

H. Lynde

The Houghton Star.

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Anticipation.

When autumn days, so bleak and chill,
Bring winds that whistle o'er the hill,
A lonely feeling follows, till
We stop to think of Christmas.

When fall the leaves from off the trees;
And when the ground begins to freeze;
And storms succeed the summer breeze—
Cheer up! 'twill soon be Christmas.

We shake and shiver with the cold;
Jack Frost appears, so rude and bold;
We're prone to grumble, till we're told
'Twill not be long till Christmas.

In spite of landscape dead and bare,
In spite of frosty autumn air:
We think of joys we hope to share,
The gladsome joys of Christmas.

And when the snow, so soft and white,
Envelops everything in sight,
We hail its coming with delight—
It brings us nearer Christmas.

We see ahead a fair, bright day—
When peace and happiness have sway;
And wish that it would always stay—
A blissful, merry Christmas.

There's haste and hurry everywhere,
And secrets fill the very air.
There's lot of work, but who will care?
We only think of Christmas,

So days and weeks go flying past,
December follows—oh how fast!
Until vacation comes at last,
And then there's home and Christmas.

Flora Presley Crawford.

The Faculty (Mis)Representation

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!"

Thus has the poet voiced a sentiment more or less common to humanity. But only to a select few is this "giftie" granted and then only on rare occasions. One of these rare occasions was the "Faculty Impersonation" in the Seminary Chapel on Thanksgiving evening.

Imagine, if you can, the feelings of the instructors as they were permitted to see themselves enter the chapel and assume their accustomed places on the rostrum. The chapel exercise was conducted by the "President."

"America" took the place of the usual chant and the hymn was "Number 750," the College Song—made especially effective by the "A-men." The "President's" Ciceronian speech consisted of many pointed remarks punctuated by equally

pointed gestures. Everyone sympathized with the "President" over the loss of his watch charm which had been replaced by Harold's skate key in lieu of a more fitting substitute.

After the usual announcements about the Lecture Course, Prohi Contest and kindred subjects, the President read 89476 more. [Note, figures only approximate.] The chapel exercise was then adjourned and a Faculty meeting held. Contrary to custom, the public was allowed to remain.

Some of the noteworthy features of the "Faculty" meeting were Prof. Smith's snores, Prof. Hester's "failure to see the point," Prof. Bowen's phenomenal repertoire of slang, and Prof. Coleman's multitudinous and highly expressive gestures as well as his wish that the Faculty should vote as a whole and not simply one or two members.

As a rough estimate I should say that about 173 petitions from the students were submitted by "Mrs. Bowen" and debated by the "Faculty." Among other benevolent acts permission was granted to Mr. Markell to attend the next lecture with Miss Campbell. The objection that the lady was under seventeen was overruled. William Kaufmann will hereafter be allowed to curl his hair (if he can find it). The Theologs may press their trousers as often as may seem fitting. George Hubbard may visit Miss Head on Wednesday evening instead of Saturday.

Just as this permission was granted Prof. Coleman's moustache became detached and he and Prof. Hester retired to repair the damage.

A "tumult party" (Prof. Smith's version of a "fussing party") was requested by some strangely assorted couples. It was considered favorably on the ground that such affairs had produced satisfactory results "in Oberlin."

During the reading of the student body roll many interesting and hitherto unsuspected facts were discovered. Miss Kelly was found to be a heartless flirt, Mr. Woods unmusical, Miss Warburton not studious, Mr. Chamberlain a "lady-killer" and Mr. Hubbard a rogue. In view of this last, Prof. Bowen moved that the Faculty "shoot" Mr. Hubbard. Prof. Smith objected to this method of extermin-

nation and it was decided to chloroform him instead, and Miss Sicard, Miss Benning and Miss Head were delegated to perform the cruel act.

But time and writing material would fail me if I were to enumerate all the proceedings of that august body. Just a moment for "Who's Who" and I'll be through. Mrs. Bowen was ably represented by Miss Sicard. Misses Hillpot, Thurston, and Riggall appeared in the persons of Misses Warburton, Kelly, and Lapham respectively. Each looked and acted her part quite realistically. (Is there such a word, Prof. Smith?)

The tender devotion of Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Benning as Prof. and Mrs. Hester was truly touching. "Prof. Fancher was Mr. Wilcox, Prof. Bowen was Mr. Woods, Prof. Smith was Mr. Meeker, and Prof. Elliott appeared in the person of Mr. Barrett. Prof. Coleman of the mustache catastrophe was none other than William Russell. (Above catastrophe reminded me of one many years ago when one tried to metamorphose a "brush cut" head to a bald one.) And last but not least was President Luckey in the person of George Hubbard whose dignity was not ruffled in the least when "Sam," appearing as Harold Luckey, nearly upset the gravity of the meeting by his obstreperous demands for his father's car.

Enough said. The credit for arranging the entertainment should be given to the College Junior Class.

Robert H. Presley.

Africa, A Practical Representation

It is a characteristic of the influential writer or orator that he is able to present his ideas, his purposes, in such a way as to make his audience not only hear or read, but to see the conditions which he desires to improve. In educational and missionary work, if we are to realize their benefit and to fully understand the need of them; we must, primarily have vivid pictures, and as a further help, such practical examples as are possible. To those of us in Houghton who are interested in such movements, and particularly in the Dark Continent, J. H. Balmer and his Kafir Singing Boys, assisted by Miss Clark, afforded a most

A Joyous Christmas to You.

acceptable opportunity.

We enjoyed Mr. Balmer's talks on Africa, its size and conditions, as we did also Miss Elsie Clark's discourse, but they were only subordinate to the principals of the program; the Kafir Boys themselves. If diversity is a virtue, then their repertoire can not be too highly praised, for it ranged from the songs of the lowly Hottentot, the Pariah of their country, to exquisite "I know a lank" by Shakespeare. Their songs in native dialect were impressive for their uniqueness and weirdness, but their English songs met with equal favor. They injected into two of their songs, "The Tragedy of a Banjo", and "Won't You Walk", enough humor to keep the town laughing a week. The little Hottentot boy sang "I'm a Child of the King" in a pathetic way that reminded us after all that they were, indeed such, and that we were in part responsible for their future status in mankind. Space precludes all the deserved mention but he Tingal who played an especially hard role in the rehearsal of a tribal warfare did his work with extreme credit. The verdict for the lecture number was unanimous—"good, come again."

The Freshman's Christmas.

C. Belle Russell.

Jack Hiller walked slowly down East University Street an unwonted frown below the gray toque with the obnoxious black button that made it impossible for him to hide his humble freshman identity. But even a freshman has feelings, though Tom Larson, his Soph roommate, an hour before had unfeelingly declared, "The green frosh may have sensibilities the same as calves and other lower animals but We Men of the University deem them unworthy of our honorable consideration." Right now Jack's heart was as heavy as the boulder he was just passing and the boys of '63 had taxed fourteen oxen to draw that to the campus.

A tall, athletic figure came swinging rapidly along. "Hello, Hiller! Friends all dead? House burned up? Doctor say you couldn't live the day out? Or any little thing like that ailing you?"

The boy lifted a melancholy countenance to greet Landrith, his senior adviser.

"Oh wow! Worse than that!"

"Sorry, infant. Well, if you feel able to be around to-night, drop into my barracks about eight. My boots need blacking—and I've got a pie from home," he added with a goodnatured grin.

"Pie! That listens well! I'll be there at seven to make sure of it."

Hiller moved on a little faster. His heart felt five tons lighter. He liked Landrith. The Sophs in the house made him lug their typewriters around and peel potatoes for colored Chloe, the cook next door, but Landrith had seen him through the trying process of matriculation and warned him against Kabowsky, the Math Prof, who was troubled with insomnia unless he regularly flunked sixty per cent of the freshman class, and once the same friend had rescued him from two sophs in hot pursuit with a can of green paint.

"I reckon," mused the freshman, "that he is poor as I am—he works for his board and wears a \$9.98 suit and never spends a cent to see Ty Cobb play baseball." Jack was always hard up. His father was a preacher beyond the Rockies whose flock thought their duty done when they had supplied him with almost enough to eat. They were healthy without education. Why shouldn't the parson's son stay at home and farm it like their own lusty boys? "I haint got no sympathy with folks as hankers arter so much fixzology and bugdology," said one good sister, slightly hazy as to just what was studied in college. Several times he had been reduced to living on ten cents a day when no money came from home and the Y. M. C. A. had no calls for student help. For Landrith felt 'the touch that makes the whole world kin.' He was sure that his friend had known like himself the pangs of hunger and the sensation that comes when a boy must pawn his German Dictionary to pay his room rent. Landrith's room was plainer than his own, for while he had two flamboyant pennants of Cornell and Princeton and a U. of M. pillow, the senior had a single picture, a beautiful copy in oils of "When the Day is Ended."

Promptly at eight o'clock a more cheerful freshman dashed up the stairs of a rooming house on State Street. A door flew open and a cordial upper classman greeted him, "That's right, son, promptness is a major virtue and shall be promptly rewarded. Isn't this some spread?" He waved his hand in the general direction of a huge cherry pie flanked by thick slices of pressed chicken, quince, honey and buttered rolls.

"Gorgeous!"

The two boys descended upon the pie with a swoop like eagles to the prey and ate the more substantial foods later with a reckless regard for hygiene.

"The Regents are going to give us

twenty-two days Christmas vacation—had you heard? It was settled to-night! Isn't it gleorious? Mother wasn't expecting me until the twenty-third and I'll get in three days ahead!" announced the senior jubilantly.

But to his surprise, the younger boy looked depressed and limp at this glad news.

"Going home, aren't you, Hiller?"

"N-n-no! It's too far." He flushed a little under the other's keen gaze.

Three days later the campus was full of gay chatter of coming joys and a happy expression of expectancy shone even on the face of the old clock in the ivy-covered library tower. Yet the crisp brightness of the day and the gladness of five thousand faces only struck a pang to the heart of a freshman who hung as disconsolately as a worn out dish cloth upon a bench beside University Hall. A hand clapped him upon the shoulder, a beaming face looked into his own and a sheet of white note paper was thrust into his hand.

"Read it!" commanded Landrith.

Hiller looked down.

"My dearest Boy,

Of course you shall bring your friend home with you. You know that my son's friends are always welcome. It is very hard for a boy away from home for the first time to spend the glad Christmas season far from his own loved ones, and you and I must do our best to make it easier for him."

"There is no answer but "yes"—she's the best mother in the world and we'll all have a grand jubilation together."

The freshman's eyes suddenly filled with tears and a frog stuck in his throat. "But it is too much," he faltered.

"But it is not," was the retort. A colored friend of mine motored to Ann Arbor yesterday and is going to take us home to Cleveland tomorrow right after a six o'clock breakfast. Have your suitcase packed and we'll drive around for you."

And this time as the freshman pranced down East University Street, he felt so light and gay that he almost needed bal-last to keep him from sailing right up through the treetops and into the sky.

"Caesar Anthony Cicero Pompeius, this is my friend Hiller—we're going to give him the time of his life!" declaimed Landrith as a big gray-blue touring car swung up to the curb.

"Glad to meet you, sah! You'll sholy have a big jollification, sah!" and the darkey showed a row of gleaming white teeth.

The guest sank into the soft deep cushions and gave himself up to the enjoyment of a luxury about as common in his life as an ichthyosaurus on Wall Street. "You're lucky to have a rich friend like him to drive you home," he remarked with a nod at the woolly head in front.

"Indeed I am! He's a fine fellow, careful and swift as Jehu, too."

December had been a gracious and benign month and the roads were dry and smooth. On the straight, level, lake road they sped along at fifty miles an hour. Mile after mile of brown landscape whirled dizzily past and receded in the distance. No tire blew up with a sickening roar, no bold rooster rushed out to stop that awful thing, and no rests delayed them. Even dinner appeared at the proper time in a smug, self-respecting hamper against whose ribs nestled wonderful sandwiches and cakes the composition of which he could not even dimly imagine. "This one tastes like the blue of the sky, the perfume of the violet, the tang of a May morning and the feeling I had when I passed that freshman math!" munched Hiller waxing poetical and foolish as has many another man under the inspiration of his palate.

An hour after the glare of a million electric bulbs made Cleveland look like a live thing with a myriad of gleaming eyes, the big car glided easily up Euclid Avenue. Block after block it crossed and then turned in a broad driveway flanked by majestic oaks and elms, till around a curve past a sparkling fountain and a statue of Pan, god of shepherds, the lights suddenly flashed from a huge mansion with a wide marble front illuminated by a hundred soft lights.

"Does your colored friend live here?" inquired the emerald one in an awed voice. "Do we have far to walk from here to your house?"

Just then the broad entrance door was opened and a beautifully gowned woman with a sweet face and a radiant smile hastened down the broad steps. Landrith flung out of the car and met her in a loving embrace. She came straight to where sat a dazed freshman who had opened his mouth and forgotten to close it.

"I am so pleased to have you with us, too," she said with a warm handclasp and a warmer smile. We always have a merry time when Julian comes home and if we can share it with others we shall all be the happier."

The boy came to with a jerk and promptly fell in love with his friend's mother. And his admiration increased as he

came to see that there are natures that affluence cannot warp nor high social position render petty and overweening, whose natural kindness and nobility survives alike poverty or wealth, grief or joy, tempest or sunshine, and like the depths of a great ocean, remain steadfast and unbroken forever and forever.

One night before the end of this fairy visit in the enchanted land, as Hiller lay curled up on a leopard's skin in his friend's cozy den, he suddenly raised his head.

"Say, Landrith?"

"Well?"

"Why is it with all this"—making a comprehensive sweep with his right hand and left leg—"that you peg away to earn your own board at the U of M?"

"You are far too curious, my son, and mum is the word if I tell you."

"Four years ago my father came to me with the question, 'Have you chosen your vocation, Julian?' I informed him, 'Sure, Dad, I want to be a painter.' He frowned like Jove and finally said to me, 'It is true that you have some aptitude for art, but that is not so practical a profession as I should choose for you. You may follow it on one condition, that you will show that you have a practical side by working your way through the University and rising or falling by your own merits. You are to have no money from me and are not to use my name in any way whatever to advance yourself. Then if you succeed you may study the fine arts wherever and as long as you wish.' It has been tough, sometimes, but I believe a good painting has the same function as a good book. Pictures appeal to me more strongly than either books or music and if I can stick 'er out one more semester, I'm off for Florence! Hooray! Hooray!"

Students Boost The Gym.

It was worth while. Of course it took work; earnest, painstaking effort; yes genuine pep and perseverance. But we did it. And we're glad it was worth while.

A few weeks ago the student body requested a day of the faculty in which the boys could work on the gym and the girls get the dinner. The day granted was Tuesday, Dec. 5. Let pessimists say that school spirit at Houghton needs to be created by lordly agitators or by artificial methods! As far as Houghton is concerned, pessimism and the "blues" died century before last.

Certainly even the frosty air of that eventful Tuesday morning decided upon for the feat, had in it the very tang of life

and energy because there was something to be accomplished by united effort. That wholehearted school democracy, brought about when everybody concerned "pitched in and pushes" for school interests requiring manual labor, was very much in evidence. Perhaps the excellent plan of systematizing the work played as important a part in making the day count for the very most as did anything. For the work of the dinner, as well as that of the gym, girls and boys respectively were divided into "squads," each having a special duty to perform and a leader to supervise. To be sure real things couldn't help being accomplished. Energetically the boys got busy with paint brush, pick and shovel or other ensign of labor necessary. (Perhaps that delicious aroma of good things coming from the dorm kitchen had something to do with that neverfailing inspiration the boys found for their tasks.) A dinner was coming.

Yes it did come, too. The noontime repast was spent in joviality, with an occasional student yell from the different tables of boys to express the significance of the occasion. It might be added that a novel and pleasing part of the day was the presence of J. H. Balmer, Miss Elsa Clarke and the Kafir Boys of Africa who had arrived in Houghton preceding the lecture course entertainment, for which they were scheduled for that evening.

Led by Pres. Luckey several splendid and appropriate after dinner speeches were given. Short talks by Mr. Claude Ries and Mr. George Hubbard on "Cooperation" and "School Spirit" were fine in the sentiment expressed and were listened to by an appreciative audience. As could be expected, Prof. Hester's talk was a treasure. In speaking of the retrospect and the prospect of our school he said, "Houghton is growing, perhaps not so noticeably in numbers, but Houghton is growing in thought, in its calibre of students. Thinking men and women have joined our ranks. There must be dreams, but dreams must be supplemented by hard-headed thinking... And let me say that one to whom credit is becoming more and more due as to progress and development of our school and school life is Pres. Luckey... What Houghton ought to be and may become depends upon us; to dream a little, plan a little and work, work much. And don't forget, you are the product of Houghton. Carry with you Houghton's school spirit wherever you go."

Mr. J. H. Balmer in the last speech

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

Nineteen-hundred and twenty-one winters ago, Earth first saw the Wondrous Child. Angels proclaimed peace on earth to Galilean shepherds, and wise men came on the trail of a star to offer their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

There was no room at the inn. The world, all unconscious of her new Lord, rushed on, unheeding. There was no wide-spread rejoicing—only an angel proclamation, a shepherd adoration, a visit of wise men, a star in heaven. Some spake, some wondered, but except for this small circle, and a few other individuals scattered here and there over the country side, the great news was unknown. Heaven had sent her best. God had taken from Paradise its most priceless gem and transplanted it among unseeing men, who knew not, cared not to look beyond their own narrow horizon to the rest of mankind and the Great Beyond—men as they were and men as they are.

How small the form! yet in that tiny heart Divinity—the germ of the world-embracing love, the promise of multitudes upon their knees, the prophecy of earth renewed and endless joy to a sin-fettered humanity. From that babe a child wise in discourse with the doctors, from that child a man of sorrows who shrank not before the Cross, from that Man of Sor-

rows a World-Redeemer. Look upon him as you will, He is the great character of the ages. From Him radiate the best and sweetest things of life, giving to art new beauty, to human love more purity, to civilization more humanity, to learning more reality, to religion faith, to every human life with which he has come in contact a deeper, richer and fuller significance, bringing to immortal unity the world of God and the world of men, and bridging time to eternity.

God gave to man his best, that you and I might have the Life. And amid the joyous festivities of this happy occasion let us not forget the gift. Let us give even as God gave, what to us is most precious. Let us learn by an alchemy more useful than that of old to turn our sorrows to blessings, our shadows to sunshine, our darkness to daylight, through the power and presence of an indwelling fountain of joy, and leave in every life with which we come in contact drops of joy, distilled if need be from a bleeding heart. Let us make the supreme sacrifice—ourselves and all that we hold dear—if it has not already gone, gift-scented with prayer to the very porch of heaven, and brought to our lives the blessing of a God whose name is love. We may give many gifts, but there is no gift like ourselves, there is no joy like the joy of self-denying service, no other pleasure so great as the contemplation of lives ennobled by our influence—

'Tis not the presence of the gift
That helps the weary soul to lift
But the spirit of love and friendship true
That opens the darkest sky to the blue.
R. S. C.

Comments.

The Star notes with interest the step our church paper has taken in regard to outline courses for Young People's meetings. For some time we have felt the need of spiritual direction and leadership in this important work of the church. While we should not follow the "spirit of the age" even in regard to the affairs of young people in the church, yet we must be progressive and ready to meet every new phase of the church work that is found necessary. We highly commend the attitude our editor, Rev. Butterfield, has taken. We believe the topics as outlined in the Wesleyan of December 6 will be of great benefit and interest to all classes of young people in our denomination. And let it also be added, we wel-

come the Wesleyan to our reading table.

The Star rejoices with the friends of our school at Central, S. C., over the fine new college building they have recently dedicated. May you continue to prosper and fulfil well your mission. We send our congratulations.

Student Volunteer Convention.

It was my good fortune to be chosen as delegate from Houghton to the fourteenth Annual Conference of the Student Volunteer Union, held at Ithaca, N. Y., December 1-3. To come in touch with students from fifteen or sixteen different universities and colleges of the state and with speakers who are gripped with the vital, living issues of the entire world is surely a treat.

Stirring messages were brought by such men as Pastor Fetler of Petrograd, Russia, now in exile; Mr. P. R. Abbot of Chefoo, China; G. J. Geis, a missionary for twenty-five years in Burma; S. G. Inman, an authority on Mexico and South America; J. L. Murray, educational secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement; J. C. Robbins, missionary secretary of American Baptist Mission Society; and Miss F. L. Robinson of Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India.

It would be impossible to give an extended report here but a quotation from one of the speakers might be interesting.

Mr. Abbot of China said in part, "Not many of us see God working about us, but he is. Two recent dates in China are eventful. The first is 1900—the Boxer rebellion, when the Chinese tried to kill all the missionaries and exterminate Christianity. The most unsafe place was near a missionary. The second date is 1911, when China became a Republic. Then the safest place was near a missionary. In 1914 the government requested all the Christians to set a day in which to pray for the government, legislature, and President. Think of heathen China asking the Christians to set a day for prayer! Sixteen years ago the Chinese rolled the heads of the missionaries along the ground but today they invite the Christians to take the highest positions in the land." To further the gospel by taking advantage of the curiosity of the people, Mr. Abbot has a two headed, two tailed and six legged calf. People come for fifty miles to see the creature and remain to hear the gospel. About 90,000 are reached that never would have been otherwise. "Of course there are hard-

ships but when a fellow goes fishing he counts the hardships a part of the fun, and why not the missionary?"

C. A. R.

Organizations

At the Athenian.

Well, have you heard the latest? It's surprising, almost unbelievable. Those Athenians have had another flight of imagination, and have come back scientific. Strange as it seems, it's all true, for Friday evening gave evidence to the fact.

Of course, same as ever, that Athenian meeting opened with such singing that you could hear it almost from Houghton to Belfast. Folks say that Athenians sing enough to scare all forebodings into the middle of next week.

In the first essay of the evening Harold Lee told us lots of things about Chemistry. He said some things half of us had never thought seriously of before—about acids, elements, experiments. He went so far as to say that water isn't just water, it's a combination of two gases!

But excitement didn't end there. Ira Bowen was the next speaker. For ten minutes, at least, our brains fairly whirled with mechanics, sound, heat, atoms, molecules, electrons, electrons, electrons. Physics surely must be a wonder. Why, he even told us that two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time without either tact or contact.

After some more singing, Prof. Bowen had the floor. Geology was the word. We were taken back into the fossilized, science scrutinized past, and given a picture of that time a hundred thousand years ago when a glacier covered up all this state but Salamanca and thereabouts. Some of the things he told might have been too strange to believe, if he hadn't shown us some photographs he took of the whole affair!

Frederick Overton surprised us when he read his article on mathematics by saying even the Egyptians of the year I had the hard luck of proving Geometry theorems.

There! What if we hadn't mentioned that music number the critic called a piano solo played simultaneously by two? Miss Bullock and Miss Sicard, that duet sounded like more.

Thus the program ended. Do you wonder that Athenians have had a scientific turn of mind ever since?

Join the Athenian—it's sure all the style.

Boost the Athenian—it's truly worth while!

Belong to the college? Then come with our band—

Athenian! Athenian! The best in the land!

Neosophic Society.

Woman Suffrage Program.

The Program for December eighth was undoubtedly the most interesting meeting the Neosophic society has enjoyed this year. It dealt with the most important subject of "Woman's Suffrage". As one of the speakers stated every great question is first ridiculed, then discussed, and generally adopted. The enfranchisement of woman has reached the stage of discussion. Its adoption is next. Votes for Woman!!

In her modest, winning way Miss Houghton presented the affirmative of this question. Her reasoning proved that it would not take the woman from the home, as so many anti-suffragists state.

William Kaufmann, also on the affirmative, said, "The Future will be a moral age when woman will help rule." His arguments were very strong and convincing.

Wallace Hanford glibly quoted Scripture to prove the negative side of the argument. We learned, however, that Job, who wrote Proverbs, was the wisest man in the world. Notwithstanding this, his paper was exceedingly well written and helpful.

The fact that woman suffrage would be an injury to the state and every man and woman in the state was forcefully brought out in an appealing oration delivered by Francis Markell. "Woman rules the world on the throne of the home. She has no need of the ballot. No element of the inferiority of woman enters into the question," said he.

L. E. B.

Locals

Robert Presley spent part of his Thanksgiving vacation visiting relatives and friends here. He is teaching school at Marion, N. Y.

Mrs. G. H. Clarke was in town over Sunday. She spoke a few minutes at Sabbath School about mission work among the "mountain whites" of the South.

Glen McKinley has been obliged to resign the pastorate of the Sandusky M. E. Church on account of the discontinuance of the W. & B. railway.

Miss Gertrude Thurston, Miss Ethel Bryner and Miss Sarah Shaver spent Saturday in Rochester.

We welcome Mr. Stiers of Indiana to our midst.

Prof. Elliott recently gave an interesting chapel talk. By means of a chart he showed how small a part of the world is evangelized. Are we going to live without helping to evangelize this vast territory?

We regret that Mr. Roy Allen feels the necessity of leaving school and hope that he will be back with us next year.

A very interesting report was given in chapel recently by Miss Riggall. She was in attendance at the N. Y. State Teachers' Association annual meeting at Buffalo, Nov. 27-29. Ten thousand teachers of the state were present. Physical culture in our schools seemed to be the most live question discussed.

Miss Victoria Post has been obliged to leave school on account of her health. She left Tuesday evening with her father. She has our sincere wishes for a speedy and complete recovery.

Miss Ruth Douglass has gone home to stay until after Christmas vacation.

Rev. J. H. Post led the chapel exercises Tuesday.

Mr. Earl Barrett was at North Chili over Sunday. We wonder why. We understand that Miss Thurston accompanied him to Rochester. We fail to see, however, why the chaperon should leave him at that point.

Village Notes

Mrs. I. H. Woodhead of Bradford spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Waldorff.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Ward are visiting in Seneca Falls.

Mrs. Steese returned home last week from Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. George Farwell spent a few days last week with Mrs. R. Lynde.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Robbins spent the week end with their daughter, Mrs. A. L. Schumann in East Aurora.

Mr. L. S. Bedford was here last week to attend to his auction sale.

George Whitaker spent Thanksgiving at Eagle Harbor, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore of Vermont are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Elliott.

Exchanges

The first article in the last "Hemnica," entitled "The Habit of Industry," is characteristic of a high class school magazine. "Whether the habit we acquire be good or evil, it goes into the making of our personality." "We are convinced that a large part of the efficiency ordinarily attributed to genius in our day may be traced back to painstaking, self-sacrificing industry." The article attributes to the habit of industry uplift in character and success in life.

We are glad to note the arrival of "The Wheaton College Record," Wheaton, Ill.; "The Everett High Clarion," Everett H. S., Everett, Mass.; "The Wissahickon," Chestnut Hill Academy, Chestnut Hill, Pa.; "The Hemnica," Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.; "The College Monitor," Miltonvale Wesleyan College, Miltonvale, Kans.; "On Bounds," Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J.; "The Dragon," St. George's School, Newport, R. I.; "The Ramble," New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.; "Echoes," Practical Bible Training School, Bible School Park, N. Y.; "The Central Literary Data," Huntington College, Ubee, Ind.; "The Roman," Rome H. S., Rome, Ga.; "The Purple and Gold," Clarksville, Tenn.; "Heart and Life," Chicago Evangelistic Institute, Chicago, Ill.; "The Dickenson Union," Williamsport Dickenson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa.; and "The Monthly Chronicle," Episcopal H. S., Near Alexandria, Va.

Continued from page 3.

spoke of the balanced values of life and the heritage earth receives from them. "Whether, as did Cecil John Rhodes, we leave money to bless humanity, or, as did David Livingstone, we leave the memory of character for right...let it be said of us that we have crowded every minute with something worth while."

The afternoon was spent in the careful completion of the tasks already begun. Through the boys' labors three walks were laid, grading around the gymnasium was done, a cement floor was put in the basement of the gym, rubbish was cleaned up, temporary windows and doors were put in, rafters were painted; in fact, ever since things have had a cleaned up and brightened up appearance.

Did school spirit in Houghton ever have a beginning? Or rather was it not born with the school, has it not grown,

developed and radiated its own character? Perhaps the Houghton spirit is typical of perpetual motion in one sense of the word. Forever giving, forever scattering abroad, yet its power to give forever increases.

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Alumni Notes

Class of 1914.

The Class of '14 seems to have recognized the superior value of and greater efficiency to be obtained from a college education, as a large number of them are preparing for fields of greater activity and usefulness, in this and other institutions of higher learning, while some have joined the numerous and devoted band of teachers and still others are agriculturalists.

Ward C. Bowen, A. M., College '14, is Professor of Mathematics and Science in Houghton Seminary.

Ray Hazlitt, A. M., College '14, is Professor of History in a high school at Norwalk, Ohio.

Clark Warburton and Samuel Miner, both Prep. '14, are members of the Sophomore College Class of Houghton Seminary.

Pardon Overton, Prep. '14, is a member of the Sophomore Class of Syracuse University.

Flora Presley Crawford, Prep. '14, is living with her husband on a farm about two miles from Houghton.

Ruth Readett, Prep. '14, is teaching near her home at Eagle Harbor, N. Y.

Esther Busch, Prep. '14, is studying music in Houghton Seminary.

Bertha G. Stall, Prep. '14, was graduated from Geneseo Normal in June '15 and is now teaching primary work in Middleport, N. Y.

Clair Beverly, Prep. '14, is a Junior at Oberlin College.

Ruth Worbois, Piano '14, is teaching music in Chesbrough Seminary at North Chili, N. Y.

Mabel R. Steese, Piano '14, is teaching music in Akron, Ohio. Her address is 532 Wooster Ave., Akron, Ohio.

Lewis S. Silsbee, Prep. '14, and his brother-in-law, H. L. Fancher A. B., are living on the Stebbins homestead.

"Altho' nearly three years have passed since the class of '14 held its lengthy noon meeting at which such extremely weighty matters were discussed pro and con, altho some of its members are scattered and the interests that they once held in common have become matters of history, yet that class shall always hold a warm place in my heart. It was my class and I remember that we used to say with pride that we had not quarreled the whole year through, but, like Clay, always found a

way to compromise. Four of us, Robert Kaufmann, George Hubbard, Lelia Coleman and myself are now College Juniors in the same halls where we were then so proud to call ourselves Seniors. This will probably be the last year that we shall frequent the dear familiar places, but as we go forth into the world Houghton and the class of '14 will find a place among our most cherished memories." Florence B. Kelly, Prep. '14.

Ruth Young, Piano '14, is nursing at Castile, N. Y.

Floribel Dietrich, Piano '14, is at home at Marathon, N. Y.

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Spencer, waxing sentimental over the falling snow—"Just look at the beautiful white verdure settling over all the land."

The Physics Class had been taking up the principles of equilibrium. Miss Luckey tried a new experiment of these principles the other day and her write-up might be given as follows:

I poised myself on one heel on the top step of the chapel stairs. Then I tipped my body forward until a line drawn thru my center of gravity would fall outside my base of support. This caused my center of gravity to circumscribe an arc about my heel as a center until a new base of support was reached.

I repeated this experiment several times in quick succession down the stairs and found the result in each case to be the same. (Miss Luckey is still living.)

Prof. Elliott, in first year Greek class—"If a verb has ten syllables how far back could the accent go?"

Nimrod—"Well-er, it couldn't go back farther than the tenth."

To speak of life and suffrage rights
Of good and bad behaviors—
But Slopfeet can't and Slopfeet won't
Walk over little Shavers.

Young man—"Say, those pies we had Arbor day were great! Did you help make them?"

Dorm Girl—"Yes. Wouldn't I make a good wife?"

Prep. Freshie stands on a burning deck
No harm can I discern!
He stands there calm and unafraid—
He is too green to burn!

Wanted—(1)Somebody to take care of glassware in the dorm. (2)Somebody to take care of this lovely soft coal.

Miss Grange.

How about these suggestions? For (1) Prof. Luckey (overseer of glasses) For (2)Prof. Bowen (a Coal man).

Wanted—a joke that isn't two-sided.
"Hub."

Betty took her Thanksgiving dinner with Elsie. After dinner she was heard to say in admiration of Elsie's sewing chair, "I think that's the dearest little chair. I'm going to have one like it to sing lullabies in sometime."

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