

Mr. Perry Tucker.

The Houghton Star

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MILTONVALE, KANSAS,

DECEMBER 4, 1920.

To the Faculty and Students of
Houghton Seminary,

The Faculty and Students of Miltonvale unite in wishing Houghton the very best of success for the present school year. We are anxious for your prosperity as well as our own because we are both working for the same purpose,—that of Christian education, and the advancement of the cause of our Christ,

We also have an interest in your school because of those of our school, faculty and students, who have previously been closely connected with Houghton. At present there are six of our faculty who have spent time in Houghton, either as members of the faculty or as students and several of our students have attended Houghton in other years. I believe there are also some in Houghton who have, at some time, worked in Miltonvale.

We were especially pleased to hear of your splendid enrollment this year and also glad to know that you are so soon expecting your charter. We join in hoping that you will not be disappointed in this respect.

The "Houghton Star" is very interesting to us. While there are few individuals of the school with whom we are acquainted yet we are anxious to know just what Houghton is doing. Although there is a vast expanse of territory between Houghton and Miltonvale, we are sister schools and we can at least meet through our prayers at the throne of God. Miltonvale sends to Houghton her heartiest greetings.

Sincerely yours,

Ruth Rasmussen, com.

THE CALL OF THE WOOD

To me a call comes from the wood
Where oft I roamed in sweet boyhood;
And there exploring its verdant depths,
I traveled many weary steps.

And trees I climbed to plunder nests;
And when I stopped awhile for rest
Upon the soft and fragrant earth,
My soul was filled with happy mirth.

And now the call comes back to me,
And o'er the span of years I see
The same old haunts and nooks again;
But duty claims the time of men.

Charles H. Pocock

MISSIONARIES ENROUTE TO INDIA VISIT HOUGHTON.

The people of Houghton are especially favored with visitors of whom we as a church have reason to be proud. This time it was Rev. and Mrs. Doty and two children of Illinois who are en-route to India. A telegram received Friday night told of their nearby arrival. Consequently a great number of the students gathered at the station, spent some time in singing as the train was late and gave them a hearty welcome and cheer when they arrived.

Saturday night Brother and Sister Doty ate supper at the Dorm where Mr. Clinefelter with very fitting remarks presented them with a Corona typewriter as a token of appreciation of their presence and consecration to God, in behalf of the students and school friends, also a stand from Brother Clark.

Sunday A. M. a very inspiring Missionary service was held at the church in which Sister Doty gave an interesting account of her experience and call. Brother Doty then gave an appealing talk on "Peculiarities of the Gospel". Some of the thoughts expressed were Christianity and missions are inseparable, one who objects to missions objects to God. The gospel is suited to all people and the whole world needs it. We should obey God's command of spreading the gospel the same as soldiers obey their officers even when they do not understand their commands. The responsibility is upon us and souls are going to be lost through all eternity if we do not obey.

In the evening the Young People's meeting was given over to the Volunteers and several of them gave a brief account of their call, experience, etc. This was followed by preaching by Brother Doty.

The day proved to be a splendid one because of the presence of the Lord and souls sought Christ in both morning and evening services. It will be a day remembered

for some time by the people of Houghton.

Brother and sister Doty left Monday for Jersey City, from whence they sail Jan. 20 to Marseilles. Let us remember them at the throne of grace.

THE JOYS OF LIVING

Are you personally acquainted with "The Joys of Living"? If not you should have been present at the lecture given on the subject Saturday, Jan. 15 by Dr. Paul M. Pearson, Head of the Department of Expression at Swarthmore College.

As we saw him pass through the aisle and step upon the platform, we were favorably impressed by his kindly bearing and affable countenance. Then, after hearing him state that he had once spent four happy years at a small denominational school similar to ours, we felt he was almost one of us. He handled his subject so skillfully and his personality was so unobtrusive yet impressive that we were held spellbound throughout the evening. As some one remarked when leaving, "I could have listened two hours longer."

He started with a text from O. W. Holmes, "I have never deemed it a sin to laugh," and through the early part of the evening, he tried to impress upon us the value of laughter. "Man is the only animal that can laugh. There is nothing that a man does but that he needs to do." Therefore laughter is an essential part of a wholesome life. There are some people, he declared, who have such a grouch on life that if they should see a kitten playing with its tail, they would cut its tail off. Yet who made the kitten like to play?

Along with his apt stories and illustrations he gave us some good philosophy. Let the children enjoy the Mother Goose rhymes, he advised, but keep the newspaper comic supplements from them because they are not wholesome in the majority of cases. Most comic series are based upon uncongenial marriages or disregard of the law—two fundamentals of our national life that should be held sacred. Here he spent some moments urg-

ing parents to take greater interest in what their children see, read, and eat.

To the Christian he said, "Don't look sad when you talk about goodness. There is not a thing in the Scriptures but should make us happy." Yet some people go around with such long faces that if you should meet them on the street you'd get a chill and perhaps a hard cold. Wholesome laughter is not only a physiological but a spiritual necessity for a well-rounded character.

Continued on page 10

RAVINGS AND RANTINGS OF YAWHE THE YANKEE

I was thinking that all of the folks who take that paper they call "The Wesleyan Methodist" would be glad if every week, somebody who is at Houghton Seminary, say a student or even a member of the Faculty, would write a piece about that Seminary, it would sort of advertise and maybe it would mean that that Charter I've heard so much about would come all the easier and quicker.

And, then again, I thought advertising is a great thing, even in the "The Houghton Star." (I was awfully sorry the printer, or somebody forgot to put in the ad for The College Book Store—that ad ought to be in every time.) I would advertise in "The Star" myself if I had anything to sell or buy or exchange. I believe every ad must relieve that young fellow they call the Buz. Mgr. or some thing like that. I know it would me if I was Buz. Mgr. (whatever it is.)

After awhile I had another thought and that was about that thing, or is it a building, they call a "Gim" or maybe it's "Gym," or maybe after all it is "Jim." Anyway it sounds like that (and they didn't have such a whatever-you-call-it when I was a student at Houghton in ———.) But I've heard aabout IT and I thought what a GREAT blessing if IT was all done and had: showers (not rain) and a swimming-pool and every kind of useful equipment, wouldn't that be dandy?

But that wasn't the last of my thinking, for I thought I would like to build a Library there for that Seminary at Houghton, N. Y., if I was

rich. But I'm not. Say though that new "Student Association" for everybody who ever attended Houghton Seminary either as a student or as a member of the Faculty will do all of those things I've thought about so I won't have to do it alone; anyway I had the fun of thinking about it all.

And when I was thinking about it I thought of this

C—ash!

H—urrahs!

A—ltogether!

R—allies!

T—eachers!

E—quipment!

R—ight NOW!

You do some thinking, too.

HONOLULU, HAWAII

December 6, 1920.

Dear Readers of the Star:

I am always glad to peruse the pages of the Star, and more so than ever now, since I am at least far enough away to be able to appreciate those standards for which Houghton stands. I am still hoping for the jay when we shall read in the pages of our paper, that through the efforts of President Luckey we have at last been granted a charter giving us the privilege of granting a degree.

Perhaps you would enjoy knowing a little something about the Hawaiian Islands, sometimes called the "Isles of Golden Dreams," and when I say Golden Dreams, I assure you that I am not painting an exaggerated picture. For to one who has ever felt the swell of Hawaiian music, there always lurks a longing to sometime visit those bits of volcanic remains which seem as if it were "Sports" in the family to which our earth belongs.

As a student in High School and College, these "Crossroads of the Pacific" meant to me merely a few scattered bits of eruption. I little realized their importance to the United States either from a strategical, commercial or a geographical standpoint. And I am willing to assume that my ignorance of these islands was not a "Single Blessedness" when I recall the numerous remarks which my fellow classmates made about these South Sea Islands when three

of the 1920 men began to talk about migrating thither.

Honolulu became known in Society a few years ago because of the wonderful music which seemed to originate here, and also because of the entrance of the Ukelele into the numbers of the already large variety of musical instruments. Of course everything was dedicated to the wonderful beach at Waikiki. And the beach is truly wonderful. One may walk for nearly a mile from the shore before he gets in water over his head.

Perhaps most of you have heard of surf riding. That is one sport which is indulged into a considerable extent. A surf board is merely a plank about two feet wide and tapering at the ends. You lay down on it and paddle about a mile into the ocean. When you see a big wave coming, you paddle toward the shore and if you manipulate right, you will be carried at break neck speed toward the shore. It is surely great sport and looks easy until you try to do it.

One very attractive feature of Honolulu is the climate. We do not have extreme temperatures here at any part of the year. The range of temperature is between seventy-two and eighty degrees. For this reason, it is frequented much as Florida by well to do people who come here to spend their winters. It is also frequented by a great many tourists as well as health seekers who come here to gain the long sought for health which they never lost.

In the world of athletics, Honolulu is known as the home of several of the all star players on Yale and Harvard teams for the last ten years, as well as that of Duke Kahanamoku, the World's Champion Swimmer at the Olympic games, Kealoha, the champion backstroke swimmer and Helen Moses, the youngest swimmer to attend the Olympic meet.

To the business man, Honolulu is merely a connecting link between America and the business projects of Siberia, the silks of the Orient, and the Plantations of the Phillipines. It is the last American port to touch before steaming westward or to what is ordinarily spoken of as the far East.

We are here as frontiersmen on the border line between Christianity and

the heathenism and idolatry of the far away Orient. Some one has called the United States the "Melting Pot" of nations. No truer words can be spoken of these islands. If there is a nation who has no subject or representative here, I have failed to find them.

When you first get off the boat, you come face to face with the burly Hawaiian policemen. Then the Japanese taxi driver will accost you, and a little farther on the Chinese Curio vender will be wanting you to remind the folks at home of your arrival here.

If you go out on to the Rice and Sugar Plantations, (and by the way, no small part of the world's sugar supply comes from Hawaii), you will find Filipinos, Samoans, Haitians, and Chinese Coolies. Back in the mountains will be the Scotch Laddie and the Welsh Pioneer. In fact, all meet here to either go or come, and some are so enthused that they never want to leave. It is the place where summer is indulged in the year around.

I noticed on my trip down here that the people who live here were looked upon by many people in the states as being perhaps a little inferior in intelligence. Let me beseech you not to be carried away by this fallacious idea. I have gone into the homes of several and found more good reading material than you will find in the average home in the states. Such papers as the London Times and prominent New York papers are always found. The story is told that before shipping was as regular as it is today, London and New York dailies were taken even if they could not be gotten oftener than every six months. One paper was then opened each morning just as you and have been accustomed to our daily, but they were always six months behind in their reading.

Other stories of like interest are told which relieve us who live in the States of our blind conceptions.

If you are seeking pleasure and relief from the nervous tension which is ever present in our Eastern cities, come to Hawaii where we do not hustle to catch a train and where the street car conductor is a regular fellow and jolly like we used to see in

our home cities.

If you are on a business trip, plan to stop off at Honolulu and bathe on the famous beach at Waikiki. Visit Peard Harbor and the largest dry docks in the world strongly fortified by camouflaged fortresses.

If you have the missionary spirit and have not been caught in the firm grip of fanaticism, if you are willing to learn as well as teach, come to these islands and teach the honest and friendly as exemplified by Jesus Christ.

I am desirous of a prosperous year for the Star and for the School to which we can all pay homage.

Glenn I. Molyneaux.

Houghton '16
Oberlin '20.

Don't quit too soon. It takes a great many blows to drive a nail, but one to clinch it.

Int. News

I. P. A. REORGANIZED

The students of Houghton Seminary enjoyed a double treat Jan. 26 during Chapel period. First, Rev. Scott of Lansing Michigan and Miles Wagner of Bradford, Pennsylvania both old students of Houghton and also members of that famous Male Quartet about which we have heard so much, sang two songs which were enjoyed by all.

Second, Mr. Vernon L. Philips a representative of the National Intercollegiate Prohibition Association was with us and gave a splendid talk on the Liquor Traffic. He said the I. P. A. was not dead by any means although the organization had gone to pieces during the Recent World War. Two reasons were assigned for this; 1st. Many of the leaders entered some form of service for the Gov't and 2nd. Many thought its cause for existence had ceased. But as it once had a great reason for existing, likewise it has now. No individual or organization has any claim for existence unless it is such as will help humanity help to make the world better. Therefore the liquor traffic must go. And the I. P. A. must live.

He said the liquor traffic was on the wrong side of the ledger and hence it was of no use and emphasized the fact that if we were considering a life's work after our school days were over of which we would

be ashamed, then we had better change our plans. If the liquor traffic is extinguished it will require united effort. It was the UNITED States that 'licked' the Kaiser or helped 'lick' him, it was the UNITED States that freed Cuba and now the UNITED States has the opportunity of helping to extinguish liquor from the whole world.

Some have said that Prohibition came to us while our boys in khaki were across the Sea. What a reproach upon our soldiers! It came to us because America was ready for it and it has come to stay. Now it must prove itself. During the first six months of Prohibition it achieved wonderful success, but was not so great a success during the second six months. But this is no sign it is decreasing in effectiveness for it took some six months to find out how they could evade the law, and now it will take the Gov't six months to learn how to catch the evaders. It is remarkable to know that Prohibition has worked as well as it has. In some places workhouses and jails have actually been closed. In Orange County, N. Y. the sheriff was compelled to again take up farming. If Prohibition will put some of our politicians to work let's have more Prohibition.

Now that it has really come what our country needs next is a healthy respect for law. We want law enforcement and students should have a greater respect for law. This will form part of the work of the I. P. A. Civic reforms are also being taken over and are also forming part of its work.

In the afternoon Mr. Philips again gave other reasons for re-organizing our I. P. A. as three years have elapsed since its existence here. It has already been re-organized in about two hundred colleges of the United States, one of them being our own sister college, Marion, Ind. which already boasts of eighty three members.

John Hester was chosen for President, Alice Buchholz for Vice President and John Wilcox for Secretary and Treasurer.

He is a fake philosopher who sometimes will not reverse his own judgments.

Int. News

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.

Emerson

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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DON'T PROCRASTINATE
WATCH FOR THE BLUE MARK

Your subscription
has expired



Your Renewal is
due next month

Editorial

THE COMMON TOUCH

Oliver W. Holmes has said, "Knowledge like timber shouldn't be much used until seasoned." Shall we consider this to bear out a long process of learning never manifesting itself in any real productive channels until that knowledge has become weathered by the storms of life, cracked by the explosion of old ideas

frosted by irony and splintered by sarcasm? Shall we take it to mean that knowledge needs to be left lying about in our 'upper stories' of thought, packed away under our "intellectual rafters" near the highest, driest corner of the cerebral cortex waiting for a good chance to make some use of it? We cannot think the poet had these ideas in mind. However some people seem to practice the above plan in regard to the use of their knowledge.

In all things there is a happy medium. The verbose effusions of the wag and the immature applications of the intellectual profligate are distasteful to men and women of good culture.

But neither of these extremes are to be approved: one is as undesirable as the other. The medium nevertheless must recognize the value of the common touch. No matter how intellectual or profound, no matter how shallow or fickle, we are all human. Our houses of clay may differ widely in color, shape, size and efficiency. A lot of paint may be applied but the inside furniture in itself is very much alike. You may get so intellectual that you don't care to mingle with or notice the mass of men. But the mass of men never get where they do not appreciate the influence of a great soul; the touch of an understanding hand. The really great men of earth, withal some having great education and vast wealths of knowledge in technical research, have been made great, not by this knowledge but by the vaster, more sublime wealth of love and sympathy for mankind. Without this the great student is an automaton hurled on through life by the blind force of circumstance re-enforced by desperate dogged determination.

The poet above quoted gave us this also, "The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men." Every bit of knowledge you acquire possesses some nugget of truth. If you do not apply the truth it may die on your hands. Use the principle of truth gained to draw you nearer to the throbbing mass of mankind. When time seasons these nuggets of truth, tries them in the furnaces of misunderstanding and misfortune, the result will be a great reserve force of power that will make you richer in friends and knowledge of the souls of men. Huxley says one will arrive at the right conclusion quicker if going in the directly opposite direction then if on a bias to the truth. The posi-

tive "knockouts" received in the wrong direction will serve to turn the course right about face where the condoning influences of a neutral attitude will lead to degrading lethargy, hopeless and despairing in the extreme. Positive action on truth, while the truth is fresh, in view of bringing mankind to a better understanding of each other, is a great task and only worthy of real men and women.

J. D. W.

REAL LIVING

This question was asked of a certain man, "Would it be possible for one man to honestly earn a million dollars in a life time?" His reply was, "No", and then he proceeded to give his reasons. The main reason was that the man or woman who really deserves and earns a million dollars never gets it. Why? Not because their lives are fruitless but because their reward is not reckoned in dollars and cents.

The world today has little use for the people who are living for self to such an extent that they would not be found doing anything for their next door neighbor unless they are being paid for it. We need more of the Spirit of the 'Man of Galilee', who gave Himself for others.

The business man is a failure whose aim is just to make money and fails to take time for a pleasant, 'Good Morning' or a friendly conversation. The schoolteacher is a failure who is satisfied with doing just what he has to do. Many a one has opened the door to a better position by taking time for a few tasks which he was not compelled to do, or has influenced a whole life by some act or encouraging word to a boy or girl. Such rewards are measureless.

So many times preachers have been a failure because their vision was so limited that they could not see how God really counts success. And so it is with every vocation in life. If we are looking for the \$ as the reward our vision is meagre indeed. Where would our schools be today if a few men and women had failed to see their opportunity for usefulness in helping the young people of our church? Where would our nation be if our

forefathers had waited for a visible recompense before acting? Rather they saw their reward as the nation prospered and believed "That a good name is rather to be chosen than riches and loving favor than silver and gold."

Oh! we need men and women to-day who are willing to lay aside selfish ambitions and serve others. Our church needs them, our nation needs them and God needs them. So many times a pleasant smile or a cheery greeting is neglected because we are so engrossed in the duties of life that we persuade ourselves that we haven't time. When these or a friendly chat will cheer some soul along the way can we afford to neglect them? If we haven't time then we must take time. When requested for a favor by someone don't hesitate because you don't have to do it. Do it willingly and not grudgingly as though you were performing some act from which you would receive no reward. Doing for others is what makes life really worth living. So; "Be useful where thou livest, that they may Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.

Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

Herbert.

MRS. MARSHALL'S RECIPE

The first rays of the morning sun peeping into Mrs. Marshall's room, awakened her.

"I'll have time to pray a while before breakfast must be started", she said to herself, "Somehow the whole day's work seems to go better when I have time to set my spirit in tune with the Almighty. Things don't annoy me so much and, dear me, I expect I shall have enough that might do so to-day. That tiresome Mrs. Hayes has sent word that she will 'drop in' as she puts it. That means at least two hours of listening to her troubles and trials and ailments. She never seems to realize that she has a thing to thankful for. I just can't sympathize with her and it seems like a real waste of time. And then—but if I don't get up,

I won't have any time for prayer after all."

Later, when she rose from her knees, it was with a lighter heart and a more cheerful countenance. Of course she knew there would be trials but she did not have to meet them alone. So she went about her work singing.

Breakfast was usually a happy meal and this morning was no exception to the rule. To be sure no milk had been left and she had been obliged to go for some. The walk in the morning air only set her whole being athrill with glowing life.

After sending her husband off to the office with a smiling face, she washed the dishes, did the upstairs work and finished a little dusting she had left from Friday. Just as she was starting to the telephone to order her groceries, a rap at the back door called her again to the kitchen.

"Oh, Mrs. Marshall, mamma has burnt her hand. Can you come over? I don't know what to do and it hurts her just awful."

"Why, of course, Dorothy, I'll come right over."

Taking the child's hand, she hurried to the home next door and found not only that the burn was severe, but also that it had brought about a shock to Mrs. Barnard's nerves. After telephoning for the doctor and Mrs. Barnard's sister, she did what she could to relieve the pain and sooth the patient.

When at last she was free to go home, she found that it was nine o'clock. This meant that she must hurry in order to have her baking done before Mrs. Hayes arrived. Soon a delicious aroma pervaded the little house. It proceeded from the oven in which reposed a panful of raisin cookies. When the last of these had been taken out, two pumpkin pies were ready to take their place. With a nervous glance at the clock, she washed up the baking dishes. In her hurry she knocked one of her best cups off the table. With a sigh she picked up the pieces.

"I might have known better than to use it. If anything is broken, it is always something I particularly care for. I wonder why it is."

Like a whisper came the suggestion, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." Was it possible that she had been doing that? It had not occurred to her before; but after all she had put quite a little time and money into mak-

ing her home beautiful.

"Perhaps I have been thoughtless along that line."

Breathing a prayer for forgiveness and help, she took the pies out of the oven and removed her apron just as Mrs. Hayes knocked. Now Mrs. Hayes was not any more attractive than she had been in the past but somehow to Mrs. Marshall she seemed different. With a warm greeting she led the old lady into the cozy livingroom and insisted on her laying off her wraps.

"I am going to keep you for lunch to-day. Mr. Marshall is staying down town and I shall be alone if you do not keep me company."

Not often did Mrs. Hayes receive so cordial a welcome and it touched her heart.

"Bless you, my dear, I'll be more than glad to stay. You know my rheumatism—but there, I'm not going to make myself tiresome after you have been so good to me. I want you to give me your recipe for that sunny face. I don't know but I'll try it, that is, if it suits me."

Mrs. Marshall was at first embarrassed. She knew well enough what the recipe was but she had not been accustomed to speaking freely of spiritual matters. Only a moment, however, did she hesitate. Perhaps this was the opportunity she had been looking for. If this were not missionary work, where could she find any?

"My recipe, Mrs. Hayes, is prayer. I find that prayer sweetens everything. It gives a different outlook. It helps you to really feel that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' If you have never tried it, I wish you would."

"I never did set much store by praying and I reckon its rather late to begin. Howsomever, I'm glad if you get any good out of it. Haven't we had a rainy spell for some time back?"

"Yes, but how lovely to-day is. If you will excuse me now for a few minutes. I'll prepare a little lunch."

It was not until between three and four o'clock that Mrs. Hayes left and in spite of her resolve to be otherwise, she certainly was wearisome. But, possessed of the spirit of the Master, Mrs. Marshall tried to forget herself and treat her guest as Jesus Himself would have done had He been in her place. Mrs. Hayes' last words before leaving were such as to make Mrs. Marshall feel that the time had

not been wasted.

"Well, my dear, you have given me a very pleasant day and I'll not be one to forget it very soon. I know I must be bothersome sometimes but you have been very patient with the old woman. If it will please you any, I'll tell you that I have decided to try your recipe.

—B.W.M.

Labour to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire—Conscience.

Rule from the copybook of Washington when a Schoolboy.

Only those whose names are on Time's payroll are listed in the statistics of Eternity.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit

OUR FACULTY

There is an old verse that runs something like this:

"Give the flowers to the living
Let sweet fragrance fill the air
Blessings follow with the giving
Pure and sweet and lilyfair."

I admit that the words sound rather wishy-washy. But there is something fine under the words, and hidden by them.

It is the easiest thing in the world to criticize everything. It is also most harmful. It takes a man to recognize the good points in his enemy.

However, I do not think that any of us consider the faculty as our enemies. But we do become so used to them that we take them as a matter of course, unless they happen to step on our toes. Then we rise up in our righteous or unrighteous indignation.

After we leave school, of course we will look back and thank God for our faithful instructors. We will think of the good example they have set before us, and the way in which they strove to bring us to Christ. We will think of these things, then, when it will be too late to tell them.

I think there is no danger of our faculty becoming high headed or puffed up over any few words of appreciation we may give them. Everyone knows they have enough burdens on them to keep their heads level.

So let us stop and take an inventory of their good qualities. Some day in chapel let us quit day-dreaming and think.

In the front row on the platform, sit Miss Eddy and Miss Culp.

Miss Eddy is a truly womanly woman.

She does her best. Miss Culp is new among us this year. Some of our ways probably seem strange to her, but she fits in remarkably well, and fills her place.

She is a wonderful reader. One minute she has you laughing, the next crying. She has a remarkable control of herself.

At the piano is Miss Paddock. She is very quiet. But when she is giving a music lesson, the smallest mistake does not escape her. She is herself a player of great expression.

Miss Kelly, dean of women, starts out the back row at the left. She is very efficient and thorough; indeed, it was through her, that the K. P. discipline was first introduced to Houghton. To say the least it is very effective. After a girl has wept over a pan of onions, she is likely to be more careful of her conduct in the future. We would say, "Three cheers for Miss Kelly.

Miss Fancher comes next. She has the patience of Job. How often she has kept us after school and used her time explaining and re-explaining the mysteries of algebra to us. Sometimes we were ungrateful but more often we were resentful. In any case with kindness and tact and sometimes firmness, she led us on. Also she is a friend to all, and many a student has poured out his or her troubles to her, and gone away comforted.

Next to President Luckey sits Mrs. Bowen. She is sometimes called the friend of the boys. But I, a girl, have found her a faithful and true friend to me. Sometimes in my younger days, I regretted her faithfulness, in the after-school sessions, but I thank her for it now. She has taught many the first lessons of true study.

On the other side of the President are the two Professor Fanchers. They are alike in one thing. When they set their foot down on a thing, it takes a crowbar and a steam engine to pry them loose. Otherwise they are extremely different. Prof. LeRoy, dean of men, is very long-suffering. He is always overworked, but somehow finds time for everything essential. He is so kind that we all love him. Prof. LeVay is what we might call versatile. He is always a pusher. Anything that he gets into is assured of success. He is not quite as long-suffering as his brother, but if you do what he tells

you to, he'll help you thru.

Bro. Whitaker, the theological professor, is an earnest Christian, mellowed by years of toil in the active ministry. He is well trained and educated, and is surely well fitted to head our religious activities.

We have left until the last our Pres., Mr Luckey, who sets in the arm-chair between Mrs. Bowen and Prof. LeRoy.

We have been obliged to be brief in speaking of the rest, and how they have influenced us spiritually. Pres. Luckey seems to sum up all the good qualities. He is a true Christian man, in the first place. He is a born student and teacher, well trained. Under the blessing of God he works on, fulfilling his mission. What more can I say than there is not a student who does not give him love and respect, not a student who would not do all in his power to help him.

We talk about school spirit. Let us use what we have. Let us uphold our faculty, and follow in the upward march which they lead. Mary Williams

We may build splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and sculptures,
But we cannot buy, with gold, the old associations. —Longfellow.

Organizations

ATHENIAN SOCIETY

The members of the Athenian Society assembled Mon. night for the first meeting of the new semester. The following officers were elected.

Pres. Arthur Bernhoft.

Vice Pres. Elizabeth Black.

Sec. Helen Davison.

Treas. Cecil Huntsman.

We have sometimes wondered if the college students realize the development which they might have if they would attend the Athenian Society with that purpose in view. The President cannot make the society a success, neither can the program committee: it can come only through the cooperation of each member. If we would go into our work for the Society as we do our school work, we would be astonished at the results. Why not try it this semester and make the Athenian noted for the debaters, readers and orators it sends forth into active service.

NEOSOPHIC SOCIETY

The Neosophic Society met Monday evening, January 31. This being the first meeting since the election of officers, the new ones were in their places. They are: President, Alice Buchholz; Vice-President, Irwin Enty; Secretary, Mary Fero; Assistant-Secretary, Wilber Clark; Treasurer, Stanley Lawrence; Sargent-at-arms, Joseph Kemp; Janitor, Maurice Enty.

The program opened by an address from our new president. In this short address she set forth her aims for the Neosophic society for this semester, and gave a good many helpful ideas on Society improvement. Among them were: conduct in Society, conduct during devotionals, acting when your name is on the program, and complaining to the program committee. The advice of our president is very timely and should certainly be carried out and thereby improve our Society.

The next meeting was held Monday evening February 7, and was well attended. The program rendered was in memory of Abraham Lincoln and the several parts were ably handled by those to whom they were assigned. The conduct of the Society was noticeably better and all on the program responded except the chorister, this being a much better record than has been made in the past.

The aim of the Neosophic Literary Society is to cultivate our talents along literary lines and if we wish our society to be what it should and our talents improved, we should respond when our names are on the program, and then do our best to boost our Society and make it more helpful and instructive to all concerned.

J. B. M.

Yawhe, the Yankee says, "I wish every Conference would write in to the 'STAR' or I mean to have the Conference Division Presidents of that there Houghton Student Association write in and tell about the number and names of the present and former Houghton Students from their Conference, I believe it would be good publicity."

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

-Lincoln

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, Time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but, if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellowmen, we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten all Eternity.

-Webster.

Alumni Notes

Dear "Old Students":—I have been wondering just what would, in your mind, be necessary to make the "STAR" of interest to you. It would not be a difficult matter to find out if you were all free to make your views known. Since you do not, we are compelled to use our own imagination to discover what you want.

I suppose for one thing you would like to know whether Houghton itself is just the same as when you were here. Perhaps you haven't been back for a long time and, oh, how you would like just a glimpse of Houghton to-day. Naturally Seminary Hill would occupy the largest place in your mind but the whole village is dear to you because with it are associated many memories both pleasant and otherwise. Well, how would it be if we should have some one paint some word pictures for you? That would not be quite as satisfactory as seeing with your own eyes but when we cannot have just what we most want, the next best is pleasing.

Then, the old friends, how long it seems since we said goodbye to them. One of the hard things we have to meet here is the parting from companions who have endeared themselves to us. Now they are scattered far and wide. How good it would be to hear from them occasionally. If you really do want to learn about any of your old friends, perhaps we can help you. I wish each one of you would right away write on a postal card the names of about half a dozen whom you would like to hear about and send it to the "STAR". We shall gladly do our best to discover where they are and anything else you may wish to know if you will only state your wishes on the postal. As we find out about them, the information will be published in the "STAR". Please send the card immediately. You will forget if you procrastinate.

Beulah McKinney

EFFICIENCY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Mrs. Fanny A. Derr, Superintendent of the Bible Association of Allegheny County has spent several days in our midst and gave a splendid talk on Sunday School work to an interested group one afternoon. She commended our Sunday School here but said that anyone doing Sunday School work was a fit subject for criticism. Some of the points she emphasized were:—One reason why there is so little accomplished is because too much is done in the flesh. Teachers of Bible classes do not pray enough, and then go into class unprepared because they failed to get the lesson on their knees. There are twenty-seven thousand people in Allegheny County alone which are untouched by the Sunday School. Thus there is a large task before us and prayer is the most effective means of making the situation better.

The Sunday School should have four aims: 1. To reach people for Christ, 2. To win these souls for Christ, 3. To teach them the Word of God, and 4. To enlist them in His service. Are we, are our schools accomplishing these things? We have no right to ask God to bless our efforts to building up our school unless it is for these four things.

The next question which naturally arises is, "How may the teacher win the members of his or her class to Christ?"

Again four things are necessary to do this. First, there must be a vital union with Christ in the teacher. Second, he should remember each member of his class at least daily in prayer before God. Third, the lesson must be prepared well first from the Bible, then use outside helps. Knee-ology will be very effective here also. Fourth, there must be personal contact between teacher and student.

Sunday School work surely is a worthy one and let us remember Mrs. Derr in prayer as she goes from school to school in this county trying with the help of the Lord to build up the work. H. G. R.

If you want to "serve the people" it isn't necessary to run for office. Work hard, attend to your own business and pay your bills on the first of the month. Follow that plan and you will be more popular than any statesman and will have less grief! Selected.

ORATORY

Oratory is the rarest attained among the arts, it calls forth the personality. Oratory is the voicing of the soul's purposes. It is the center and the informing influence of the oratory course; and all the subjects, that increase the inner power of the personality, contribute finally to the success of the orator.

Oratory is immortal. It will have its influence upon man in some form or other as it has in past ages. And as long as we are controlled by emotions and it is necessary to discuss questions in the pulpit, senate and the bar. "A thoroughly accomplished orator is the highest style of man", says David Paul Brown. He is always ready to teach and ready to learn. Hortensius was a lawyer, Cicero an orator. The one forgotten, the other is immortal. The study of oratory has of late years been too much neglected by public speakers. They do not give enough attention to general literature. By giving a certain amount of their time to the study of polite literature, aside from the fact, that they would derive certain benefits from the accumulation of facts, their mind would be strengthened, invigorated and improved.

Selected.

There is a thing in this old place
Which everyone despises,
It has an awful ugly face,
And it sure never rises.
You may wonder what it be,
Perhaps its he, perhaps its she,
It hands out information free
The tattle tale

PLUS ULTRAS' SOCIAL MEETING

The Plus Ultra Sunday School class held their first class meeting and social gathering at the home of Mrs. Clark, their class teacher. The meeting was opened by the singing of a hymn and followed by a prayer by Mrs. Clark. A piano solo was given by Miss Viola Roth and then the business was brought before the class.

A plan of adopting and supporting some little foreign child was brought before the class. The Plus Ultras are thinking about this plan and may take action upon it. Other business was brought up and soon after the meeting was adjourned.

To top the meeting with fun, maple sugar served on snow and delicious popcorn

was served. Mrs. Clark brought out an interesting African robe and other African objects and explained their uses. One of the girls donned herself in these clothes and paraded as a high African Monkey Monk. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present and those that weren't had better come next time.

OUR VACATION BUNCH

"Did you have a happy vacation?" was eagerly asked by the returning students of our happy vacation bunch. "Oh yes", we chorused and went on to relate the things that happened during those two short weeks of vacation just as fast as our tongues would let us.

So I will mention a few of the sports we had.

We had a lovely time Christmas Eve making candy and popcorn and bags for the trimming of the tree which the boys and girls had gone to get in the forenoon.

We strung the popcorn and had the candy all ready and each boy and girl brought a little 10 cent gift so that everybody had a little gift from the tree. We trimmed the tree the next evening just before the Christmas party held that eve.

Then we were overjoyed to hear that we were going out to sing Christmas Carols under peoples windows early Christmas morning to let them know that it was the glad day on which our Lord Jesus Christ was born. We did and it was just like day it was so light. We hurried from house to house and received a glad greeting "Thank you," or "Merry Christmas" from nearly every house in which the people were awake. We were offered some money by Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fancher but we kindly thanked them and told them that we were doing it for Jesus and not for money. They were way up there on the hill alone and said they had never before been personally serenaded.

That same evening, as I have mentioned before, we trimmed the tree and had a lovely time in the evening. The townspeople were there and we played games until we heard the jingling of bells at the side of the Dorm and we knew old Saint Nick must be near. Sure enough in a few minutes in came Mr. Santa Clause impersonated by Mr. Densmore. We were greatly amused and laughed at his quaint costume. He called upon three children to be his helpers, who were little Evangeline Clark, Lynford Sicard and myself.

They were greatly amused at Santa's actions toward us. He handed us the presents and we distributed them. Some were comical such as a boy getting perfume, dolls and hairpins and girls getting clothes pin dolls and eye salve etc. Then we played games again in which they had one comical one called judge and jury which excited many of the players. When at last a reluctant good night had been said and all our visitors had gone, we all happily declared that it had all been a perfect success.

There had been a heavy snowfall during Christmas night and so we could go sliding down hill on our sleds over on Fanchers and Seminary Hill. Both were very slippery until old Mr. Sun came out and said, "See how great I am!" and melted it mostly all away but there was still a little left so we did not feel quite so bad.

On the Monday of the second week we were honored by the presence of two lovely girls, namely Esther and Marie Reese from Akron, Ohio who came to pay a visit to Rev. David Anderson who resides on Genesee Avenue. They went home the following Friday P. M. We hope they had a good time as they knew many of the girls and boys here. We gave a spread for them on Wednesday evening in which we had a lovely time and hope they did.

Miss Grange gave us the privilege of making some ice cream so we had jello and whipt cream and cake as desert and we had a good supper also.

The next day we had our pictures taken by the Reese sisters.

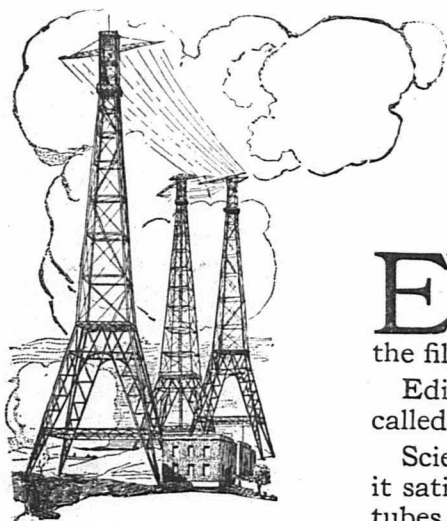
We girls had a scheme worked out in our heads so that afternoon some of the girls went up to Prof. LeRoy Fancher's and asked him if we could use his team and cutter for a sleighride in the evening.

He said we could and so that night we bundled up good and went for a ride.

There were eight girls from the Dorm., the Reese sisters, Erma Anderson, Mr. Barnett, Messers. J. and O. Hester, and other men from the town. Mr. LeRoy Fancher drove the team. Mr. Barnett seemed to like to walk instead of ride. We sang our Houghton Songs and rode from Houghton to Hume to Fillmore and back to Houghton. It was a lovely ride all the way. We reached home about eleven o'clock. Some of the girls had a feed afterwards.

These are only a few of the good times we had during Christmas vacation. Do you not think so?

Gay Randal!



How is a Wireless Message Received?

EVERY incandescent lamp has a filament. Mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament. A current leaps the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows.

Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"—exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"—a purely scientific discovery.

No one can foresee what results will follow from research in pure science. Sooner or later the world must benefit practically from the discovery of new facts.

For this reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are concerned as much with investigations in pure science as they are with the improvement of industrial processes and products. They, too, have studied the "Edison effect" scientifically. The result has been a new form of electron tube, known as the "pliotron", a type of X-ray tube free from the vagaries of the old tube; and the "kenetron", which is called by electrical engineers a "rectifier" because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current.

All these improvements followed because the Research Laboratories try to discover the "how" of things. Pure science always justifies itself.

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THE JOYS OF LIVING

Continued from page 2

But the speaker soon proceeded to show that there are other and deeper elements than laughter that contribute to the joys of living. Sorrow is hard to bear but it brings its afterglow of a deeper joy. At this point Dr. Pearson with deep feeling quoted Riley's "O Heart of Mine".

One of our greatest joys is that of work done in the proper spirit. "God in cursing gives greater joys than men in blessing." We should never quit work. When a man quits work he begins to die. Furthermore there is no such thing as a retired Christian and when we reach heaven, God will still have some worthwhile work for us to do. The rendering of Kipling's "L'Envoi" was very appropri-

When your hair gets long,
And your beard grows heavy;
Come to me with a song,
And I'll make a levy.

My shop's open Saturday all day,
Friday, Monday, Wednesday: 3:30
to 5:00;

Tuesday and Thursday you'll have
to lay;

For into physical training I dive.

G. W. MORSE

ate.

The joys of friendship were mentioned next as being among the foremost ones in life. There are fifty-seven varieties of friends from the fair weather kind to those who can say with Burns, "I do not HEAR unfavorable things about my friends." The speaker asked some questions that made us think hard and wonder if we had fully understood the meaning of the word friend and whether we had ever been real friends. Are you my friend because I belong to your political

Continued on page 11

Current News

Several new students as well as most of the old ones, have registered for the second semester.

Mr. Clarence Barnett, Theolog '21, and Miss. Lucy Miller have occupied the reception room five times in succession over one week end. We conclude that they have patched up their latest difference.

Members of the Economics class are reported to have been ready at the close of the first class period of the semester to sing that famous classic, "They've gone out from Economics".

Miss. Edna Harris of Falconer, N. Y. visited Mrs. Charles Sicard and other friends over the week end of Jan. 14 - 17.

Miss Alice Reed of Newcastle, Pa., who has been attending school here, was called home at the close of the first semester. She hopes to return next year.

One of our new students, Mr. George Morse, is to open a barber shop in town. This will probably prove a source of much gratification to the dean of men.

Mr. Arthur Northrup is in town to complete the wiring of the buildings. We shall be very glad to have some good lights

Freshmen and Sophomores of the college department celebrated by having parties at the end of the semester. The Sophomores invited the Junior Class also. Both parties were very successful according to all reports.

Miss Katherine Jones has returned to school after an illness of several weeks. We hope she will now be able to continue her studies without interruption.

No greater compliment could be paid any girl--she made other girls wish to be good.

Int. News

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party? Because I am a member of your church? Because I act always to please you? "When I need you most will you run? They who are well need no physician but they who are sick. Who has many friends? He who is a friend to many. Who has few friends? He who is a friend to few." As Dr. Pearson quoted the familiar "John Anderson, My Jo", we could vividly picture the touching scene of the two old men who had journeyed through life together—friends to the last.

God took great pains to make the world beautiful and, if we do not learn to appreciate the beauty all around us, we are losing one of the joys of life. Poetry, music, and painting are expressions of beauty by master minds. Take time to become acquainted with them.

Love and faith in our relations with God and our fellowmen play an important part in life. Deeply impressive was the reading from Bourdillon:

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

In speaking of the great faith of our Saviour he understandingly interpreted Lanier's beautiful "Ballad of Trees and the Master."

But in addition to faith in God and our fellowmen; we must have faith in ourselves, otherwise we will accomplish but little in life. The man who drops his head and says, "What's going to happen, will happen" is already a failure. But he who throws back his shoulders, looks life squarely in the face and says, "What's going to happen will not happen! I'm here! Honk! I was here first!" is bound to succeed. As an appropriate closing, he read that poem which has been an inspiration to so many, Kipling's "If".

Finally, we would sum up our impressions by saying that Dr. Pearson's personality was magnetic, his style and delivery polished, his choice of selections admirable, his rendering of them highly artistic, and his philosophy sound.

F. B. K.

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In Athenian:

J. Wilcox:—I make a motion that hereafter anyone who speaks audibly without addressing the chair shall receive a severe reprimand from the chair.

"I second the motion."

Pres. Bernhoft:—The motion has been made and seconded that anyone who audibly addresses the chair be severely reprimanded.

Lusk:—Do you suppose I'll get my A. B. here?

Bernhoft:—I don't know but I imagine you will get your I. B.

Towell:—This match won't light.

Tierney:—That's funny; it did a minute ago.

During Christmas vacation when the blasting of rock had just begun in the valley, President Luckey was greatly disturbed one day just after Helen had left the office, to hear a great crash followed by the shaking of the whole building.

"Mercy Land, Rachel, has that child fallen on the stairs?"

Hester:—Say, Barnet, are you going to play basket-ball this afternoon?

Barnet:—Is it a mixed game?

Rev. Arthur Northrup who is overseeing the preparations for electric lights in the Seminary voices a need of fifteen minute periods for he says, "Young Luckey works harder when the girls are passing to and from classes."

Paul Readette:—Beatrice had a scrap down on the ice to-night.

Miss Paddock:—She did! How did it happen?

Paul:—She fell and hit the ice.

PROFITEERING APPROVED

"I'm sorry, young man," said the druggist as he eyed the small boy over the counter, "but I can only give you half as much castor oil for a dime as I used to."

The boy blithely handed him the coin.

"I'm not kicking," he remarked, "The stuff's for me." Watchman-Examiner