

# The Houghton Star

ALUMNI NUMBER

May 1915



Volume VII

Number 8

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# Table of Contents

Personal Interviews .....	1
An Awakening .....	3
Come .....	5
The Age Vision .....	5
A Demand for Patriotism .....	7
In Praise of Houghton .....	8
Editorial .....	9
Alumni .....	11
Organizations .....	12
J. P. A. ....	14
Campus .....	15
Exchanges .....	16
Athletics .....	17

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# The Houghton Star

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## Personal Interviews

Stanley W. Wright



WOULD the Alumni who read this Alumni Number like to hear of some Alumni, or near Alumni who may or may not read this number? The fact that you are Alumni is proof positive that you are thoroughly informed as to the New Gymnasium proposition, and that you have been exerting the major part of your energy to the consummation of that project. That is how the story starts. The powers that be, sent me scouting after funds over the eastern end of the Empire State.

"The first station stop for this train" that I was on, was Lisbon—Lisbon that Houghton has made famous. Here is where Shirley Keyes keeps things stirring. I was unable to tell which of her many and varied occupations was her main line, but if the teaching of the district school was not, it was an important side-line. I could not ask her much about her work for when neither she nor I was talking about Houghton, she was talking about Chicago. Shirley's father is not an Alumnus and I am glad of it for if he were, I fear that the added stimulus to enthusiasm would kill him and we cannot spare him. Near here too, teaches Helen Kerr; Frank Rogers does something else, "Bunny" Wallace makes chickens grow, and Myrtle Woodbridge rides a circuit as a music teacher.

A night was spent in Potsdam with Ray Calhoun and Grace and Lynn Bedford. I was glad to find that their work in Houghton had fitted them to take the lead in their classes as to scholarship. That night I enjoyed seeing the "Tech" by match light, (the switches were all locked up) very interesting but a bit uncanny.

Ella Jones, in the Training Class at Gouverneur, I supposed was getting ready to teach but I missed my guess for it seems that she was getting ready for domestic battles. At Richland, the Miner girls and Louella Hunt were the same true friends of Houghton. From their hospitality, I went straight into the heart of Mexico—to find Parks. Of course you remember Parks. I found not him but her, for there is a her. I was not so much surprised to find that there was a Mrs. Parks as to find that her face was not familiar.

An afternoon in Syracuse let me into the home of that loyal son of Houghton, Brother J. S. Willett, and his wife Achsa, an old classmate of mine. In their home that day I found Eliza Goodchild of earlier Houghton days. I found Bird in his room that afternoon and how we talked! for we were grown, not quite on adjoining farms. The last I saw of Bird, he was trying to keep up with me as I was trying to catch a fast Express. I accomplished my purpose, he failed in his.

My one Sunday off was spent in the home of Houghton's loyal friend, Rev. F. S. Lee, at Rome. Here I tried to hunt up another old student whom I failed to find, a not too uncommon experience on a trip like this.

The next evening found me in Albany. I had the address, or a part of it, of one Earl Lynde, whom I had known a little some ten years before. I found his office deserted. The "scrub-lady" said something about "State Street, Keelers". A blue-coated man told me where it was. I went. It was a large, aristocratic restaurant, filled. I was given the liberty of the place. At the very last table, I got a mental discharge on a certain face. It was Lynde. (My contract with the William Burns Detective Agency has not yet been signed.)

Now was to be realized, I thought, one of the dreams of my life, to see the Hudson; for the next morning I was to be in New York. Before we went to bed that night, we all watched the search-light as it played upon the banks, but seeing the Hudson by search-light has many disadvantages over watching a foot-ball game through a knot hole. Four o'clock found me on the deck disappointed, for we had run into a dense fog, had tied up, and there we lay for hours. Nor did that fog lift for a single minute before we reached New York.

On landing in New York, which was my first sight of the Metropolis,—I headed for Union Seminary where I found my old class-mate Ernest Hall. What a happy hour we had together! I was to find Miss Sperzel,—she who used to write our "flunk notices" Ernest did not notice that the address was on East side and said I could easily find our friend before dinner. "East Side" and "West Side" are no longer meaningless terms to me for that day I walked and walked, sweat and sweat. All that one needs to do now to gain my profound respect is to say that they have been in New York when it was hot. At last I found the number. "Yes this was her home but she is in Baltimore"! A little figuring showed me that it was a bit nearer back to Broadway than Baltimore, so back I started. I made that usual mistake of the tender-foot New York subway rider—took a Bronx car, didn't know enough to change at 96th, and so found myself miles from where I wanted to be. When I finally got back I noticed that Ernest's hair was getting quite gray. That evening I spent in the home of our old friends, Fred Willis and Mary Hall-Willis. That night I was given the sumptuous apartments of one of the Union Professors and there I spent the night. I carefully avoid using the word sleep for my window opened out on Broadway.

Does this all sound like a pleasure trip? Then come with me this day. Early the next morning, I left a reassuring note in the sleeping-room of my sleeping friend and started for Brooklyn. I rode as far as the subways run, rode as far as the surface cars run, then walked as far as feet will walk. I had begun to think that the address was doctored and that it was going to land me in the middle of a vacant field. But there was a house there. The man had received

my card, and being forewarned was fore-armed. He could not be seen during business hours, and of course I could not come again. I got back to New York as best I could, went down to the ferry crossed to Hoboken, N. J. sought out Stevens Institute that I might find Leland Jaynes Boardman. The head of the department took me up to where he was working and as we went he spoke in the most glowing terms of L. J., so glowing that I dare not commit them to so combustible material as mere paper. But what else could you expect of the class of '06? Nicht wahr, '06? It was noon, and noon means dinner so to his home he went, for he has a home. The other half of it is as little addicted to many words as he. I urged Leland to install a talking machine. As quickly as you can, it is back to New York then another ferry across to the Erie terminal and fifty miles out into N. J. to the little town of Allendale where a swift run from and to the station gave me nearly fifteen minutes with Maude Woodbridge who teaches in this pretty village. What of the day was left when I got back to New York I used as I pleased.

My work in the Metropolis done, I started the next morning for a little village away in the heart of the Catskills. Here I was to meet my first and only real disappointment in the Houghton product. As I walked up the street, I inquired of a friendly looking man in a comfortable looking chair on a cozy looking porch,—“Can you direct me to Mr. William L. Smith”? (Of course that is not the real name for reasons immediately obvious.) “Bill Smith? Why sure, he's just around that first corner. He keeps his uncle's saloon"! I, a Wesleyan Methodist preacher, a Prohibitionist, a loyal son of Houghton, enter a saloon? Not much. But it is all in the day's work, so I changed my mind and into the saloon I went. I was surprised at the apparent interest of the man. And was relieved when he said that he stayed in Houghton only a very short time, not giving the leaven time to work you see. He closed with this,—“You see the summer is our big season here, and if we make good this season, I will send you some money”. But I think that in answer to my earnest prayer, he enjoyed a very dull season for the contribution never came.

Here in the Catskill region, I found a lot of middle aged men who knew Houghton in the very early days. And



I found that even among these there is a word to conjure with, it is Luckey.

I have been waiting for a chance to prove my ability as a solicitor. Now it comes. The last train for the day had left this little mountain village and I must get farther north before the morning. So with my work finished, I took up the eighteen mile drive to the city of Catskill. It was coming on night and the ride down through those Mountains of majestic landscapes, through the gathering gloom was almost worth the scandalous price of the livery rig. Snuggled comfortable at the foot of the mountain is another little village. Here a son of Houghton keeps store. I must catch the train; I could spare but one minute and seventeen seconds. But for those seventy-seven seconds I talked. Indeed I did talk. I could not stay long enough even to receive his contribution. A few days later a brief note reminded him of our interview—my talking, and return mail brought the five dollars. O, if I could but have stayed for ten minutes!

But my story is getting tedious as was my trip. A brief stop at Glens Falls let me into the home of Bro. E. D. Carpenter, that loyal friend of Houghton, and into the home of Harley Hill, an old student. A trip down beautiful Lake George; an interview with Miss Ellen Leach at Silver Bay; a night with Pastor A. C. Dow at Hague; and I started for West Chazy. Here was to be my last and most thrilling interview. It was with my old class-mate who now is Mrs. S. W. Wright, and she contributed liberally to the needs that I presented.

When the accounts were all settled, I remitted to Prof. Bedford for the construction of the New Gymnasium the sum of,— but that would be telling. I just remitted.

## An Awakening

Second Prize Story.

Florence Kelley. Prep. '14

She stood there before the beautiful Picture Lady, a forlorn little figure in the dim light of the darkened, unused parlor. She was a quaint, old-fashioned child with large, wistful gray eyes in the depths of which there always seemed to linger an unspoken question, an unsatisfied longing. Now she had come for comfort to the Picture

Lady as she was wont to call the sweet-face Madonna who looked down upon her from the wall. She had no one else to whom she could go with her little confidences for the housekeeper was too busy to listen and mother must positively never be disturbed. Somehow the Picture Lady smiled down so gently upon her that she always felt that she understood and sympathised with her.

"Dear Lady" she said as with clasped hands she looked up at the face in the picture, "How I wish you could say just a few words to me. I know you always listen so kindly and I love you for it, but sometimes I wish you could take me in your arms and pet me and call me your little girl. Today as I was out in the yard I saw a little girl going by with her mamma and she was having such a good time. Her mamma held her hand and talked and laughed with her so happily that a big lump came in my throat and oh dear Lady, I wish so much that my mamma would talk to me and love me like that."

There was a long silence.

"If only mother wasn't so busy," sighed the child and presently left the room.

The old housekeeper was engaged in her household duties most of the time and so generally paid but little attention to the child beyond dressing her in the morning, seeing that she had enough to eat, and that she was in her little white bed by seven in the evening. She was not unkind to the child, but only wanted her to keep out of the way while she was at work.

On Sunday morning the housekeeper decided to go to church, and the thought occurred to her of taking the child along with her. The church service was all very strange and new to the child and she watched everything and everybody with keen interest. All through the sermon she sat quietly listening to the minister as if comprehending and drinking in all that he said. She was naturally thoughtful, and her environment had served to increase that characteristic. Life was such a solemn and lonely proposition as viewed from her standpoint. But there was something the minister said that took hold upon her childish mind and she pondered much about it. It was this, "We are all God's children and He is able to give us whatever we need and is more than willing to do so. He wants us to be happy, and always hears us if we



come to him in prayer. We may have whatever we ask of Him if we ask in faith believing." The last sentence especially lingered in her mind and gradually a new thought came to her. She could hardly wait until she could get home to tell her plan to the Picture Lady.

That night after the housekeeper had undressed her, the little white-robed figure knelt by the bedside and having murmured her usual petition of "God bless papa and mamma and help me to be a good girl," she added very earnestly, "and please let mamma have time to love me and talk to me for I am so lonesome, dear Jesus, Amen." Tears came into the housekeeper's eyes as she listened to the touching petition and, as she left the room, she bade the child "Good night" in a gentler tone than usual.

Somehow, a little child oftentimes lays hold upon the promises of God with a faith that might well cause an older person to blush with shame, and thus this little one seemed to brighten under the hope that had taken possession of her. She believed that of a surety God would answer her prayer and so her talk to the Picture Lady became more cheerful and buoyant, more in accordance with the true spirit of childhood when it is placed in the garden of love and given its rightful heritage.

Early one morning a few days later a neat, slender, well groomed young woman of about thirty years of age might have been seen to leave the house and walk rapidly through the streets toward the depot. She had a keen, pleasant face, and a businesslike air that seemed to proclaim the fact that she was all wrapped up in her project whatever that might be. Every gesture betrayed culture and refinement. It was the child's mother. When a young girl she had chosen journalism as her life's work and had prepared herself for that occupation. She possessed natural talents in that direction and soon learned to love her work so much that the main thoughts of her life centered around it. However, one day a good man had told her of his love, and influenced by circumstances and relatives she finally consented to listen to him. He had given her a beautiful home, but was away so much on business that she had continued her journalistic work. Then, when a couple of years later she knew that she

would become a mother, she regretted the fact and from the first determined that the child should never interfere with her beloved occupation. She had indeed lived up to her intention as we already know. She hardly ever saw the child and did not allow her to intrude into her private rooms. She was now going from home for a few days that she might get material for an article which she hoped would excel all her former efforts.

The night after the mother left home, the housekeeper, as she was undressing the child, noticed that her hands were hot and dry and that her cheeks were redder than usual. But she did not think of it as anything serious and soon dismissed the fact from her mind.

Early the next morning she was awakened by an unusual sound, and as it continued it seemed to come from the child's room which adjoined her own. Hastily arising she went to the room, and upon opening the door, saw the little one tossing restlessly to and fro and moaning as if in pain. What she had noticed the night before now flashed into her mind and somewhat alarmed, she telephoned the doctor to come as soon as possible.

When the doctor arrived he looked at the flushed face, felt of the throbbing pulse, and then said gravely, "We must have a nurse here immediately. If she lives through the next forty-eight hours, she may get well but she is dangerously sick. Where is the mother?"

Immediately they telegraphed to the mother who took the next train home. As she sat in the car that was rapidly bearing her homeward, the mother dimly wondered what it would mean to her if the little being to whom she had paid so slight attention should be suddenly taken from her. She had heard much about the mother's all-absorbing love that is so akin to that poured forth from the Great Heart of the Infinite, and she unconsciously asked herself if she lacked that divine touch which is said to be bestowed upon all mothers. Somehow motherhood had never meant very much to her; she felt that she had not sounded its depths. She was finally aroused from these reveries by the voice of the conductor calling out from the car door, "The next station is Redding." Hastily gathering up her wraps, she was soon on her way to the house.

Her husband whose pale, haggard face startled her, met her at the door. Could the child indeed be so very dangerous? She had never before seen him look so worn, and she thought, "How much Charles thinks of our child! I never realized it before."

"Mary," he said in a low tone, "I'm so glad you have come. Our darling is dangerously ill. God grant that we may not lose her. Come now to her room, she has been calling for you."

She had never seen much sickness and dreaded to enter the room but with her usual resolution, she braced herself for the effort and entered. On the bed before her lay the child with bright, unseeing, widely-opened eyes, her little cheeks burning with the fierceness of the fever as she tossed restlessly from side to side. She muttered incoherently for a time then called out, "Mother, dear mother, can't you play with me today? I'm so lonesome." The mother was touched and stooping over the bed she gently smoothed the fevered brow, but the child lay unconscious of her presence. Again the child clasped her hands and now uttered her little petition which she had been offering at the throne each night of late.

This proved too much for the mother. It touched her heart as nothing else had done. "Why, oh why," she asked herself, "have I been so blind? Why have I not realized the loneliness of the childish heart? Why have I shut myself away from the child while she has been lavishing upon me a wealth of love which I, Heaven pity me, have been spurning as worthless?" And the mother too began to pray as she never had before, asking that God would in His great mercy spare her child that she, the mother, might have the privilege of, in some degree, undoing the great wrong which she had done. A few hours later the child became quieter and fell into a deep slumber with a rapt, happy expression on her face as if she already were dreaming of the happy days to come.

## Come

C. Belle Russell.

### I

When the violets are purpling and  
the robin lilts his lay,  
And 'tis morning and 'tis sunshine,  
then my thoughts steal far away  
To a bit of God's green country where  
my Alma Mater stands  
With her face turned toward the hill-  
tops and a welcome in her hands,  
For she seems to beckon to me, and  
'tis there I fain would be  
Where her kindly eyes smile greet-  
ings there beside the Genesee.

### II

Can't you hear her calling, calling—  
now to you and now to me?  
Calls she to each son and daughter,  
Come home, child, I long for thee;  
Now 'tis May-time, soon comes June-  
time when my heart does for thee  
yearn  
And I deck me in fair raiment as I  
wait for thy return;  
Come and idle on my campus, linger  
in the chestnuts' shade  
Watch the youths and maidens strol-  
ling down the footpaths they  
have made.

### III

When the roses blend rich perfumes  
breathing low 'tis June again  
Other sons of mine shall hasten to  
the busy world of men;  
Gladly would they greet their brothers  
who have gone where they shall  
go  
Gladly learn from them the lessons  
of the world they soon must  
know.  
Then come children, back to Hough-  
ton, and with voices full and free  
Raise the chords of that grand anthem,  
"Alma Mater, Hail to Thee!"

## The Age Vision

It is a notable day in the experience of any young man when for the first time, he discovers himself an integral part of the great, bustling, struggling world of men and affairs about him, and begins to realize a measure of the responsibility which logically rests upon him just because he lives. His vision till that day will be limited. His problems will be individual and local. He will depend on others for support. Then he will see that he must ultimately plunge into this struggling mass of men, and battle his own way to for-



tune amongst them. He will begin to see and share their problems. He did not know before that men in the mass had problems. His attitude toward his school life will change. He wondered often before over the tediousness of the weary round of school routine, and often asked the question. "Why all this emphasis upon these dull things?" Then he will see himself in a miniature, and yet very real world, preparing himself for the actual struggles in the larger one before him. Here he is learning of the problems of men, unsolved mysteries passed down from generation to generation and yet awaiting solution, and of the new perplexities arising out of new conditions and circumstances. His new vision of the world will bewilder him and he will set about to analyze it. "What kind of a world is it in which he lives," is his problem.

He hears the lecturer upon the platform eulogise the present time as one of unparalleled splendor. Its achievements are unrivalled in past history. He hears that we are at the pinnacle of civilization and progress. He reads the magazines. They are but the historians of the immediate present chronicling the mighty deeds of mighty men. He learns of the advancements of science, art, government, society, business and religion. He is charmed. He is fascinated. But strange to say, he reads and hears of war even amongst civilized and so-called Christian nations. He knows of the industrial situation; the poverty of the poor and the increasing wealth of the rich; the clash between labor and capital; the political scandals; the social inequalities; and the dark crimes of society, and these grieve him. And he knows now the world has its problems.

He learns of the means men are taking to discover the solution of these perplexities. He hears of the establishment of great foundations by men of wealth "to investigate and study the causes of adverse social conditions, including ignorance, poverty, and vice; and to suggest how these conditions can be remedied or ameliorated." He reads of peace conferences and peace treaties and world tribunals to combat war. He discovers the presence of a new interest in political and commercial righteousness. He hears the claims of many who are seeking world betterment. The socialist informs him that the

world's difficulties will be solved when the world adopts the socialist propaganda. Organized labor tells him that the world will be at rest when there can be the proper adjustment between labor and capital. The eugenicist says that the world's need is to be better born. The social worker says it is the abolishment of poverty and the eradication of the saloon, vice and crime, "Heredity must be better," says one, "Environment must be better," says the other.

Amongst all these seemingly discordant theories for the settlement of the world's problems, he notes at least one fundamental point of agreement. The troubles in the world are assumed to be located in man's surroundings. "Things need adjusting," they all say.

Right here he needs to stop. This is the most important question of all, where is the exact location of the cause of humanity's ills? To err at this point means to pursue a phantom in an attempt to solve humanity's problems. This is a place where more than human wisdom is needed. Has God said anything in His revelation to man on this point? Can the Bible throw any light on this question?

A very brief reading is sufficient to discover that the scriptures term man a sinner. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The Bible from Genesis to Revelation is very emphatic in declaring that the cause of humanity's troubles is in men's hearts and not in their surroundings. It very flatly contradicts the conclusions of the natural man. It is of vast and far reaching importance that the young man facing the world and its problems should realize the truth of this statement. Otherwise he spends his labors in behalf of humanity in vain.

What shall be said then? Will better heredity solve the world's problems? No. Will better Environment? No. Will socialism? No. Will world peace conferences? No. Will the banishment of poverty do it? No. Will ridding the world of the saloon and vice do it? No. Will righteousness in politics and business do it? No. Will they all combined do it? No. Are they not all good in themselves? Yes. Why then will they fail? Because they touch only the externals and do not reach the hearts of men to change them. And in the hearts of men is



where the trouble lies. They are but reforms. What the world needs is regeneration. Unless men's hearts are changed, reforms must of necessity be superficial and transient. Reforms go well with regeneration, but they are but whitewash apart from it. The ultimate object always to be kept in view is the conversion of men. Until that has been done, but little has been accomplished.

When then will the world cease to have its problems? When there cease to be sinners living in it. And when will that be? Not till Jesus comes and has made a "new heaven and new earth."

R. A. Sellman.

### *A Demand for Patriotism*

Patriotism is as old as the race; like religion it is one characteristic of the human soul. Patriotism is swelling the breasts of millions of people in lands beyond the sea. As we stand and gaze upon the continental stage of Europe, as spectators of that vast drama of war, we are hopelessly bewildered. We hear German husbands, sons and brothers saying: "We must conquer or die for the Fatherland." And German mothers, wives and sisters saying: "Return victors or not at all." We hear Briton, Belgian and Frenchman each saying with Horace of old: "It is sweet to die for ones country," and from Russia comes the cry: "We willingly die for Holy Russia." Other nations are breathlessly waiting with armies in readiness, to leap into the bloody arena of war, if needs be, to save national honor. So we find that patriotism has captured all countries and imbued all classes.

Now let us see what it has done for our own beloved country. Through the early days of the United States much strife and warfare has deepened the pages of history and the American patriot has had few equals and perhaps no superiors. Only a few generations ago over a million men were in arms, that our nation might stand undivided, and free from the crime of slavery. Deeds of valor were performed, equal to those of the Greeks at Thermopylae, or the French guards at Waterloo. Six hundred battles were fought and the eyes of the world were upon the American soldiery. With what willingness did men offer their lives for their country! Does it not remind one of the Atone-

ment and the sacrifice upon Calvary? All honor to the gray-haired veterans who remain in our midst, and equal honors to the noble women who suffered at home and struggled to keep from cold and starvation! Lincoln said, as the armies were returning from the bloody conflict: "Now let us care for the sorrowing ones at home and be generous to the soldier and his widow in their old age."

In time of peace our nation has grown in strength, wealth and civilization. "For peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Francis Willard and Clara Barton have done a blessed work in caring for the needy. McCormick and Howe were great inventors. Men of science have done their part, and we as a nation, have so advanced that the younger generations may wonder where they may be of service to their country. But let us not be idly thinking that there is no more to be done, for never was true patriotism more needed than now. If we could look into the affairs of state and see beyond the veil of secrecy which is thrown about the political "machine," if we are fully aware of the unreligious teachings and practices which are creeping into social life, we might feel as a patriot once said: "My heart yearns for my country." It is true that we may never be called to the battle's front. The policy of the nation is for peace, and may God speed the day when the "Dove of Peace" will hover over the bivouac of contending armies and drive away the clouds of war by the flutter of her magic wings! With the close of the present calamity of war, militarism may be forever swept away and that will bring us one great step nearer the time when "brawn yields to brain." Yet with peace and power is America safe? We have but to go back through history and find where Rome crumbled to pieces even though her power seemed to have no limit. Since her time, Spain rose to a mighty nation laden with riches, her soldiers were martialled in many lands, but now her power has gone and she ranks only as a third rate nation. These countries declined because they failed to cope with elements of weakness within their own boundaries.

The institutions of evil in our own country are many. Selfishness and graft enables thousands to live in luxury and foolish extravagance. While down in their factories men, women and sometimes even children

are scarcely able to earn the barest necessities of life.

Intemperance in connection with its gambling halls and white slave traffic, is eating away at our republic, as a worm destroys the mighty oak. The sooner these evils are met the less will be the loss therefrom.

The greatest evil and danger is religious indifference and heedlessness of God's commands. As the icy waters of a midnight ocean slowly gained upon a doomed vessel, the strains of "Nearer my God to Thee" reminded its hearers of their only refuge. Yet our greatest danger lies in so large a majority of the people forgetting God as the Giver of all good things.

If the present generations are to prove themselves true patriots, certainly they must meet the needs of their country. Her national holidays should be kept for their true meaning. Decoration day is sacred. How can one show more respect for the honored dead than by covering over their graves with garlands of flowers and by placing the flag which has been so gallantly born to wave in triumph there? Independence day has its mission and so do other holidays. A great editor has said, "Even though it is great to die for one's country it is far greater to live for it," and the Bible says: "He that controileth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." Through the elapse of centuries the world has not forgotten how Alexander "conquered the world," neither has it forgotten that he died at an early age because he was unable to control himself. Roosevelt says, "A man who is unkind to his mother or wife is certainly no earthly good as a citizen." So, in being true to our country, we must faithfully observe all her patriotic customs. We must also be true to ourselves, true to God, furnish eyes that are quick to see the forces of evil, feet that will follow where God leads the way, hands that will cast aside the sword to take the communion cup and above all, not forget that, "If a sparrow cannot fall to earth without his notice neither can a nation rise without his guidance."

F. E. Densmore, Theol.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise."

Longfellow.

## *In Praise of Houghton*

Altho I was permitted to be a student at Houghton for only a few weeks, the friendly spirit which prevailed in the faculty and body of students won me completely over on the side which works for the interests of the school.

I must confess that my first impression of Houghton was somewhat disappointing. As long ago as I can remember, I have heard this school spoken of and lauded, and in spite of the facts I had heard about it, I pictured it as much larger than the original, and the village as a fairly-sized one. As many of us know, Houghton can boast of few homes and a small college, but despite all this Houghton village and school possess distinctive qualities which so many larger villages and schools lack!

I arrived in that town late in the evening and received a hearty welcome by a number of the students who were at the station to meet us. The young ladies accompanied me to the Dorm where I met with a cordial greeting from the Dean and Matron. All the faces were new to me and I was relieved to be allowed to retire for the night.

The following morning I awoke to find the air oppressive with fog which I was unaccustomed to. After I had made out the term's schedule, the day passed very slowly, and so did the first four or five days for there was not much to do and the weather was damp and chilly, but I tried to be cheerful for I knew that Houghton would look altogether differently on one of God's sunshiny days.

It did not take me long to notice the cordiality with which new and old students were greeted, and on the first Friday night a very informal reception was given by the old students to the new ones. After that each one was expected to know and speak to everyone else. At chapel, each day, we were greeted by pleasant words and when we gathered for worship each night after the evening meal, we felt the ties of friendship growing stronger under the Divine influence of our Master.

When the first Sunday ended I felt more at home than before. The pastor's greeting that day had been very friendly and the residents spoke to us and made us feel we had a place

Continued on page 11





## THE HOUGHTON STAR

### HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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 fies that your subscription HAS ex-  
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 scription expires with THIS issue.

You will confer a favor on the  
 management and obtain every issue if  
 you renew at once.

Did you ever stop to contemplate  
 the different ways in which the world  
 appears to us?

Today as we look at it, it is a most  
 beautiful and inspiring place; every  
 bit of landscape animates us, every

throb from nature's heart sends pul-  
 sating through our veins a desire to  
 live forever, and every person whom  
 we meet seems a denizen of some  
 country, peopled with beings which  
 partake more of the divine than the



human nature, and we say "A fine old world. A good place to live after all."

Tomorrow as we look upon it, alas how changed, what a different place it is! It seems as if we have been dropped by magic power into a realm far removed from the earth we recently inhabited. It appears a cold, most distasteful place in which to drag out an existence. The earth does not drop its products at our feet without an effort on our part of getting them, the inhabitants—every one seems so engrossed in himself, to pass us so naughtily and unconcernedly, and to care so little for our welfare that we feel certain there can be no worse class of beings anywhere, than those who are our fellowmen.

But why this vast difference? It is the same old world, the same sun shines upon it, and the same men and women inhabit it. Well, if we will be perfectly frank and honest, and will look carefully enough we will find the reason, not in the world nor in our neighbors, but in our own selves. Today we are looking at the world through a lens which will detect the good and pleasant things of life; tomorrow we adjust to our eyes a lens that will magnify the evil to such gross proportions and will so blur the good that it will entirely disappear, while the bad will rise like a mountain before us. Here we find the secret of the whole matter, we can live in just the kind of a world we are looking for. Do we desire to live in a mean, disagreeable world? Then we have but to look for such, and our own meanness will so rise before us that as we translate the lives of our fellow men, it will so obstruct our vision until we shall only be able to read, "meanness," in their lives.

On the other hand, there are just as great opportunities for finding the good in this world, and of translating into the lives of our fellow men, beauty, sunshine and goodness.

Lowell tells us,

"Our summer hearts make summer fulness, where no leaf, no bud, no blossom may be seen."

And why not live in a pleasant world, when it lies within our own power to do so?

Some one says there is so much of the evil that we can't see the good; but my friend, the fault lies in thee. "This world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be happy as kings." And did you ever try

to count the things in this world that ought to make us as happy as kings? One day in God's green country, contemplating His power, wisdom and goodness ought to inspire us to a whole life of cheerful optimistic living. If we begin to search, we will find so many wonderful and interesting things in nature, that the disagreeable are entirely lost to our sight.

Some one else finds so many unpleasant and unfortunate circumstances in the path of life, there are so many thorns to tear the tender flesh, so many rough and jagged rocks, that we feel at times that our path is the roughest one in the whole Universe. One glimpse of our fellow men in a far more trying circumstance than our own, and a heart touched with pity and sympathy will dispel every shadow of our own trouble, and make them appear like bubbles on the bosom of the ocean.

But doubtless, the greatest cause for our unharmonious relations with our circumstances, seems to, each of us as individuals, to lie in the fact that our fellow men are out of harmony with us. How often the faults and failures of others loom before us, until we lose sight of all their virtues, we become so engrossed in looking for the defects! Little do we know of the burdens the grave face may be concealing, or the sorrows that the sad face betrays, and we are apt to translate it as coldness or unfriendliness. Until we may know the motives of the heart, we have no right to pass a harsh or unkind judgment on our fellow men; and as we try, we find so much good in the worst of us, that we have no time to contemplate the unkind and unpleasant. There yet remains to be found an individual who does not have some virtues, and these not so far buried beneath the debris of faults, but that they may easily be detected as we look for them.

Let us live in a bright, pleasant world because we make it such, and let us live with virtuous and kindly fellow beings because we are looking for that kind, and then we may say with impunity, "This is a good old world after all."

We call our readers' attention to the story appearing in this issue, "An Awakening." This is but one of the articles of the Literary Contest. In the June issue of the Star, will appear all the other prize winning manu-

scripts. We are planning to make that an attractive, interesting and in brief, the Star issue of the Star.

We can not tell you now the surprises we are planning for our readers but if your subscription has expired, or expires this month, be sure to renew immediately, for you can not afford to miss this number of the Star.

### ***In Praise of Houghton***

Continued from page 8

there as well as at home. In the prayer circles our hearts were warmed with the Love which is imparted by Christ to His disciples. Then again in the Students' prayer meeting on Tuesday evening we felt the Hand, which in drawing us closer to Him, also binds mankind together.

And, as day succeeded day, I found that the fellowship which so distinguishes this college from others, had not been over estimated when I had

heard it spoken of by others. Rather I think it can not be put in words but can be known in full value, only by those who go there, not to criticize unkindly but to find all the good they can.

Altogether, we feel we can not say too much in praise of the Faculty, and students of Houghton college. The Lord has worked in a strong and mighty way there this year and surely the seed that has been sown will yield in abundance, for that which is done there is done as "unto the Lord." Beth.

### ***Notice to All Subscribers***

If you find a blue cross on the editorial page your subscription expires this month. This is the last issue you will receive unless you renew at once.

W. F. Lewis,  
Business Manager.



## **Breezes from Here and There**

Students are interesting creatures especially students of Houghton Seminary; and it is always with joy that they behold each other. Listen to a tale as told by one of our Alumni, S. W. Wright '10.

"It was a good-natured little crowd that gathered at the Wesleyan parsonage at West Chazy, N. Y. on the evening of April 9th. Houghton crowds are always good-natured. La-Vay Fancher, the Principal part of the Luzern High School, had come into this corner of the State to spend his Easter vacation and of course he was there. Emma Agnew teaching at Beekmantown helped the thing along. Sarah Davison heard of it at her red brick out near Plattsburg and could not be kept away. It only needs be

suggested that F.H. Wright teaches at West Chazy and you will know that he was there with his good wife and his ditto children. Edward and Anna Elliott who were just taking up their pastorate at Mooers, were in the midst of household renovations and therefore they could not come. We ate, swaped experiences, told tales on each other that seemed to have grown with the years, sang Houghton songs, and then got down and prayed good for Houghton. I am glad I was one of them."

A breeze which comes from Vidora, Sask. is very refreshing.

"We are living in the pioneer part of Sask. The mail is brought by stage from Maple Creek where it is sometimes detained as much as a week or



even more. We don't get to town here very often, especially at this time of the year when the roads are so muddy.

We shall look forward with interest to the Alumni number of the Star, but we always look forward to all of the numbers so that will be nothing new.

Alison Edgar, '13.

Miss Edgar you must remember was the first editor of the Star and her interest in the paper has not abated.

'11 Thankful Clawson is teaching school near Stone Lake, Wis.

Monday morning April 26, a little black-haired, blue-eyed baby came to brighten the home of Prof. LeRoy Fancher and his wife Isabella. Lucius Roscoe Fancher is a very welcome inhabitant of Houghton town.

Since the last number of the Star

the editor has learned that Florence Eyer is the wife of Blain Hall.

Florence Sellman writes from Grand Rapids, Mich.

"I am in training here in Butterworth hospital and just love my work. You can imagine I am real well or I couldn't stand this work and it seems so good to feel well.

The Michigan ministerial association met at Clarksville where Maud Benton teaches, so she had the Houghton students at a banquet one evening. She expected about eighteen but they were not all there. Arthur Karker's wife is very sick and has gone to Canada.

I would like to drop into Houghton and see everyone,"

And the breezes have passed on.



Gertrude Graves '16, Editor

#### Athenian Society

Two programs are to be reported in this issue of the Star. The first program was one of the best which has been given this year, and was devoted to the San Francisco Exposition. Robert Chamberlain read an instructive paper on "The Value of the Exposition Movement." "A Panoramic View of the San Francisco Exposition" by Gertrude Graves was enjoyed by all. Glenn Barnett gave his personal Reminiscences of the Buffalo Exposition. Rosa Crosby concluded the program with a reading from Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp."

Robert Louis Stevenson was the subject of the second program. Dorothy Jennings was unable to read her sketch of his life, but it was given by Edna Hester. A Critical Discussion of Stevenson's Literary Style was read by Cecil Russell. Grace Steese read a review of Dr. Jekell. In conclusion Prof. LeRoy Fancher gave an interesting talk on the College Man's Wisdom.

R. J. K.

#### Ionian Society

The Ionian Literary Society was called to order by the Vice-President. A short program was rendered consisting of readings, instrumental music and songs. After the critics gave their reports a business meeting followed. On account of the decline in interest in the literary work, the society decided to disband. An interesting discussion was held on the advisability of uniting the Neosophic and Ionian societies, following which a unanimous vote was cast in favor of the union.

After a committee had been appointed to confer with the faculty, the meeting was adjourned.

#### The Boys' Neosophic Society.

The principal part on the final program of the Neosophic Society was a talk on the future of the Jews as referred to by scripture. The talk showed that Mr. Davidson had a very thorough knowledge of his subject. Later followed a discussion of the



proposed union of the Neosophic and Ionian Societies in which it was unanimously decided to ask the faculty to unite them temporarily. A Neo.

#### The United Neosophic Society.

Because of a serious falling off of the attendance in both the Neosophic and Ionian societies, the advisability of uniting the two has been considered for some time in both societies. But as the Faculty did not think it best to grant unconditional disbandment of the two societies and the forming of a new society, it was decided to unite the two societies temporarily under a new constitution but still retaining the old organization in matters of membership and finance. At the first joint meeting held April 30 the new constitution was presented and voted on. The constitution provides for one meeting each week to be held in the chapel, when the chapel is not used by the Athenians and at all other times in the library. The officers are in the main like those of the old societies with the exception that the chaplain is to be appointed by the program committee instead of being elected, and that the program committee is to consist of the President, Vice-President and three others appointed by them. The officers are to be nominated by a committee of three and then voted on by the society. In the election of officers that followed Mr. Morris was elected President, Miss Hudson Secretary and Miss Campbell Vice-President. A Neo.

#### The Senior Y. M. W. B.

Miss Grange brought us an encouraging report from the annual conference of what our Y. M. W. B. has accomplished. The record is very good this year but we believe we will be able to do better next year. As this is the only Senior band in existence we should be on our guard to seize every opportunity to help the good work along. Our membership has increased to exceed one hundred and I think we have every reason to be encouraged.

Some excellent programs have been rendered and some real good instructive papers given at our meetings. These papers are sent to the Publishing House to be published in the Wesleyan.

At our last meeting Edna Hester gave us an excellent paper on "How May Our Senior Bands Lead in Aggressive Y. M. W. B. Work? She showed how the Senior Bands were an educational force in bringing before us the needs of missions and the work that is being carried on there. Then too, the idea was expressed that here they would see the benefits of the organization and go out and form new bands elsewhere. This was followed by special music by the male quartet after which Miss Kelly gave us a reading entitled "A Sermon." Miss Campbell showed the need of Missions and of the work in Africa in her paper on "The Need and Purpose of Missions in Africa." Prof. McDowell gave us a rousing extemporaneous speech at the close, spurring us on to greater activities in our work.

Look for these papers in the Wesleyan.

G. L. S.

#### The German Club.

Not many days ago Die Deutsche Verein met in their club room and had a jolly hour. One of the members played "Heimweh" in German and the rest wept in German. But the tears were soon dried for der General divided the Mädchen and Knaben into two lines and made them undergo a cross examination. "Willst du mein sein?" means just as much in German as in English—and is just as embarrassing a question when asked in public. Then two captains were elected who chose their sides for a spelling match. When the captain spelled "kurz the next speller had to spell a word beginning with Z. After the first fifteen minutes, each speller was given one minute to think of a word which had not been spelled before, and spell it. How they did long for a dictionary! Perhaps it would be well for all German students to memorize at least two hundred German words beginning with N.

Auf wiedersehen!

"Deem not the irrevocable past

As wholly wasted, wholly vain,

If, rising on its wrecks, at last

To something nobler we attain."

Longfellow.



## I. P. A. State Contest

On Friday night, April 23, a large audience assembled in the Baptist church at Hamilton, N. Y. A spirit of interest and expectancy pervaded the atmosphere for a contest was on and fate would soon decide who was the star Prohibition orator of the New York Leagues.

Five colleges were represented as follows: Colgate—Mr. Clawson; Houghton—Mr. McKinley; Rutgers—Mr. North; Cornell—Mr. Rogers; Syracuse—Mr. Carnell. Mr. Clawson received the first prize of fifty dollars and Mr. North the second prize of twenty-five dollars. Each orator did credit to himself and his Alma Mater and we feel confident that the forceful arguments and sound reasoning in

favor of Prohibition will bear much good fruit. Why may not the colleges lead in this great fight and lead the right on to victory?

While Houghton did not win the laurels as far as money is concerned yet we are justly proud of our orator and expect great things in the future. If at first we don't succeed, we'll try, try again.

One very attractive feature of the evening was three beautiful pipe organ selections. The soul of the organ seemed to enter into ours.

Do these contests pay? Yes, by all means. May they continually increase and their influence extend to all lands.

E. A. H.

## State Convention

Life is one great drama, composed of two parts—opportunities and responsibilities. Our opportunities of today, temper our responsibilities of tomorrow. Among the recent opportunities of a few Houghton students, was the privilege given them of attending the State I. P. A. convention, held at Colgate College, Hamilton, New York on the 22nd and 23rd of April. Colgate is a thriving gentleman's college, situated on a beautiful campus just outside the little town of Hamilton. Here the delegations from the different schools were royally entertained.

The convention began with a public reception Thursday evening. This was followed by the first regular session. Pres. Bryan gave an address of welcome, in which he emphasized his personal interest in the I. P. A. work and his appreciation of the manifest

interest of the delegates, and gave all visitors a hearty welcome. Walter Lewis, our State Chairman gave a response to President Bryan's address. Following this Dr. Colvin, the principal speaker of the convention gave a stirring address on the liquor problem. Friday morning and afternoon were filled with business sessions and conferences, seasoned with good speeches from Dr. Colvin, Mr. Bishop and Prof. Cranmer, live I. P. A. workers. Walter Lewis from Houghton was re-elected State Chairman, and Clarence Carr of Colgate was re-elected State Secretary. All business was finished in the afternoon and everyone awaited with eagerness, the contest which decided the fate of the colleges. The report of the contest will be reported by another.

The spirit and work of the convention was very inspiring from the be-



ginning. The principal theme was aggressive I. P. A. work for 1915 and '16 which we hope to see. There were 18 delegates representing 7 different Colleges, and these delegates reported the work of the local which was good, but there is still room for improvement. Houghton had the largest delegation present, consisting of two auto loads; of these four were delegates, Mr. Lewis, State Chairman, besides two other students, the orators and Won S. Crandall of Fillmore who owned one of the machines.

Houghton, we are glad to say, has the largest active league and reported the best work. But while this is true I am sure we have no time for self congratulation. There is much yet to

be done. Those who attended the convention appreciated the privilege and feel the responsibility, and by telling what they have heard and seen, they hope to see advance steps taken next year. There is much which we can do. We can double our membership; we can organize a class for the study of the liquor problems, so there is no time to waste.

Volunteers are needed,

Who will answer "I"?

To fight for dear old Houghton

For her to do or die.

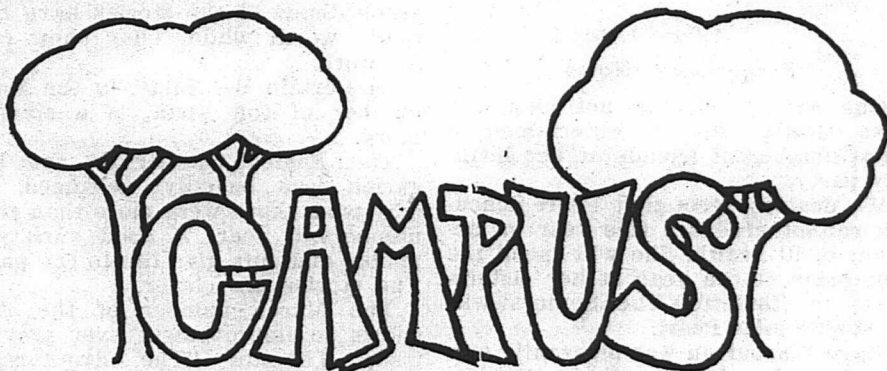
And not just for Houghton

But our own dear native land,

To free the rumcursed millions,

Will you lend a helping hand?

Glen McKinley.



Wilford E. Kaufman, '16, Editor

#### COLLEGE LOCALS

A small per centage of our college students hiked to Moss Lake on a fishing expedition Saturday. What about the fish?

Mr. Willard Ballard called on friends in Olean the past week.

Miss Ruth Worbois called home Friday April 30th, to attend the funeral of her grandfather.

Miss Ruth Robertson spent Sunday May 2nd at her home in Belmont.

Miss Mary Hubbard spent a few days at home the last of April but has returned again to finish the last few weeks of her school year at Ann Arbor.

April 16th was a memorial day! Our College Freshmen celebrated with a Sugar-Party at the Dormitory.

Miss Harriett Meeker spent a short time with a friend in Elmira recently. While away she visited Cornell University at Ithaca and called on Miss Edith Hogg. Miss Meeker evidently enjoyed her short vacation.

Mr. Robert Presley spent the past week-end with his aunt, Mrs Warburton.

Mr. Harvey Meeker Jr. disappeared one day a short time ago. We are told he went to Niagara Falls and there met his father whom he brought back with him. Mr. Meeker Sr. spent Sunday with his son and daughter Harry and Harriett.

E. A. A.

#### Faculty Notes

Professor Bedford and family motor-ed to Appleton, New York, where they spent a few days visiting Professor Bedford's brother, Rev. Dean Bedford.

Miss Thurston spent a few days in Olean and while there, attended the concert given by a few Houghton students.

Mrs. Jennings spent the week-end with her daughter living near Appleton, New York.

Miss Riggall attended the I. P. A. convention which was held at Colgate University and spent a day at her home in Cazenovia.

A different language than that which Professor Fancher has been accustomed to teaching will have to be used as a lullaby to Master Luc's

Roscoe, who arrived at the home of Professor and Mrs. Fancher, April 26. This will be the first year English for the new arrival, but ere long he will be expected to read French, German, Greek and Latin and assist his father in his class work.

President Luckey attended the banquet at Buffalo given in honor of President King of Oberlin last month.

Professor McDowell has been visiting the eastern conferences in the interests of the school.

Miss Russell is very popular as a chaperone for the students of Houghton. Last Saturday eve she acted as chaperone for a merry fishing party.

Miss Fitts spent a few days in Olean visiting friends, recently.

C. N. C.

#### Preparatory Notes

One Friday evening not long ago Miss Gratia Bullock entertained a large number of friends at her birthday party.

We deeply regret that Pearl Schouten cannot graduate this year on account of ill health. She will spend the remainder of the year at her sister's home in Roulette. The Seniors will especially miss Pearl.

Mary Warburton was pleasantly surprised on her birthday by a number of friends.

Miss Mildred Hart was in Belfast with her sister Saturday.

Bessie Little's mother and cousin are at present in Houghton with her.

Floyd Horth and Robert Becker spent the week end at their homes in Cattaraugus recently, making the trip on bicycles.

The Plus Ultra Sunday school class made an enjoyable trip up Houghton creek one April afternoon. They carried with them a kettle of warm sugar and an enormous bag of peanuts.

The Junior class enjoyed a pleasant afternoon at the home of Mrs. Warburton a short time ago. Ice cream and cake were served.

M. E. F.

#### Music Notes

The recital on April 26th was well attended and enjoyed by all who were present. The excellent training by Miss Fitts and Miss Hillpot was evident.

The Houghton Concert Co. toured Pennsylvania not long ago. Among the places visited were Shinglehouse and Port Allegany. The Company spent Sunday at the latter named place with

Miss Leona Lilly.

Miss Ruth Warbois was called home April 30 by a telegram which announced the death of her grandfather.

Miss Mabel Steese, one of our former music students, is at home in Akron, Ohio, teaching private pupils.

The band gave an out door concert on the evening of Mr. Schofield's lecture.

B. G. F.

## EXCHANGES

This month, we have received an excellent list of Exchanges. The most of the papers have been of a high grade. Some of the stories have been really worth while. They show careful work.

"A Certain B— Flat", in the March number of the Vista, is a splendid story.

The Easter number of the Langarian was heartily welcomed. We only wish there were more than three numbers a year. A good variety of photos and cuts give life to the paper. The stories are clever.

The March number of the Echo shows an improvement over previous issues. The story "The Adventures of Aunt Sarah", proves the fact that we cannot always judge by appearances.

The Right Angle is a new Exchange. You have a flourishing Exchange Department.

The photo of your school building makes your February-March issue more interesting, Athenian. You are always welcome.

The Easter number of the Cascade holds up the standard of the paper. The stories "Gwendolyn's Conversion" and "Miss Amelia's New Easter" show the true Easter spirit.

The standards of Houghton are such that we cannot appreciate the jokes and cuts of the "Garden of Eden Number" of the Awgwan or even give that issue a place on our Exchange table.

Other Exchanges received this month are:

The Picayune—Batavia High School.  
Mechanics Institute Quarterly—New York City.

The Middlebury Campus—Middlebury College.

The College World—Adrian College.  
The High School Buzz—Hutchinson, Kansas.

The Ramble—New York Military Academy.



# ATHLETICS

Carroll Daniels '17, Editor

The varsity has again struck its pace. It has had some rather bad luck the first of the season. The loss of Kip seemed at first a blow from which they could not possibly recover, but Calhoon has demonstrated his ability to fill the position, in two well caught games. Horth, chief twirler for the Prep-Freshes, has gathered unto himself much glory notwithstanding his support has not been all that could be hoped.

Base Ball must take a back seat for great things however. The track meet is the great thing at present. In the early light of each new day the streets are thronged with half clad figures, fat men and thin men, men trying to work off weight and men trying to put on weight; from the High School Fresh to the College Junior,\* all are out working up muscle and wind. This meet will be the greatest event Houghton has seen for many years. The Burg must needs awake upon this day, or pack its ears, for the clash of opposing sides and the celebration of the victory will not soon be forgotten.

\*College Seniors are exempt because of old age and disability.

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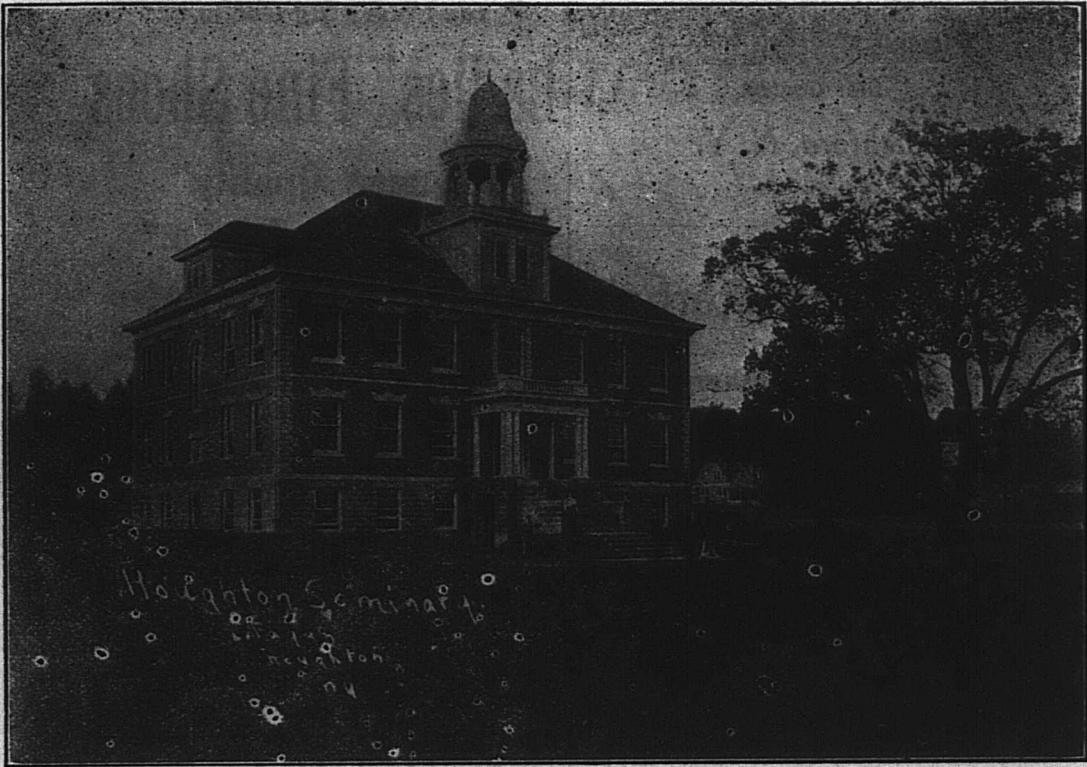
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