

Ray Hazlett

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME IX

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1917

NUMBER 10

Out of the Mountains the Streamlet

Out of the mountains the streamlet,
Laughing and careless and free
As the flight of the days of childhood,
When life and its mystery
Ran far from the native wildwood
Where the birds sang merrily.

Out of the streamlet a river,
Winding adown the plain,
Pure as a heart undefiled;
Deep as a mother's pain
When the soul of her only child
Slips back to its God again.

Out of the river the ocean,
Vast as eternity
When the spirit forlorn
Faces its destiny
And into the portals of morn
Enters triumphantly.

Out of the oceans the dewdrop—
Child of the mists and the rain;
Out of the clouds the rainbow,
Arching from plain to plain;
Out of nature springs life—
The flower from the cold dead sod.
Out of the finite the eternal—
The soul, the heir of God.

W. Verne Russell '18.

The Sermon I Liked Best And Why.

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

In listening to one of Rev. Shea's sermons, one goes away impressed more with the spirit which he imparts than with any particular thing which he has said. We forget the man to catch the message which he brings. We look beyond the Prophet and see the Christ. We are content to lay aside the cares of school life and to give our attention to the all important subject of preparing for the hereafter.

But in this particular sermon, so many truths of importance were presented that we could not help notice them particularly. To say that this was the best would seem almost out of place, as every sermon has been the best one for the time it was given. To say that truths presented were of unusual force and power would also be improper because every subject treated

has been backed by a wealth of experiences and facts taken directly from the Evangelist's personal experience. But let us turn our attention to this particular sermon.

"No man, good or bad, receives his just deserts in this life." This opening statement, developed in Rev. Shea's own way, proved the need of a final judgement. What is our circle of influence? Is it for good or not? The failure of one person to live the salvation he professes will cause the ruin and downfall of the whole company with which he is associated. How can we unwitting fail with all the examples of the prophets and saints who have gone before us? If we do fail, how shall we appear before the judgement? The majority of so called Christians have never succeeded in living a true, even religious life because they have not lived up to all the light which God has given them. "The Christian life is the only life to fit us for the judgement. Do we stop to consider what it really means to be WHOLLY consecrated to God?" We are responsible for the development of our latent powers and for their use in the Master's work. These questions and others were brought up before us as only Rev. Shea could do it. That this sermon was successful can be judged from the fact that at the close of the altar call no less than twenty responded.

We can but speak in the highest terms of Rev. Shea's work for surely he is a "chosen vessel" for the work of the Lord. As he goes from us we wish him success and the blessing of God on his life and work.

George Hubbard '18.

Why I am a Christian.

As individuals differ in their breadth of vision, in their insight into revelation, so will they also vary in their reasons for becoming a Christian. So it will not be strange if my reasons are not the same as yours. Yet if we consider them properly, they will be found to be quite consistent, I believe.

From the subjective standpoint I am a Christian because I am an immortal soul. "Ever more must God and I dwell in strife

or harmony," and as I look at it in that light it seems best, to me at least, to meet Him in peace. Mr. Wesley once said, "If you cannot save but one soul, save your own." I must be a Christian in order to live my largest life, and it appeals to me that the final judgement will demand of me, "Have you lived in the best way, knowing that there was a best way to live?" Looking therefore at this question in this light, from personal interest alone, I am compelled to be a Christian. It is joyous.

Also, as a soul which has an influence for good, or bad, I must swing my influence on the side of right. Since I believe that to sin is to die, I must do all in my power to help people to live. I must see the sacredness of every soul and what my responsibility is to all those I may help or injure. Am I not my brother's keeper? If an unkind look, a cynic smile, a sharp word will eternally fix a choice, as it does no doubt, shall I not be careful, and thoughtful when in the presence of others? Shall I not live each day with the thought in mind of being at that last day free from the blood of all souls? If these are, and they are, my truest convictions, shall I be false to myself and others, or shall I live that others may live?

As God is the infinite personal Being, I owe my life to his service. We are here for a purpose and that is to glorify our Maker. How can I be absolutely true to myself and others unless I am vitally connected with the Infinite? "My greatest self-assertion lies in my completest self-surrender." To be, that is to live, and yet not have God in the life is to wither away. It is to close one's heart to the noblest and best in life; to refuse to commune with the "Father of spirits"; yes to live without God is to die, and this indeed is the second death! Only He can still us quite, hungering for the Infinite!

Thus as I see my obligation to myself, to live in the most free sphere, and see my duty to my fellow-mortals; to influence them on the side of right, and feel my littleness and baseness without God; in helping those around me. I, for one, will let the world or the false go, and follow my convictions, trusting that they will unerringly lead me aright.

G. Beverly Shultz.

Some Results

During the past month there have been some radical changes in the lives of many of the students of Houghton Seminary which promise to be lifelong ones. Chief among the notable features of the recent revival meetings was the response of the students to God's call to some special work in His vineyard. A number have felt called to the ministry and missionary work. We are much pleased that this is so. Indeed it should be. We believe our readers will be glad to hear the testimonies from some of whom they have never heard before as well as others older in the way.

"I have been sick for nineteen years and think I have now found a cure. Jesus saves me this morning."

Pete Lapham.

"I want to testify that Jesus sanctifies me."

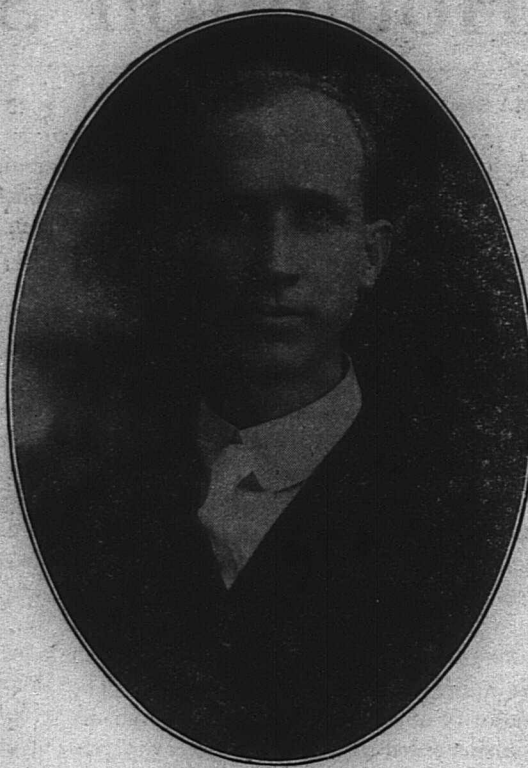
Harold McKinney.

"The blood cleanses and I mean to go thru."

June Bolles.

"I do love Jesus this morning. He has been showing me many things. I greatly enjoy reading God's word. I thank Him for showing me the way."

Mrs. H. H. Hester.



REV. W. H. MARVIN

Evangelist Marvin assisted Rev. Shea during the Holiness Convention recently held here. He is a man of prayer and ability. His home is 947 Wilhelm Street, Akron, Ohio.

We regret that we could not obtain a cut of Rev. Shea.

"I am so glad that God has shown me a definite need in my life and I mean to go all the way with him. He satisfies this morning."

Miss Blanche Thurston.

"The Lord has wonderfully blessed me the last few days and I know the self life is not all dead yet, but I am going to seek Him until I do know."

Miss Ella Hillpot.

"I want to thank God for lifting me out of the mirey clay. I know I have met every issue. He sanctifies this morning."

Robert Kaufmann.

"I can say this morning that I have the same experience that I got two weeks ago, only it is different and growing better all the time."

George Hubbard.

"Jesus saves and the blood sanctifies."

Harold Lee.

"I am not sorry I started. I have had the necessary grace all the way. I am enjoying full salvation."

George Shultz.

"I know Jesus saves me this morning."

Harold Luckey.

"Jesus saves me to-night. I was an awful sinner."

Samuel Miner.

C. A. R.

Special Prayer Service

With a deep sense of the crisis of the revival meeting bearing upon his heart, our devoted President dismissed all classes Monday afternoon, February 26, and called all students to a general prayer meeting. Students and faculty together poured out their hearts in behalf of the residents of this place and the surrounding neighborhood. We are glad to say that there is hardly a member of the whole student body who has not an experience of salvation. With such a body of praying students back of them, Pres. Luckey and Rev. Whitaker spent the afternoon visiting and praying with the residents of the town. Houghton believes in prayer.

Exchanges

We are glad to acknowledge the following January exchanges: The Student, The Monthly Chronicle, Facets, The Roman, Echoes, Alethia, Central Literary Data, The Hemnica, The Normal Leader, The Ramble, The Cazenovian, The Purple

and Gold, The Apotheosis, The Vista, The Clarion, M. H. S. Life, The Roxbury Echo, Asbury College New Era, The Middlebury Campus, Colby Voice, Wheaton College Record, and The Quill.

"My Ideal Of An Ideal Man" in the Central Literary Data has some sensible, forcibly expressed opinions worth reading. "And I would define a friend as one who believes in me, one who expects much of me, one who encourages me to do the best that is in me, one who will tell me of my faults, one who recognizes my virtues, and one who trusts in my honor." The editorial, "The Business of Life," has some suggestions worthy of thought: "Do we say the world owes us a living, or do we say that we owe our lives to the world? Is it our purpose to get out of the world all we can, or rather are we trying to do in it all we may?"

"The Ford Republic" in the same issue is an article of interest to all those persons who give any thought to delinquent boys. We regret, however, that it is seriously marred by grammatical faults, and by long, clumsy sentences. The following sentence does not express the writer's meaning, I fear: "The boys in

the city usually clique together, since the boys come from almost every section of the city there is almost as many gangs represented as there are boys." The causal clause evidently does not have any relation to "The boys in the city usually clique together." According to sense it must depend upon the last clause of the sentence. "There is . . . gangs" should be "There are . . . gangs" that the verb may agree with its noun in number. The sentence corrected will stand thus: "The boys in the city usually clique together. Since the boys come from almost every section of the city, there are almost as many gangs represented as there are boys."

"Most" in "Most every boy loves a dog" is colloquial. It does not take the place of "almost" in grammatical English.

More than one of us will catch ourselves in just such faults if we are not careful. We owe it to ourselves, to our teachers, and to our readers to write careful, concise English. Let all of us who are concerned with our school papers be especially careful that we do not cause false impressions as to the educational standards of our schools.

The Mystery of The Midnight Coasters

"Let's go out and have a few rides just before we go to bed," said a college student of Houghton to his companion one evening.

"Busting rules," replied the other. "You know the announcement President Luckey made in chapel about coasting."

"Yes, but that was because those two girls got hurt a little. I want a little air before I turn in," again said the college man.

"Well, I'm game," was the second reply of his Prep. companion.

So a little after eleven o'clock on the night of January 25, 1917, the two boys procured a pair of bobs from under the Seminary steps and went for a little midnight coasting. Three times they went down the hill and then, feeling that it was getting rather cold, they started homeward.

As soon, however, as they passed the Seminary building, they noticed a red glow above the hill behind the President's house.

"Is that the moon rising, or a fire? said one of them, not thinking in his excitement that the moon rose in the other direction.

"It's no moon," was the answer, as they hastened on. "That's a fire alright."

"Let's call Prof.—," whose house they had by this time reached.

Loudly the door bell rang and in a few moments Prof. appeared.

"There's a fire toward Wesley. I wonder if we had better go up," they explained.

By this time the sky was lit up to an angle of fifty or sixty degrees and so brightly illuminated that the spectators felt sure that it was a large fire and nearer Houghton than Wesley. Leaving Professor—to arouse the village if he felt it should be done, the two boys started at once for the scene. As they were crossing the campus they gave a yell of "Fire! Fire!" They had no idea that it would be necessary to locate the fire for those who heard them yell, because the sky was so ablaze that one could not look around without seeing it. [It was to their great astonishment that they later learned that President and Harold Luckey were aroused by their yell and went down town and back without discovering the direction of the disaster.] Consequently the boys waited for nothing and in a very few moments had gone down Seminary hill and up the road by

the Fero house formerly owned by L. S. Bedford. When they reached the crest of the hill, they were somewhat out of breath and slackened their pace a little.

"Guess it's up pretty near to Wesley," they observed, as the fire looked even farther away than at Houghton.

But on they went, past the old barn on the Bedford place and by several straw stacks. The fire seemed to be so far to the right of Wesley that they decided not to take the public road but to continue to go straight toward the fire. For a hour thus they walked, and by that time the light in the sky had begun to get dim, showing that the fire was mostly over.

"If I'd thought it was so far, I'd have got a horse," said one of them.

"Shall we go back?" was suggested, as the fire still seemed some distance off.

"I'm going to see it, if it's clear over to Centerville," said one.

"And I guess that's where it is. At least I'm not going back till we get to some house and find out something about it. I'm not going back without knowing what it is."

So on they plodded. At one place the college student lost one of his rubbers in a snowdrift. Not being able to find it, he kicked off the other one, saying that "they were almost worn out, anyway."

Finally arriving at the summit of a little rise, they beheld the fire, now rather low, on the sloping hill across a gulley from them. But still they could not see how large a fire it had been.

Across the gulley, up the slope to the old B. & S. railroad bed, and a short distance along it they went. There, close by the track, was the object of their tramp. It was nothing but a small, old blacksmith shop. The two boys had no chance to distinguish themselves by heroic actions, so they consoled themselves with the thought that they had accomplished their desire—they had found out where the fire was.

On the way homeward, the college student suddenly said, "Let's have some fun out of this, at least," and he unfolded a plan to his companion.

At 1:40 o'clock Houghton was reached by the wandering midnight coasters. They went to Prof.—, and having ascertained that he had told no one about the fire, disclosed to him their intention.

Friday morning there was considerable excitement in the school building over the following notice which appeared on the bulletin board:

SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN

FIRE LAST NIGHT at 12:30 o'clock TWO HOUGHTON BOYS THE ONLY KNOWN WITNESSES

Last night about midnight two Houghton students were out coasting down Seminary Hill. Suddenly they saw a big light in the direction of Wesley. Yelling FIRE! FIRE!, they started for the scene. Over hills and through valleys and swamps, as well as snowdrifts they went in a bee line for the light ahead. After an hour they reached the spot and what did they find? A big house or barn in flames? No. Only a small blacksmith shop burned to the ground but still blazing. Diligently they searched for signs of previous visitors. But not a single footprint besides their own could they find in the snow. Then, realizing that no good could be done by remaining, they returned to Houghton.

The cause of the fire is a mystery. Neither do the two witnesses know to whom the shop belonged. It stood near a large barn and an apparently uninhabited house.

If anyone should wish to visit the scene of this "catastrophe," go to Wesley and take the old B. & S. track northward for $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. It is quite close to the track on the left side.

If further particulars are wanted ask THE MIDNIGHT COASTERS.

[P. S. The writer of this notice will vouch for the absolute truth of every part of it.]

This method of announcement seemed to partake somewhat of the mysterious so that it was deemed necessary to do something for its solution. Consequently, a few days later, another notice was posted to the effect that a detective agency had been formed, composed of Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Spencer.

On Thursday, nearly a week after the occurrence of these events, the detective agency announced that they had been able to solve the mystery of the midnight coasters.

On Friday, February 2, 1917, no less than six notices were posted on the bulletin board in the order given below:

Since the Detective Agency has fathomed the mystery of the Midnight Coasters, we do hereby challenge said Detective Agency to post our names on the bulletin board.

Signed,

The Midnight Coasters.

The "Midnight Coasters" have been definitely found out. Due to fear of faculty reprisal we save the culprits a horrible fate by withholding their names.

Detective Agency.

The Midnight Coasters beg leave to inform the detective agency they are willing to risk all reprisals and horrible fates at the hands of the faculty and do hereby repeat their challenge to disclose their

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary, eighteen times during the school year.

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Entered at the postoffice at Houghton N. Y., as second-class matter.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Assistant Reporter Ellis Hopkins, '18
Organizations Leona Head, '20
Alumnae Florence Kelly, '18
Exchanges Elsie Hanford, '19
Athletics Arthur Russell, '18
In Lighter Vein Robert Kaufmann, '18
Helen Sicard, '20

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Clark Warburton, '19
Advertising Manager Samuel Miner, '19
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Editorial

Life is indeed enigmatical. It is full of paradoxes. Happy is he who has solved the paradoxes of his own life!

Note the paradox of joy and pain. We would ever seek joy and curse pain. Of course we would not nor should not choose pain as an end, but do we prize it as we should as a means to the end? We view pain as the most treacherous enemy of mortal man. But what a harbinger of blessing pain is! What would become of the laborer who has not that silent monitor pain to tell him when his physical energies were well nigh spent? How soon would disease rob us of life without a moment's warning should pain fail to fill its mission! Who can estimate the dangers that pain warns us of? Ah, pain is not a curse but a blessing sent of God.

What a close analogy between pain and the conscience. Just as the slightest pain is of boundless worth to the physical and mental man so the tenderest conscience—that silent monitor of the soul—is of infinite value to the spiritual man. How imperative is it that the conscience be cultivated and kept tender! Only as one keeps "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man" can he be counted truly great. It is the men with a good conscience that are doing things today for men and God. We need a clear conscience to battle with temptations, for

there is a reserved strength in having such a conscience that is not found elsewhere. Such a conscience not only means power but blessing, success and happiness. Perhaps often we wish we had no conscience; then we could do as we please, we would seek pleasure at all times regardless of consequences as we would ever have joy and no pain. But we are not here alone. We owe a good conscience not only to ourselves but to our fellowmen and to God. A clean, tender, sanctified conscience is indeed something to be coveted by all and earnestly sought for.

Rules Governing the Contest.

The fourth annual Star Literary Contest is now open. Let us have an excellent contest. Read the rules and get busy. Contest closes April first.

1. All productions entered in the contest must be wholly original.
2. Essays and stories entered must not exceed 2000 words in length.
3. Each contestant may submit as many different stories, essays and poems as he may choose.
4. To insure the awarding of a medal and the placing of a name on the cup for excellence in a particular division, there must be at least six contestants for that honor.
5. On or before the date specified for closing the contest, each contestant shall submit to the chairman of the Faculty Committee on Student Publications four typewritten copies of each story, essay or poem he wishes to enter in the contest. These copies must bear no mark which would identify the author.
6. All productions submitted in this contest, whether they receive prizes or not, shall become the property of THE HOUGHTON STAR and may be published at pleasure without further permission from the authors.
7. Each production submitted should bear some sign or pseudonym placed beneath its title and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing on its outside only this sign or pseudonym, but containing the sign or pseudonym associated with the real name of the author and a statement that his production is original. Absence of this statement will disqualify the production. Contestants who submit several manuscripts should assume a different sign or pseudonym for each manuscript submitted.
8. No production shall contain anything that will reflect upon the atone-

ment, the divinity of Christ, or any other principle held by the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

Alumni Notes

Class of '11.

Nineteen Hundred Eleven was an epoch making year in the history of Houghton Seminary for a greater number were graduated that year than in any year since the founding of the school. As we take a bird's-eye-view of their present vocations we find that they are remaining true to their Alma Mater, as well as to their motto, "Step by Step."

Harold Hester A. B. College '11 is teaching Philosophy and History in Houghton Seminary.

Edward Elliott College '11 is pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Mooers, N. Y. His many friends were glad to renew his acquaintance during his recent visit with his father and mother in Houghton. He added much to the missionary interest of the school by giving an address in the regular class in missions, and also by a stirring address at the church on Sunday evening.

Crystal Rork Prep '11 is teaching near her home at Rosburg, N. Y.

Ward Bowen A. M. Prep '11 is teaching Science in Houghton Seminary.

Arthur Karker Prep '11 is living in Lansing, Michigan.

Lynn Bedford Prep '11 was graduated from the course in Electrical Engineering of Potsdam School of Technology in June '16 and is now doing first year test work in Edison's Electrical Works in Schenectady, N. Y.

James Elliott Prep '11 is teaching Greek and English in Houghton Seminary.

Owen Walton Prep '11 is principal of a Union School at Freedom Station, Ohio.

Isabel Stebbins Fancher Prep '11 is very happy in her home on the Stebbins farm. She keeps busy taking care of their little boy, Lucius Roscoe Fancher, who is now nearly two years old and they say he understands both French and German.

Opal Smith Gibbs Prep '11 is living at 509 Miller St., Titusville, Pa., where her husband, Maurice Gibbs Prep '10 is pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

Jesse Frazier A. B. Prep '11 is teaching Science in the High School at St. Charles, Ill.

Edna Hester A. B. Prep '11 is teaching French and German in the Wesleyan

Methodist College at Miltonvale, Kansas

Thankful Clawson Prep '11 is taking a Nurse's Training Course. Mail will reach her at her home address, Dicksonville, Pa.

Lois Tompson Crawford Prep '11 is living at Aberdeen, S. Dakota, where her husband is secretary to the principal of the Aberdeen High School.

Gail Thompson Prep '11 is at home at Northville, S. Dakota.

Wallace Neville Prep '11 is continuing his college course in the Ohio Wesleyan, Delaware, Ohio.

Lois Crawford Music '11 is at her home in Houghton, N. Y.

Abbie Churchill Bowen Prep '11 is living on a farm with her husband, Mr. Bowen. A little boy, Earl Churchill Bowen, nearly two years old makes her days very lively and interesting. Her address is Hornell, R. D. No. 2, N. Y.

Ray Calhoun Prep '11 is principle of a High School at Kamms, Ohio.

Tremaine McDowell A. B. Prep '11 is Professor of Literature in the University of DePauw. Mary Hubbard McDowell A. B. Prep '11 is his happy housekeeper. Their address is 210 Indiana St., Greencastle, Indiana.

Village Notes

G. E. Burgess returned home Monday from the hospital at Cuba, where he underwent an operation. He is improving.

Mrs. George Waldorf is in very poor health.

Several people have sustained injuries by slipping on the ice and falling. The list includes Robert Haynes, Mr. Cook, Mrs. Dart and Mrs. L. D. Vanbuskirk.

Mrs. Sebra Crawford is convalescing from a siege of bronchial pneumonia.

George Whitaker left Feb. 23 for Marion, Ind., where a position in an Automobile Store awaits him.

Mrs. Effie Thayer is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Fred Daniels spent two weeks recently at the sanitarium at Alden, N. Y., taking treatments.

Miss Hattie Crosby arrived last week from the Kunso Mission Field in Sierra Leone, Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley and daughter of Belfast were in Houghton recently.

Mr. Frost, who has been employed by the Houghton Corporation, has moved his family into the Greenburg house.

M. G. M.

Continued from page 3.

identity. They will consider a failure to do this an admission of their inability to so name them.

Signed,

The Midnight Coasters.

The agency was formed to discover the source of crime, and to lead the perpetrators to a better life by kindly and secret admonitions. This plan being frustrated by the cupidity of the depraved, it only remains to reveal them.

Therefore, in the name of justice, in the name of society and civilization, we denounce these as the ones who violated the sanctity of a winter's night with the call of the wild

—George Hubbard

—Richard Walrath

Spencer and Hopkins Detective Agency.

In view of the fact that we desire to encourage those unfortunate mortals who are laboring under the misapprehension and delusion that they are detectives (?) although we are innocent of the crime of which we are accused, we gladly admit the guilt. We demand, however, a trial by Grand Jury, that these "esels" may further demonstrate ability to capture and convict such innocents as we.

George Hubbard
R. W. Walrath

The Midnight Coasters do hereby officially declare that their identity is not such as has been named by the detective agency, and do hereby charge said detective agency with libeling the good names of George Hubbard and Richard Walrath by accusing them of such actions.

And still the mystery remains. Who were "the midnight coasters?"

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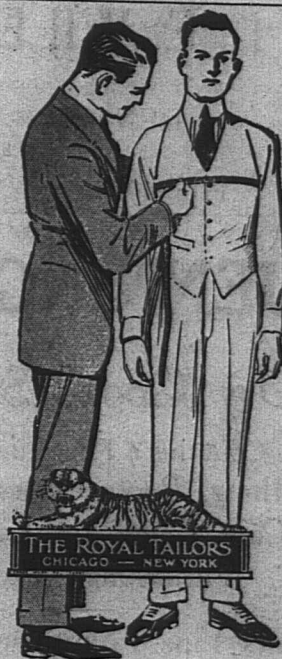
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THE HOUGHTON INDEX

February 1, 1888.

STUDENT'S COLUMN

EDITED BY

Miss Blanche Houghton

Mr. J. S. Luckey, V. H. Sibley.

**The Chronicles of Houghton
Seminary.****CHAPTER II.**

And it came to pass that twelve (12) men were chosen out of the tribes to regulate the affairs.

And they sent Willard to and fro among the tribes to bring the tithes into the storehouse. And it came to pass that after the space of one year and six months they said, Behold our work is fulfilled; let us choose a man to be chief of the Levites. And they went unto the Hoosiers, and chose William, a man well informed concerning the laws of the tribes, and of good report among his brethren. And they chose Sarah, the wife of William, and James, who was High Priest that year, and Alice who had sat at the feet of Edward, to assist William in propounding the law.

Now it came to pass in the year 5888 on the 15th day of the ninth month which was called Chislen, that many of the tribes came and sat at the feet of William and other Levites. Now the rest of the acts of William, are they not written in the second Book of the Chronicles of Houghton Seminary.

CHAPTER III.

Now the children were not contented to study from the law altogether, so one of them who was called William said: Let us choose one of us to be chief and let him be ruler of a debating society.

Therefore, on the thirteenth day of the tenth month, which is called Thebet, in the same year they chose Thomas, a boy well read concerning such societies, and they chose Charles to be scribe to write down whatever was enacted in the society. On the seventh day following, the children assembled themselves together in the Seminary to discuss the matter before them and they saw that it was good. Howbeit some of the men of the tribes said: Our children do greatly err in that which they are doing. But the children said: We do not err but are doing good, and they sent messengers to them to come and see. And at the next meeting some were there and when they saw that they

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were doing well and were so anxious to learn not only the law but how to use it they rejoiced greatly. Therefore they said: We will no more restrain you but will bid you God-speed. And the Society remains unto this day.

Now it came to pass at the end of three months that the children said: Let us go to the land of our fathers and visit among our kindred. And after twelve days the children were gathered at Houghton to read the law.

Now Sarah, the wife of William, said: I can no longer assist in propounding the law because I must care for my husband and children therefore choose ye a person who shall come and teach in my stead. And they went into the land of the Pen-nites and chose Eva, who had sat at the feet of Thomas. And behold she teaches in Houghton even unto this day. And they chose Mary, a woman of good report among her people to advise the children and instruct them in the paths of righteousness.

HOSEA, the Scribe.

A.E. Moses, Houghton, N. Y.

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Editorial Note

Watch for the next Star. It will be an alumni issue. We are expecting some excellent articles. "Some of the Realities of Life" by the philosophical pen of Ray

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Hazlitt, "What Has Good Reading to Do With Efficiency" by Shirley Babbitt, "Houghton Ideals and Practical Life" by Tremaine McDowell, and a poem by Miss Edna Hester will be among the special articles.

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In Lighter Vein

Echoes from the Virgil Class:

V. S., translating—"The people, feasting on embroidered couches."

"Thus the wedding was pulled off."

F. S.—"They called the dogs that smelled good."

"They sacrificed on the blooming altars"

Possibly you can excuse the Seniors using such slang, but can you imagine our dignified Mrs. Bowen remarking—"The men fell to!"

If an S and an I, and an O and a U,

With an X at the end spell Su,

And an E and a Y and an E spell I

Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G,

And a H E D spell side

There's nothing much left for a speller to do

But go commit souixeyesighed. R. R.

Harold, explaining to Sally some of the features of Sonyea—"You see that's where the Lunatic Asylum is situated."

Beulah, coming around the corner in time to hear the last,— "Is that where you came from, Sally?"

H. Lee's Lament—

I came from Steeses,

It spoiled my Peaces

To see the great abduction,

Mein Bett was sewt

It got mein goat

Himmel! It was destruction.

Little specks of powder

Little drops of paint

Make a girl's complexion

Look like what it ain't!

Prof. Luckey in College Physics was making his son say a definition over a number of times.

Harold (axterxihishing)—"This is a regular kindergarten."

Prof.—"Adapt your methods to your pupils."

The recent meeting of the Student Body revealed the fact that some more ought to join the Parliamentary Law class. Who addressed the chair with 'Mr. Question?'

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