

Isabelle Stebbins

THE

Houghton Star

MARCH 1914.



Volume VI

Number Six

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In Memoriam

Willingness to spend himself for others was a prominent trait in the character of our beloved Brother Jennings. It was this trait which made him consent, only a few days before his death when his strength was scarcely adequate for the task, to act as one of three judges of poetry submitted in the Houghton Seminary Literary Contest. Of the seventeen poems entered in the contest, Brother Jennings chose as his favorite the accompanying one, entitled "The Call." Realizing, as he probably did when he read the poem, that he would soon hear the voice of God calling him home to the brighter sphere, how full of meaning the verses must have been to him!

H. R. Smith, Jr.

The Call

When Life's evening dusk is settling,
O'er my fading eyes,
When the veil of death is falling,
And I hear the Master calling,
Bidding me arise,

I would have no thoughts of doubting,
But with faith abide;
May I then be ready, waiting,
While I go unhesitating,
With my angel guide.

I would leave with no misgiving,
And no task undone;
May my trust then be unfailing,
As the soul starts homeward sailing,
Toward that gilded throne.

I would have no wild lamenting,
Sob, or scalding tear,
May there be no sigh or grieving,
But glad thoughts that I am leaving,
For that brighter sphere.

Thus shall I sometime go sailing,
On that unknown sea,
Till I safely reach the landing,
And before me He is standing,
— Face to face with me.

S. D. B. '16

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. VI

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No. 6

A Successful Burglary

Robert L. Smith, '17

Gentleman Joe sat or rather reclined in his seat vaguely staring at the inky blackness of the car window, oblivious to his surroundings. Around him the other passengers were passing their time away in various manners. One man a short distance down the aisle was entertaining a company of passengers by recounting jokes from the Ladies' Home Journal. Down at the other end of the car a couple of boys were deriving considerable amusement for themselves and friends by playing "Bean-Porridge-Hot." But the majority of the passengers had relapsed into sleep and some into snores. But so far as Gentleman Joe was concerned the car might as well have been empty. It mattered little to him that the train was fully an hour late on account of the blizzard which was raging outside. In fact, life itself, was of little account to him. As he looked back over his life, it seemed to accord exactly with the blackness of the window at which he was looking. His life had been a succession of one misdeed after another. He thought that perhaps if he had had the influences of a good home and parents, it all might have been different. But possibilities did not alter the facts in the case. He was what he was and he knew no way that he could begin ever again. He remembered that even now he was on his way to work out another little job in his profession, and if his plans did not miscarry, the post-office in the little town of Mayville would be minus its cash before morning.

He was suddenly awakened from his reflections by the brakeman coming through the train calling "Mayville." He arose, put on his coat and hat, and as soon as the train had

stopped, picked up his grip and stepped off the train. When Gentleman Joe stepped off the train, it was very nearly eleven o'clock, and the little village was as quiet as a graveyard. Our friend of the train did not hesitate a minute, but started away from the depot through the village as though he knew exactly what he was about. He came shortly to the post-office of the town. This building was an ordinary oblong country store with a large wing at one side in which the post-master and his wife lived. The post-office of course was closed at this time of night, but a light still could be seen in a couple of windows in the wing. He walked boldly up to the door and knocked. Very soon the door was opened by a kind-faced, gray-haired old lady, the post-master's wife.

"You couldn't tell me where I could find some place where I could stay over night, could you?" politely asked Gentleman Joe.

"I don't believe I know any place where you can stay. There isn't any hotel in town, you know," said the old lady kindly. "But don't stand out there in the cold. You must be 'bout froze. Come in while I ask John."

Gentleman Joe stepped into the most home-like scene that he had seen in many a day. The warmth of the room together with the bright coal stove gave a sense of coziness and contentment which he had seldom experience before. It was just such a place as he had imagined for home.

John, a kindly-faced old man, had been sitting by the stove warming his feet preparatory to going to bed, turned around and looked at the young man who had entered, and inquired genially, "Where be ye going a night like this? Do you live hereabouts?"

"No, I can't say that I do. I guess that I am a stranger in this town.

Just got in on the late train. I supposed that there was a hotel in town. Had some business here tomorrow."

"Well, I guess we won't keep you tramping around the village in a storm like this. We've got an extra bed and you can use it, if you feel that you can put up with us."

"Very much obliged," said Gentleman Joe. "I guess I can stand it if you folks can."

"O that's alright," replied the old man when he noticed how young the stranger was. "Say do you know that you make me think an awful lot of Tom. Don't he you, mother?"

"Yes, he does some," said the old lady sadly as she looked with kindly eyes at Gentleman Joe.

"Tom your son?"

"Yes," said the old man shortly.

"Got married then, did he?"

"I don't know that he did," replied the old man slowly. "He just went away, that's all and didn't come back."

"I hope he does," said Gentleman Joe with a sincerity unusual to him.

A long silence followed this remark, and the minds of the two old people seemed to be far away. At last the wife arose and said: "You must be awful tired. It is getting very late. Come with me and I will show you where you are to sleep."

"Good night, my boy," said the old man as Gentleman Joe followed up the stairs. "I hope you sleep well, and as long as you want to."

Soon Gentleman Joe found himself in a cozy little bed-room which the old lady had said had been Tom's room. On the stand in front of him as he sat on the bed he saw the picture of a boy which he had no doubt was that of the run-away Tom. The picture was that of an ordinary boy. The rather weak face merely expressed a wild and adventurous disposition.

"Well I am here just as I wanted to be," soberly spoke Gentleman Joe half-aloud to himself, "but this is too easy. There aint going to be a robbery here tonight, if I know anything about it. I am not the one to give them another disappointment when they have swallowed me whole in this way. I don't see why in time that boy Tom wanted to run away from such a good home. Wish for the old folks' sake he would come back. Well I will stay here till morning and move on. This isn't

any job for me."

He sat on the bed meditating in this manner for some time, when suddenly his quick ear detected a slight noise below. His acute senses were not long in determining the nature of the noise.

"If I am any judge, that sounds like someone trying a lock. Sounds as if it were at the front door of the store. Guess I had better investigate. If I am not to get the money out of this, no one else is."

Accordingly he opened his grip, fished out his dark lantern and a bunch of keys, and went silently down the stairs. Soon he was in the post-office. He was not mistaken in his surmisings. Sure enough in the back of the room was a light and the shadowy figure of a man kneeling in front of the post-master's safe. He quickly decided upon a course of action. He would not dare to begin any conversation with his professional brother, because it might lead to serious consequences to himself. There was only one thing to do, and that was to overpower the unsuspecting burglar, before he could use his revolver, send him away, and then he and the post-master's money would be safe. The little old safe was simplicity itself to the man who knelt before it, so that already he had the safe door open and was ransacking its contents. Gentleman Joe sneaked swiftly up behind the stranger at the safe, and just as he turned in alarm, seized him with both arms. Although Gentleman Joe was an experienced wrestler, his adversary was almost his equal. For some time they rolled and thrashed about on the floor. Gentleman Joe had just succeeded in getting his opponent pinned against a counter, when the whole struggle was abruptly terminated by the threatening muzzle of a shot-gun being thrust into their faces.

"Hands up," ordered the old man sternly and they both obeyed.

Right behind the post-master appeared his wife carrying a lamp. As soon as she had come close enough with the light, so that the faces of the two captives could be distinguished, the old man dropped the muzzle of his gun and stared in amazement.

"Tom—is—is that you," he quavered weakly. "How—how did you get here?"

But before any answer could be

given, Tom's mother had rushed forward and thrown her arms around her son.

"Oh Tom, Tom, I knew you would come back sometime to see your mother."

"Why—why—how did you come to be here," stammered Tom. "I thought you were still back on the old place."

"Didn't you know that after you left, we had to sell the old place and have been keeping the post-office since."

The old man who had just recovered from the amazement occasioned by the unexpected sight of his son had taken in the meaning of the open safe and the scattered tools spoke up: "What does this mean, Tom? You certainly wouldn't rob your poor old father, would you?"

"Well I guess he would by the looks of things," spoke up a gruff voice near the door, and a tall, alert-looking individual wearing a black overcoat and a derby hat, came forward and, stepping into the circle of light, he snapped a pair of hand-cuffs on Tom's wrists. "I guess I got the goods on you this time, young fellow," he said.

"I guess you have made a mistake, Mister," protested the old couple.

"I'm sorry if he is your son, but we have been suspecing this fellow for a long while, and so I followed him here tonight, and I guess I have got the goods on him."

At this declaration the old couple were nearly stupefied.

During all this time Gentleman Joe had been edging toward the door unnoticed; but when he saw the consternation of the old couple at the arrest of their son, he made a sudden resolve. Stepping up he astonished the detective by saying, "You've got another guess acoming on this case. I happen to be the guy that cracked that safe, and a neat little job it would have been, too, if it hadn't been for this young fellow you've got hand-cuffed here."

"Well I'll be hanged, if this isn't Gentleman Joe," exclaimed the detective. "Well I must say that I never expected to lay my hands on you as easy as this. Well I guess that lets you out," said he turning to Tom and taking off the hand-cuffs, only to transfer them to the unresisting hands of Gentleman Joe.

At this Tom would have started forward to protest, but Gentleman Joe shot him a warning glance, and said

to the detective: "Come on, we might as well be going."

And Gentleman Joe walked out into the night at the side of the detective, facing a long term of imprisonment; nevertheless well content that he had left behind him a happy, re-united family.

My Favorite Painters

Bertha Stahl, Prep. '14

Those who have enjoyed paintings find that there is a certain pleasure in knowing about our great artists, and in seeing their original works. In my mind there is nothing which makes us appreciate nature more than the truly high art of some artist. The more intensely an artist loves spiritual beauty, nature and truth, the greater it is admired by the lovers of painting. High art always dwells on all that is beautiful, accepts nature as she is, and then the eye is immediately drawn to those things which are most perfect in her. Great artists do not alter or improve nature but seek for "whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are pure." If these thoughts are in the artist's mind, his brush will produce this result on canvas, for an artist's soul breathes through his pictures. His painting therefore, is the fact plus his interpretation of the fact. True art is great in proportion to the love of beauty shown by the artist, delicacy to the highest degree and the extent of imaginative power which touches it. In order for us to appreciate the best paintings, we must have an understanding of the wilder beauty of pure nature, and a healthful play of imagination.

Having told you a few characteristics of high art, go with me in imagination to one of our great art galleries. You say the very sound of an "art gallery" gives you curiosity to see one. Then, you will perhaps be ready to enjoy some of the works of my favorite painters. As we enter the gallery, you will feel an atmosphere which will be strange to you. You will understand this better after you have been introduced to some of these great works. We are now at one end of the gallery and as we stand before these famous pictures, you will notice how the

the style of one artist differs from that of another. Do you not feel the tender emotions and lofty aspirations which that artist had in painting that picture? I pointed to one of Millet's. In spite of the fact that Millet saw little of the joyous side of life, and that he experienced tragedy of existence, yet he spent his leisure hours in drawing the familiar things about him. Look at the picture of "The Sower." A peasant is scattering grain in the furrow. Night is approaching and as he works, he is followed by a flock of birds. Notice his gesture, and the expression on his face. This tells us that there will be "bread for the morrow." The tones and harmonious colors in his art are noticeable. He portrays the peasant life in a noble phase, with its common toils, its devotion to labor, and duty, heightened by a higher thought. Everyone seems to feel the charm, and catch the atmosphere of his coarse featured peasantry. Notice the grouping of the pictures. Here are some of Corot's landscapes, painted in a light key of color and simple in masses of light and shade. We shall not find one more superior in producing the light of early morning and evening. Notice the famous "Dance of Nymphs," also "Spring." In these we find his fondness for trees standing in silent ranks against the sky. He did not seek to get so much from line as by a variety of color-tones. This is the key which marks Corot's paintings above some of the other great artists. You say that you do not enjoy Greek, Etruscan and Roman paintings, so we shall pass into this next room, where we shall be shown masterpieces by some of our greatest Dutch painters. You are now viewing portraits by Rembrandt. Notice his powerful way of striking universal truths through the human face. Perhaps you think that he used too much shade, but you will find that he always offset his paintings by high lights in strong contrast, and knew how to focus light. It was through his love of nature that the mysterious envelopment of objects was revealed to him. Notice how different the Holland art is from the others. One can see the fondness of homely joys and the quiet place of domestic life in these pictures. How interesting are the interior scenes, and how peaceful the landscapes! Now we are viewing American painting.

The one which appeals to me above the others, is this portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart. Here are some portraits by Whistler, one of the most artistic of all the moderns. Notice the portrait of his mother. How wonderful her expression is and how perfect her poise!

On this side of the gallery you will notice British Painting. What a wonderful charm of simplicity Sir Joshua Reynolds has in his "Angel Choir." It is difficult to find a picture painted with such tenderness of touch or with more appreciation of childhood. Here are a few of Reynolds's Madonnas. Even a child would be able to feel the purity and the majesty that belong to that mother. In her, Raphael seems to have revealed the highest and holiest types of womanhood. "The Immaculate Conception" by Murillo is a painting which has made a deep impression on my mind. Notice that the central figure is a Virgin, and in a misty background she is surrounded by little cherubs, peeping out from behind the clouds. The Virgin wears a flowing white robe, and a blue mantle overhangs her left shoulder. You should carry that picture in your mind for its elevating thought.

You are now looking at paintings by some of the other great Italian artists. Do you not feel that they have succeeded in expressing on canvas their desire to paint beauty of a highly intellectual type? Somehow, these faces possess a fascination none can surpass. While looking at these, recall that reproduction of "Mona Lisa" by Leonardo Da Vinci. How her eyes follow us about the gallery! Her power did not end there but her image came back to haunt our memories, again and again. Think of the times King Francis I, who bought the original portrait, gazed on her beauty!! It is no wonder that this famous portrait of "Mona Lisa" was stolen, but it was found and returned to the Louvre.

Now turn your eyes from the pictures for a moment, and I believe that you will have the same love for these artists, which has long been mine. After seeing these works of my favorite artists, I am sure that you will be filled with enthusiasm according to your ability to understand the beauty of art. Perhaps you have now learned that these pictures have won your admiration for marvelous workmanship, and

have inspired you to live a brighter life. What stories these pictures have told! Oh, how can our hearts freeze after this sunshine! Many times you will recall this day, which we have thus spent together. But, ere we leave these walls may you remember that you are painting a picture, the background of which is the mysterious past, and the charm of it all the undreamed of future.

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Physiognomy

Florence Kelly, Prep. '14

Physiognomy is a very interesting study and one that is of considerable value many times. Those who have to deal continually with strangers, as e. g. business men and politicians, must, if they would succeed be able to read the characters of the persons with whom they have to do. When traveling alone among those who are unknown to us, we are much safer with a knowledge of this subject.

The teacher has a splendid opportunity for this study in that, while observing the type of face each pupil possesses, she may also observe whether the mind of the child proves her ideas gathered from noticing the face to be correct or not.

As we go about our work from day to day, if we carefully observe the people with whom we come in contact each one of us may become fairly well versed in character reading.

In this article will be considered only some of the most noticeable characteristics in the study of faces.

Let us begin with the forehead. You have doubtless noticed persons the upper part of whose forehead slanted back somewhat or who had what is called a receding forehead the lower part of which over the eyebrows seemed full or protruding. This fullness over the eyebrows denotes observing powers. One who has this mark would make a good clerk for he would unconsciously notice and remember easily where different articles were kept and on which shelves certain kinds of goods were to be found. He could tell in detail after meeting you how you were dressed. If he should go into a strange room, after leaving it, he would be able to describe the dif-

ferent objects in the room and to tell in what part of the room each was placed.

Ability to reason is shown by the width and fullness of the middle part of the forehead. Perhaps you have heard the expression, "A Platonic Forehead" which means that it is broad and well developed. A person having the reasoning powers well-defined likes mathematics and other studies on which he can reason, while one who is developed more directly above the brows can memorize word for word easily and so the study of languages would be more agreeable to him. One has the logical memory and the other verbal memory.

The observant person is apt to be the more showy and brilliant of the two but the other generally has a more solid and deeper knowledge of facts. The reasoner makes the best detective because he will after seeing a person describe his mannerisms, the color of his eyes, hair, and complexion and other personal distinguishing marks while the observer though being able to describe his dress might not recognize the individual if he should appear in different apparel.

There are at least four common types of eyes.

Wide expressive eyes denote a frank, honest and confiding disposition.

Narrow, keen eyes denote secretiveness, cunning, and watchfulness and may be seen in the selfish, scheming, still-mouthed, observing business man.

Deep-set eyes generally mark the quiet, thoughtful, calm person who talks but little; while full or slightly bulging eyes belong to the nervous excitable, talkative temperament.

A straight slender nose, called the Grecian type, shows that the possessor is a lover of the beautiful and artistic.

The Roman nose is a heavier style than the Grecian and has a hump on the upper part. This nose belongs to the person who has strong will power and persistency and who is a positive factor in the life of the world. General Grant had a nose of this description.

Then there is the beak-shaped nose not so often seen which has a high sharp hump near the upper or middle part and which is also

sharply pointed. This nose denotes great powers of physical endurance as well as persistency of character and has been possessed by several great generals and some of the early explorers. The words "give up" and "fail" are not to be found in the vocabulary of its owner.

There are four distinct types of chins, two of which are often blended in one person. First: The receding chin which shows weakness of character, indecision, lack of force or will-power.

Second: The slightly pointed chin. This belongs to the idealist, that is, one who lives largely in a world of high ideals. For instance: an elderly woman, having this type of chin, if not married, has failed to find a man who measured up to her ideal and therefore she preferred single life.

Third: The pointed, protruding chin. This belongs to the mischief-maker; one who wishes to know everybody's business and wants to advise everyone as to how they should conduct their affairs.

Fourth: The square or solid chin which indicates strength of mind or firmness and persistence as natural characteristics. If one having this type of chin makes up his mind it is generally made up to stay. This person is possessed of strong and lasting affections.

There are in life many modifications of the different types mentioned and often a face is a blending of several distinct characteristics. Man is a complex being and the more thought and study we put into this subject, the more we come to realize its magnitude.

The Singer and The Song

Edna Hester, '16

The singer was standing alone on the street
As the great seething mass surged along at her feet.

The song that she sang was a full heart's glad cry
Yet the crowd as she sang, carelessly passed her by.

But one heart was tendered and broken that day
By the kind loving words of that beautiful lay.
The words, "Jesus loves you" rang down in his soul

And helped him thru life to attain to the goal.

The one who was singing the song never knew
The wonderful good that her deed might do.
So if you'r a singer and have a song
Just give it to all as you journey along.

The Prohibition Contest

Among the history making events of Houghton Seminary there has been none of greater importance or more vital significance than the Prohibition Oratorical contest of March 13, 1914. At eight o'clock on Friday evening the following program was given to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

March Orchestra

Invocation

Oration—The Man of the Hour Walter Lewis

Oration—Alcohol vs. Success Florence Kelley

Oration—The Great Drama Ward Bowen

Chorus Girls' Glee Club

Oration—The Lifted Bandage Ethelyn Stebbins

Oration—A Modest Proposal Ray Hazlett

Oration—Success by Sacrifice Shirley Babbitt

Instrumental Trio

George Hubbard, Mary Hubbard, Ward Bowen

Oration—The Great Problem Nathan Capen

Oration—Precedent vs. Principle Glen Barnett

Oration—The Challenge of the Twentieth

Century Arthur Bryan

Vocal Solo Mr. Robert Woods

Music Orchestra

Decision of Judges and Awarding of Prizes

Every orator did credit to himself, his teacher, and his Alma Mater.

Mr. Lewis, the first speaker, with his stately bearing, resounding voice, and positive manner, proved that, as in the past, the need of the hour is minute men, ready and willing to battle with the liquor problem and solve it successfully.

Politics has long been considered as being in man's sphere alone. Fortunately such an idea is rapidly giving way to better and more advanced thought. Hence, in keeping with the pulse of the age, two of our young ladies participated in the struggle. Miss Kelley is a strong, resolute and energetic young woman. What subject, therefore, would be more natural for her to treat than "Alcohol vs. Success." With courage and womanly zeal she played well her part. Miss Stebbins, tho still in her tender teens, evidenced her ability both as a writer and as a speaker. Her memory was perfect; her voice clear as a bell. Miss Stebbins, we believe, will make a mark in the world.

In dealing with "The Great Drama," Mr. Bowen showed marked ability. He was master of his subject, his audience, and himself. All listened breathlessly as he portrayed the



Prohibition Orators

Barnett	Bryan	Capen	Bowen
Babbitt	Stebbins	Lewis	Kelley
			Hazlett

great dramas of history and unfolded before our vision the panorama of to-day.

Mr. Hazlett presented an old subject in a new way. Taking sides with the liquor dealer, he presented, "The Modest Proposal" that we take the vast number of boys and girls, ruined annually by the liquor traffic, line them up and shoot them in cold blood. A startling announcement, yet modest in comparison with the present method of murder. This was a strong oration and Mr. Hazlett presented it in his accustomed strong and forceful manner.

"If you don't succeed at first, try, try again." Mr. Capen believes that saying with all his heart. He is to be commended upon his perseverance, and we predict a successful future for him along all lines.

"Success by Sacrifice" is a subject that should stir the heart of every loyal American citizen. By sacrifice our nation was made and preserved and by it, will the future be assured. Mr. Babbitt knew his subject and intelligently informed, persuaded and convinced his audience of its truth.

Mr. Barnett gave a splendid oration. His perfect memory, good appearance, forceful speech, and self control made a deep impression upon his hearers.

The last speaker, tho inexperienced gave well his challenge. Mr. Bryan is making use of his opportunities and bids fair to become one of our most noted students.

The musical numbers were excellent and added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Mr. Woods has been with us but a short time but is already well established in the school life. His songs are a treat.

But you say who won the prize. Have patience. After the orchestra had played its last piece and the usher had carried the decision to the platform, Professor Fancher, who was in charge, deliberately announced that Mr. Ward Bowen had won first and Mr. Ray Hazlett second prize. Amid ringing and prolonged applause the winners stood and received the rewards of five and three dollars respectively. We feel confident that Mr. Bowen will ably represent us in the State Contest at Syracuse March 31. Houghton is proud of her Demosthenese.

The success of this contest was due largely to the efforts of Miss Ball,

our oratory teacher. Let honor be given where honor is due. We are proud to have her as one of our faculty. E. A. H. '16



The What, Where, When, Who and Why

What? The eleventh annual convention of the Student Volunteer Union of Central New York.

Where? Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

When? February 20-22, 1914.

Who? The Houghton delegates were Messrs. George Whitaker and James Elliott. Miss Lura Miner, whom the old students know, was also present and was accepted as a delegate. Mr. LaRue Bird, another old student who is now at Syracuse, helped to make the occasion very pleasant for the Houghton delegates.

Why? The object of the convention was to bring together the missionary forces of the New York colleges in order better to prepare them for missionary work in their home schools and to help them get ready for the task of evangelizing the world in this generation.

During the two and a half days of the convention there were fifteen or more addresses besides a question box, reports of delegates on mission study, testimonies of volunteers regarding their calls, lots of singing and praying and so forth. Some of the speakers were Dr. Barlow, medical missionary to China; Rev. E. F. Bell, missionary to Japan; Rev. T. S. Donohugh, missionary to India; Mr. W. E. Doughty, Educational Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement; Dr. J. D. Frame, Medical missionary to Persia; Rev. S. L. Gulick, missionary to Japan; Mrs. Alice E. McClure, missionary to India; Mr. F. P. Turner, General Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement; and Rev. S. M. Zwemer, D. D., missionary to Arabia and Egypt.

Space here is lacking to give a summary of all the addresses of the convention, but special mention ought to be made of two addresses by Dr. Zwemer, one Sunday morning on the Call of the Mohammedan World and one Sunday evening on God's Will for the World and God's Will for Me Individually. Dr.

Zwemer is a very strong man and proved himself fully capable of handling his subject. One thought rang out clear as a bell, "It is NOT God's will that millions and millions of souls should dwell in darkness and under the curse of heathenism while we have all the light and blessing of the gospel of Christ."

The spirit of the convention was heavily freighted with the truth that we ought to obey God's call and carry the gospel to the heathen. It is not "Here am I, Lord, send HIM," but, "Here am I, Lord, send ME."

The president of the New York Volunteer Union for the coming year is Mr. E. W. Perry of Colgate. The next convention will be at Hobart College. It is to be hoped that we shall send several delegates every year to these volunteer conventions. When it is considered that there were about 300 delegates present at Syracuse from twenty-five institutions, it makes us feel that we have done very little in the past to bring Houghton up to the standard for efficiency in missionary work. We have a missionary spirit now, but let us all take hold of the missionary enterprise and push it to the very limit of our ability. Again one of Dr. Zwemer's thoughts applies to us, "It is not as most people say, 'We CAN, if we will,' but rather, we can, if we WILL." By one of them.



The Lecture Course

It has been said that "Great music has failed, where it has failed, because it needed great people to present it in a great way." The students of Houghton Seminary had the privilege of hearing great people present great music in a great way, on February 24, 1914, when the Schumann Quintet presented their excellent program in the Seminary chapel.

Carl A. Lampert, 1st violin, Nicolai Zodeler, Cello, Norman Weller 2nd violin, Jeanette Phillips Lampert, pianist, and Miriam Zedeler make up this splendid company. For nine years Mr. Lampert played 1st violin in the famous Theodore Thomas orchestra, and is now connected with some of the best musical institutions in America. Each performer is a true artist, playing from the soul, and uplifting other souls from that

which is common place to that which is sacred and sublime.

It is a sad fact that the majority of people of the present day, are demanding the light rag-time style of music, and a large number of our lyceum companies are presenting just such music to satisfy the desire of their audiences. But Mr. Lampert believes that people have a hunger for that which is good, even though they may not realize it, and he with his little company of artists endeavors to give the people that for which they really hunger—that which uplifts and elevates. The program which they gave consisted entirely of classical music. They played the well-known "Wedding March" by Mendelssohn for their opening number. Following this was a group of dances, showing their origin and development of the dance forms. Mr. Lampert explained how the dance forms—the minuet, the gavotte, the concert waltz, etc.—should be associated with the characteristics of different nations, and that they should in no sense be associated with the degraded modern dance. The group of folk lore which followed was also very interesting. The "Rosary" was played with much feeling and was especially enjoyed by the entire audience. The climax of the program for the evening was reached in the closing number—selections from Gounod's "Faust." We believe everyone went away feeling that he had not only been entertained, but that he had received something of real value.

A great many people fail to appreciate classical music because they know so little about it. Mr. Lampert had a very delightful way of explaining the interesting points of each number, making it possible for everyone to appreciate and enjoy the composition.

The company carry a specially constructed reed organ which is quite an interesting and unique idea. It gives the effect of wind and reed instruments and enables them to produce the effect of a large symphonic orchestra. We see that musical people are beginning to appreciate the value of the reed organ.

There are a great many musicians in the world who are winning for themselves wealth and fame, but the Schumann Quintet has far greater ambitions than these. Their chief aim seems to be to teach people to appreciate the power and beauty of

this wonderful and sublime language. We wish the world had many more such musicians.

Another excellent number on the lecture course was the lecture on "The Cradle and the Nation" by Albert E. Wiggam. It is said that Mr Wiggam's life ambition is to deliver one good lecture. The students and citizens of Houghton felt that he delivered that one good lecture in Seminary chapel, March 5, 1914. Mr. Wiggam has made a special study of Medical Sociology, and Biology and is intensely interested in these subjects. No one on the platform has made such a complete study of heredity as has Mr. Wiggam.

In his lecture Mr. Wiggam did not endeavor to exhibit any wonderful oratory, or to entertain his audience. His only purpose was to teach people plain and simple truth. He showed the relation of the physical to the moral and intellectual condition of man. He showed that many of the crimes committed, are due to some physical condition which might have been corrected in childhood. He showed the importance of teaching the future mothers to properly care for the future sons and daughters of the nation. The lecture was practical from beginning to end, interrupted occasionally with the relating of some humorous incident or amusing remark. When Mr. Wiggam had finished, his audience felt that they had listened to one of the best lectures they had ever heard.

The Open Door

G. Tremaine McDowell, '15

A storm of protest has risen over the whole United States at the literacy tests proposed in Congress for our immigrants. We are informed that if these tests had been in force fifty years ago, they would have excluded the fathers of men in the highest ranks of our national life today. America has always flung wide her doors to immigrants from every land but now the wisdom of the policy is being seriously questioned. Both sides of the problem have valid support. Which is the stronger?

The intellectual and industrial attainments of this nation are attributed in part to the strong and varied strains blended in the American. The wonderful assimilation of the

past is known to us. But this seems not to have been all for the best. Professor Ross of the University of Wisconsin has offered an interesting explanation for the rise of such systems as Tammany Hall. He attributes it to the clan feeling of the Irish immigrants. Naturally interested in politics, they united under their chieftain, regardless of his principles. In return, he took care of his followers; and behold, the spoils system! Take even conservative Boston; ninety percent of a recent administration were Irish. The clan and righteousness in city politics are incompatible.

Today the masses of immigrants are greater and their standards are lower. England is a mixed race but she was given time to unify her discordant elements before she was subjected to a new inundation. But the stream flows into America without pause and her power of assimilation seems to be faltering. The best of those who were willing to leave their homes came long ago. The Austrian minister at Washington was insulted beyond amends when he was asked if a crowd of peasants from his land were typical Austrians. Can they be made true Americans?

We read now and then of the abuses in parochial schools but few realize what a hindrance they are to the making of good citizens. In them, thousands upon thousands of children are being educated as were their parents in Europe, far from the leavening power of our public schools. They learn little of English and nothing at all of American ideals.

These are but hints of the manifold complexities of the problem. Europeans think we have departed entirely from our Yankee practicability in our free immigration. Ferrero, the famous Italian historian, says, "To confer citizenship each year upon great numbers of men born and bred in foreign countries—men who come with ideas and sympathies totally out of spirit with the diverse conditions of the new country; to try to convert citizens of European monarchies into free citizens of the young American republic over night—is not all this to do violence to common sense?"

This question will not be settled before we take a part in the affairs of our country. We cannot begin thinking too soon of the problems before us. What will our answer be

Continued on Page 15

EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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As not unfrequently happens we find ourselves again this month in the distressing plight of having something to say and not knowing how to say it. That, we are bound to admit, is almost as bad as having nothing to say and saying it. In such cases it would doubtless be the part of wisdom to refrain from expressing ourselves at all until we had something to say or could intelligibly elucidate what we did have; but if

we observed this rule, we fear—we most sadly fear that we should never be heard from at all. The exigencies of the case, however, demand that we force ourselves into print every month willy-nilly, the result being exceedingly disquieting to our peace of mind, and we have reason to suspect, that of our readers also. In writing these editorials we have constant need to exercise the ingenuity of Scheherazade; and then we have had the uncomfortable feeling that our readers have seen through us all the while, and forbore thus far in their merited condemnation only because of their unbounded patience and generosity.

But we really had something this month that we wanted to talk about—personality. Yes, we know, the subject is ages old in principle at least, yet in some respects it is fascinatingly new to us. At first we thought we could make our meaning plain without difficulty; but as we have thought it over and revolved it about in our minds, the conviction has slowly but surely forced itself upon us that we are wholly unfit for the task. With a strange, impersonal wonder we have watched this "brain child," this creature of our imagination grow and develop as if by magic, a thing wholly outside of ourself and beyond our control, from the germ of an unspoken idea to an all-compelling, universal law of life.

"Oho! So that is it," you exclaim with ill-concealed impatience. So we must listen to some more high-sounding theories and abstractions? Who are you anyway to fathom the mystery of human personality? The great philosophers have one and all confessed their utter ignorance and inability to discover the first thing about it, and yet a young coxcomb like you would actually attempt it. We are aware that you college students are wonderfully wise and pro-

foundly versed in all branches of learning from "a" to izzard, and moreover we are proud of your attainments; but we do not possess the thorough and exact knowledge of such simple sciences as ethnology, eugenics, evolution, and metaphysics, and we are not quite well enough read on such light, post-prandial topics as Immortality, Re-incarnations, Predestination, Dual Personalities and whatnot to enjoy, if not understand a discussion of this character."—this sarcastically.

Yes, we freely admit the justice of your criticism—we do not know the first thing about it—yet we have no choice but to continue. We must of necessity deal with effects rather than causes, and in a few rambling, incoherent words make an effort to convey some slight glimmerings of what we ourselves feel so vaguely. But what is the use? We have a feeling of utter defeat even now. What is personality? "Quien sabe?" It has to be defined by contradictions and paradoxes, for it is everything we are and everything we are not, it is a part of us yet apart, like yet unlike us, real yet intangible. It is body, it is mind, it is soul, it is ego, it is life. It is a bewildering combination of heredity and environment, of the material and the spiritual. It is the fragrance of the rose, it is the breath of the wind, it is the spirit of cosmos. But this kind of talk amounts to nothing. Let us merely say that personality is that strange, undefinable somewhat, God-given and immortal, that makes us ourself, different from all others. But you would say, "Of course, what a world it would be if we were all alike." Rather what a world it is because we are all different. The cynic would say that a man's opinion of himself is not worth much; but here even the cynic simply because of the fact that he is a cynic and different from other men finds himself confuted by himself and able to say nothing.

Why are you what you are and I what I am and not vice versa, or not any one of a million other people? Simply because we are ourselves—that is all; it is enough. The materialist would simply say to take a given combination of chemical elements, a little different arrangement of brain cells, a mere matter of blood pressure, and Presto! you have a new man, a living, thinking man, different

from all others that have lived or ever will live. True to secure this result he would have to add the life principle—a wonderful, mysterious thing in itself—but he takes no account of that something that gives individuality—personality, soul if you want to call it that, which is transcendently wonderful and almost divine.

The body is but a cloak that always conceals and impedes the true expression of personality. The real man we never see. There is a gulf between us that we can never bridge. The tongue is very prone to speak what the heart denies. Who knows what is going on behind that immobile mask, the human countenance—what thoughts are flashing, what ambitions are forming, what emotions are seething? The brain is one of the most wonderful machines in the world; it works on silently and efficiently for years, the mind the master; yet it wears out and suddenly vanishes like the fragrance of the withered rose—whither? No one knows.

Yet it is true to a large extent that a man's emotions, his thoughts, his character in short, are, if we look closely enough, reflected in his face. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Ofttimes the most kindly, sympathetic, lovable natures are incased in the form of a satyr, while those that at first seem handsome on closer inspection have a cold, selfish glint in their eyes and a cruel, sensual droop to their lips that is really repellant. Some of the most shy, plain little bodies whom we hardly look at twice have the most charming and appealing personalities, if we but knew it. The tragedy of it is that we rarely ever do. How often the world jumps to the wrong conclusions, and showers its honors upon the undeserving. Yet you can never conceal a noble soul. Clothes and looks are but mere superficialities, Carlyle says, and it is so. Just a smile will sometimes transform the most homely face, and one look in the eyes will disclose the truth. In the tired, pictured eyes of Abraham Lincoln looks forth an almost divine tenderness and compassion; and we forget entirely his coarse, ungainly form.

The most unlovely have some trait that makes them lovable. The most insignificant are not to be overlooked; they have their emotions, their

loves, their hates, their hopes. Little do we know what is lying there, what talents, what possibilities, what latent forces. The development of the child is the most wonderful. Today you see the small boy making life miserable for everyone but himself and the little girl harmlessly playing among her dolls; and tomorrow some crisis, some responsibility causes the accumulated forces of the bud suddenly to burst forth into the full bloom of glorious manhood and womanhood, while we stand in awed wonder at the sight. Sacred indeed is the office of the parent and the teacher. What a tragedy if the best and greatest is not brought forth.

Little do we reckon of the causes that make and unmake us. Life is veiled in mystery; it seems that the threads of our lives must surely become hopelessly tangled. We cannot but aimlessly wonder sometimes at what might have been. Why couldn't we have been born princes, wealthy, courted, and surfeited with honors? why couldn't we have achieved greatness—Why not? Some it seems were born to wear the purple, and others to don the motley. Is it chance? We will not admit it. After all we are princes in our own right—we have a priceless heritage of Personality, and we care not a whit for the why and wherefore of it all—to be just ourselves is enough. But if it is foolish to envy those above us, it is wholly wrong to despise those beneath us who have had less chance than we. It is only in our rare moments of spiritual insight that we glimpse the mystery of Personality. Gray in his immortal "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" has come the nearest to catching its spirit and transcribing it in words. No man who reads it can fail to feel its greatness, for it voices the unutterable thoughts of the soul itself. No wonder it took him years of painful thought and labor to complete it. Every word is pregnant with meaning; whole libraries are compacted in those few stanzas.

Go into the seething metropolis, and take your place where the feverish crowds go hurrying madly by. Here you see every sort and condition of man. In this swirling whirlpool are cast up the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. Hopelessness, sin and suffering are stamped indelibly upon their faces; they have made a ship-

wreck of life. Their eyes piteous and filled with a dumb, beseeching agony haunt us day and night. Who knows what they might have been with our chance? Oh, the utter pathos of it! Small wonder that the passion for saving these wrecked human souls seizes with irresistible force upon some men! Yet sleek, opulent bankers daily brush elbows with the beggar and outcast and heed them not; fine ladies in silks and satins pass their weak and erring sisters by with unseeing eyes. Is there any reason why their position should not be reversed—why they should live in separate worlds—why one should be coddled in the lap of luxury and the other have every man's hand turned against him. For we are brothers and sisters all!

In such a crowd you could find an infinite variation of Personalities to choose from for your friends if you could but get in touch with them. Who are they all? Where do they come from? What are they thinking about? Every gradation of personality is here—some positive, some negative; some weak, some strong; some good, some bad, yet all being a little good. Every creed and profession is represented from the bishop in his flowing robes to the street waif selling papers. Some are Egotists, some Philanthropists—every conceivable type is here—some urbane and gracious, others bluff and plain-spoken; some whimsical and gently ironical, others with wits like rapiers; and each with his little mannerisms, tricks of hand and eye, and inflection of voice to stamp him with a distinctive Personality. Damon might well have found his Pythias here, or David his Johnathan. That man passing yonder might have been your business associate or intimate companion had your paths only crossed at exactly the right moment; this woman might have been your wife, the mother of your children if you had only met. Who knows but you would have met had you or they but chosen a course a hair's breadth from what you did, or had the course of events years before you were born been slightly different. How often the most momentous occurrences of our lives hang upon the merest trifles if we but knew. We are ships that pass in the night, wandering comets in space. And as we think of the millions who have passed by this one spot before

we came and those who will after we are gone, and then reflect that all this number is infinitesimal compared to the great body of mankind, we begin to feel Oh! so small and weak and foolish to be wondering about such things. We know that it is a waste of time to speculate on these things, that it only results in idle discontent; yet we must ask ourselves if it was only chance that placed us in our present environment and selected for us the friends we know. We are unwilling to admit that either. We would not change that which is for that, which might be if we could. We are satisfied as it is. We know that our present friendships are the Gift of God. May we appreciate them more!

All the laws of Love and Friendship and of Life itself have their basis in Personality. The personal equation is far more abstruse and marvelous than all the formulas of calculus. We can never afford to neglect it. We shall never cease to admire and revere the great men. We never quite understand them; to us they seem filled with a multitude of vagaries like flaming comets; but it is because they have been seeing and hearing and feeling things beyond our ken. We call it genius for the want of a better word, yet after all they are only human. In history we read only of the great men and their deeds; but of the great masses we know absolutely nothing; as far as we are concerned they might as well have never been born. We think of armies as machines, mere pawns to be moved at will over the great chess-board of History. We read of a great plague or some other frightful disaster, and it means no more to us than so many ants being crushed in their hill. To get the true great concept of life we must think of men, not in the abstract, but as wonderful, living Personalities. It is only when back of it all we see the play of human emotions, the unfolding of motives, and the clash of wills that life begins to mean anything to us and we begin to really live.

Now the most of us are just going to be common folks, never moving outside our little sphere, never accomplishing anything great—just plain, unromantic people. Secretly we cherish great ambitions—how we should like to be great writers, great orators, great statesmen,

great musicians, or great athletes—yet we know we never shall be. It seems almost a tragedy, yet we are just as happy after all. The true secret of Contentment lies in this fact of Personality which we have been so unsuccessfully trying to explain. In the culture and development of Personality we constantly find new angles and depths that we can never quite measure. It scintillates in the most dingy surroundings like a diamond in a rubbish heap; it makes Romance bloom perennially. For all of us to catch a glimpse of the wonder and sacredness of Personality means more sympathy, more sacrifice, more love—it means a redeemed world.

All's well on the Genesee! Our Literary Contest of which we entertained such high hopes is now a thing of the past, and you all can breathe freely once more. It certainly fulfilled our most sanguine expectations. We are proud of our authors. Every Department was fully represented. In Poetry there were 17 entries; in Essay writing 12; and in Story writing 13. The cup has been ordered and as soon as it is received, the following names will be inscribed as First Prize Winners: Poetry, Flora Presley; Essay, Shirley Babbitt; Story, Ditto. Second prizes were awarded to Bethel Eabbitt, Poetry; Ruth Warbois, Story; and Flora Presley, Essay. We expect to print the Prize Winning Productions at an early date and as much of the rest as we have space for.

It is not because of the exceeding length of the Editorial that no reports for Organizations and Athletics appear this month, although that might well have been; but because of a combination of circumstance which have conspired to temporarily halt events in these two Departments. Doubtless you are beginning to think that it is time something was being done to check such voluminous effusions. We wish sincerely to apologize for this offense. We promise that it will not happen again.

The Open Door

Continued From Page 10.
to the immigrant asking freedom
among us? The American people
have held tenaciously to their policy
of optimism and idealism and we
should be loth to abandon it. Need
we close the Open Door?



The Crushed Rose

A beautiful rose by the wayside grew,
A tear drop trembled upon its heart,
For Oh! How it longed some good to do,
A little joy to others impart.

Many a one had passed that way,
But no one noticed the lonely rose,
As it turned its face toward heaven to pray
Some good to do ere its life did close.

Ah! No one knew the longing there,
Within the heart of that meek flower,
Till the cruel foot of a maiden fair,
Crushed the rose—Oh, fateful hour.

"Oh beautiful thing," she cried as she stooped
And tenderly caressed that crushed life,
And the fragrance, as she touched the head that
drooped,
Did give sweet joy 'midst a world of strife.

Crushed rose! Oh, fragrant creature,
Giving forth the best thou hast,
Wilt thou teach my longing nature,
How that I may give my best.

Oh! May my life be crushed like thine,
And let there flow that fragrance sweet,
With sympathy almost divine,
To comfort those who comfort need.

Blanche Thurston



MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

Young People's Missionary Society

At the March meeting of the Society, Mr. George Whitaker and Mr. James Elliott, who were elected delegates to the State Student Volunteer Convention which was held in Syracuse last month, gave a very interesting report of the Convention. The delegates brought back much enthusiasm which will surely be a stimulus for better work in the Society.

I. P. A.

On account of meetings at the church during the last month, only one meeting has been held. This was a business meeting for the purpose of making plans for the contest and electing delegates to the State Convention at Syracuse to be held March 31 to April 3. The delegates chosen were Mr. Walter Lewis, Miss Mary Hubbard, Mr. Tremaine Mc-

Dowell, Mr. Ray Hazlett and Miss Edna Hester. I. B. S.

The other organizations have held no meetings on account of the services at the church.



Exchanges

Charlotte E. Stebbins, Prep. '14

Another whole month has swiftly come and gone and although some of our best papers have not been received a few new ones have been added which we very gladly acknowledge.

The following are among our exchanges for February:

The Gondolier—Would your paper not be more pleasing, were your productions printed on white paper?

The Athenian—The custom of your school of learning quotations is indeed a good one.

The Oriole—We are glad to have you among our number. You are an excellent little paper.

The Purple and Gold—Your exchanges are unique.

The Dart—We have a no more faithful exchange than you.

The Cascade—Your neat covers add attractiveness to your paper.

The Collegian—Advertisements on the front pages of your paper are not conducive to its best development.

The Ogdensburg Academy—Your paper is of literary excellence.

The Miltonvale College Monitor—We always welcome you to our ranks. Your productions show much preparation.

The Chamberlain Reveille—Neatness in style is a marked characteristic of your paper.

The Hour Glass—Your paper shows original work.

The Sayrenade—A few jokes give "spice" to a paper but too many tend to make it "cheap."

It might be said of nearly all of our exchanges that a table of contents is lacking.

ALUMNI

Edna Hester, '16, Editor.

If any old student of Houghton Sem.

Or any good faithful Alumnus;

Has distinguished himself by deed or pen,

Just send the word right down among us.

The mission at Bradford is in new hands. Rev. Maurcie Gibbs '10 and wife, Opal Smith Gibbs '11 serve the people at that place.

Alpha Bedford Presler '10 is living in the far away state of Washington. Her husband is the conductor on an electric line between Seattle and Takoma.

We were surprised and delighted to see Miss Florence Reed '13 in town again. Miss Reed says she still loves Houghton.

Harold McMillan '12 also stopped here on his way home from New Jersey.

Miss Elizabeth Tucker '01 teaches Art and History at Westchester, Pa.

Robert Smith was glad to receive a visit from his father, Rev. Clarence Smith '95, the other day.

Marie Tucker Hartman '97 is now living in Paris. The little son, who is about three years old, astonishes his friends by an unusual musical ability and fluency in speech. Master Gregory can speak English,

French and German, French being his preference.

John Dunkerly works in a shop at New Castle, Pa.

Will Wilson is attending McCormick Institute, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Ellen Leach resides with a rich family at Silver Bay, N. Y.

Will Hamilton and wife are pastors at Shawville, Canada.

Mary Kellar is married to a flourishing oil dealer near Bradford, Pa.

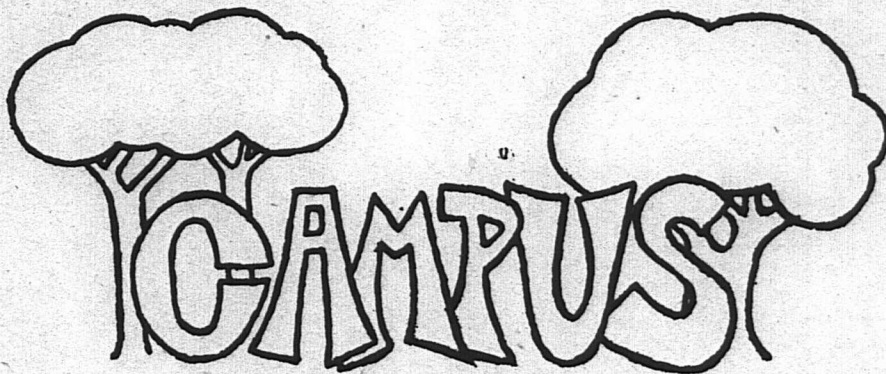
Alvin McKnight and wife are pastors at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Willard J. Little lives with his mother on a farm—Forksville, Pa.

Sadie Sinclair is making good in Miltonvale College.

Mr. Bruce Bedford and wife are busy farmers near Forksville, Pa. Bruce is one of the Eastern hustlers. His smiling face and clear ringing call will never be forgotten by those who knew him in Houghton.

The following good news was received from the "Sunny Brook Farm," Wheelerville, Pa., just before going to press: "We feel very happy over the arrival of a six pound baby girl in our home. Born March 16th. We have named the baby Ava Marie Bedford. Wife and baby are doing nicely.—Bruce S. Bedford."



Glenn E. Barnett, '15, Editor.

College Locals

Mr. Larue Bird, a former college student, is attending school at Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y., this semester.

Mr. Harold McMillan, a college Freshman last year, who has been in New Jersey for some time, stopped for a short visit in Houghton on his way to his home in Ohio.

Miss Ruth Warbois recently spent Sunday at her home in North Chili, N. Y.

Many of the College Students were in the party that heard "The Merchant of Venice," given by the Ben Greet players at Fillmore, N. Y.

Five of our college boys were contestants in the prohibition oratorical contest held recently, and the honors were properly divided between our two seniors.

Preparatory Notes

The enterprising Juniors worked up enough enthusiasm to get about two-thirds of the class to go for a sleighride March 7. They went to Fillmore and attended revival meetings and on the way back they kept warm eating home-made candy.

Everybody was sleighriding on March 14, even the Prep. Freshies.

Miss Mary Kerr has gone home because her health is such that she is unable to pursue her studies longer in school. There was a large delegation of students at the depot March 13 to see her off. Her many friends will miss her.

On Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons, the reception room at the Dorm seems to be a very popular resort with some of our Prep boys. In fact, there is such an excess of young America there upon some occasions that several new chairs have

been deemed necessary for their accommodation.

Miss Agnes Francis has left the Dorm to live with her parents who have recently moved into the Tucker house.

Miss Florence Sellman recently spent the week end with Mrs. White.

The Misses Stebbins are now residing at the Waldorf House.

Miss Mildred Hussong has moved from the Dorm to live with Miss Hester.

Watch for the Senior Banners.

R. F. R.

Theological

Mr. Will S. Carpenter, our class president has gone to his home at Glens Falls, N. Y., to receive treatment for a severe sprain, received during Christmas vacation.

Messrs. Bryan and Lewis were two of the contestants in the local I. P. A. oratorical contest and nobly upheld the honor of their department, while Mr. Markell is working most industriously these days upon debate; thus showing the activity and determination of the class to prepare for their work in future years.

Mr. E. S. Davidson is at present most busily occupied in gathering material and studying the problem of bringing salvation to the Jews.

There is a glad response in the hearts of each of us these days while we are having the subject of "Holiness" presented both in theory and reality.

W. F. L.

Music Notes

The concert given by the Schumann Quintette on the evening of Feb. 28, was greatly enjoyed.

The recitals, given by the music

pupils that Miss Hilpott has been holding in her studio for the past few months, have been a great help and pleasure to the pupils. Saturday afternoon, March 7, one of these recitals was held and the hour was pleasantly enjoyed. Piano solos, duets and quartettes being rendered. Also two papers were read on the lives of Haydn and Mozart, which were very interesting and instructive.

One of the members of the Male quartette has been called home recently. We hope his absence will not be long, as we are eager to hear our new quartette.

The Glee Clubs are still in existence and are practicing songs for the coming entertainments. F. B. D.

The Faculty

Professor McDowell has recently returned from a trip to Ohio. The Buckeye folk must have treated him well, for he came back with a smile on his face. We hope he has noted the aggressiveness of the west.

President Luckey has repeatedly assured his "Analyt" class, that he sees more beauty in those brain-racking equations, than in the paintings of Michael Angelo.

The faculty appear to be rushing business. Their meetings are frequent and the students are looking forward to a great Jim (Gym) as a result.

Miss Ball, as conductor of the chapel marching, is teaching the gentleman portion of the student body how to perform acrobatic stunts on the first stairlanding.

Professor Coleman has been unable to attend all of his classes because of illness.

Professor Frazier's son is improving from an attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. J. S. Luckey has succeeded Miss Tanner as librarian as the latter is soon to sail for Africa again.

Prof. Smith is busy every day as usual. The debate team which is soon to meet the Chesbrough Seminary team here, is constantly passing through the mill under his instruction.

Professors Luckey and Bedford have recently made a trip to Syracuse in interest of the new building.

Hurrah! The sun shines bright. Spring will soon be here and the Seniors are anxiously looking forward to a baseball game with the

faculty. I wonder if they will be disappointed. Let us hope not. L. J. C.

Miscellaneous

We all very much enjoyed the last two numbers of our lecture course, The Schuman Quintet and Mr. Wigam's lecture, which will be found more fully described elsewhere.

Not long ago, the students had the privilege of hearing Dr. Crane, presiding Elder of the Olean District of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who gave them a most interesting and helpful talk one day in chapel exercise.

In the afternoon of the same day, the Reverend F. A. Johnson of Fillmore addressed the young men of the student body. This meeting took the place of the men's weekly prayer-circles which would have been ordinarily held at that time.

On Wednesday evening of March 11th, the astronomy class and numerous other astronomical enthusiasts manfully braved the frigid atmosphere of one of the coldest winter nights that we have had in order to observe the interesting phenomena which regularly characterize the annual or semi-annual eclipse of the moon. Judging from the numerous original investigations made by one member of the class, we should predict that the next heavenly body found traveling thru space would be hailed as "Smith's Discovery."

Because of the revival meetings now being held at Fillmore under the leadership of the Reverend H. H. Williams who has recently been at Houghton, many of the young people here found plausible excuses for many an enjoyable sleigh-ride, and well they may for our snow is now rapidly disappearing.

It was reported that on Saturday night of March 14th, some of the young people regularly occupying the Waldorf house were quite pleasantly surprised by a merry band of serenaders. For further particulars apply at the "Waldorf Astoria."

The students have not been permitted the use of the library for the past month for we are having all of the books catalogued by two skilled cataloguers from Albany. This will surely be a wonderful improvement for our library when it is all completed.

Both Freshman classes enjoyed a sleighride on Saturday night of March

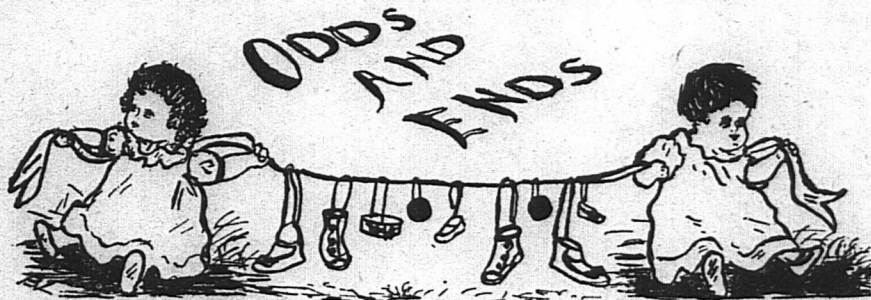
14th. Altho the sleighing was none too good, it was reported that every one had a most delightful time as each girl of the two parties furnished about two pounds of home-made candy.

An Oyster Supper was served at the home of Mrs. Clement on March 16th by the townspeople in order to raise money for the improvement of the cemetery. Many of the students and citizens of the place took advantage of this opportunity in aiding a good cause while at the same time getting as good as value received in return, plates being 25c each.

We are all anxiously waiting for the returns of our literary contest, which we hope will be printed in this issue.

The Revival Meetings recently

held at Houghton have resulted in a most glorious victory for the church. As a result of the faithful labors of the pastor, Rev. C. B. Whitaker and the powerful and searching sermons of the evangelist, Rev. H. H. Williams of Miltonvale, Kansas, deep conviction was upon the community and penitents were to be seen flocking to the altar like doves to the windows. It was a glorious sight to see so many souls calling upon God either for the pardon of their sins or for the experience of sanctification as a second definite work of grace. It is safe to say that fully 100 have obtained the victory sought after, so that now practically the entire student body are active Christians, which will mean a great deal not only for the school but also for the future of the church.



G. Tremaine McDowell, '15, Editor.

Last Month's Riddle

The answer to last month's riddle is—the whale.

Theology

In How to Conduct a Sunday School one scholar declared pedagogy a name for a Sunday School teacher. Another defined the Beatitudes as women who want to vote.

Oh! Slush!

The following all occurred in Prof. Fancher's room.

Miss Meeker very softly translates "mon cher" as "my dear." The teacher says, "A little louder, please. I didn't hear."

Professor Fancher in explaining the usage of "euch" and "dir" to a girl in his German class said "If I was talking to a bunch of you I would use 'euch' but if I was speaking to you alone I would say 'dir.'"

One German class has been told three times how teacher told the beginners to decline die warme hand. Here's hoping his digits never had

such an experience.

Practical

After Prof. R. E. R. in Intermediate Algebra had finished a half hour lecture on the power of suggestion, the scholars asked him if they had their problems. His lecture lost some of its force when he confessed he didn't know for they had been concentrating on him to make him think they had worked them all.

Another Puzzle

A student in Lit and Crit says they are studying Sheats and Kelley. Whom does he mean?

Awful Corruption

The impeachment of Lewis and Kaufman in Parliamentary Law makes Sultzer's troubles look small. Who would have supposed such villainy could happen in Houghton?

Bargain Counter

Our enterprising photographers are at present so numerous and competition is so keen that they are offering the students ten cents an

hour to have their pictures taken.

Congratulations

There is a persistent rumor that a member of our Faculty has entered into the bliss of Holy Matrimony. If such be the case, we hasten to extend our heartfelt congratulations.

Prize Poems

The following poem by the Editor of "Odds and Ends" was given the prize in the recent Star Poetry Contest.

Ode to the District School

When cash runs low and things look bad
The student seeks some aid
To finish school yet spare dear dad
And keep the bills all paid.

Then comes the thought of district school
To it he quick will hie
And there he'll teach e'en every fool
In wisdom high to fly.

The thought is good and carried out
Brings money for his need
But better far beyond a doubt
The experience received.

Oh district school! Oh district school!
Long may you flourish great.
Thy discipline and stern strict rule
Saves many an addlepate.

After reading this poem, it will not be necessary to inform you that the prize received was the Booby Prize.

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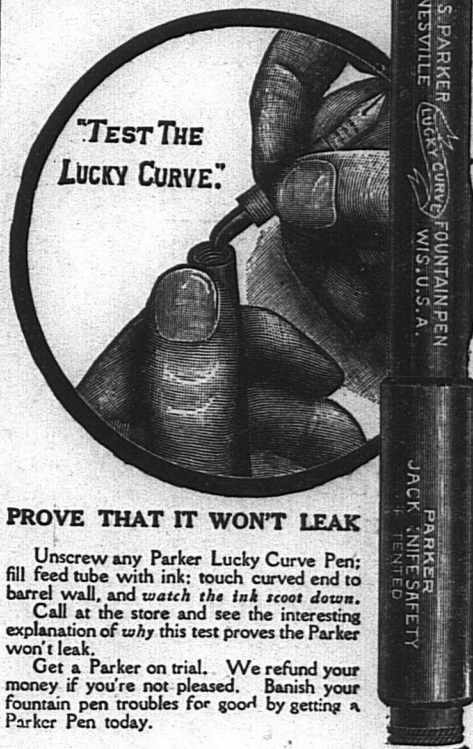
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