

Isabelle Stebbins

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. V

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No. 4

His Only Hope.

"Remember, my son, that your mother and I will always be praying for you."

The young fellows hanging about the depot laughed and exchanged coarse jokes as the white-haired old man thus bade the boy good bye. The father's words had already won for his son the nickname of "The Saint." The few who noticed him at the University where he had just matriculated could not see anything in the sober young face to belie the name.

A couple of weeks later, the same crowd of youths was gathered in the back room of a saloon. As they smoked and drank, they discussed the danger of detection for tobacco and liquor were forbidden in the University. Just then the Boy opened the door and stepped in. Instantly there was confusion. "It's the Saint." "He's a spy." "Put out the pimp." But the Boy pushed up to the table and seizing a glass, cried, "Here's to all of you." It was his initiation. The Boy, they found, could carouse with the worst of them for he had been sent to the University in the hope that the good influences of the place might somehow bring about his reformation.

Now it happened that the Dean of the University was also the Professor of Ethics. So one day when he called the Boy into his office to warn him that he was suspected of frequenting the saloon and certain "kindred places," he gave him a lecture on some of his pet theories. The religion of our fathers, he said,

was outgrown and left behind. Men today believe in the evolution of the race. Every man should do his part in the great upward struggle for better things. "Accept your duty as a man," he said, "and strive to give posterity a better chance than you have had. Live for the race. We shall have the perfect man in a few thousand years if we will keep at it."

The next day, the Boy met the Dean downtown. "S-say," he stuttered as he reeled up, "say, ol' b-boy, g-g-guess I've r-raised the race 'bout hu-hu-hundred years. S-s-see!" And he proceeded to do a complicated clog in the middle of the road. D-dad couldn't do thu-at." Of course the Boy left school the next day. Ethics had proved ineffectual.

The Boy started for home but it was many days before he was to see his parents again. He knocked around the nearby city for awhile, working a little and loafing a great deal. He went rapidly from bad to worse and it seemed that the frantic parents would never again see their son.

One night he wandered into a mission, sank down on a bench and fell asleep. He was awakened by the ringing tones of one of the mission workers as he concluded an exhortation to the handful of drunks and bums. It was the simple message that he had heard so many times before but that night the words gripped his heart with divine power. The liquor left him and he was able to walk down the aisle with steady step and kneel at the mourners bench.

The joy of the Boy's parents when they heard from his own lips the story of his salvation can not be set down on paper. Their prayers had at last been answered. It was his only chance. A few days later the Boy wrote the Dean of his new life and concluded, "There are some mighty good things in your ethics but what pulls a fellow like me out of the gutter is the good old-fashioned religion like father and mother have."

"All Right."

A foreigner just come to America for the first time was asked what most impressed him. His reply was that the American's slogan seems to be "all right." You ask an American to do you a favor, and the answer is "All right." You ask how some one is prospering, and the answer is "All right."

It is only when we stop to think about it that we realize how much that expression is used. It is, in fact, one of the most common expressions in our language. It is used in every place and under all circumstances. We probably hear it a dozen times a day if we hear it once. Everyone uses it, from the highest to the lowest.

Although it is not so universally used in other lands, still they have expressions that are about equivalent. As we Americans look at it, a language would be incomplete without some idiom of like thought.

At first it may seem to us that the foreigner's attention was caught by a very insignificant and trivial matter. Probably not once out of a thousand times does either the speaker or the hearer attach any special significance to the expression. It is spoken carelessly and without thought, merely from force of habit. It may be that the foreigner did not see any deeper meaning in the expression, beyond the mere fact of its habitual use.

Whether or not we realize it, when we use it, or whether or not the nobleman perceived it, that idiom "All right" is one of the most deeply significant expressions any language could contain. In those two words is summed up the spirit that has prompted ever heroic and difficult effort that has ever been made. Not only that, but the spirit expressed in those words is the spirit that enables men to meet discouragement and defeat in a manner that robs the discouragement of its bitterness and turns the defeat into victory.

It was this spirit that held the Greeks steadfast at Marathon and Thermopylae. Facing as they were overwhelming numbers, still each loyal Greek heard his country's call and in his heart was the answer "all right, I'll do my best." So it was

with the Japanese at Port Arthur. When the command came to storm the walls where hundreds had died and where hundreds would yet die before victory was won, still there was no grumbling, nor complaining. The only comment was "All right." In our own Revolution and Civil War it was the same. Amid the cold and starvation at Valley Forge and amid the swamps and rains of the "Wilderness," fresh demands only served to bring forth a hearty "all right."

This "all right" spirit has played an all important part in the lives of the world's great statesmen. Washington, Lincoln and Gladstone were among the greatest statesmen of all time. As they were among the greatest, so too, were they among the most abused. Reproach and ridicule were heaped upon them, and bitter enemies persecuted them at every step. But through it all we find them going about with a manner that says as plain as words: "All right. Let them jeer. I've done my duty."

Leaving the scenes of war and of politics, we find that in the more peaceful and less dangerous pursuits, the same principle has ever been dominant. In the field of invention it has been the cheerful, hearty "All right" that has won the day. While a few inventions and discoveries have been hit upon accidentally, the great majority have been the result of patient, arduous toil. There has been no room here for the quitter and the man with the blues. Always it is the man who admits of no discouragement and knows no such word as can't. Fancy a Fulton or an Edison moping around because things go wrong! Such men labor for years to perfect a certain piece of mechanism, and then find that their plan is faulty. "All right," comes the word, "We'll try another plan."

But heroes, statesmen and inventors have no monopoly on this. We humbler mortals are subject to the same rule. Nowhere is the knocker or the coward wanted. Forgetting the deeper applications of this rule, lest I should appear to moralize too much, let me mention only the common variety of "knocker." He's the one that "sassess" the umpire if the decision does not suit him, gets "mad" and tries "dirty work" if the game goes against him, and so forth, ad infinitum. Here is what T. DeWitt Talmage has to say of him: "I do not

see how he is to get into heaven, unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear that the services will be too long, and he will not like the music, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb."

The knocker makes himself disagreeable to everybody about him. He seems to be miserable himself, and wants to make everyone else miserable. How different is the "All right" fellow. If he does not happen to agree with the umpire, "all right, it's the umpire's business I won't kick." If the game goes against him, "All right, fellows, We'll show 'em next time." And thus he goes, always making the best of a situation, smiling at defeat, and always ready to try again. He is the one that people are glad to see. No one is made sour or miserable by his presence.

Of course we couldn't get along without a few kickers, but it would not do any harm if most of us would "quit it." If we Americans would live up to the motto we are so fond of repeating, foreigners coming to our shores could not help but notice the habit, and, in truth, it would be a habit worth noticing, and one of which we would not need to be ashamed.

A Dream.

Robert H. Presley, '15

Comfortably ensconced in a big arm chair, chin in hand, I sat watching the snowflakes as they whirled when caught by eddying air currents and finally settled on the ground while I tempted the Muses to inspire my tardy pen. In this state of mind I fell asleep and dreamed I stood before the "Old Sem."

To my indistinct vision the building seemed to diminish in size and to change its shape until it assumed the lineaments of a human visage. I stood in wonderment before this apparition waiting to see what should happen next. Consequently I was not much surprised when this "rarum visus" began to speak. At first the voice seemed indistinct and distant but it became plainer until I was able to distinguish the following, which I

will copy verbatim as nearly as I can remember.

"For more than five and twenty years I have stood upon the brow of this hill and have watched the growth of Houghton from a little hamlet to its present state of prosperity. I have seen children grow from infancy to noble manhood and womanhood. I have watched verdant and unsophisticated country lads become honored college professors and shrewd business men. Within my walls they have been trained to cope with the emergencies and vicissitudes of life. I have sympathized with their discouragements, have shared their joys and sorrows, and have rejoiced with them at their triumphs over Greek, Philosophy and Mathematics. Here I have stood, patiently sheltering them from the cold blasts of winter and the blistering heat of summer while their minds were making vast strides along the paths of knowledge.

"I have been variously amused and saddened at the pranks of the more mischievous ones—from the innocent tying of the bell's clapper, to the thoughtless words of a certain student, which heard through a partition by an angry professor, nearly caused the expulsion of the offender.

"Many are the joyful festivities that I have witnessed when the young and mirthful spirits gave vent to their feelings as with gay and light hearts they met here to pass a few hours away. And, as these gatherings have broken up, I have seen these young hopefuls, following the kindly but ill-needed advice of certain much-beloved professors, timidly escorting to their homes those of the fair sex there assembled, when the hand of the clock pointed to the hour of ten. I have seen these students and these same maidens strolling up and down the allotted half mile of street on a quiet Sunday afternoon. Or, disregarding the precepts of their instructors, they have stolen forth from their rooms on moonlight evenings to enjoy the beautiful moonlight or listen to the lapping of the Genesee upon the rocks."

Here the voice trembled with emotion and almost ceased while I perceived a teardrop fall from the eye of the form before me as the voice continued:

"But all this is over. The gay students frequent me no more. Their

faces have vanished and their mirthful laughter which once resounded through my halls, is gone. Those who once studied and recited here have departed. Those who strolled and sat under the trees here are scattered in many lands. Their children now sit on their knees listening to tales of Houghton and rejoicing in the anticipation that they will one day come here to school.

"But they will not come within my walls. The only living beings that visit me now are birds, bats and a few boys who brave the cold weather to play basket ball in the old chapel. My windows are broken and in every way I am fast going to decay. Why must I stand here useless when I might be put to some service? A small gift from each of the 25,000 members of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection would fit me to again be of some use to the church and school. Why do they not make use of me in some way instead of leaving me here in this state—a mar upon the landscape?"

At this the voice ceased, the figure grew dimmer and more indistinct and before I could make reply it had vanished altogether.

* * * * *

Then I seemed to see the "Old Sem" roofless, dismantled, with a swarm of workers busy preparing the brick and timber for re-erection. What could it mean?

* * * * *

Again the scene changed and I stood near the New Seminary. With one exception, its surroundings seemed familiar. At a short distance from the Seminary there stood a building I had never seen before—a fine brick structure. Could it be—? Yes it was—the old Seminary rebuilt as a dormitory for the boys. Though very similar in many respects to the "Dorm," it differed in one. On the ground floor there existed that which has been the dream of every sport-loving youth of Houghton—a well equipped gymnasium. I was about to enter and explore for myself when suddenly I awoke and opened my eyes. I closed them again in the hope that I might see this vision once more but I was doomed to disappointment and was forced to open my eyes to face realities—not dreams and snow clad hills—not Seminaries.

That Index Finger.

When I was a student at Houghton there was upon the spire of the Wesleyan church a piece of wood shaped to resemble a human hand with the index finger pointing upward. I trust that it still remains there to be a blessing to others as it was to me. Who invented the design or placed it there I do not know. Possibly it has had a greater influence than the author ever expected. One thing certain at least one life has been greatly benefited by that sign, and doubtless many others have also.

That Index Finger has taught me many important lessons. I have been very weary and somewhat depressed after a strenuous day's work, but as I would come in sight of that hand it would seem to say, "Look up! God still lives!" As I would stand and gaze at it for a minute my heart would be lifted to God in silent prayer, my weariness would pass away and I would wend my way to my room greatly refreshed by the incident.

Sometimes thoughts of home and loved ones would take such possession of my mind as to cause me to be somewhat lonesome and homesick, but that mute token of inspiration would seem to say "Cheer up! God loves you." And such passages as "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," or "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," would be brought to my mind, and new courage would be given me.

At times difficulties would confront me and my pathway would be blocked by things seemingly unsurmountable, but that finger pointing toward the sky would indicate the true source of strength. As I breathed out a prayer to the Almighty for aid, a voice would seem to reply, "My Grace is sufficient for thee," and the Holy Spirit would help me to turn stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones.

The sublimest of thoughts, impulses and ambitions were inspired by that index finger. It would seem to say "Look up!" "Be a Man." "Set your stake high!" "Attain to things worth while." etc. With such a monitor of noble suggestions to remind me of my duty to God and my fellowmen, it was easy to suppress foolish, vain and unholy thoughts.

The moral and spiritual atmosphere of the school at Houghton was splendid. The precepts and examples of the members of the faculty and most of the students were inspiring and were not without their influence. But there was something peculiarly impressive about that "Index finger." It has left an indelible impression upon my mind, and has encouraged high and lofty ideals.

If the brother who fashioned that hand is still alive, I desire to thank him for placing it where he did. If he has passed to his reward it might be said of this deed as it was of one of old—"By it he being dead yet speaketh."

T. J. Pomeroy.

Character Building.

In some papers containing advice to a young man, I came across a few important elements relating to proper molding of character and I felt that it might be of some benefit to some of the readers of *The Star*, hence I write this little article and to which I absolutely lay no claim of originality. The advice comes from a man of experience and of strong moral and christian character and integrity.

In the very first place if a young man or a young woman expects to make a true success of life he or she, as the case may be, must draw a perfectly straight line and on one side put the things that are right and do them and on the other side put all wrong things and all questionable things and never fail to resist the temptation to do the things that are on that side. What we need is men and women, not of a compromising character or easy to yield to little things which are in the least bit questionable, but young men and women who will have moral character and integrity and a good stiff back bone to stand up for what they know is right and stick to it even if others may call them narrow and old fogies.

Then again we need young men and women possessing transparent sincerity. A man once remarked concerning a shady transaction as related to one closely concerned, "Why need she know of it?" The first and most vital thought was that the man himself would know it and that was more than enough.

Closely related to this is frankness,

openness, the absence of all traces of disguise or deception or double acting or double facedness. Nothing is more grievous than to find that coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon any one embarrasses him. Certainly it is possible to live so that we will never be alarmed if the brightest light of heaven were flashed upon us in the dark.

Another trait of character much to be admired is that of telling the whole truth and never leaving out anything so as to create a wrong impression. Very few worse qualities have ever existed than that of telling a part of the truth but omitting enough to make the impression utterly different from actual facts.

Once more, emphasis is made of the value of keeping the Sabbath. It is not necessarily a day forbidding and austere, but it should be kept so as to distinguish it from the other days of the week. Many young people go walking, which is not condemned, but they should not make the Sunday walking just like the walking of other days. Some young men were observed playing while out walking, wrestled, scuffled, threw the hat of one boy up into a tree and tried for a very long time to make it stay up there, and did many other things just as boisterously and rudely and roughly as they would have done on any other day.

Then last but not least is purity of thoughts, words and deeds. No one can keep too far away from telling or listening to vile, indecent, vulgar stories, nor from anything that wears any shade of it. Every boy should treat any girl or woman as he would have others treat his sister or mother.

A Student.

Education is that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable.

Four things come not back; the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—Spurgeon.

If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but as long as I can avoid it I will never be unhappy.

—Sydney Smith.

EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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While the cold, unappreciative world would doubtless calmly move on, undisturbed by a single flicker of passing interest or regret, should our brilliant gems of thought remain forever unexpressed, yet we feel that we would suffer a very serious loss, should our

school paper cease to be. We are firmly convinced that it is a very positive and vital factor in our success and development as students. It stimulates endeavor, awakens responsibility, and arouses all the latent genius that may be concealed in the embryonic authors who blazon forth their first ambitious efforts on its pages. We are all still young enough, so that we experience a certain undefinable thrill whenever we behold our effusions in print. Moreover, the school paper is one of the most prolific sources of school spirit. The school which boasts its student publication is invariably alive and progressive. It furnishes a welcome diversion from the dull routine of school life, and provides a safe and sane method of escape for the bursting, pent-up energy and exuberant spirits which must find expression in some manner. And then, last but by all means not least, within its pages is to be found the record of some of the fondest memories of our schooldays—a record garbled and turgid and oft-times misappropriate it is true, yet none the less dear for all of that. In fine, the school paper should be a sizzling live wire, charged with vim and enterprise, yet indicative of some thoughtful and substantial effort.

And so, for all of its incongruities and glaring imperfections, we say, "Long live the school paper!"

We have never been very successful at dissembling, nor do we propose to attempt such a course now. We

are perfectly free to admit that we always have been and always will be the lethal foe of the liquor traffic, and we stand absolutely fearless and unashamed on that declaration. More over, in addition to that, we just as firmly and unqualifiedly believe that the Prohibition Party is the only consistent and effectual method for destroying this evil. And it is most encouraging to know that we are not altogether alone in this position, but that at least our constituents, so to speak, are with us heart and soul for the same principles. There is never any question how we at Houghton stand upon all reforms. Moral issues are always put first here. Why we hold such decided convictions on these matters, we deem it a waste of time to recapitulate here. But if there should exist in the whole wide world, inconceivable as it may seem, a single person so totally ignorant and uninformed as to be still unconvinced of the justice and righteousness of our cause we would urgently entreat such a one to attend our annual Prohibition Contest which occurs the latter part of this month.

And this, somewhat indirectly, brings us to what we started out to say. As we are aware, Houghton Seminary is to have the honor of entertaining the State Convention here this year, and whether we realize it or not, we are facing one of the greatest opportunities of our existence. When the delegates from some of the greatest universities of our land assemble for this event, it is our duty and privilege to accord them such a hospitable and enthusiastic welcome that they will go away forever convinced that Houghton is not a nonentity, but is a factor to be seriously reckoned with in the world of action. Parenthetically, we would suggest that a very salutary method of impressing this highly commendable and veracious conclusion upon their minds is for us, along with the

part of the generous host, to win the contest at home this year. But whether our representative shall be able to succeed in this desirable aim or not, there is still left a very heavy incubus upon every student in making unmistakably felt the influence of this school. From the narrow scope of school life, we oftentimes fail to see how we can materially affect questions of such magnitude, and we are very prone to lose sight of them for a time but preparation here, as elsewhere, is absolutely essential if we are to accomplish anything when we meet these conditions first hand. This we asseverate is good reasoning under all circumstances, but we believe that it is especially applicable now. Each individual student should consider it his bounden duty to become a member of the league immediately and earnestly enter into the spirit of the cause, for with the State President also our local President and with every student enthusiastic and active, the Convention cannot fail of being a glorious success and of thereby reflecting great credit upon our school.

A stranger in our midst would have been completely mystified, and even one acquainted with our ardent temperament would have been somewhat at a loss to account for the violent outburst of enthusiasm that marked the opening of chapel on a certain recent morning, until informed that it was merely the student body of Houghton Seminary attempting to express some of their heart-felt emotions on beholding the familiar face of Prof. McDowell as he entered the door and took his accustomed place again with as much ease and self-possession as though he had not been absent from Houghton for several months. Then the reason for this unusual demonstration would have appeared perfectly patent and natural. And indeed it was no shallow tribute that we would have paid. As we thought of all

that the friendship and association of this man had meant to us in the past and what his life had meant and was still meaning to the school, we of the older students, especially, somehow felt our hearts welling up too full for utterance. Frankly we have missed Professor McDowell exceedingly. His dominant personality and rugged strength of character; his blunt, whole some words of counsel and genial, open smile of fellow-feeling and encouragement; his ready, epigrammatic wit, and buoyant, perennial spirit of youth—these are a few of the things we have so deeply admired in him and which we have so sorely missed. In fact, we had scarcely guessed how strongly entwined he was in our affections, until we were separated for a time. The only thing that reconciles us to losing him thus for a whole year is the knowledge that the world will thereby gain the invaluable privilege of forming his acquaintance, and through him of learning something of Houghton. And we cannot but see that our debt is likewise growing apace. If we as students are to be at all worthy of the stupendous labors and sacrifices of those who have given their very lives for this school with no thought of reward other than that we should prove ourselves a blessing to the world, truly we shall have to do our very best, and then pray God for a little more of that same staunch loyalty to duty and unflinching courage to do right that has characterized the lives of these.

From the Publisher

Do you remember the contest that was launched in October? You do not? Then turn to your October Star and read page 16. For fear you may have failed to place that issue on file, I will restate the plan: "Get five new subscribers to the Houghton Star and you will receive a copy of the '1912 Prohibition Year Book,'

which has been off the print only a few months."

You will notice the number required has been changed from TEN to FIVE. This will make it very easy to win. One Year Book has already been given as a reward. But we have not obtained the 400 subscribers yet, as our present number is 316. This, however, is a good increase which would be larger were it not for the fact that there are always a few names being dropped from our list because of failure to renew.

Hear the call! I ask for twenty volunteers who will secure five new subscribers each. You will not find this a difficult task if you will go at it. Anyone who is a member of our denomination should have enough interest in Houghton Seminary to take the school paper, especially since this is our only school having a full college course. There is hardly a Wesleyan home which should send less than two students here to College and the best way to turn their attention toward Houghton will be to let the Houghton Star make its monthly visits into that home.

Volunteer, this is your opportunity. Try everyone you meet for a subscription. If some one says the price is too high tell him that he is mistaken, that 50c pays only half the cost of the paper while the other half is paid by the advertisements, and that he will find the price of the majority of school papers to be more than 50c.

If you meet an Alumnus or Old Student, of course you can get his subscription without much trouble. Sample copies will be furnished free on application.

SO, ALL READY! BE ONE OF THE TWENTY. WIN A VALUABLE BOOK. SHOW YOUR ABILITY TO PERSUADE OTHERS TO DO THEIR DUTY. VOLUNTEERS, TO THE FRONT.

Awaiting your response I am,

C. Floyd Hester, Mgr.,
Houghton, N. Y.



ORGANIZATIONS

GRACE B. SLOAN, '15, EDITOR

Sophaenian Society

The girls of the Sophaenian literary society have been so busy getting ready for the Christmas vacation that not much work has been done since the last report. However we must not forget to report the joint meeting of the Sophaenian and Neosophic societies on the Friday evening before school closed for vacation. A splendid program was given. Very fine solos were given by Florence Reed and Robert Becker. Vivian Sanders and Nellie Bedford gave excellent readings. Earl Barrett gave a review of The Bird's Christmas Carol. Then there was other music, chief of which was the college song by the societies.

Now that our vacation is over and we have picked up our books again, we are ready to go into our society work with the old enthusiasm. G. E. B.

The Athenian

Our society work, as well as the work in the class-room, having been intercepted by the recent Christmas vacation, my task, although in no degree lessened, would naturally consist of a mere presentation or epitome of the one program rendered during the last month. But the fact that this lone event, consisting of a formal debate, was mentioned in the last report as a possible futurity, and also the fact that unpretentious Ego contributed his part in weakening the scholastic reticent versatility of logic, renders all further comment undesirable. Nevertheless not wishing to equivocate in artful phrases, or to appear oscitant or ostentatious, duty still demands that the little space devoted to the interests of our society be properly utilized. Furthermore, I do not wish to leave the impression that the society is disintegrating or negligent in its work, neither do I

wish to present in utopian theories imaginary perfection to be attained in some remote or future time. All that has ever been, or is at present needed is consistent "hard work." For as we recently learned, "Genius is never the sequel to Success." G. B.

Young People's Missionary Society

The regular monthly meeting of the society was held Tuesday evening, Jan. 7. This first meeting of the New Year was well attended and the program given was entertaining and instructive. "Mohammedanism" is an intensely interesting subject, for the religion is so nearly like our own that the natives find it difficult to see any change for the better in our religion. But, according to the splendid papers given, the missionaries are doing successful work and the Mohammedans are beginning to turn from darkness to light.

Miss Suessa Dart sang a beautiful solo which was very much appreciated.

Everyone should be interested in missions, so bring your friends, join the society and we will do you good.

E. A. H.

I. P. A.

Within two years the Houghton Prohibition League has not entered a journalistic contest, but again the love of the game has attracted us. The readers of this paper were, without doubt, made familiar with the rules of the contest two years ago but lest we have forgotten I will briefly state what the regulations of the contest are.

Each year there are three opportunities given for contest work in journalism between the separate leagues. Any league in the United

States which has not won a previous contest during the year may compete. The period of time involved is two months.

The first period includes the last two months of the year; the second, the months of January and February; while the third occupies the months of March and April. During this period each league seeks to have as much material as possible published in papers which have a second class mail rate, on prohibition or temperance subjects. This matter must be

collected by the reporter, clipped from the papers and sent to the headquarters of the Association. The league succeeding in getting the most material published during any contest period wins. The prizes are ten dollars worth of prohibition books for the league and ten dollars in cash for the reporter.

Twice we have won this contest. We have chosen January and February as our period this year, and wish the co-operation of all that we may also be successful this year.



PAUL FALL, '14, EDITOR

Since we made our last report, we have had some excitement in our basketball contests. The one most worthy of mention and which was quite a phenomenal occurrence in Houghton was a double-header held on Saturday night, December 14. A stove was put up previous to the time and gasoline lights furnished sufficient nocturnal illumination for the occasion. Surely it is a great inspiration to play before a large and appreciative audience, and we were more than surprised to see more than one hundred in attendance. After much difficulty in arranging the spectators so that the players might have sufficient room to perform their part of the ceremony, the referee, Professor William Frazier, blew the whistle and the game started.

This was the curtain raiser and was as good a game and the fastest game that the Preps and Varsity have played. There were always ten men after the ball and it required very careful scrutiny on the part of the referee to keep track of the ball. Af-

ter forty minutes of strenuous contesting skill at the splendid game, the boys resigned the floor to the Varsity and Prep girls who played their first open game. This feature proved very interesting for the girls played a fast game but void of anything unladylike or rude or immodest. This proved to be a closer contest than the preceding one and was indeed very interesting and exciting. Truly we have no grounds for being ashamed of Houghton boys and girls because of lack of respect or manliness or womanliness. The results of the games were evenly divided between the Varsity and Preps for the Prep girls won by a score of 21 to 19 and the Varsity boys by a score of 23 to 13.

There is one notable characteristic of our games here which we cannot refrain from mentioning and that is the clean sportsmen that participate in the contests. We have no rag-chewing nor fighting nor obscene or profane language; no personal grudges to fight out in the games; but every part of all the games partakes of that which is beneficial and uplifting. Surely no fair minded individual can reasonably object to a clean sport in a clean school between clean moral, Christian young people.

ALUMNI

MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

Miss Myrtle Woodbridge '09 has a class of fifty music pupils in the vicinity of her home at Morley, New York. Her teaching is declared to be of the highest grade and thoroughly up-to-date.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde McEwen '11 are visiting at the home of Mrs. McEwen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford.

Miss Helen Kerr '12 is spending the year at her home with Mrs. Harriet Robson and is working Lisbon for subscriptions for the Sunday School Times. President Luckey will go to Zurich if she has anything to say about it.

Miss Florence Yorton, '02 is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Walter Readett at Eagle Harbor, New York.

Mr. Harold Hester, '11 who is teaching in Miltonvale Wesleyan College spent the Christmas vacation with his parents in Burr Oak, Kansas.

Old Students

Rev. S. J. Liberty is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Bolton, New York.

Miss Maude Woodbridge is preceptress of the High School at Mahwah, New Jersey.

Mr. Milo H. Kingsbury and Miss Bessie F. Casler were married Tuesday, December twenty-fourth, at Pittsford, Michigan.

Mr. Grover Babbitt was home from Syracuse University during Christmas vacation.

Mr. Burton Hammond spent the Holidays at Orchard Park, New York.

Rev. William Wilson is taking a course in theology in McCormick Theological Seminary at Chicago. Glenn Carpenter is also in the same Seminary.

Mr. John Irish and Miss Hattie Scott were married at the home of the bride's parents at Prescott, Michigan, on Christmas Day. Mr. and Mrs. Irish will make their home at Sharon, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Charles Pearce has a position with the National Biscuit Company at Buffalo, New York.

Carroll Dezell is attending High School at Madrid, New York.

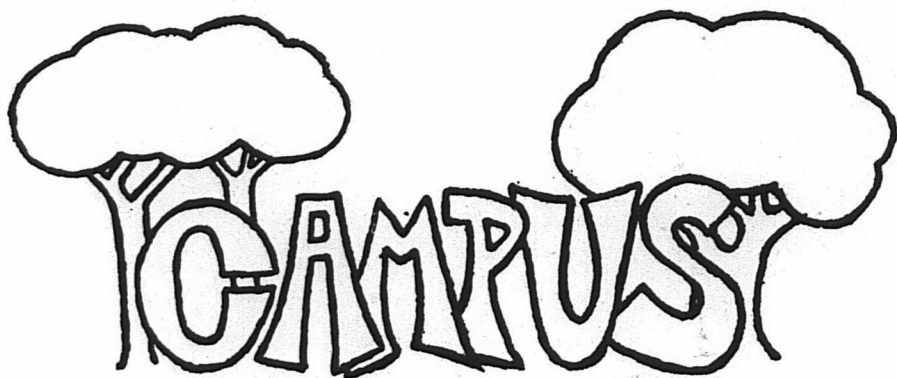
Byron Wallace of Lisbon, New York, who was with us for two years, was married to Miss Jessie Hotje of Massena, New York, December seventeenth. "Bunnie" has purchased a farm in Lisbon and will raise berries to pay expenses.

Miss D'Estelle LaBruyere is in a hospital in Buffalo, New York, where she is in training for a nurse.

Rev. A. H. McKnight has resigned as pastor of the Lisbon charge to accept a call to the First Wesleyan church at Seneca Falls.

All who joy would win, must share it. Happiness was born a twin.—Byron.

Success is coming up to the level of our best. It is making the most of our abilities and opportunities. It is the best I am blossoming into the best I can do.—Wilbur Crafts.



G. TREMAINE McDOWELL, '15, EDITOR.

College Locals

We are very sorry to learn that Miss Ethel Smiley will not return to continue her school work this year.

Miss Grace Sloan is now living in the home of Rev. C. B. Whittaker.

The College students spent their Christmas vacation as follows:

Floyd Hester, in Houghton working for the "Star."

The Edgar Sisters, at their home in Houghton, N. Y.

LaVay Fancher working at his home in Cattaraugus, N. Y.

Ray Hazlett, putting up telegraph wires in Houghton.

Belle Russel, visiting her aunt in Ulysses, Pa., and entertaining her brother from Cornell.

Ward Bowen, at home.

Frank Wright, holding meetings at Ransomville, N. Y.

Paul Fall, clerking in Lynde's store.

James Elliott, at his home in Houghton, N. Y.

Mary Hubbard, at her home in Cortland, N. Y.

Jesse Frazier, at Forksville, Pa., and Bath, N. Y.

Lynn Bedford, at Houghton, N. Y.

Grace Sloan, visiting at Rev. Whittaker's.

LaRue Bird, at his home in Forksville, Pa.

Glenn Barnett, in the Chemistry laboratory.

Robert Presley, at his home in Jasper, N. Y.

Edna Hester, visiting Miss Churchill in Haskinsville, N. Y.

Leo Raub, at his home in bed.

Tremaine McDowell at home and visiting at Gerry and Cattaraugus.

Harriet Meeker, at her home in Succasunna, New Jersey.

Bethel Babbitt, at home suffering from the absence of a heart.

Ferdinand Overton, working in the woods for Rev. Dean Bedford.

Rev. Neville, at his charge, Genesee Pa.

Jessie Benning, at her home in Orchard Park, N. Y.

Harold McMillian, in Houghton, N. Y.

Aurilla Jones, visiting at Rev. Dean Bedford's.

Shirley Babbit, sawing wood at home.

Gertrude Graves, at her home in Springboro, Pa.

Charles Bues, in Erie county on business(?)

Everett Overton, working at various occupations during the day and remaining at home evenings with a few exceptions.
L. A. M.

Preparatory Notes

During the Christmas vacation several amusements were planned for the students who remained in Houghton. Each of these was immensely enjoyed by the prep students..

Misses Florence Reed, Ella Jones, Mary Kerr, Hazel Hudson and Mildred Jones were missed at the Dorm. during the vacation, but we are glad to hear their reports of a good time at their homes.

Among the prep students who remained in Houghton during the vacation were Sarah Davison, Suessa

Dart, Ruth Young, Miss Miller, Miss Woolsey, Mr. Morris, Mr. Dart, Mr. Capen, and the Messrs Kaufman.

Miss Vivian Sanders spent Xmas at her home in Portageville.

Mabel Acher was in Rochester one day last week.

Rachel Jones lived with Miss Mac-Millan during the vacation.

We greatly regret to lose Miss Woolsey from the prep. department.

Dorothy Peck spent a few days with Ruth Readett at Eagle Harbor during the vacation.

Verna Stear passed her vacation in Pennsylvania.

Suessa Dart spent a few days with Miss Levina Thayer during the vacation.

The prep students upon their return to the Dormitory after the vacation held a spread the next evening. Those cakes that mother baked! !

E. J. A.

Our Faculty

The Faculty and their families entertained the non-resident students Christmas Day. A bountiful dinner was provided in the Dormitory Dining room. In the afternoon each one present put a souvenir on the Christmas tree and received one in return.

Professor Rindfusz entertained the non-resident students at his home Christmas Eve.

Professor Bedford has been without his usual housekeeper for three weeks. Mrs. Bedford visited relatives in Iowa.

Professor McDowell has been absent several Sundays, holding quarterly meetings and working for the school.

President Luckey and his family visited his brother near Caneadea during the Christmas Holidays.

Professor Fancher spent the vacation at his home in Cattaraugus.

Professor Frazier and family spent the Holidays in Pa. visiting his father at Bath enroute. G. T. M.

Musical Notes

Miss Hillpot spent her Christmas vacation at her home in Frenchtown, N. J. She reported a delightful time.

Miss Eastwood's vacation was spent in Houghton.

The Male Quartette are to give a concert at Rushford the evening of January twenty-fourth.

The second male quartette have sung a number of times lately. This quartette is a decided success and has already won quite a reputation.

A new music student is Miss Flora Deitrick of Marathon, N. Y. We are very glad to welcome her among us.

G. E. B.

Miscellaneous

A number of the students were very pleasantly entertained by Pearl and Elmer Schouten at their home one evening during the Holidays.

The Dorm girls invited all the students in town to spend New Year's evening with them. The crowd had a jolly time.

The non-resident students spent Christmas Eve at Professor Rindfusz's and were given a Christmas dinner by the Faculty.

A very good watch meeting was held at the church New Year's Eve.

A crowd of students woke the town Christmas morning with carols, singing from house to house. Several took them for angel serenaders but closer inspection revealed the mistake.

Interest and amusement were furnished at the Dorm during vacation by the use of the Quaker form of speech. Sister Ruth and brother Robert proved themselves especially efficient.

The crowds at the station when the trains came in the last day of vacation did at least a little to "Put Houghton on the map."

Rufus E. King made a very favorable impression on his audience the evening of January 8. His lecture was packed full of good things and he is entirely worthy of a place with the other speakers who have appeared on our course. His points were especially appreciated by the Faculty who recognized parts of their "annuals" at several places in the lecture. Mr. King spoke in chapel the next day.

G. T. M.



C. BELLE RUSSELL, '14, EDITOR

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely
To trust in God and Heaven securely
—Henry VanDyke.

One of our Professors defines light
as that which affects the olfactory
nerves. We wonder how.

We go to Houghton Sem
To get an education
But when we smoke a cigarette
We get a long vacation—Adapted.

One of our new students for some
time labored under the delusion that
Bob P. was a married man.

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch
'Arf a hinch honward,
'Ampered by 'obble skirts
'Opped the four 'undred.—Exchange

"Can anyone come between us,
darling?" asked Jimmie.

"Well" said Sammy under the couch
"they'd have to be awfully slender"

(Heard in Lit. and Crit.)—"I can't
exactly recall, Professor, who wrote
the Instauratio Magna Scientiarum,
but the Utopia was by Shakespeare."

Prof. R.—"In what ways is a
glacier unlike a river?"

Student—"A glacier cracks where it
passes over a ridge or depression."

Prof. R.—"In this it certainly is
unlike a river, for water does not
have cracks in it."

P —F—"The Red Sea did."

Ward Bowen has superseded Francis
& Co., and is now our Cole-man.

If life were always merry
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief—VanDyke.

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his
gawky, over grown son into a coun-
try schoolhouse.

"This here boy's arter larnin' "
he announced. "What's yer bill o'
fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the
schoolmaster, "embraces geography,
physiology, arithmetic, algebra, trigo-
nometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the fath-
er. "Load him up heavy with trigger-
nometry. He's the only poor shot in
the family."

He—"Did you go to see the ruins
of the old fort while you were at
Ticonderoga?"

Sem. Girl—"Oh no, I thought it
wouldn't pay, they were so fearfully
out of repair."

"Ah, what an angel boy you are!"
(A child sat on the lap of Hester.)
And C. Floyd thought she meant himself.
"Yes dear, 'tis true," he quick addressed her.

Exchanges

It is impossible for us to know all
that is in our exchanges each month.
Gladly would we read all the articles.
We are sure it would benefit us, but
though we are not able to read our
exchanges from "kiver to kiver" we
appreciate the general good form in
which the majority of them are ar-
ranged. Though we are sure it pleases

those who are personally interested in the individual schools to see a 'arge amount of space devoted to news and local organizations, many of us can well afford to devote more time to preparing strictly literary articles in the form of stories, essays, or other productions. It is certainly beneficial to the student, if well written, a source of pride to the parent and friends and of interest to the readers in general.

Hour Glass—I like your way of indexing your paper, especially since you have so much literary material to peruse.

Miltonvale College Monitor—Your paper is improving. We were pleased to note the cut on the cover. A few more cuts would help your appearance materially.

Columbia School, Rochester, N. Y.—Though you appear only four times a year you are worth while. Your cuts illustrating your title are very suggestive.

We welcome the December Gondo lier from Venice, California—A veritable magazine—with the news—but without the strictly literary productions. However past numbers prove the school can produce them.

The Wichita University Life Weekly boasts a large appropriate cover with suitable Christmas designs.

Did you ever read the Dorman Panther in the Albright Bulletin? Better.

Lawrence High—Pictures add to the interest of any paper. Your last has a good one.

Cascade, Seattle, Washington—Would not a combination of your former and present course in your exchange department better please your exchanges if perhaps not your readers?

The Hermonite is a very readable paper. Did you notice also the pictures in the December number?

Do not hesit-eight to read this

The hour is l-eight

Still Tom and K-eight

Hung on the g-eight

Say, Tom, my dear, I really h-eight

To part from you, but such is f-eight.

But sure we have another d-eight
Their arms entwine, they oscul-eight
They say goodnight and separ-eight.

—Ex.

Thoughts of a Library Grind.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these NO OXYGEN
Ex.

Kellogg's Studios

Will be open as follows:

Fillmore

Belmont

Rushford

Friday

Feb. 7

| Closed in Feb. | Closed until April
Cuba all other dates.

P. H. KELLOGG.

BARBERING.

Maitland Barber Shop turned over to

WM. H. KAUFMAN.

PRICES SAME

Opposite Lynde's Store, Houghton, N. Y.

To The Future Business Man

In a few years time you will be in the commercial world, many of you whom will be closely identified with advertising.

When you are planning an advertisement, remember that an illustration will tell more than 1,000 words and when you buy this illustration you want to buy the best.

Our organization will serve you to the end of satisfaction and we earnestly solicit your patronage.

Teller-Hurst Engraving Co.,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Rensselaer Established 1824
Troy, N. Y.

Polytechnic

**Engineering
and Science**

Institute

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.
Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.
For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

We have a full line of Fresh and Sanitary

GROCERIES

Carry a good line of Men's Clothing

Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear

Hats, Caps, Rubber Boots, Rubber Overshoes,
Arctics, Etc,

NEW STOCK OF SHOES FOR LADIES, GENTS & CHILDREN

We keep everything usually kept in a general store
and if we do not have what you ask for, will be glad to
get it for you.

We are here to serve you.

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WHY?

Because there are none better made
The "Jack Knife" Safety Style can never
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HOW?

BY MAIL. Simply write what you
want. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

WHERE?

J. W. ELLIOTT, Houghton, N. Y.

J. A. LOCKWOOD

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Graduate of the University of Buf-
falo and University of the State of
New York.

A. L. RUNALS, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Both Phones. Belfast, N. Y.

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Programs, Class and
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Karl-Spindler-Reel Co.

The Ideal Store.

Wonderful Display of Goods

—FOR—

Men and Boys.

With each succeeding year the American people are coming to look upon the useful gift as the only appropriate present for wife, son or daughter, husband, sweetheart or friend. And it certainly cannot be denied that that gift, which is of real personal value to the recipient, is the most appreciated. One cannot choose more wisely than by selecting a gift which will be of every day, or at least of occasional use. We mention a few of the many appropriate gifts to be found here :

Bath Robes, \$3.98 to \$8.00
House Coats, \$4.00 to \$8.00
Sweater Coats, \$1.00 to \$8.00
Gloves, 50c to \$3.00
Guaranteed Hose, a box, \$1.00
Silk Hose, 50c

Suit Cases and Bags,
\$2.50 to \$15.00
Overcoats, \$10.00 to \$35.00
Suits, \$10.00 to \$30.00
Fancy Sets, of
endless variety, 50c to \$3.00

This store is, without doubt, one of the Largest and Most Progressive of any of its kind in Southwestern New York, and is now prepared, in the most extensive way, to take care of your needs.

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Resources nearly Half a Million Dollars

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FILLMORE, N. Y.

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is Complete.

We can furnish your
house in the

FURNITURE

line from cellar to garret.

The best line of

PICTURE MOULDING

in any style frame to suit.

F. A. Phipps, Fillmore, N. Y.

**You Can Save
Money on**

**Fire, Life, Sick and Accident
Insurance.**

By seeing

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FILLMORE, N. Y.

Our advertisers are reliable; patronize them.

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"Dull Month" in a business
way. COME TO

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And see what Bargains we have for you in the
broken assortments of

**Winter Underwear, Hosiery, Caps,
Mittens, Horse Blankets, Etc.**

We also have in stock a supply of

Fresh GROCERIES

Both Staple and Fancy.

Fresh Meats, Etc. We are here to
please you.

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Means that you have a
grand opportunity to se-
lect from a brand new stock
of Ladies' Wearing Apparel
at sacrifice prices because
we need money. Saturday
was a tremendous opening
day and we expect each day
following to be the same.

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Second Door S. of 5 and 10c Store.



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for everybody is the "Spald-
ing Policy." We guarantee
each buyer of an article bear-
ing the Spalding Trade Mark
that such article will give sat-
isfaction and a reasonable
amount of service.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

Send for our Catalogue.

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Buffalo, N. Y.

Read the advertisements and follow where they lead.

Do you want a College Education?
 Do you want an Education in Music?
 Do you want to prepare for entering a College of Law, Medicine or Engineering?
 Do you want a Theological Education?
 Do you want your boy or girl in a School where moral surroundings are good?
 Do you want maximum opportunity with minimum expense?

If so send for Catalogue of
Houghton Seminary

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That will last a life time, for the
same price you pay for an ordi-
nary cloth coat.

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A Bankrupt Manufacturer sold me a few
Muskrat lined coats with Persian Lamb
collars at way below cost. It's an un-
usual chance for you to buy one cheap.
My guarantee back of each one.

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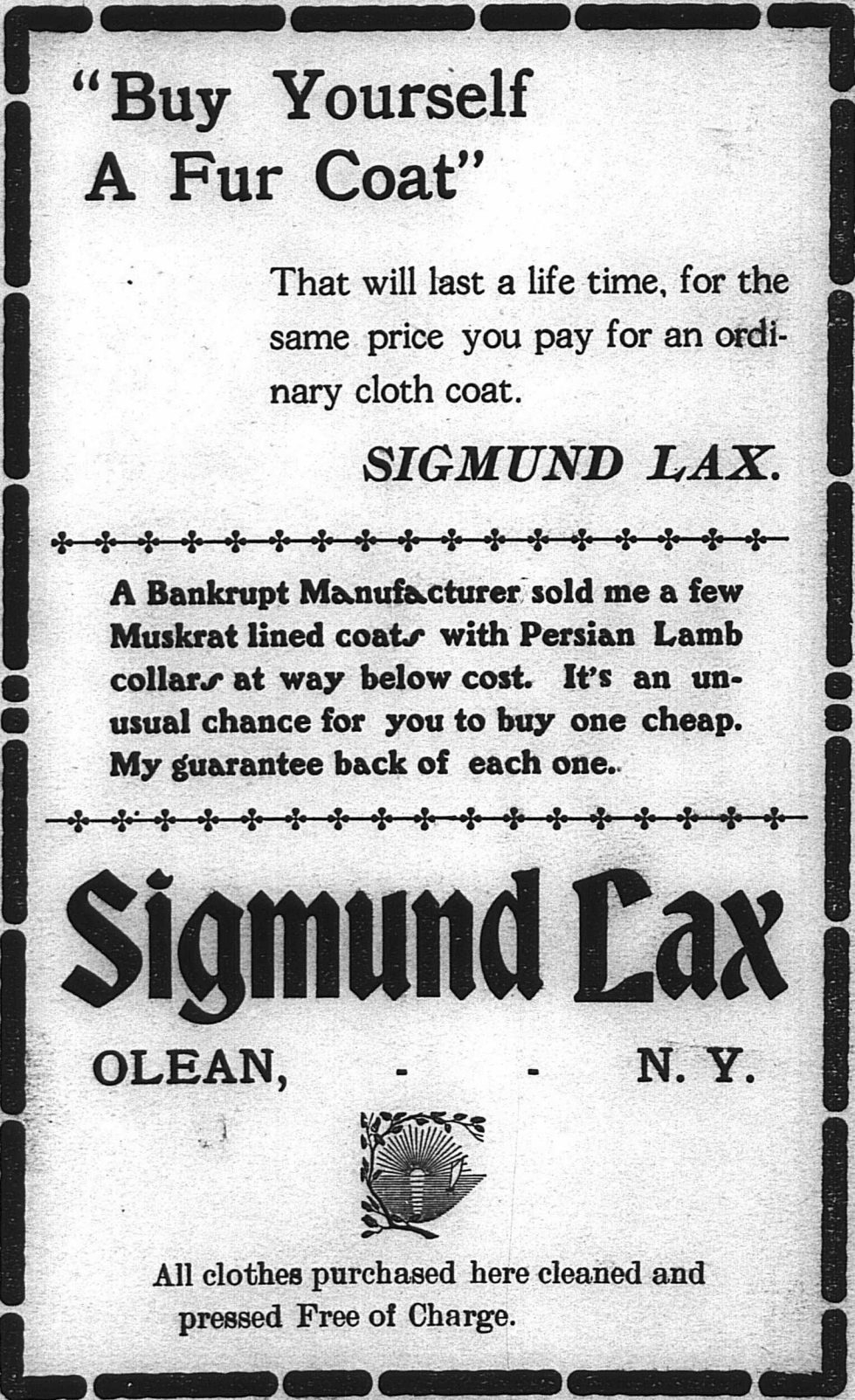
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