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Houghton Star



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Back Row: (left to right) Whitaker, Wright, Smith, Lee, L. H. Fancher, Zehr
Front Row: Culp, Paddock, B. Fancher, President Luckey, Bowen, Buffington, Baker

The Enjoyment of Life

First Prize Essay

Josephine Rickard

"Do not forget that even as to work is to worship, so to be cheery is to worship, also; and to be happy is the first step to being pious." Robert Louis Stevenson is not the only writer of merit who puts happiness as one of the fundamentals of real living. Listen to Ingelow, It is a comely fashion to be glad. Joy is the grace we say to God." To Bessie Stanley, "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much." To Ruskin, "Men help each other by their joy not by their sorrow." To Carlyle, "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance." Or to Helen Hunt Jackson, "Cheerfulness is a thing to be more profoundly thankful for than all the genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished.

"Such statements may be beautiful and logical and true," we say but they are impractical, idealistic, Utopian. They are all right for the poet, the idealist, the mystic, for the man whose sole business it is to concoct panaceas for the unhappiness of mankind or to brew soothing medicine for the ills of the world, but out of the question for the common man. Being secluded in the calm, sacred, cloistered atmosphere of a writers's paradise, where the birds continually pour their soothing, light-hearted, gladsome song to the respondent verdure of the garden is a life very

different from the toilsome, arduous, burdened, discouraging existence of the restless race of men. How can men achieve happiness when he is surrounded by so many wrong things, so many unjust things, so much sorrow, and blighted hope, and exhausting toil; when he finds in himself so many limitations of every kind, limitations of mind, of will, of purpose, of ability, of means, of time; of mental, spiritual, social, and physical capacity; when he is faced at every turn by seemingly insurmountable difficulties, endless discouragements, and dying hopes? Is not "man born to trouble as the sparks fly upward?" How can he be happy?

If life were a matter of outward circumstance, if it consisted in the abundance of the things which one possesses, if present limitation of faculties and capacities were never to reach perfection, if life were merely a physical existence, to attain happiness would be a hopeless proposition. But life is not the accession of goods, whether material, mental, or social; it is not the fulfillment of ambition nor is it the attainment of unimpeded pleasure, free from the intrusion of earthly annoyances. Should one gain all the known desires of his heart, wealth, fame, prestige, continual entertainment and provision for all the enjoyment that material prosperity and the intellect of man could improvise and furnish, he might

not be possessed of life. Should one so apply himself to the pursuit of knowledge that he became a master of education, a conversant with all the sciences and philosophies and learning of the ages, he might be lacking in the fundamentals which make existence, living. Should all one's capacities be so developed that limitation would disappear in the complete possession of one's highest faculties, yet might he be incomplete. Should one fulfill all his ambitions, overcome all obstacles in the way of personal success, and reach the place where no discouragement could prevail, he might have missed the goal, and at the end of a seemingly most successful, most pleasurable life find that he had not really lived.

What is life then, in the sense in which we are considering it? It is the working out by created and re-created beings of the eternal purposes of an all-wise, all-loving, all-compassionate Creator and reaping the fruition of co-service with Him. Since we are created for such majestic service, such noble aims, such indescribably beautiful companionship, and glorious end, how can we help but be happy? When one is foundationed upon a philosophy of life like this, what matter the trivialities of shattered hopes and destroyed ambitions, the troubles, and cares, and disappointments which continually seek to enthrall the life in a prison of hopelessness! These things are mere pettinesses, things that do not really matter in the fulfilment of life. We cannot ignore them nor depreciate their potency, but we rise above them into the sunshine of a nobler purpose, a higher ambition, a more beautiful life.

Indeed, it is through such seeming difficulties, intermingled with less strenuous moments that God works out his

purposes in us. True enjoyment, however, consists not primarily in the realization that we are living out the purposes of the Creator, but through this realization in seeking to discover the full import of the eternal designs and consciously to effect them. The world at large is ever seeking the key to happiness, but it cannot find it because the essential requisites are of the spirit and as such are spiritually discerned.

The first step, then, in the realization of life is the obtainment and complete possession of life itself, secured from the ever-giving Hand by those who consecrate themselves to Him. Those who have not known Him have not known life nor experienced its joy, but who are lifted far beyond themselves in the delight of being. "In touch, in time, in tune with God, let every heart-throb be; This gives content, uncounted joy and calm security." Having secured this Life, we can begin the search of its illimitable storehouse.

In earth's short history of a few thousand years, (whether it be five thousand or fifty makes no difference, for at most it is a mere drop in the boundless ocean of eternity) man has not even faintly glimpsed the greatnesses of the yet unknown. He is somewhat in the position of the explorer, ever seeking to discover a new continent of knowledge or to comprehend a new vista of enriching experience. Many a person has exclaimed at the dullness of his existence, the prosiness of his life. Such a one must truly have been born asleep and remained in that condition all his life, for with new explorations to be made, new heights to be gained, new wonders to be beheld, new adventures ever following close on the heels of the old, how can life be dull or monotonous for a single mo-

ment? Rather it is like an intensely interesting game, compelling of interest in its ever-changing uncertainty. He who looks upon life in this light "rejoices as a strong man to run a race."

In this great adventure of life, one of the most important discoveries which each explorer must make, if he would truly live, is his own place in the scheme of things. In a game requiring different excellencies, the players are chosen by a director to the positions for which they are best adapted. Man is individually appointed by Him who knows each weakness, each limitation, each talent, each excellency, who sees the end from the beginning, and every result of every cause to that mission whereby he shall accomplish his part of the world's work. Is man then left to discover his appointment? He is,—but he is given one way by which he can, if he will, search and know that to which his personality is directed. Having taken stock of his own talents and inclinations and having carefully considered the great tasks in every line of endeavor which the needy world is constantly presenting to be done, he can discover how best his ability can be linked up in the alleviation of the world's burden, and the accomplishment of the world's tasks by a willing inquiry from the Great Ordainer. The tragedies of life and the untold sorrows resulting therefrom are the result of lack of diligence in seeking out the purpose of individual genius. On the other hand, how happy is the man who has found his work. Having the consciousness that one is in the of greatest service to humanity, the place to which his personality is best suited, is in itself a source of happiness. Moreover, he who is right is successful, and the joy which attends success thus arrived at is

comparable to but one other joy in the world, the joy of the obtainment of Life.

The words of the poet, "I would be friend to all, the foe, the friendless", are very suggestive of another discovery it is necessary for us to make, if we would truly live. We must discover our fellowmen. In every inhabitant of our sphere, there is some excellency, some beauty of character which will enrich our lives if we are but open to its influence. The failures, the limitations, the inconsistencies which force themselves upon our vision are but weaknesses common to us all. Man is strong, he is weak, he is good, he is bad, he is foolish—but so am I. Is there, then, anything more lovely we can give than the uplifting love of forbearing friendship, and will not the fruition of such a spirit be an abiding happiness?

When all about us is such marvelous beauty, beauty of environment, beauty of purpose, beauty of friendship, beauty of love, what is there to impede our happiness? But one thing. We have not seen. How many a person has finished his earthly existence having never glimpsed the ethereal blueness of the sky, the sparkling magnificence of the star-like snowflake, or the grandeur of the eternal hills with their stately forest caps; having never felt in the least the vigor of the crisp winter air or the balmy beauty of a summer day; having never heard the whispering tales of the pine trees or the happy song-stories of the birds; having never known the unspeakable joy of divine and human fellowship; having never realized the thrill of the beauty of Life.

"The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Psychology and Ethics in Athletics

Second Prize Essay

Earl Tierney

"Character is what we are; reputation is what other people think we are." Often, however, "What we are, speaks louder than what we say." Character, then, represents our individual purposes and is often revealed to the world through our actions. It is an established fact that man is largely a slave to environment. Whatever comes into his life, every detail of his actions and the actions of others helps to mould his character, helps to heighten it toward eternal bliss or to lower it to eternal sorrow. Can we neglect even the most minor detail that will help us to create for ourselves the best environment possible? Can we afford to neglect anything in this life that might aid, either directly or indirectly in establishing for us the eternal destiny upon which every normal individual has his eye fixed? I think that all will agree that we cannot.

It is absurd to infer that our God, who made the whole universe, and our own little planet, and everything both animate and inanimate upon it and has done it with that nicety and precision which can be used only by the Infinite, should have made any mistake when He created our physical bodies out of the dust of the earth. He did make no mistake; He never made one. When He formed man out of the dust of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, He created a machine of intricate workmanship and far more infinite possibilities than any machine that has been created before

or since. Shall any of us dishonor the work of our Creator by neglecting to keep our physical bodies, which He has created as a dwelling place for our immortal souls, up to the maximum of efficiency? We should not.

Psychology tells us of three interdependent mes which help to make up the composition of every human being. It names these as the spiritual me, the social me, and the physical me; it informs us that these mes must be in the above sequence, if we wish to attain our greatest degree of usefulness in this world and a higher sphere in the world to come. If, however, we neglect to develop one of these mes, the other two will suffer in the same proportion in which we neglect the one. Thus, if we neglect the physical, both the spiritual and the social are bound to suffer. A man's success in life depends largely upon the distance that he looks into, and the exactness with which he plans for the future. Therefore the man who places his spiritual me ahead of his other two and also is careful not to neglect any of the three—that is the man who plans correctly for eternity and he will be the most successful. Again then, can we afford to neglect the development of any part of our being that might lower the efficiency of our spirituality? I think not. Also the neglect of either the spiritual or physical me brings about a decrease in our ability to create the most harmonious relationship between our-

selves and our fellowbeings in the great social world of which we are a part. Thus our social me is lowered, but neither is this circumstance ever justifiable.

Every true Christian believes that the life of his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, is a perfect life and that it should be used by him as a model by which to guide his own life. He, himself said in John 12; 46, "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness." The life of Jesus Christ is "The Measure of a Man"; it is, if you please, the highest known quality of greatness, not merely in the spiritual realm but in all of them combined. Luke 2: 52 says, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Stature here means physical being. Jesus was beyond a doubt absolutely perfect physically, so perfect in fact, that we find no record of his ever being even slightly ill in all the three years of His ministry on this earth. If Jesus, the perfect man, increased in stature, can we who are entirely human afford to neglect our physical being?

One illustration of the relation between the spiritual and the physical might not come amiss. Call to mind once more if you will the case of the so-called "Praying Football Team" of Center College, Kentucky. Prayer and football may seem incongruous to some but not to Charles Moran, world renowned coach of this team, and his players. It might seem even sacrilegious to some if they could see eleven brawny football men, encased in all the armor of football warfare, bow their heads in earnest prayer and true reverence, just before the beginning of a game. However, to those people who

are broad minded enough to look at the matter in its true light, it seems to be only one of the ways in which we should honor our Creator. In the fall of 1921, Center College made football history. Late in October they dimmed the glory of the great Harvard football team, a machine that had not lost a game for five consecutive years, by beating them by a score of 6-0. Think of it, a college whose entire enrollment scarcely matches the number of men who turn out for early football practice in Harvard, winning from Harvard, the only intersectional combat that she had lost for four decades. Does it not have the earmarks of a miracle?

The Center team was given the greatest demonstration ever given to a team by an alien crowd. Yet the Harvard game seems only a sort of climax to the four years that have just passed. Since 1917, we find that Center has lost only two games and that she has piled up against her opponents the almost unthinkable score of 1383 to 97. Yet, however, we find "Bo" Mc Millan, a great athlete, and the greatest quarterback of all time, the man who made the only touchdown in the great game, rising before his assembled comrades on the morning after that game and speaking thus to his Creator; "Oh God, may we be humble in the light of this great victory. Without faith, we could not have won. May we carry that faith into the outside world, which some of us are soon to face, so that we may be better citizens and a credit to old Center." "Pat" Moran, the coach of this team, is a man who has knocked all over the world as a professional athlete, has associated with all kinds of men but still retains a firm belief in the simple religious faith taught him in his boyhood. Moran says, "One does not

have to be a pussyfoot to be a Christian." Of course his team does not pray to win but simply for protection and for the ability to apply all their strength without errors, and to be ready to give their all, their lives if necessary, to the game.

Now it seems that if no other proof should be given, this one example would be enough to convince a fair minded person that athletics, when carried on correctly and supervised properly, are uplifting both to persons directly and those indirectly concerned.

"Habit", says Professor James, "is simply a new pathway of discharge through the brain, through which incoming currents ever after tend to escape." He goes on to explain that these habits are formed as a rule between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, in the so-called formative periods of our lives. Here is the reason why athletics in our schools are more important than in any other place. We go to school as a rule during this formative period and then is the only time that the average person thinks that he can take time to develop his physical body. A man well-developed physically in his school days, educated in supervised and properly coached interscholastic contests, will carry with him a heritage into his later life that will never leave him, a heritage that will aid him more than any other one thing in the development of a Christian character and of a social being who will understand better the psychological and ethical principles involved in all the relationships of this life.

The body is the seat and tool of the brain and it is in the athlete that the

greatest co-ordination and co-operation between this mind and body is found. In the training of this athlete, mere muscle counts least of all, the principle of heredity makes little difference and mentality is a trifling factor. The attributes that are absolutely necessary are a quick brain, a perfect co-ordination between brain, blood, muscles, and nervous system, a perfect physical development, and above all a gameness that reaches to the core, a so-called ability to "come from behind" figuratively speaking, "the heart of an oak." These are, however, only the physical factors that a good athlete must and will gain. Let us look at the mental attributes, that coming to him will have a powerful influence in yielding strength of character, and in aiding him to a better life.

Strength of character does not come by following the path of least resistance, dodging obstacles, or by allowing the disagreeable to overcome us. It arrives rather by assuming the hard duties of life, and by holding evil down at all times. It depends upon how resolutely we stand in the combat, how thoroughly we ferret out undermining difficulties and how fearlessly we rush into the combat for the supremacy of the right.

Many an athletic youth is put to tests of character that would down his less virile companions. It is a deplorable fact that often he may be offered a compensation by representatives of other schools and colleges to leave the school which has already done so much for him, and apply his physical abilities with this other school. It takes

manliness and courage far above the average to say, "No" to these proseytots.

Even in his own school the so-called "win at any cost" spirit is perhaps so high that he may even be asked to play perhaps under an assumed name even after he has been disqualified for some reason or other. Whatever the reason may be, the world cannot but admire his ability to say, "No" even when he knows that his team will lose if he does not participate. Some athletes do fall in these pitfalls but we are glad to say that those who exhibit their manhood by saying, "No" are far in the majority.

The next thought that is imbedded into the mind of the athlete is the thought of service. After all what is the secret of success and happiness in life if it is not the ability to do something that will further the happiness or aid in the well-being of others? Jesus embodied the whole thought of service in one sentence when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Service is simply the external manifestation of love, and love is the greatest thing in the world. It is the one thing in which we can hope to attain perfection. It is the highest attribute toward which we can aspire. "God is love." An athlete learns the true service which is never one to himself but always to others. As a rule when a player recedes from this frame of mind, he is dropped from the team.

Of what good will a lad ever be in the world who perhaps, thinking himself a little better mentally than his companions, refuses to take part in and to learn what he can from their sports. He does himself infinitely more harm than he does them. They

will invariably mount obstacles and find some one to take his place. However, he will spend his youth amassing a knowledge that might sometime do the world good, but which he can never impart to it. He has never learned the art of giving, the principle of service. Even if he should wish to do so, he cannot deliver the goods for he does not understand others enough to approach them. The first opposition destroys all his boldness; he has never met it in play and he cannot meet it in the world at large.

Through the medium of service, the athlete learns two other psychological principles, which are both dependent upon and interdependent with service, and form with it a sort of "Great Triumvirate." This "triumvirate" is the bond of all human relationships. These other two principles are confidence and co-operation. The athlete soon learns a sort of co-operative competition, the value of which is only now beginning to be recognized by the world at large. All organizations of worth are coming to realize that co-operation rather than competition is the most satisfactory method of carrying on the world's affairs.

Some one has said, "Tenacity of purpose plus the will to resist temptations and to overcome difficulties insures ultimate success." If some time in your life you have given all that you could to a series of team games, you will have to admit that in later years this application to athletics has made you a better teacher, a better preacher, or a better home maker.

A true athlete is a gentleman and a sportsman in all that these words convey. He plays the game straight and square and often what may seem to

others only an honorable defeat may be to him a true victory. He has a correct conception of success and failure. Any one can win in good grace but it takes a gentleman to lose in the same way. A sportsman is fair and upright and one is no true athlete unless these qualities are engrained into his very nature. Would you foul purposely in a basket ball game? Would you miscall a score in tennis? Would you beat the pistol in a sprint or spike a runner at the plate in baseball? If you would, you are as dishonest and untruthful as if you stole a thousand dollars. Any cheat can gouge his opponent in the ribs or injure him unnecessarily in any game, but those are the fellows which we find embezzling, stealing and murdering in later life.

And in closing, what one thing could have more influence in a life toward bringing it toward the right, what one thing could develop a stronger character, what one thing could give a better understanding of the psychological principles of life than the participation in properly conducted athletics? "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Some one has said, "Youth is the hope of the world." Therefore it is absolutely essential that youth should be trained in the way it should go. It is an established fact that the spiritual and social are the most important elements in the psychological constitution of man and it is therefore along these that the greatest development is needed. But what is a better way to develop these than through the physical? Athletics teach the three great interdependent fundamentals in the development of human society, those of service,

confidence, and co-operation. Thus, an athlete's character and mind and all his worth while attributes are immeasurably strengthened. He learns to take the initiative; perseverance, self-reliance, fairness, and uprightness are imbedded in his very nature. Self-sacrifice and self-denial grow out of the mental attitude of service. A boy who cannot make the first team considers it a pleasurable duty to play with the scrubs in order that the first team may get proper practice. Thus, superior morals grow into the fibre of his very soul. Many times tempted, always choosing the right, he wins the respect of the whole world, and what is more important to him, the love of his team mates. His practice of self-restraint soon leads into self-possession which is the greatest possession of all, and this in turn, terminates finally in that most desirable quality, self-mastery. One who can drop a clean basket thru the hoop in a basket ball game, without any show of pride, or one who can wait patiently on the line until he hears the report of the pistol has developed this quality to a considerable degree.

And so to the man or woman trained in the school of clean athletics easily comes the ability to follow these ethical and psychological principles in later life. Too many times they have given on the athletic field, what was then almost all to them, not to remember these fundamentals. Much nearer do they come to living up to the words of Jesus when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Prize Poems

First Prize

Rachel Davison

Second Prize

Josephine Rickard

The Mountain

When upon life's fitful ocean
Thy faint heart is tempest-tossed;
When the tide seems turned against thee,
And the battle well-nigh lost,
When the world has frowned upon thee,
And thy faith at best is weak,
In the quiet of the mountain
You can find the peace you seek.

There the God of all the ages
Reigns in majesty supreme:
Every creature bows in reverence,
Magnifies His holy name,
Here alone the human family
Has not foiled the infinite plan;
Here we worship in God's temples,
Not in temples made by man.

As thou see'st their summits tow'ring
Far above the world and strife,
Let thy fainting heart be lifted
To a higher, nobler, life,
Where the chords of all thy being
In sweet harmony shall resound
To the will of thy Creator,
In the peace thy soul has found.

Sentinel of God's boundless pow'r,
Changeless throughout the ages;
While the wint'ry blast sweeps o'er it,
And the storm about it rages.
Let thy life be like the mountain,
Fashioned by God's mighty hand;
Strong, unshaken 'mid the struggles,
You will reach a fairer land.

The Spirit of Life

When the mountains split asunder
And pour forth their pent up life,
When the tempest rocks the ocean
Till it seems one mighty strife;
When an earthquake grips the country
Or the darkening clouds forbode;
Then we breathe in words scarce spoken,
"Tis the mighty hand of God."

But when skies are blue and hazy
And the earth in sunshine basks,
Or the gentle snows of winter
Every spot in whiteness masks;
When all life is calm and tranquil,
E'en prosaic we might say;
Is the spirit of the Father
From the earth far fled away?

Nay. In every leaf or snowdrop,
In the singing of the bird,
In the gurgling of the water,
In whate'er is seen or heard,
In the majesty of ocean,
Or the calmness of the air,
Spirit answers unto spirit
That our God is everywhere.



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Editorial

ETHICAL VALUE OF HO'TON

An influence follows the life of every person and permeates the atmosphere around him. It may be great or small, it may be destructive or constructive but nevertheless exists. Every organization is composed of individuals, each of whom is responsible for his influence. Therefore, the school or college which is an aggregate of men and women, is radiating an influence which is valued in proportion to the moral quality exhibited by its students and constituency. There are thousands of men and women who have contributed to the pervading influence of our schools and colleges of the past and have thus strengthened and purified the same. On the other hand these same men and women have received from those educational institutions that which has broadened their visions and increased their capacities for service. Surely the boys and girls of today who spend their whole life

on one square mile, and never come in contact with great men and women, are to be pitied. To them life does not hold what it might and what it should.

But, if after mingling with those of greater caliber, and of larger vision we remain the same, and are indifferent to the teaching of these people, our capacity for service will diminish instead of enlarge.

Therefore the responsibility lies with us as young people, first, whether we will isolate ourselves from those who are filling the more important positions of life, and secondly, when placed in this new environment will we give what we can and appropriate what we may to ourselves or will we be just absorbing, but never appropriating or giving out so that we become dry and our lives are made narrower instead of broader.

The value of college life can never be measured by the amount of knowledge which we obtain from books and store a-

way in our craniums. We must not minimize the worth of books but he who confines himself to them alone, loses an important part of his education.

Houghton is no exception to the rule when we say that every college has a pervading influence. History has proved it, the present is endorsing it, and the future will reveal it to many more as she continues to grow. How could an institution founded upon prayer and by godly men fail to impress those who come within its reach? Men and women are today scattered throughout the world heralding the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a more efficient way because of what Houghton has contributed to their lives.

Many a father and mother's heart has been made to rejoice when their boy or girl upon returning home has manifested marked increase in vision and purpose of life. There are various reasons for this. When a student day after day sees President Luckey with his drooping shoulders and weary countenance toil faithfully on, and yet always appearing cheerful, full of

hope and faith for a greater Houghton, always ready to give counsel to those desiring any, how could he help but be inspired to greater things and to a life of sacrifice which would bless the world?

When we have listened to the heart-filled messages of love from Brother Whitaker, backed up by a godly life; the short, helpful and interesting talks from Prof. Lee; the earnest, unique God-inspired chapel talks which Prof. Wright has given us during the past year together with their desire to be a friend to all, how could we remain the same as we were last September? And then those charitable, kind words from Prof. Fancher and Prof. Smith and the inspiring weekly talks from our pastor, Rev. J. R. Pitt, how they have helped us.

Although the rest of the faculty are usually speechless during chapel time, still their influence goes on, in the classroom, in the dormitory and among all our school activities and is beckoning us to higher things.



The Star Staff

Breaking Quarantine

First Prize Story

Harry E. Kitterman

It was on a cold, frosty, Friday morning, the thirteenth of November that an officer announced to Co. C, 5th Regiment, Camp Perry that they must go into quarantine for scarlet fever. With much dismay the company of sailors took the sentence. Needless to say they were to have what few privileges they now possessed taken from them, and they would be compelled to live in absolute detention no telling how long.

It was on this thirteenth day of November, late in the evening just between hammocks call and taps, that several groups of sailors were seen standing around preparing to retire. They were at the same time discussing their existing circumstances and wondering what could be done. John, a small, slender lad, said to the two with whom he was talking, "Fellows, if I want to get out, I will find a way."

Time went on. One week passed; about the middle of the second John received a special delivery letter. He read it over very carefully, folded it and placed it in his pocket. With a pale face he made his way into headquarters and asked for permission for leave of absence. It was refused by a gruff and sturdy commanding officer. He returned to his barracks very much disappointed and approached one of his companions, saying, "Bill, if you will remember, I told you if I wanted to get out, I would find a way. Well the time has come. I will not answer muster in the morning. No doubt an A. W. O. L., attached to my name will go to headquarters, but I must go whatever the consequences may be."

"I hate to see you do it, John, but take

all precautions. You know what the punishment will be, when you are found out. If I can be of any help to you, I shall always be ready. There goes taps. Good night John. Luck to you. Be careful, my boy."

"Good night, Bill."

The night was much too short for Bill. On awakening in the morning the first thing that entered his mind was the thought, "Is John here? Alas! he had taken a chance. I wonder what was said in that letter he received. Perhaps I shall never know. I do hope he gets through all right. He is a talented lad, if he only had a chance."

"Hey Bill! Where is John?" came the cry from one of the companions as he approached.

"I don't know, Tom, but it looks as though he had found the way out that he was telling us about the day we went into quarantine."

"What! Do you mean to tell me he has deserted?"

"It looks very much like it, Tom."

"I have seen at times that something very heavy was weighing upon him. His past has undoubtedly been a hard one. I wonder what his home conditions are and if his parents are living. Did you know him before you enlisted?"

"Well, Tom, I can tell you a little about him. I came from the same town and I am acquainted with the family. John was left fatherless when he was only two years old. He was the only child of a very poor family. John's mother saw that it was now up to her, so immediately

she set out to find work. She went from house to house in hopes of securing some respectable job of cooking or something similar, but to her sorrow and dismay, she was unable to find any work. One day on her way home she picked up from the street a part of an old newspaper. It was among the want-ads that she learned of and secured a somewhat unsatisfactory job of scrubbing floors in a large union depot. She had to work from midnight until six in the morning. An interested neighbor always took care of John during the night. Finally she found a better job. The last I knew of her she was working in a shoe factory making fairly good money. She was at this job when John enlisted. Undoubtedly something has gone wrong now or he would not have deserted."

"Do you suppose we could do anything, Bill?"

"No, I think not. We will have to let things go as they are. There goes assembly; we must fall in. We will say nothing, Tom; let them find out for themselves."

"You have my word, Bill."

All the Companies of Reg. 5, Camp Perry, are lined up in the regimental street, prepared for the muster. Each section chief mustered his section, and reported to his Company Commander. "First section, all present or accounted for, sir." "Second section, all present or accounted for, sir, except John M———."

The Company Commanders assembled and reported to the Junior Officer of the day, "Co. A, all present or accounted for, sir," Co. C, all present or accounted for, sir, except John M———."

"Very well officers, take your post and carry out your drill sheet."

Day after day, week after week, went by, quarantine was lifted and still nothing more was said about John. Late one evening Bill and Tom were sitting in front of the barracks enjoying a beautiful evening scene. Everything was as quiet as a church just before a funeral. The sun was sinking in the fiery horizon and

great waves of light wove themselves in and out among the small clouds in the sky. Suddenly the two boys looked up the regimental street and saw a big burley sailor approaching with a young lad handcuffed to him. The lad was walking along with his head down, apparently very much in sorrow.

"Look! Bill, it is John."

"You're right, Tom, but look at him. He looks as though he were several years older than when we saw him last. John has certainly had a hard road to travel. I wish I knew how I could help him."

"We will watch for the chance, Bill. There they go into headquarters. I hope they will be easy with him and not see what they can do by way of punishment. They could, of course, give him a general court martial, but they certainly will not. Say we go to bed. I guess we cannot do any good here."

The two companions retired and got up in the morning, going on with their regular duties. John, however, was in the Brig waiting for his day of trial. He was taken out every day for detail, but he did his work without much interest. He went with his head down at all times. There seemed to be nothing more in life for him.

Finally the day of trial arrived and John was waiting in one of the rooms for the time when he should hear his sentence. All at once he heard the remark, "Bring in this wise chap who knows all the gates and opens them whenever he wishes."

John heard the military step of an officer come down the hall and stop at his door. He heard the bolt slide back and it sounded to him as if many bones were knocking together. He threw back his shoulders, tossed his head and said to himself, "I will face it like a man. I only did my duty." The door swung open and John heard the words which sounded to him as coming from a cold ghost, "Come on kid." John walked out of the room and up the hall to the Captain's room, to face the Captain without a fear. The old

Captain looked over the record, then up to John.

"So you thought you wanted a little vacation, did you?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, we are thinking of giving you an extension of your last one. This you may always keep."

John knew this meant that he was up for a general court martial. That would deprive him of all legal rights. His citizenship would be taken from him. He would be almost the same as a man without a country. Again the thought came to him, I will face it. I only did my duty.

"Well, kid, have you any reason for doing what you did, or did you just decide that you were tired of the place?"

"I had a reason, sir." Pulling an old special delivery letter from his pocket, which showed it had been carried for some time, he handed it to the Captain, and said, "Here is my reason, sir." Then he dropped his head for hot tears were coursing their way down his cheeks.

The gruff old Captain took the letter,

tore it open and said, "Listen gentlemen I will read it aloud."

Evanston, Ill.,

Nov. 18, 1918

Dear John:—

It is with much sorrow that I break the news of your mother's accident. Near closing time at the factory, Saturday afternoon, your mother, apparently in a hurry to get home, forgot to take sufficient precautions and fell into her machine. Her right arm was ground off and her side crushed. She is now in the hospital under good care. She has not been conscious since the accident. I cannot say how serious her condition may be but cannot give you much hope for her recovery. I will keep you informed concerning her condition, for I know you cannot come to her.

Sincerely yours,

Dr. Fred D—————

The Captain raised his head. In a much softer tone he said, "Is your mother living, lad?"

"No,—sir, she is dead."

The Two Sisters

Second Prize Story

Elizabeth Black

It had been a hard day for Miss Andrews in the little school. The children had been unusually restless, for the last day before Easter vacation had seemed endless. Besides the sunshine and soft whispering winds had stirred the gypsy in the children's blood, and they longed for the freedom of the woods. So it was with little reluctance that the schoolmistress dismissed the last class and shut and locked the school house door.

How she longed to skip with the children to the woods, and to follow the pebbled brook, which wound on between

steep banks, where the newly awakened arbutus was putting forth its dainty blossoms. The call of spring thrilled through her veins, but she must not respond.

Gladys Andrews hurried on past the little wooden store, the only one which Crosby boasted of, and the red garage across the street, which had changed hands and also signs. The big lettered sign "Blacksmith Shop" had now become "Garage." She missed the blacksmith's hearty greeting and the ringing of the steel which she had always loved to hear.

Next came the many windowed, neat little church which was Crosby's finest building, and Gladys loved it for here she had attended service from her childhood. And now each Sunday found her with her aged father and mother in the Andrews pew. She also had a class of unmanageable boys to teach in the Sunday School. Someway she could teach the rascals, or at least keep them interested. Mrs. Jones and Miss Perkins had both given up the class in despair and Gladys was the only one who could hold them. It was strange how Gladys could get those boys interested. Mrs. Smith said that she hadn't had to whip Thomas or Richard once to get them to go to Sunday School since Miss Andrews had taken the class.

As Gladys passed the church she looked up to the picture of the Master of Men. Someway it always gave her an inspiration to look at the wonderful lovely face of the Christ. She loved to think of Him as the great doer of good to all mankind.

Her thoughts wandered to the new pastor. He was young, and she feared ill-suited to the quiet little village and the old people with their convictions on the way one should dress and act on all occasions. She thought he seemed worn and pale on the last Sunday, and decided when Katherine came home to invite him down, for Katherine would find Crosby dull herself.

She was making these plans while she unconsciously mounted the Post Office steps. Yes, there was a letter from Katherine. She hastily tore it open and read:

Dear Gladys:

The horrid examinations are over, but I'm nearly broke and simply must have some clothes. Please send me a check for \$50.00, perhaps that will buy a few things, which I really must have.

By the way, I am sending my washing on to you, as I simply am too tired to do it this week. Won't you do it for me, like a dear, and then we can have so much

longer to visit together, without any old work to do.

Your loving Sister,

Katherine

Gladys hurried on to the other end of the little village and turned in at a quaint old-fashioned house. She was greeted by her favorite collie dog, which bounded from the porch to meet her. Yes, she would send the money right out to Katherine, for she needs it so much more than I do, reasoned Gladys. I'll just get along with my last year's hat, it won't matter here in Crosby anyway. She sometimes wondered just how it would seem to have pretty things, but always she put the thoughts away. Katherine was talented and she should have the opportunities she deserved.

She hummed a tune as she entered the low ceilinged tidy little sitting room and greeted her mother with these words, "Isn't it wonderful that Katherine is really coming home."

Then followed days of busy cleaning, baking, washing and ironing for Gladys. She knew that spring was really back again, but there seemed to be no end to cleaning and the other housework, and everything must be done before Katherine came so that she could enjoy her vacation.

Thursday evening found the Andrews family circle complete. Mrs. Andrews had such a happy smile of contentment on her face, and father Andrews, who must have been a large young man, but now was bent and grey sat quietly listening to Katherine as she sat at the piano. Gladys's eyes kindled with admiration as she listened to those clear notes. There was a fifth party present on this evening, the Rev. Mr. Carton, who also seemed to be greatly impressed by Katherine's music. Katherine had a way of making everyone worship her. She was the life of the crowd wherever she went, happy, irresponsible, and confident, she was envied by her girl friends and much sought for by the young men.

For a second a feeling of resentment came over Gladys. Why was it that Katherine should have everything, and she do without, but she thrust it from her and blushed to think that she had been so base in her heart.

Katherine was in a specially lively mood on this particular evening, and the little cottage was the abode of laughter, song and merriment until late in the evening. Before Rev. Carton took his way homeward he had obtained the consent of Katherine to sing a solo on the following Sunday, for the special number.

The week passed too fast for the Andrews family, the pleasant spring weather helped them to enjoy every moment of the days, but Easter Sunday there was a change. Gladys was awakened by the sound of pelting raindrops. It seemed too bad to have it rain on Easter Sunday, and today of all days, thought Gladys. She hastily dressed and prepared the breakfast for the family. Katherine did not come down to the morning meal.

After breakfast Gladys went to her sister's room, there she found Katherine in great consternation at the weather. No, she could not go to church for it would simply ruin her new clothes.

What could be done? Mr. Carton was depending on Katherine for the special Easter music. He would be so disappointed. Something must be done. It was

just an hour before church. Gladys went to the piano and opened the piece that Katherine was to have sung.

The thought came to her mind that perhaps she could attempt to sing for Katherine, as it was too late now to ask any one else.

That morning the congregation in the little white church was surprised to see Gladys Andrews sitting in the choir. They never knew before that she could sing very well. When the time for the special number came, Gladys arose. At first her voice and hands shook, but as she proceeded and lost herself in the song, she seemed not to notice the confining walls of the church. Her voice though not strong was supremely sweet and touching. She put her whole pent up soul into the selection and when she sat down, pastor and people alike, were in tears.

The service was over, and on her way home Gladys thought over the happenings of the day. She had received many words of praise, but she never would forget Rev. Carton's look of appreciation when she told him that although Katherine could not come she would try to take her place. His words still rang in her ears, "I cannot tell you how much your life and spirit of service have helped me, Miss Andrews, and I hope to know you better."





HAZEL G. RODGERS



JOHN E. BRUCE



DOROTHY M. MEADE

Theological Seniors

The Seniors are our pride and joy. With them we have worked long and arduously; to them we have contributed of our best; to them we look for a realization of our hopes; from them we expect years of faithful service. This is true of all our Seniors. But it is even more significant of our Theological Seniors; for they are going out to bless the world in the greatest calling that ever comes to men—the Christian ministry. Houghton now gives back to the church for service three devoted young people. May God's richest blessings attend them and their ministry.

John E. Bruce was born in Pennsylvania, Jan. 24, 1893. His early days were spent in the home of his grandfather. At fourteen years of age he became self-supporting. He was convicted of his personal sins in 1913 but was not converted at that time. In 1915 he felt God's calls to the ministry. He came to Houghton in 1916 to prepare for active work. While here, God used Brother and Sister H. R. Barnett as the instruments of blessing to Brother Bruce. He was definitely converted and fifteen days later was wholly sanctified. John left school in January, 1920 to become pastor of the Rich Hill charge, Allegany Conference, and returned to Houghton two years later. Brother Bruce is a quiet, dignified, conscientious young man. He expects to take up the active pastorate soon. God bless him and his companion in that work.

Dorothy M. Meade comes to us from Bradford, Pa. She is rather small of stature for one who has twenty-two years (June 20) in which to grow. By her schoolmates Miss Meade is familiarly called "Dot". After graduating from High School in June, 1919, she thought seriously about her field of future service. Although a member of the M. E. Church, she was led to Houghton to prepare for a field of service in Japan. She set aside one hour each day for three weeks to pray definitely that God would reveal to her his plan for her life work. He laid Japan on her heart. Miss Meade has worked faithfully in her Theological course. Her

courageous spirit, unselfish devotion to others, and deeply spiritual life make her a valuable addition to the missionary force of our church. God bless her abundantly.

In 1895, in Michigan, Hazel G. Rodgers was born. After graduating from High School at Lake Odessa in 1913, she taught school for six years and came to Houghton in the fall of 1919 to take the Advanced course in the Theological Department. Miss Rodgers was converted at an early age and while still in her teens was called to be a missionary to India but did not settle the question until 1915. Shortly after entering Houghton she was sanctified wholly and received a vision of God and service that has never left her. Thank God for Houghton and Holiness! Miss Rodgers has been a splendid student. Her Christian experience has steadily developed during her stay among us. In February of this year the Board elected our friend, Hazel, to be a missionary to India and she expects to sail in October, 1922. We rejoice with the Church that Miss Rodgers is able to dedicate to this branch of our work a strong body, a well-developed

mind and a sterling Christian character. God bless her as she goes.

Give us young people and, under God, we will give them back to you workmen of whom you will not need to be ashamed.

F. H. Wright

NOTICE

We wish to call the attention of our subscribers to the change being made in the form of the STAR for the coming school year of 1922-23. For some time there has been a sentiment among students and Alumni in favor of this change to magazine form. Consequently we aim to give our subscribers a neat little magazine the following year. This will mean an additional expense, so a slight raise in subscription price has been necessary. However, we hope that this new price, one dollar per year will help us to serve you better. With Mr. Earl Tierney as Editor for 1922-23, we are sure the paper will be worthy of your hearty support.

Our College Juniors

JUST a word now about Fenno Deansmore
He hails from Michigan State,
For about three years he has told us
Of old John Barleycorn's fate.
He's a staunch and sturdy "Anti,"
An oversea's hero too,
He has even tried school teaching,
To find out what he's fitted to do.
In the meantime he dabbled in "vocal,"
(The reason is easy to see)
And when he's finished his course at
Ann Arbor,
A preacher, then, Fenno will be.

UNLESS I am very mistaken,
There's one man we shall hate to
see go—
Stanley Lawrence has been here for
six years,
And we feel he belongs here, you know.
He has received here his High School
credits,
Theologic and College, too,
And if we had our charter,
Doc, we would give your degree to you.
Perhaps he will go to Wheaton
To finish his college career,
Then to far off Japan he'll be sailing,
To make use of all he's learned here.

NOW we come to fair Almeda,
 From near Cattaraugus, N. Y.
 Who, this year, has taken in training
 One of our freshman—need you ask why?
 Well, Meda who has been a "school marm,"
 Has a right to train whom she will,
 And the ones she leaves back in Houghton
 Wish success to her at Greenville.

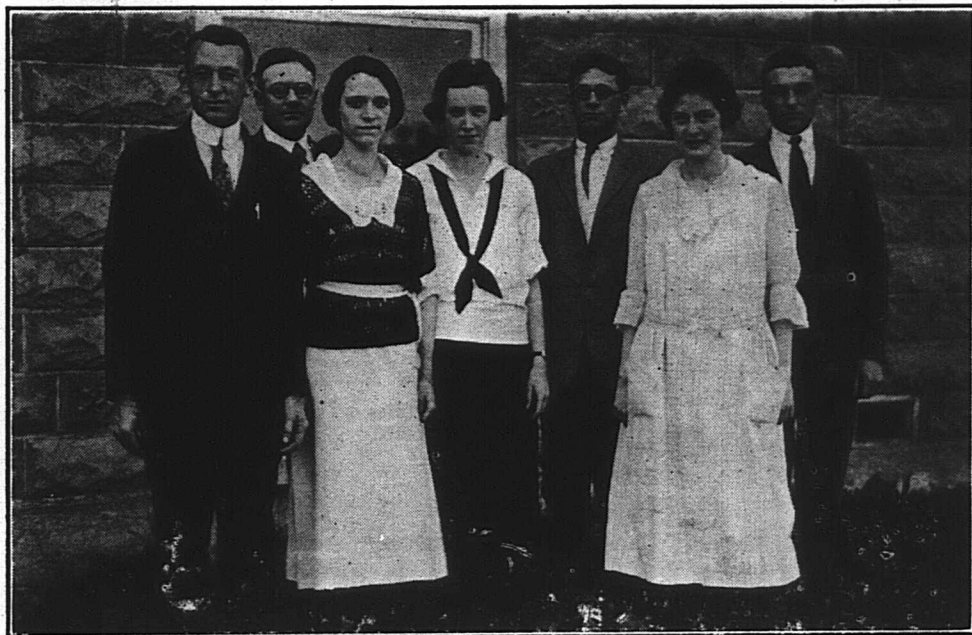
IN this class which numbers seven,
 You will find Miss Betty Black,
 A very sedate young lady,
 Whom we all would like to see back.
 Now, what prospective has Betty?
 First, a year at Oberlin,
 Then Domestic Science and farm life,
 Is the work that she will shine in.

OF course, right next to Miss Betty,
 We must tell you of our Gladys Grange:-
 She's the quietest girl in Houghton,
 I hope you'll not think that strange.
 She has been with us now for four years,
 Our farmerette full of fun loving ways,
 Next year she journeys to Oberlin-
 Gone from us for many long days.

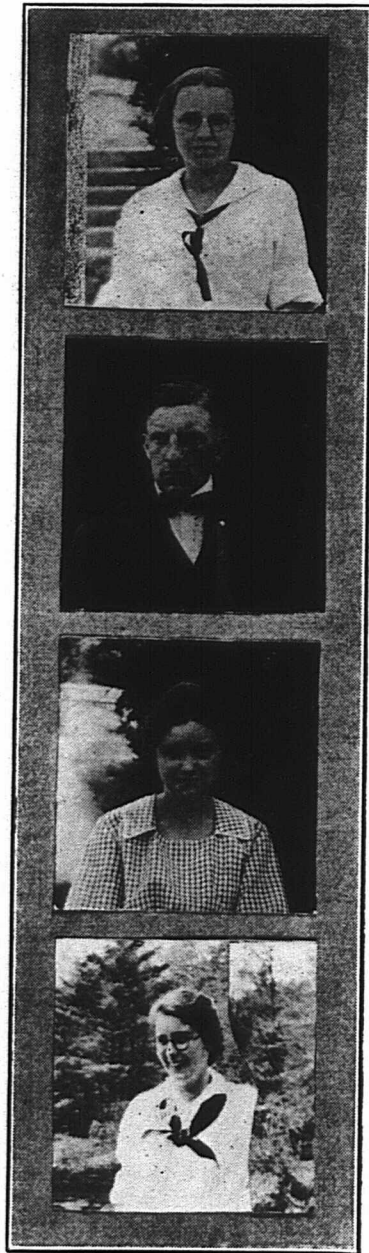
RIGHT here, we'll tell you of Charles White,
 From the good old Keystone State,
 Surely "Tom" with his wife and children,
 All Dorm boys will pronounce, "Just great."
 He is captain of the Gold boys,
 And student teacher, too,
 This summer he's going to sell books—
 That smile will put the sales through.
 Concerning next year, he's not certain,
 Perhaps Oberlin will get him,
 If he doesn't go there to college,
 He's going to try teaching again.

SO now we have come to Charles Pocock,
 President of the outgoing class,
 A man who has always been loyal
 To school and a certain young lass
 Who attracts his attention to Wheaton,
 Yet to Houghton he keeps firm and true.
 "Ray Darling;" though you go from our halls,
 All of us are banking on you.
 Remember when out on life's highway,
 As you look back on school days of old,
 Our charter keeps for four years,
 Students under the Purple and Gold.

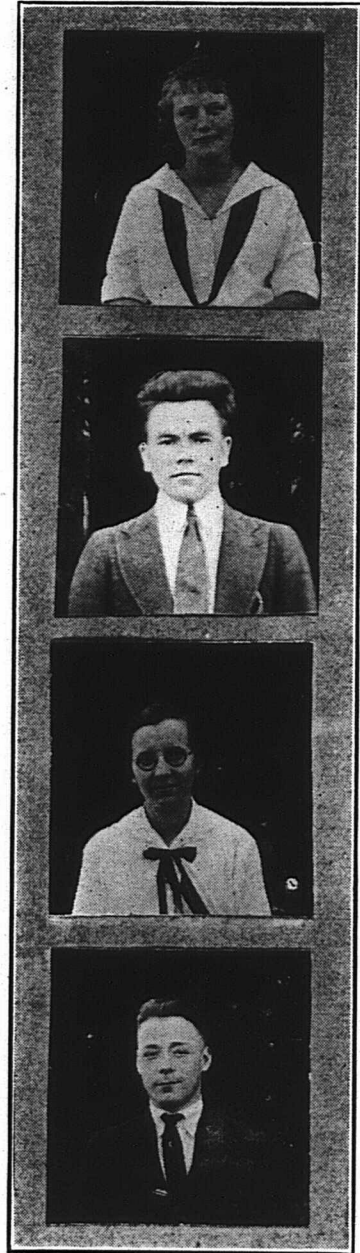
G. Cole.



Preparatory

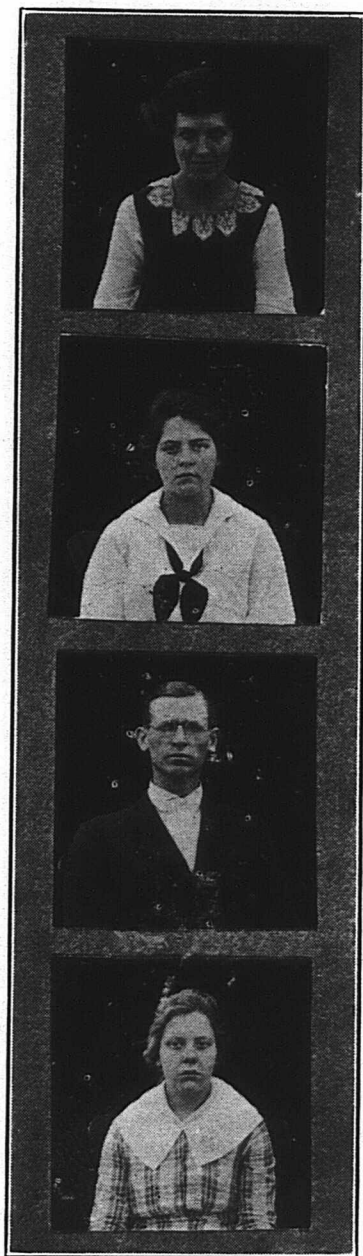


Edith Lapham
 Warner Whipple
 Phoebe Lusk
 Marjorie Ackerman

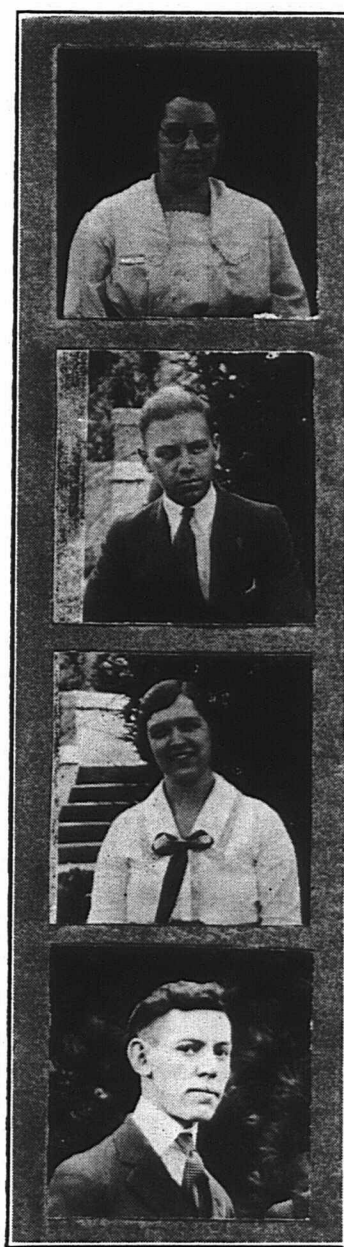


Myrtle Mattoon
 Floyd Banker
 Anna Rauch
 Joseph Kemp

Seniors



Grace Wright
Viola Roth
Joseph Clinefelter
Luella Roth



Grace Jordan
Whitney Shea
Esther Hawkins
John Higgins

Class History

It always has been the custom to look upon history as being made only by great achievements, wars, and inventions. Likewise this is true of the class of '22. For four years we have striven with but one aim; to be seniors. During those years we have actually made history.

Marjorie Ackerman of Hague, New York, is the president of the class of '22. Marjorie is a faithful student. Her strong Christian character has won for her an honored place among the Seniors. She has been a faithful president for two years. If you don't believe it, just ask some of the Seniors.

Floyd Banker joined the class of '22 in his Junior year. Floyd has always been one of those good little boys. Once, while he and his sister were playing horse, she suggested they name their horse "Dan". Floyd said, "Oh no! Mamma would think we were swearing." Floyd's early ambition was to fish, which occupation he is continuing in his search for a wife. Seniors, if you ever want to make Floyd a present, nothing will be more appreciated than a set of "Rodgers" silver-ware.

Joseph Clinefelter, the class orator, is highly esteemed for his good common sense. His desire is to preach the Gospel. Long may he live to send heart messages from the pulpit!

In one of our meetings, we elected Grace Jordan to write the class poem. This task weighed so heavily upon her mind that she decided to starve herself to death. But she lived for weeks on air, love, and dry toast, with no apparent effect on her vitality.

If perchance you should wish to hear some fine singing, just call on Esther Hawkins, our musician. She desires to take domestic science so she will know how to make a happy home.

Myrtle Mattoon was born at Houghton, Jan. 17, 1905. When a little girl she was always using big words and sometimes got them mixed; window sill she called sindow will. She used to write sermons. One of her texts was, "Arise, let us go hence." We think Myrtle may some day be a great sermon writer.

Anna Rauch adds another to the long list of New Yorkers of which the Seniors are so proud. She has always loved nature. When little she was especially fond of toads. We are glad to know that Anna still loves nature;—**Human Nature.**

Viola Roth was born on Dec. 12, 1903, in West Africa. Viola also decided to graduate with the class of '22. It might seem at first acquaintance that Viola is quiet, but you get her to laughing and you will not think so.

While Iva Rauch is not graduating, still it seems only fair to consider her as one of the class in this history. Iva fully intended to graduate; but on account of poor health, she had to leave school.

Do you know Luella Roth? They say she hates the sight of a man. I know her slightly, myself. She is not very large, but what there is of her, just bubbles over with fun and good humor. I hear she is to be an old-maid, but I think she will change her mind.

Grace Wright was born on March 25, 1902, in the Green Mountains. Once Grace put some pussy willows in a hay mow and kept milk there for several days for food when the pussy willow buds should turn into kittens. Grace's early ambition was to be a missionary. I can not say if she intends to carry out her ambition or not.

Edith Lapham is distinguished as being the only member of the class who has lived all her life in Houghton. She is a hard

worker and is a defender of her rights.

Whitney and his humor arrived at the little Wesleyan Methodist parsonage at Winchester, Ontario, July 4, 1904. He is very desirous that all should know he is not an American. American History is of no interest to him; so he takes that period for his daily nap. It is a mystery to all that Whitney should seek his life long friend in the United States. The city of Akron seems to hold peculiar charms for him. His favorite occupation is to stroll in the regions where "Phoebe" birds sing.

Phoebe Lusk, who was destined to become a renowned bookkeeper, arrived in the Keystone State, Oct. 13, 1902. She and her brother, Earl, have always been real pals. This no doubt accounts for her splendid ability to sort out and win handsome young men. It is reported that her ambition was to get a big man. In her diligent search for this big man, her one horse "Shea" from Canada comes in very handy. For her sake, we hope that he will prove to be more stable than the one horse shay of which we have all heard. We will leave it to Prof. Whitaker's judgment as to whether she falls on the debit or credit side.

Joseph Kemp, one of our most intellectual members, was born in England, Dec. 9, 1903. When young he desired very much to be a sailor, and has already cross-

ed the ocean three times. In the fall of 1919, he came to Houghton for his high school education. After three years of study he is graduating with a record that places him in the third rank. During the past year, Joseph has been spending much time with his friend, Cicero. The severing of this friendship will doubtless bring much sorrow to Joe's heart.

It is very difficult for a New Yorker to write up the life history of such an illustrious offspring of the Keystone State as is Warner E. Whipple. Mr. Whipple has always been fed on fat sausage and big pumpkins from Pennsylvania. As a result he outgrew the schools of that State and was compelled to come to New York, where he might have plenty of room to expand. However, he has not, as yet, decided whether the best cooks come from New York or Pennsylvania.

There is still another who stands before you. His greatest achievement is that he was elected to write the history of the illustrious class of 1922.

Time has not been given to conquer the World and write our names in the Hall of Fame, but the world lies before us, and each in his own way will pursue his path and accomplish that for which he has prepared himself in the four years allotted to us in Houghton Seminary.

JOHN HIGGINS



Athletics

GOLD AGAIN TRIUMPHS OVER PURPLE AS THEY WIN TRACK and FIELD

**Gold Girls Also Win. Letters to be
Awarded to 3 Men and 3 Women.
Vila Ackerman Only Person on Purple
Side to Win Letter.**

On Monday, May 29, the athletic year of Houghton came to its official close with the Second Annual Track and Field Meet.

The Gold men after taking the measure of the Purple in basketball and in baseball, but losing every event in tennis, again came forth winners in the most successful track and field meet that Houghton has ever seen, a meet in which records were broken in five different events.

The sides seemed evenly matched all the way through but when the final score was announced, it was found that the Gold had won to the tune of 43 1-2 to 51 1-2.

The Purple owe 16 of their points to the wonderful work of George Morse who nailed down 3 first places and 1 third, thus gaining for himself the honor of being high point man.

The girls' meet was also very successful but, however was not so hotly contested as the boys'. The Purple without their star sprinter, Myrtle Mattoon were unable to place first in anything except the high jump and the shot put. "Dot" Clark of the Gold won 15 1-4 points for them, thus placing her at the head of the list of the five high point girls.

The report of the boys' meet is as follows:

100 yd. dash, first, Morse P, second, Kitterman G, third, Burt P. Time 21 2-5 sec.

220 yd. dash, first, Morse P, second, Peck G, third, tie between Kitterman G and Burt P. Time 26 sec.

440 yd. dash, first, Howland G, second

I. Enty P, third, Kemp G. Time 61 1-5 sec. Breaking old record of 62 sec. held by Enty, 1921.

1-2 mile run, first, Lawrence P, second, Howland G, third, Hurlburt G. Time 2 min. 27 sec.

1 mile run, first, Farner P, second, Williams G, third, McClintock G. Time 5 min. 27 4-5 sec., breaking old record of 5 min. 41 sec. held by Castner, 1921.

Pole vault, first, tied between P. Steese P and Rollman G, third, Lee G. Height, 9 ft. 2 in., breaking old record of 8 ft. 9 in. held by Readette, 1921.

High jump, first, Kitterman G, second Farner P, third, tie between Burt P and Tierney P. Height 5 ft. 4 in., breaking old record of 4 ft. 10 in. held by Morse, 1921.

Broad jump, first, Rollman G, second, White G, third, Burt P. Distance 17 ft. Shot put, first White G, second, Bedford P, third, Morse P. Distance 37 ft. 3 in.

Discus throw, first, Morse P, second, White G, third, Bedford P, Distance 99 ft. 9 in.

The report of the girls' meet is as follows:

75 yd. dash, first, Hall G, second, Ackerman P, third, H. Clark P. Time 11 sec.

100 yd. dash, first, D. Clark, second, Hall G, third, Anderson G. Time 14 3-5 sec.

220 yd. dash, first, D. Clark, second, Anderson G, third, Ackerman P. Time 30 3-5 sec.

Shot put, first, Jones P, second, Hall G, third, D. Clark P. Distance 19 ft. 10 in. High jump, first, Ackerman, second, Anderson, third, Willis. Height 3 ft. 8 in.

Broad jump, first, Anderson G, second, D. Clark G, third, H. Clark P. Distance 12 ft. 3 in.

Five high point men are as follows: Morse 19, White 11, Kitterman 9 3-4, Howland 9 1 4, Rollman 9.

Five high point women are as follows:
D. Clark 15 1-4, Anderson 13 1-4, Hall
12 1-4, Ackerman 9, Jones 5.

TENNIS

The Purple racketers, both men and women, simply swamped the Gold's best in a slavo of cuts, drives, lobs, and placements, thus taking every event. Although the Gold team composed of Harry Kitterman, Ed Williams, "Dot" Clark, A. Hall, Laura Baker, and Don Schuman, were a finely matched and balanced team still they could not break through the net work and the swift backhand placements of Arden Burt and "Myrt" Mattoon, nor the serves of "Vi" Ackerman and "Peter" Steese.

The report by sets is as follows:

Men's singles, Schuman G, vs. Steese P, 7-5, 6-4, 4-6, 6-1.

Mixed doubles, Hall and Kitterman G, vs. Mattoon and Burt P, 5-7, 3-7, 2-6.

Men's doubles, Kitterman and Williams G, vs. Steese and Burt P, 2-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2.

Women's doubles, Hall and Baker G, vs. Mattoon and Ackerman P, 6-1, 6-1, 6-1.

BASEBALL

In the great national game the Gold so far surpassed the Purple that it was hardly a contest at all. They took three games straight by the one sided scores of 12-17, 10-26, 8-21. The Purple were

scarcely able to chase the ball out of the infield while the Gold slammed out two and three baggers with surprising regularity. The best that we can say is that the Purple were decidedly outclassed.

LETTERS

Six letters will be awarded this year, three going to boys and three to girls. Three Gold men, Kitterman, White, and Howland along with D. Clark, Hall, Gold girls and Vila Ackerman of the Purple will be honored as the six best all-round athletes in Houghton. Vila Ackerman has the distinction of being the only person among either the Purple boys or girls to be so honored. The letters will be awarded some time during commencement week.

All and all this year has perhaps been the most successful athletic year that Houghton has ever seen. Although we have a wonderful basketball court, we are handicapped by the lack of a good baseball diamond and a running track. However, even with these drawbacks we are proud, and we have good reason to be, of the records that we have made. What is of more value, however, both to individuals and to teams is the brand of sportsmanship which has been shown, individually and collectively. We have never before seen a finer example of the "love thy neighbor as thyself" attitude in athletics than has been exhibited in Houghton this year.









College Sophomores



College Freshmen



Christian Workers



Preparatory Juniors



High School Sophomores



High School Freshmen and Elementary



The Oratory Department

HOUGHTON SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT

Wednesday, June 14th

8:00 P. M. Class Day, Preparatory Department

Thursday, June 15th

10:00 A. M. Commencement, Preparatory Department

8:00 P. M. Oratorical Contest

Friday, June 16th

10:00 A. M. Commencement, Theological Department

Address by Rev. C. S. Rennells

12:00 M. Alumni Dinner

Gymnasium

6:45 P. M. Students' Rally

8:15 P. M. President's Reception

Saturday, June 17th

3:00 P. M. Alumni vs. Varsity Baseball Game

Sunday, June 18th

10:30 A. M. Baccalaureate Service

Sermon by Prof. Frank H. Wright

7:00 P. M. Vesper Service

8:00 P. M. Annual Missionary Meeting

Local News

THEOLOGICAL BANQUET

The Theological students proved themselves to be royal entertainers when they entertained the Theological Seniors at a Banquet, May 12.

The dining room was uniquely decorated in gold and white, also with placards containing the names of the graduates and of the various countries of the world.

After a five course dinner a program was given with Arthur Bernhoft, President of the Theological Class, acting as toastmaster. Musical numbers were rendered by Dorothy Meade, Floyd Banker, and a mixed quartette. Toasts were given by Professors Wright and Whitaker, also by Dorothy Meade, Mildred Stafford and Hazel Rodgers.



THE MAY FESTIVAL

On the evening of Friday, the twenty-sixth, occurred the annual May Festival. This is the last number of the lecture course, and is, perhaps, looked forward to with the most anticipation of all. Our expectations are generally more than met. This year's was no exception to the general rule. Much credit belongs to the heads of the oratory, vocal and instrumental music departments, Miss Culp, Miss Zehr, and Miss Paddock, for the fine program given, which showed much skill and training. We were especially pleased with the work of the orchestra, which has been organized under the direction of Miss Zehr. We hope that it will be carried on next year, although Miss Zehr will not be with us. She has been offered a fine opportunity for continuing her study of music at Cornell. We also greatly regret the departure of Miss Paddock, who has accepted a position in our sister school,

Miltonvale. We regret these losses, and yet we gladly welcome into our midst Miss Cole and Miss Hillpot who will take up the work laid down.



Prof. Ray Hazlete, instructor in the English Department of Syracuse University, is home for the summer.

Rev. and Mrs. John Bruce are receiving congratulations over the birth of a daughter, born May 24th.

Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Fero and daughters, Mary and Bertha, of Barberton, Ohio are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clocksene and friends.

Misses Lottie and Bernice Rodgers of Lake Odessa, Mich. are guests of their sister, Hazel for Commencement Week.

Miss Ella Lane of Willow, N. Y., is spending two weeks with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Sumner and the latter's mother, Mrs. Jewett, stopped in Houghton for a few days, on their way home from Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.

Miss Bessie Rennick of Winchester Canada, is visiting at the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Pitt.

Mrs. J. B. Zehr of Carthage, N. Y., spent a few days recently with her daughter, Dorothea.

Miss Hazel Eddy of Franklinville visited friends in town recently.

Mrs. H. Orner of Jersey City spent some time recently with her son, Stanley.

Rev. E. E. Elliot of Plattsburg will give the Missionary Address on Sunday evening of Commencement.

ROOTED IN GOD AT HO'TON

What was the greatest benefit I received at Houghton? I am not certain that I know which of the many benefits was greatest, but I should say it was the establishment in correct doctrine which Houghton gives to all honest seekers after truth. By the grace of God and the influence of a godly home and church, I went to Houghton at the age of seventeen, a thoroughly saved boy. But my next seven years was just the period when multitudes of students who started well were led astray by false teachers. Houghton saved me from this evil and established me in the sound Bible doctrines taught by the Wesleyan Methodist Church as a foundation wall against the fearful storms and

floods of false doctrine which beat upon and undermine every spiritual house not founded on the rock Christ Jesus. Now that I have learned by experience the great value of the benefit received during my school days, my great desire for Houghton is that her faculty and the local church leaders may always be strong positive teachers of righteousness, leading every student to an understanding of the errors of all false doctrines and firmly establishing them in the holy teaching of the Word of God as understood and taught by Wesleyan Methodists. May the hopes and plans for Houghton's future be fully realized in order that thousands yet may receive the inestimable blessings of this institution of God's own founding.

James W. Elliott

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PAGE THIRTY-FIVE

Miniature Morsels

Hazel—"The plural of me is mes, isn't it?"
Stanley—"The plural of me is us, isn't it, Marjory?"

Mary—"When I was five years old I fell off a forty foot ladder."

Clara—"I should think it would have killed you."

Mary—"Oh, I only fell from the first rung"

Faculty Sentiments

Fancher—"Well, how were your examinations?"

Lee—"A complete success. Everybody flunked."

Rolly—"Are you going up to Wright's now?"

Lutz—"Yes, right away."

Rolly—"I've got an hour's K. P. to do; I'll be up in a few minutes."

Gems from the Exchange

A customer rushed into a barber shop one day and said hastily:—

"Cut the whole three short."

"What three?"

"The hair, the beard and the conversation."

Whatever trouble
Adam had
No man could
Make him sore
By saying when
He told a joke
I've heard that one before!

You can always tell a Senior
By the knowing looks he wears,
You can always tell a Junior
By his pert and jaunty airs;
You can always tell a Sophomore
By his timid ways and such;
You can always tell a Freshie
But you cannot tell him much.

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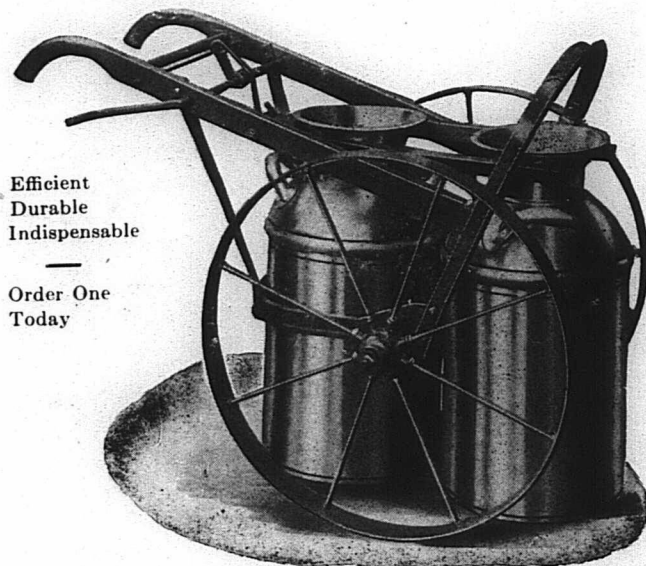
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