtime," a fascinating instrumental solo, was very pleasingly rendered by Mildred Parmele.

Grace Bremigen, upon being urgently requested, gave a short reading. Naturally it was about an Irishman and of course was well done.

"Why I Love the Girls" was the topic of an extemporaneous speech by William Gearhart. It was by now means sentimental nonsense but logical and correct reasoning which showed why every man should love the girls. Stop and think, boys. Don't you know your very best friend in all the world, your mother, was a girl? That's just one reason, there's others.

L. E. B.

Exchanges

On Bounds is a neatly bound and printed magazine, but are its sentiments true? Good fiction demands that real vital principles shall not be subverted. In "Fifty-fifty" there is a combined murder and theft. The murderer and thief es-

capates the penalty of his crime, and even retains the fruits of his black, heinous villainy. He goes out to face the future happily, as though his crime had never been.

The Hemnica in this issue has an excellent account of a "Glee Club Tour," an essay on "Minnesota," and as good as any, a critical but fair "Exchange."

The Purple and Gold has a realistic account of "My First Day in High School." I presume the first day's experience will tally well with some of our own. "Procrastination" teaches a lesson to chronic procrastinators. The literary, athletic, and exchange departments are well filled.

The oracle of Bangor, Me. gives a worthy definition of politeness: "Politeness is the regard not only for other peoples' feelings, but also for one's conduct."

The Wissahickon, The Congress, Chaos and The Orange and Blue are other exchanges we appreciate.

Village Notes

Rev. Willard Ballard and family, of Caneadea, N. Y., and his mother of Michigan visited at C. J. Thayer's Tuesday. Mrs. Ballard of Michigan remained with Mrs. Mary White of this place over Tuesday night, returning to the home of her son at Caneadea, Wednesday.

Master Paul Steese left last Wednesday for Copley, Ohio, where he will spend the spring and summer with his sister.

Mrs. John Crawford is visiting her daughter at Mercey, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lynde entertained on Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Sebra Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Robbins, and Mr. William Cawkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Estrabrook have returned from their wedding trip and will locate on his farm near here.

Mrs. Georgia VanBuskirk entertained the Larkin Soap Club Thursday.

Miss Furman of Hume has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Louise Hauser for several days.

Pres. J. S. Luckey, Mr. H. R. Barnett, and Miss Hattie Crosby attended the Allegany Conference recently held at Barberton, Ohio.

Mr. Glenn Molyneaux returned home last week from Rochester, where he has been in the hospital for several weeks.

Rev. C. B. Whitaker and wife were in Cuba last week. While there they attended a county Sunday School meeting

and visited at the home of Rev. E. A. Overton.

Prof. Ray Hazlett, of Norwalk, Ohio, is spending Easter vacation with his parents here.

The "In As Much Circle" held a business meeting at Mrs. F. A. McMillan's Tuesday night.

M. G. M.

Have you seen the complete line of spring hats at the Blatchley and McVey millinery parlors, Fillmore, N. Y.? Making over a speciality.

[Ad.]

Locals

Was ist das? What made George Laug serve his table with a loaf of bread instead of pudding the day of the last lecture? Why did Chamberlain forget his overcoat the other night, when the Juniors celebrated in a sugar party? Answer. "In the spring a young man's fancy," etc.

Nathan Capen has gone home for his Easter vacation.

Ray Hazlett gave an excellent talk in chapel last Wednesday. We are always glad to hear from old Alumni.

Some of the fellows have taken advantage of the opportunity and have been to Buffalo to hear Billy Sunday.

We are very glad to see Glenn Molyneaux with us again. He says that he enjoyed his vacation as much as could be expected.

G. E. H.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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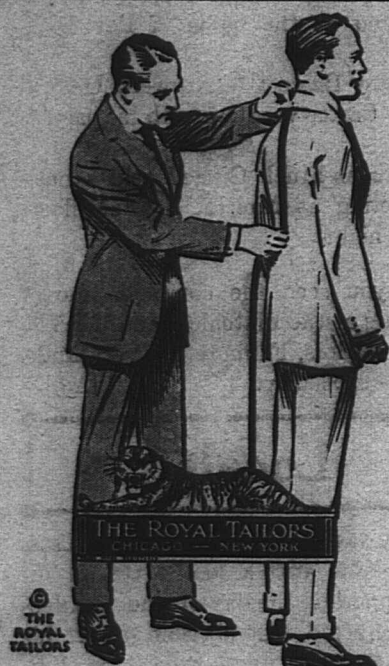
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1—Taking the
waist length measure

YOUR suit looked fine when you first put it on six months ago—svelte, super-satisfying.

But look at it now!

Saggy and sodden.

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It didn't fit—that's the answer.

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Alumni Notes

"Your recent request throws me into a rather reminiscent fit. It recalls most vividly those first strenuous days of the STAR. During its first year it was my laborious and soul-trying privilege to be the Business Manager. I greatly fear that but for the hearty and valuable co-operation of Rindfus, that little business venture would have come to an ignominious end in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine-hundred and nine. Of course we had no press then, though we dreamed dreams of one. Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December that as the overworked Editor, Allison Edgar, and I were on our way to Rushford with the precious manuscript, ten hours late in getting to us, that as we toiled up old Sand Hill the ink froze in her pen, and for once that ready pen of hers was not ready. Then it was the next year that as Editor I dreamed of a paper almost as good as the Star is now, then woke with a start to get out the thing that you will find in the files of the paper for that year. I comfort myself by repeating, "Despise not the day of small things." And I can but beseech "you-all" not to despise too much those that had charge of the things in the days of their smallness.

S. W. Wright, Central, S. C.

Houghton School Days

"My reminiscences of the pleasant and profitable years spent in Houghton Seminary quite naturally group themselves about those forces and factors which really contributed to my future work. One of the greatest assets to a successful ministry is the power to cultivate, appreciate and utilize strong friendships. Such power Houghton seeks to impart to her students. The minister of the gospel is the servant of the public. As such he is subject to that great force which touches all public men—public opinion. How well I remember that timely admonition of my reverend friend, Doctor J. N. Bedford, as he warned me not to disregard the opinion of the public regarding myself and my work. The time-server caters to the demands of the public, while the wise man studies and profits by such demands. Friendship is a key to one's inner and better life. Houghton gave to me many friends whose friendships even now bring a peculiar inspiration to my life. A second contribution from Houghton school

days is an appreciation of the value of hard work. I did not learn in Houghton to work hard. I went there to work. But Houghton places her premium on the lad who works and works hard. I do not remember any criticisms that came to me because I collected rents, made gardens, repaired shoes, painted buildings and preached on nearby charges. But I do remember Professor McDowell's weekly admonitions in which he exhorted the students to work. No student of Houghton can forget those weeklies on, "Redeeming the time." Our charges demand neither extraordinary eloquence nor ability but they do demand hard work.

Houghton taught me and still teaches her students the possibilities of the Christian life. The very atmosphere in Houghton was laden with the breath of prayer. Every encouragement was given to those who were seeking divine favor, and rightly so, because the greatest need manifested today among men is the need of a real, virile, sterling Christian life.

F. H. Wright, A. B.
West Chazy, N. Y.

"I am postmaster at Three Rivers, N. Mex., where I live. I have a little son, Francis Gilbert, born Aug. 9, 1916. He's more responsive every day. Was attacked by a range cow without horns Feb. 9. She pawed most of one ear off after knocking me unconscious. At that point a ranch hand (Mexican) rescued me and the doctor later sewed my ear back. Sister Hanna is living here. Sister Frederika still goes to school at Silver City and expects or hopes to make the A. B. degree there this summer. She has been taking special courses in Journalism under Miss Rose Henderson formerly of New York City, but now teaching in Silver City. We still like the unfinished West and will probably always live here.

Yours in haste,
Kathryn G. Woodside.
Three Rivers, N. Mex.

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In Lighter Vein

A gentleman was relating to his little son the following verse—

"Twas the night before Christmas—"

When he had finished, the little boy said, "Why Father, that person must have eaten a lot of ribbon."

"Why, son?"

"Because you said he opened the shutter and threw up the sash."

Claude Ries (in Greek)—"I'm going to take my major study during vacation."

Professor Elliott—"E'm, I used to take my 'minor' study during vacation."

G. L. S.

For sale—only a limited number rubber notes for special correspondence, at M. Steese, Limited. For further information, inquire of H. J. Lee.

A Dorm girl in room 24 says she can't hear the rising bell because her roommate snores so loud.

Florence Kelly, at the supper table one night—"Miss Thurston, I wish I could eat enough this year to last me all next."

Professor Coleman, to Mac as he was coming down stairs singing—"What are you doing, Mr. McElheny?"

"Oh, I'm just killing time."

"Well, that's a pretty good weapon."

Two of Houghton's belles went to Buffalo and as it was their first trip to the city, we think they must have enjoyed themselves, for they rode on the elevators all day.

A. E. Moses, Houghton, N. Y.

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