

Lewis "Lib"

**THE
HOUGHTON
STAR**

MAY - 1914



Volume VI - Number Eight

Drugs and General Merchandise

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Vol. VI

MAY, 1914.

No. 8

THISTLETOP

FIRST PRIZE STORY BY SHIRLEY
D BABBITT '16.

It was not a large pretentious district, but just a small spur of level vale setting back from the broad open flats of the Genesee. It was surrounded on three sides by slowly rising hills that looked calmly out over the level space below and smiled with the peaceful satisfaction that they guarded one of earth's most beautiful paradises stretched in midsummer slumbers at their feet.

Several small bubbling brooklets merrily laughed and sang as they hastened down as many different little ravines and crooned their many songs of self enjoyment while they loitered through the green meadows as if in love with the golden sunbeams with whom they played. Sel-dom did the sunshine gild the sparkling waters until they had reached the more level spaces of the bottom land for the hills were clothed in most luxuriant verdure, with here and there a ragged patch showing where somebody's industrious labor had made a rent in Nature's garment.

This beautiful region nestled amidst the quietude of the green hills was Harmony Hollow, and very appropriate indeed seemed this appellation, for all the people of the district dwelled in perfect peace and happiness; in harmony with God and with each other as if the sublimity of the surrounding hills had been reflected in their own lives. It had not always been thus, and not always had this fair blossom on earth's bosom been known as Harmony Hollow. There was a time when this beautiful region had been known by none other than the ugly name of Crazy Flat. That was many years ago however and long before the time of which I write.

When grave rumors of war passed over the country and President Lincoln's call for volunteers reached this quiet spot, one of the first men to

answer the call of his country's needs was Andrew Barry. Little considering later consequences, he joined the first company of volunteers, leaving behind him his wife and only child, a flaxen haired daughter of ten years. For many days the mother and daughter now lived alone in the small weather beaten house by the bend in the road. They were seen but little by the other people of the valley and seemed to desire no other company but their own. Here they lived a secluded life, withdrawing more and more from the outer world and drawing closer and closer to each other while they anxiously waited for the return of the father.

One day sad news came with its bitter message for the lonely couple. Mr. Barry had been killed by a rifle ball and would never return to the little weather beaten home with its isolated inmates. Sad indeed were the days that followed. The veil of seclusion was drawn still closer about the afflicted family. In less than a month after the sad news, a still greater misfortune came to add yet more misery to the afflicted heart.

While playing by the river bank, the daughter slipped into the angry stream and was quickly drawn beneath the treacherous eddies. The blow was too much for the grief stricken woman. She could never believe that her golden treasure had forever departed. The distracted mind realized nothing when the little white coffin was borne to its last resting place. It never accepted that the lovely form slept peacefully beneath the white dotted greensward of the little cemetery near the opposite hill.

The years that followed were years of misery for the poor mother. The pity and kind'y sympathy of the other dwellers in the valley seemed not to pierce through the shroud of sorrow and seclusion that hung about the little house that was no longer home.

When war was swept away and peace again settled upon our land, there were many changes in this val-

ley which as yet had received no name. War had taken its toll; new families lived in the old homes; youths and maidens had grown to manhood and womanhood. Soon there was no one left who knew the kind hearted and gentle Mrs. Barry of former times. The new people could not understand the staring eyed woman with wild silver locks and why she roamed solitarily about the fields with her knotty cane.

The sad story of sorrow was gradually replaced by weird tales and fabrics of hearsays. Thus the object of former pity and sympathy became an object of fright and evil influence in the community. Weeds of evil thoughtlessness had smothered the pure and sacred flower of compassion. The poor heart broken and grief demented Mrs. Barry became the scorned and feared Thistletop of witchery and dread. Where there should have been sympathy and kindness, there was only scorn and contempt. People shunned even to meet her who should have been the recipient of their kindest thoughts and expressions. Parents warned and cautioned their children against her evil influence and upheld them when they scornfully pointed their fingers at her and taunted her for being crazy and for being a witch and derisively called her "old Thistletop." She was deprived of that company which alone could heal and allay the pain of her angry wounds.

Thus there gradually grew, even within the region overlooked by the little church spire, a spirit and condition as unchristian as hate is different from love. Thus it happened that the land that should have flowed with the milk of human kindness and the honey of human love, came to be known as Crazy Flat.

Thistletop still occupied the little weather beaten house by the bend in the road but much of the time she was absent wandering by the river or about the fields searching for the lost child that would never be found.

While thus wandering by the river one day and talking low and incoherently to herself, she was startled to hear a shrill scream of fright not far ahead. Thinking only of her long lost child the startled woman rushed madly through the brush and bushes. Another short and half obstructed cry was heard before she reached the place from which they had seemed to come. There she found nothing

but a small basket partly filled with flowers. As she looked there was a slight disturbance in the slowly sweeping eddy of the river beneath her. A childish hand and arm slowly appeared in the roily water, immediately followed by the ghastly but dimpled face of a girl slowly rising to the surface. The chubby fingers convulsively moved as if vainly trying to grasp something and the long golden curls spread loosely upon the surface of the little wavelets.

Without a moment of hesitation the woman leaped into the river. Although the water was very deep at this place, she reached the child and managed by her struggles to reach an overhanging bush by which she pulled herself safely to the shore, while the child tightly clasped its arms about the neck of its rescuer.

A workman in an adjacent field had also heard the cries and hastened toward the river. When he came near enough so he could see through between the intervening branches, he stopped his steps and gazed in silent wonder. A beautiful picture was shown through the slowly swaying sprigs of sumach leaves.

Upon a grassy bank near the river, her neck clasped about by two small arms and with a childish face pressed tightly against her wrinkled cheek, knelt Thistletop. In her arms she held firmly clasped to her bosom, the dripping form of the child, and with upturned face and passionately moving lips was thanking God for the deliverance of her treasure. The yellow sunshine streamed down upon the two faces where the dimples of childhood contrasted with the wrinkles of age. The silver locks of the woman and the golden locks of the child were intermingled where they had dripped together.

The child was Goldenrod. Her real name was Goldie Jennings but everyone called her Goldenrod. She was the only daughter of the Jennings who owned the large white house with the tall elm trees before it, not far from the little dingy house where Thistletop lived. Goldenrod was the joy and pet of the whole valley. She was the general favorite of all and seemed always to radiate the sunshine of happiness from her dimpled face and the golden curls that hung about it. Tomorrow was her birthday and she was to have a birthday party. It was while gathering flowers for this occasion that

she had fallen into the river. She had reached far out to pluck a spike of pickerel weed when the undermined bank gave away carrying its precious burden into the depths of the whirling stream.

Thistletop and Goldenrod had never spoken until this day. Several times had Goldenrod and her playmates run away crying "witch! witch!" and leaving their play when they saw Thistletop approaching. From now on the two were the best of friends. Goldenrod explained to the other children how Thistletop was not a witch at all but a very kind old lady who had rescued her from the terrible water.

Thistletop was present at Goldenrod's party and was no longer shunned by anyone. The afflicted old lady became a favorite with the children, and before many days had passed, left the old weather beaten and decayed house by the bend in the road and went to live with Goldenrod in the big white house with the tall overhanging elms and the grassy lawns. The name of Crazy Flat was gradually dropped and in its place was heard the more appropriate one of Harmony Hollow. "Thistletop" was no longer spoken with contempt and scorn but became a term of love and was always spoken with kindness and affection. The white spire of the little church now looked whiter than ever that it looked out over a community in which the Christian spirit for which it stood seemed really to have claimed its own. Thus worked the evolution of a name; Crazy Flat became Harmony Hollow.

Whenever I view the roadsides or fields lined with the gold of early autumn or see the silvery down of the thistle decorating some wild fence corner, or floating idly on the breeze, my thoughts return to Harmony Hollow. I can see an old silver haired lady and a child with golden curls roaming hand in hand through the daisied fields and beside the bubbling brooks and I hear the workmen say as they stop in their work. "There goes Goldenrod and Thistletop."

IF

Second Prize Essay

Flora Presley, Prep. '14.

If I only had the talents which my friend has, I should be happy. If I had the wealth of my neighbor, I should ask for nothing more. If the position which another has gained had fallen my lot, I am certain I should do wonderful things. If I had the eloquence of Senator So-and-so, how I would stir the world. How I wish I had the voice of Caruso or Bernhardt — then I would fill the earth with music and cheer and brighten many lives. Why could I not have the genius of Beethoven or Raphael? If I could compose music or paint great pictures, I would use my art for the benefit of mankind. If I were president, I should rule so wisely and well that men should long bless my name for the grand achievements I had made in the interests of my fellows. If I were some great one, how my influence would be spread abroad, and always for the right. My name should be carved in granite that future generations might behold it and inquiring, hear of my wonderful deeds. My fame should echo and reecho throughout the earth long after I had passed away.

Or if I had lived when Christ was on earth, how I should have delighted to follow him! How gladly would I have been a partaker of his persecutions and hardships! What a privilege to have lived in the days of the martyrs, and to go from the burning stake to wear a martyr's crown! If I could have lived when the country was new, when there was a chance for great discoveries and heroic deeds, I surely would have distinguished myself. If I had only lived at some other period of history,—if my lot were different than it is, I might have done something in the world.

But it is no use. The days of heroism are passed. I have not genius nor wealth, talents nor position; my sphere is so limited and narrow that I can do nothing worth while. O, if things were only different! And yet—perhaps—I wonder if I have not even one small talent hidden away somewhere. I haven't the talents of my friend, to be sure, but I suppose, if I examine myself, I shall find some little gift that I might use. And I

would shun the curse of great Master so I must put to use my one talent, if perchance I may gain one more to present to my Lord. I would not follow the example and share the fate of another who thought that because he had only one talent, it was not worth using.

If I can not do great deeds, perhaps a little wave will be started by the pebble I throw into the Ocean of Life, whose influence will not be entirely lost. Though I am not gifted like the great singer, and can not hold vast audiences under the spell of my voice; yet I can perhaps soothe a fretful child and so give respite to a tired discouraged mother. I have not the power to compose glorious harmonies to delight the world of music lovers, but perhaps I may draw from my old organ, some simple melodies to please the aged grandmother. She asks not for classic compositions nor artistic renditions but how it warms her heart to have some one take enough interest in her loneliness to sing and play for her, the old songs she loved in her youth. I have not the eloquence to move great congregations, but I can at least speak a kind word to a weary, disheartened brother. Because I can not carry the truth to thousands, shall I fail to speak it to the ones I meet daily? Though my fingers can not wield the brush that transforms the canvas into a thing of beauty, they can bathe the brow of a sufferer and do little loving deeds for the dear ones at home.

I have not money to bestow upon the poor and needy, but such as I have, I can give. I can give my eyes to the old blind man around the corner in reading to him the Psalms he so much enjoys. I can lend my feet to carry a message of cheer and a bunch of wild roses to the bed-ridden invalid. While I can not be a great ruler, I can at least rule my own spirit. I can be cheerful even when my heart is heavy. I can always be kind and gentle and sympathetic to those around me. Perhaps I can serve my Master as well by living a patient, cheerful life where he has placed me as by the acts which the world calls great. May it not glorify Him to be firm and true to my convictions in the midst of opposition and skepticism, just as surely as to go to the stake or the dungeon?

Because I have not the gifts and opportunities of others, shall I stand idly by, despondent and repining? Or

sit with folded hands, waiting for a great opportunity when many small ones are flitting past my door? Shall I murmur because I can not remove mountains, while I leave untouched the mole hill at my door? Ah no! The moments of life are too few and too precious to be wasted in envying my neighbors when I do not use the chances I have. If I do not improve my one talent, how can I know that I should have done better if the Master had given me more? If I squander what I already possess, probably I could not have been trusted with larger bounties.

Surely the One who planned my life knows what is best for me. I can repose the utmost trust and confidence in his infinite Wisdom and Goodness, trusting him to lead me. Sometimes I grow rebellious when things go contrary to my will and desire. It seems that if I could have had the planning of my own life and could make things go the way I want them to, I could do so much better. Then I remember that I am only a child beside the great Father. So I resolve to stop saying "If" and "Why" and calmly trust Him who knows it all.

And then sometimes I think that perhaps those I envy may not have a path of roses. Perhaps with my friend's talents I should not be contented. How can I know the trials of that other life? Perhaps, after all, my neighbor's wealth would not satisfy me. It is said that the more a man has, the more he wants. The position of a great man brings its own responsibilities and cares. If I were applauded by thousands, I should doubtless receive the disapproval of as many. And I cannot tell what I should do in any circumstances until I have tried. So let me be content with my lot, faithfully filling my little niche, doing my best day by day. "If" I do this, surely I shall have the consolation of a clear conscience and the approbation of my Maker.

The Choicest Gift

Marietta Fancher, Prep. '15.

The sons of Colonel Edward Dean.
Three brothers, youthful, gay and bold,
Were wont to play upon the green
Air-castle building, we are told.

A fairy, pleased that they should be
Engaged thus, listened with a smile
And thought, "I'll simply go and see
If I can make their dreams worth while."

So she appeared before the three,
And nodding low, as if she knew
Their inmost thoughts said, "Boys I see
You're wise; your wishes shall come
true."

Up spoke the eldest of the three,
"Then give me wealth, for that wins all."
"No," said the next more thoughtfully,
"But give me fame that ne'er shall pall."

The youngest pondered ere he gave
His wish, then sighed, "But leave to me,
Since name and wishes do grow old,
A lasting opportunity."

The fair sprite bowed and showed her
smile,

"Yea, these are noble gifts, I know,
But I have one far more worth while
Upon my children to bestow."

"These wishes use as best you may
For sometime I'll come back again
And he who does best every day,
That one, the choicest gift shall win,"

The sprite had flown, the lads still stood,
Reflecting long on what had passed.
These wishes seemed to them too good
To linger with them firm and fast.

But youth lets not itself be sad,
And soon forgetting in their play,
With spirits high, and voices glad,
They romped until the close of day.

We saw the young men at their prime,
Each nobly playing at his part,
Improving well the fleeting time
His dream fulfilling from his heart.

The promise of a wealthy man
The first fulfilled in every way.
His brother proudly said, "I can
And will be master here some day."

The third sought not for wealth or fame
He studied on with purpose grand;
To help another was his aim
To serve where others might demand.

Unselfishly he earned his way
By helping others on before,
Improved each opportunity
And gained true knowledge more and
more.

At last each mission is fulfilled,
Each one is in his long-sought place,
He's reached the station that he willed
And run through life his fleeting race.

The eldest is a millionaire
Who adds more riches every day;
But still he is oppressed with care
More money in his safe to lay.

The fame of one is spread around
Through all the country far and near
'Till scarce a city can be found
Where none has chanced his name to
hear.

A wise philanthropist is one
Whose efforts true have won success;
His best at every turn he's done
Humanity around to bless.

The fairy has at last returned
And stands again before their eyes;
The secret of their lives she's learned,
And now she waits to grant the prize.

To the philanthropist she turned
And smiled, "The prize must come to you;
With opportunity you've learned
To do the best that man can do."

But listen as she slowly speaks
"The gift I had is no more mine
'Tis his who others' welfare seeks,
You've found contentment, it is thine."



The Great Men of Florence

Ralph Kaufman '17.

Florence, the most famous city of
mediaeval times, lies on both banks
of the Arno river in northern Italy.
She first won prominence in commer-
cial life, because of the energy of her
citizens. But the genius of her sons
did more to raise their city to her
high station, than energy alone could
ever have done. Yet Florence, like
all other nations of the past, has
run her course and now only the
name reminds us of the great city
which once led all Europe and indeed
the world in culture and learning.

As has been before said, her large
number of illustrious citizens were
chiefly responsible for her high rank
among the cities and nations. Flor-
ence has probably produced more
masters in literature, art and science
than any other city of ancient or
modern history, save Athens. On
her roll of honor we find Dante,
Michael Angelo, Galileo, Savonarola,
Leonardo da Vinci, Petrarch, Boc-
caccio, Machiavelli, Amerigo Vespucci,
and the Medici family whose descend-
ants have ruled over nearly every na-
tion of Europe.

Dante was one of the world's great-
est poets. However his genius either
was not recognized or it was feared.
He was exiled from his native city
in the prime of life, on account of
his political opinions. While in exile,
he wrote the "Divine Comedy," which
ranks his name with that of Homer
and Milton. This poem is an epic
which vividly describes scenes of
Heaven, Hell and Purgatory. The
story is conceived as a vision in
which the author visits these places
and as a poem it ranks second to
none.

Michael Angelo was in art what
Dante was in literature. He has been
called "the Dante of the arts." Mich-
ael Angelo was not devoted to any
one phase of art, but he excelled in
painting, sculpturing and architecture.

He was also a poet of no mean ability. As a painter he shares the first place only with his contemporary, Raphael. His masterpiece of painting is "the last Judgment," a fresco painting, sixty feet high and thirty feet wide. He alone among the modern sculptors stands on an equal footing with Grecians. To Michael Angelo is also due the praise for completing and decorating St. Peters, the world's largest church, located at Rome.

While Dante, Michael Angelo and a host of others were making Florence famous in the annals of art and culture, Galileo was working on behalf of science. He has probably accomplished more for the benefit of science than any other person. Galileo discovered the laws governing the pendulum and the acceleration of falling bodies. He verified his theory of the latter law by his famous experiments performed from the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Galileo was also an astronomer of high rank. He identified many of the constellations by means of the powerful telescope which he had invented. On account of his views concerning the rotundity and the rotation of the earth, he was imprisoned as a heretic by the Spanish Inquisition. He was again released however, only to continue his studies and epoch-making experiments.

The Florentines, however, increased in wickedness and immorality, just as they increased in honor and fame. Fortunately for them a monitor was already raised to admonish them of their shortcomings. Savonarola early in life recognized and obeyed the call to the priesthood. When still almost a child he threw his whole soul into the effort to convert his fellow-townsmen. For a time it seemed as if he would be successful in turning his beloved city from her sins. But his fervent preaching, at the same time, alarmed the conscience and aroused the anger of his political opponents. Thenceforth they conspired for his downfall. In a short time he was tried on a charge of heresy, condemned and burned at the stake. Thus passed one of the noblest souls which the world has ever known.

It is interesting to contrast the estimation in which these men were held by their contemporaries and the attitude of present day critics toward them. The banishment of Dante and the martyrdom of Savonarola show

very plainly the manner in which they were esteemed by their fellow-townsmen. On the other hand they are now considered not only as "the great men of Florence," but among the greatest of all time.



The Masters and Their Music

"Art after all is a matter of the heart not of the head," says Elbert Hubbard, and we may well believe it. Although nearly all the great masters have had brilliant minds, still without that overflowing soul so tender, so passionate and loving, they could not have written such uplifting and inspiring music. But when we see the great musicians of today using their talent to gain wealth and the honor of this world, we often wonder if it pays to spend the years of drudgery in training for such a career.

Music has always seemed to me to be a gift of God to cheer us on when we are discouraged and to lift us up when we have fallen. Even though it has been trailed in the dust and lowered to the "Popular Ragtime" we can thank God for the Music which the Old Masters have left us during the past century. Those great men who lived such sorrowful neglected lives, could catch faint strains from some far off world and put them into such as this world has never heard before. Beethoven would sit up all night and write these wonderful Sonatas and Symphonies. Handel wrote the "Messiah" in twenty-six days. Surely these men were inspired.

When we notice what strange lives these men lived, we often are mystified at the thought that they could have been human. Paganini was thought to have been possessed with a devil. Berlioz wrote music which seems to have been taken from the lower world. Schubert seems to have been divinely inspired. Tohaicosky was so melancholy that he committed suicide.

But such music as these men did write. When you hear it you are transported to other worlds. Some music gives you a vision of colors. Many musicians when playing the music of the Masters have caught the color of the theme and could see the different hues.

Yet Music cannot be separated

from the man who writes it. In the great compositions of the masters we see the Master himself in his sorrows and joys. Tchaikovsky's music is sad and full of longing as was Tchaikovsky himself. Mozart's seems light and joyful.

But in all this we can feel the great inspiration, the longing and desires of the Masters. They have left us something which can never be forgotten. Something which will always help us on our journey thru life. Something which will always cheer us when we are down hearted and will always give us a pleasant heart.

I DO SO DECLARE. Jabez.

Our Trip Homeward

To one who has repeatedly made the trip to the States from West Africa there is doubtless a sameness in each journey. It may often be found quite monotonous. However, there are many things of interest to one who is coming for the first time.

We had been stationed for over two years in a native jungle town ten miles from any white people. Our only pale face companions were occasional visiting missionaries or itinerant English officials, our fastest conveyances, hammocks borne on the heads of natives. Although the work was very attractive, and there was plenty to keep one busy we were compelled to leave sooner than we had planned.

Thus amid the protestations of our town friends, and the lamentations of our beloved mission helpers, we swung into hammocks before daylight on an April morning and started for the coast. We reached the railroad early in the afternoon, but rested that night with friends at an Alliance Mission. Fortunate it was for the ill one in our party to have the services of a trained nurse on that long, dirty twelve hour train ride to Freetown. Our coast boat, the Mendi, was sailing unexpectedly early so we were obliged to pass from the train directly to the steamer.

The voyage up the coast was pleasant although we found the air much cooler than we had left it up country. We amused ourselves by reading, walking deck, and watching the porpoises leap from the water, and the gulls encircle overhead. The ship stopped at Gambia, Grand Canary,

and Plymouth. Nearly all of the passengers disembarked at Plymouth and we enjoyed the hospitality of the Captain's table the remainder of the journey.

Had we been so long in the African bush to become thoroughly uncivilized, or why was it that all traffic in Liverpool seemed so swift and we so slow? After one experience in dodging street cars and shunning automobiles, I vowed to frequent the street no more. Much pleasanter I thought was the retreat of our cozy lodging house and conversation with civilized white women. However, I at length gained courage to visit the city art gallery and museum and found they afforded many things of interest.

The last day of April we boarded the White Star Liner Adriatic bound for New York. When we saw the large company of ill clad, dirty foreigners who crowded on board at Liverpool and again at Queenstown, Ireland we did not wonder that Uncle Sam makes it so hard for them to be admitted to the country. Is it any wonder that the steerage quarters are a very disease breeding den? It was stated as a fact that hardly a one of the steerage passengers removed an article of clothing during the whole of that eight day voyage. Their appearance vouched for the truth of the statement.

Aside for some fog and rain the crossing was very pleasant. One morning we saw a whale spouting in the distance. One evening we were answering the wireless call of the burning Columbia. The Cunarder Franconia had picked up two of her lifeboats and we were to look up the third. However, we did not succeed in finding it but passed the Columbia herself the next evening, deserted and in flames.

We were all delighted when we reached New York. It did seem a pleasure indeed to set foot again on solid earth and have no more doubts about digesting a dinner. The green fields and laughing brooks never seemed so inviting as now. Even the Emerald Isle with her boasted beauty never could equal Springtime in the States. Truly:

"This is the high tide of the year
And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back with a rippling
cheer."

Miriam Churchill Sprague.

FROM THE MANAGER

Did you ever stop to think what The Star means to you? Did you ever stop to think what it means to the editors and managers? To you it means a letter from Alma Mater recalling all the enjoyable times spent in Houghton, those days of preparation for life's work. To some it means a report, a reflection of the progress, the improvement, the advancement, of the school in which they have centered their interest and hope. To the editors and managers it means hours and days of work, the sacrifice of other things, the meeting of disappointments, and a multitude of cares known only to those having this experience.

To you and to us it means a half-dollar. No one, though he may do a half-dollar's worth of work on The Star each week, gets a free subscription. The only people getting free copies are those who allow their subscription to expire and do not respond to the letters of the manager or editor, and thus they sponge two or three copies during the course of solicitations.

It is necessary that there be co-operation if The Star is to attain its highest success. We must depend on our alumni. We strive to make the paper just as good as possible with our facilities and means but we must depend on the alumni for our subscribers. Since no one is gaining a penny by this venture, we feel that we should be free to expect that the old students will cooperate with us.

We are sure we are giving you a paper worth full more than the subscription price. We are sure that all our subscribers wish to continue on our list. Our school is growing better each year and surely you wish to watch its growth through The Star. If you receive a slip with this number notifying you that your subscription has expired, will you please send in your renewal? We have many bills to meet before the school year closes. It is very necessary that we receive your renewal at once. If for any reason you cannot renew, will you at least give us a response. Consider yourself as a coworker with us for the advancement of our common interest, the growth of Houghton Seminary. Will you help us by being prompt with your renewal.

The Hope of Man

Man was not made for doubts and fears,

His faith to be divided;

Nor was he made for grief and tears,

His life with sorrow tided.

Oh man was made for hopeful years!

And by faith's beacon guided.

Let not your fondest hope grow dim,

Let not your courage fail;

Life's bark shall o'er your troubles skim,

And past all doubts shall sail.

Oh can you still put trust in Him

And have despair prevail?

Let Faith and Trust your pilots be,

Let Duty have command;

Then boldly steer out o'er life's sea,

Out toward that promised land.

And can you not have faith that He

Will guide thee to that strand?

Although your craft be small and frail

Although the tempests roar;

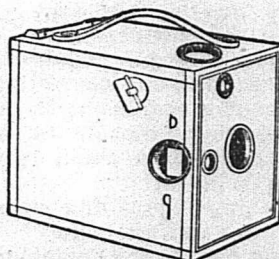
Yet perfect faith can fear no gale,

And you shall doubt no more,

But on the morn shall safely sail

To that celestial shore.

S. D. B. '16.



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

An African Festival

Human beings, the world over, are social beings. Some form of public entertainment is demanded by all classes. No people, as a whole, is exempt from the craving for that form of entertainment which we term amusement.

With the Africans such occasions are quite frequent. The Mohammedans observe times and feasts occasionally. The death of any one of even little note means that sometime in the future, perhaps immediately, perhaps ten years hence, there will be a public celebration very similar to what is called an Irish wake. But perhaps the most noted of all their festivities is that which occurs when the young people are put into seclusion for circumcision, as every person must be sooner or later. This work is carried on under the auspices of a secret order.

Just before we left Sierra Leone our town experienced its annual circumcision celebration. It first came to our notice on Sunday morning when we went to the town for our service and found a crowd of people at the chief's barri gathered around a number of ridiculously dressed dancing boys who were performing to the best of their ability. Upon inquiry we learned that this was the beginning of the preparations for putting about thirty boys "in the bush."

This celebration lasted for five days of twenty-four hours each. The first three days were spent by the women of the town with mortar and pestle hulling rice for the coming feasts. Some worked hour after hour while others beat an accompaniment on wooden drums. The men spent one day in felling the tree whose trunk was to form the main post of the hut in the jungle. Another day was spent in dragging this log to the desired place. They choose a tree many times larger than was necessary because strangers who pass judge of the strength of the society by the size of the rut made in the ground by the log.

While those preparations were being made people were gathering in the town from all the country around. They were all dressed in their best clothes even if their black skin was the best they had. Then followed two days and nights of wild hilarity. Their refreshments consisted of rice

and pepper dressing, with palm beer in abundance. Their amusement was singing, drumming, and dancing, often mingled with adultery and other evils. On the last great day of this feast, each candidate for circumcision was placed in a hammock and carried about the town by his friends amid cheers and much demonstration.

After this the boys could not be seen again for a month except by those who were permitted to go to their camp. During this period they were supposed to be taught all that was necessary to prepare them for matrimony and parenthood. It was sad to notice how ignorant and immoral were their instructors.

George H. Sprague.



A Morning Prayer

Dear Father, keep my feet to-day,
Guide me along the pilgrim way;
Guide every action, every deed,—
O, keep me, father, keep and lead.

Watch well my lips, dear Lord; to-day;
Keep clean each word, I chance to say.
May each word said, be as a seed
Unchoked by any filthy weed;

May the life I live, dear Lord, to-day
Convey a message, in some way,
To one, for whom Thou long hast yearned,
And who for years, Thy love hath spurned.

Then, when this life has passed away,
And face to face, some glorious day
We meet,—I'll sing Thy praises free,
And reign fore'er, in peace, with Thee.

Lucy Newton.

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ORGANIZATIONS

MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

The Athenian

On the first day of May the Athenian Society met in the chapel for the regular meeting. Although our neighbor England seems not far away, yet many of us found that we did not know all there is to be known about her government. Some information concerning the English Parliament interested the audience. An article concerning "Home Rule for Ireland" contributed to the success of the evening.

The Society meets just once more before the close of this school year. Make the last meeting the best of the whole year!

Neosophic Society

The boys have held one meeting since the last report. At this meeting a very instructive nature program was rendered. Short speeches on different animals were given by Charles Newton, Ira Bowen, Carl Aylor and Walter Frost. A paper on "The Life and Work of Luther Burbank" was read by Everett Lapham. The rest of the evening was spent in songs by the Society.

The U. L. A. Lecture Course

The Houghton Seminary Lecture Course for 1914-15 is of high and sustained merit. Every number demands attention.

Dr. Thomas E. Green, author and lecturer has as broad a grasp of current conditions as any man in America and as great an influence as any speaker on the lyceum platform. Professor Smith vouches for Dr. Green as an orator of marvelous force and power. He will speak on America, the World's Peacemaker.

Fred E. Baker, journalist and lecturer has a hobby—the myths and legends of all ages. His lectures drawn from this mine of fascinating lore,

arouse and maintain interest. Those who have heard Mr. Baker speak class him with Mr. Wickersham who lectured here this year.

Lincoln Wirt, explorer and lecturer, is a speaker of unusual powers. Lorado Taft of the Polytechnic Society of Chicago says, "Speakers of international fame have given us their best, but this graphic recital of adventure and achievement held us spellbound and thrilled every listener as never before in the nine years of our lecture course."

The Temple Quartet has maintained the highest standard since its organization in 1867. It is stated that in addition to its members' unusual musical attainments, their dignity of bearing and graciousness of manner are the factors in their success. The press notices of this Quartet speak of the men most highly both as artists and gentlemen. Miss Ball knows their reader to be the most brilliant graduate for several years past of the Emerson School of Oratory.

The May Festival has an established reputation and we cannot add to it—the best that our music and oratory departments can give us.

Y. P. F. M. S.

On Saturday evening, May 9, an illustrated lecture was given in the seminary chapel on the Inca Indians and the Peruvian Rubber Atrocities by Rev. George Smith of Toronto, the North American secretary of the interdenominational Evangelical Union of South America, which has its headquarters in London. Mr. Smith, who has spent fifteen years in South America, knows his subject well. His slides are among the best in the country. He is earnest and conscientious in presenting this important subject. His posters had this statement: "More than 30,000 Indians have been killed in procuring 4,000 tons of rubber in a few years."

At the regular meeting of the Young People's Foreign Missionary Society in May two amendments to the constitution were adopted. Formerly the second paragraph of Article II read:

"Special attention shall be given to the establishment and maintenance of a mission among the Limba people of Africa."

For this the following was substituted:

"Special attention shall be given to the assisting in forward missionary movements, by spreading information and arousing interest in order to secure money and volunteers."

The other amendment applies to Article IX which included the requirement that the treasurer shall make quarterly reports. The amendment requires annual instead of quarterly reports.

ATHLETICS

Bethel J. Babbitt, '16, Editor.

Now at last the base ball season has come, and between showers, we have been improving our time on the diamond. Let me state first, that the boys have faithfully cleaned up the diamond and peeled it nicely. The association has bought a ton of salt to put on it to keep it in good condition. There has been quite a few games played so far, perhaps the best being between the giants and pygmies each taking a game a piece.

The amateurs have had some good games, the good referring more to the excitement than to the ball playing.

In a recent meeting the association decided to divide itself on a prep, varsity basis for the coming field day. By the way, if that ever amounts to anything, someone has got to get after it. There's no use having one unless it be a good one. So let's get after it and do it up right or not do it at all.

On Friday, May 8, the ground for the new gymnasium was broken and on that day, a large portion of the excavating was done by the boys. This makes it a sure go, which warrants us against another session of inactivity like we experienced last winter.

GIRLS ATHLETICS

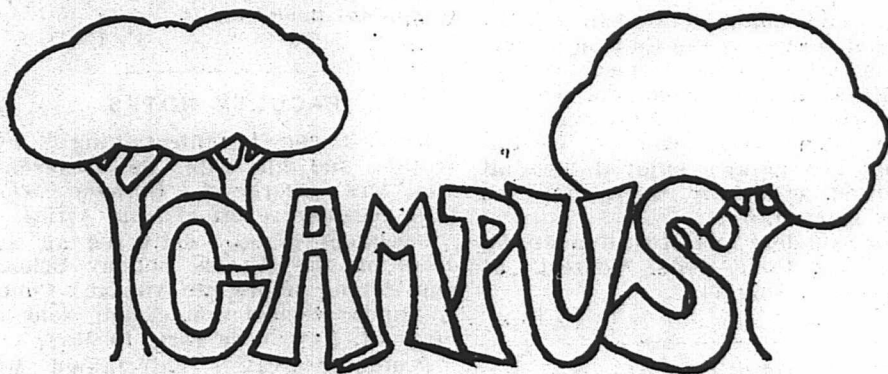
The girl's athletic association has not been making history very rapidly of late, that is, history of an exciting nature.

The physical training class holds its weekly exercises. The "Stars" have lately been leading the drills. On May 8, the girls put into practical use the training which they have received, by taking rakes and baskets and cleaning the campus.

We are already contemplating for next year the use of the 'gym', which has just been started.

The tennis court has been in great demand during the last month. When the weather was permissible it was with difficulty that we could get a chance at the court.

M. K. H.



Glenn E. Barnett, '15, Editor.

COLLEGE LOCALS

Mary Hubbard went to Buffalo, Wednesday to be with her mother, who is in the hospital there.

A number of college people were in

the party that went fishing a few nights ago. Several of the party have some real fish stories to tell.

Have you heard about the college fellow who, in company with a prep brother, is going to travel in the in-

terest of the school this summer. They have made plans to increase the enrollment to one thousand, at least. (Go to Robert Smith for particulars.)

Isabelle Stebbins recently spent a week in Haskinsville, N. Y., with friends there.

Some of the members of the Freshman class just will see every baseball game at Rushford—even in the rain!

Mr. Walter Stark of Rochester, N. Y., was the guest of Robert Presley for a few days.

G. E. G.

PREPARATORY NOTES

The Plus Ultra S. S. Class had a bacon bat on Arbor Day on the Camp ground. After Professor Bedford arrived they spent the rest of the evening playing hide and seek among the benches and performing on the trapeze in the auditorium.

George Hubbard recently spent the week end in Buffalo with his mother who has been ill in a hospital there. We are glad to say she is convalescing.

Alfred Parker spent a few days at Mr. Carpenter's home in Glens Falls.

Glenn Sheldon and Homer Perrine made a flying trip to Olean Saturday.

Toys Lawrence recently took a week's vacation to recover from injuries sustained while colliding with a barb wire fence.

Miss Stall was pleasantly surprised by a visit from her sisters. They seemed quite enthusiastic over Houghton.

The new Senior sleeve bands seem to hurt the eyes of the College people, for the latter named beings are continually trying to wrest the artistic booty from their rightful owners.

The noon class meetings of the Seniors are greatly enjoyed by all concerned, especially when they are nearly starved.

Miss Saunders and Miss Readett attended the Gold Medal Contest at Portageville, May 14.

R. F. R.

THEOLOGICAL

Mr. William Carpenter has just returned from one of his bi-monthly visits to his home, bringing with him an automobile.

Mr. E. S. Davidson recently supplied one of the appointments at Black Creek.

William Kaufman and Walter Lew-

is supplied the pulpit at Houghton one Sunday evening not long since.

Altho the members of this department are not all renowned athletes, they certainly showed their interest and enthusiasm in the new "gym", by making their appearance on the day of the excavations.

All of the class are glad to hear that Miss Thurston, who has recently been to Buffalo for an operation for appendicitis, is now convalescing.

There are many rumors in circulation that some of the boys are going to supply various charges this summer.

W. F. L.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

A recital was given by the students in the chapel on Friday evening, April 24th. The quality of the work presented speaks highly, not only for the earnest faithfulness of the students but also for the painstaking efforts of the teachers.

A piano recital was given in the studio, on Saturday afternoon, May 9th. Sketches from the lives of Handel, Schumann and Chopin were read and selections from their compositions were rendered in a creditable manner by the students of the department.

The orchestra and Glee Clubs are preparing for a concert, to be given June 6th. The proceeds of which are to swell the funds already in hand for Bedford Hall.

The Male Quartette has disbanded. The first bass, Mr. George Whitaker, having gone to Indiana, the three remaining members are both to appoint a successor.

F. B. D.

FACULTY NOTES

Mrs. Bowen is entertaining her brother and his wife, the Reverend and Mrs. George L. Sprague, who have recently returned from Africa.

President Luckey delivered an address on the Worlds Sunday School Convention, before the Allegany County Sunday School Convention, held at Belmont, New York early in May.

Professor Frazier entertained Mr. Neil D. Crammer one Saturday, recently.

Miss Thurston is recovering rapidly from an operation for appendicitis. We will be glad to welcome her in our midst again.

Miss Greenberg entertained friends from Salamanca, New York, over the week end, a short time ago.

MISCELLANEOUS

On the evening of May 9th, the students and townspeople had the pleasure and opportunity of hearing an illustrated lecture upon the Inca Indians of Peru by the Rev. Geo. Smith who has been for over 15 years, a missionary in South America. Surely much credit is due Mr. Elliot for his efforts in securing him.

Thru the diligent and persistent efforts of Professor Rindfusz, the Sunday School recently had the privilege of hearing Dr. Joseph Clark, at present our State Sunday School Superintendent. Dr. Clark was for years the State Sunday School Secretary of Ohio but was succeeded by Marian Lawrence who is now at the head of our International S. S. work.

The May Festival, the last number upon our lecture course occurred upon Friday, the 15th. All appeared to enjoy the program quite as much as the other numbers, even tho this consisted entirely of home-made talent.

Quite a few of our number attended the last number upon the Wiscoy lecture course given by the "Nightengale" Entertainers recently.

Speaking of school spirit, perhaps it would not be entirely out of place for us to mention the fact that Houghton Seminary does not appear lacking in that most admirable of qualities "College Loyalty." For upon the 8th of May the whole student body might have been found hard at work upon the campus, the girls in cleaning up the lawn and the boys in excavating the ground for the new Gym and Music Hall. Memorable will be that occasion when early in the morning, the boys and girls and professors gathered upon the site marked out for the new building to witness the formal, or should we say informal, opening of the ground. After a short prayer by President Luckey, each one present took hold of the long ropes which were attached to the plow, that had been provided to help in breaking the ground and to show that each was a loyal supporter and co-partner, as it were, in the projected enterprise.

A temperance meeting was held in the church on the evening of May 8th, conducted thru the joint leadership of Mr. Bliss, county chairman, and Mr. Neil D. Cranmer, State Secretary.

Judging from the new Faculty bulletin board, which has recently made its appearance, we should judge that in the future the faculty will have some most important notices to post, as the new board is provided with a glass front and secured by a lock and key.

G. E. B.

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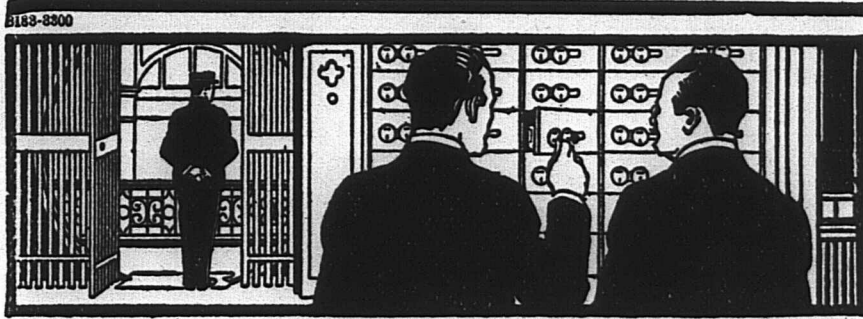
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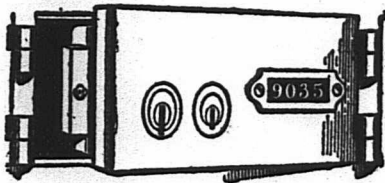
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