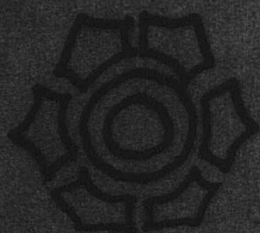


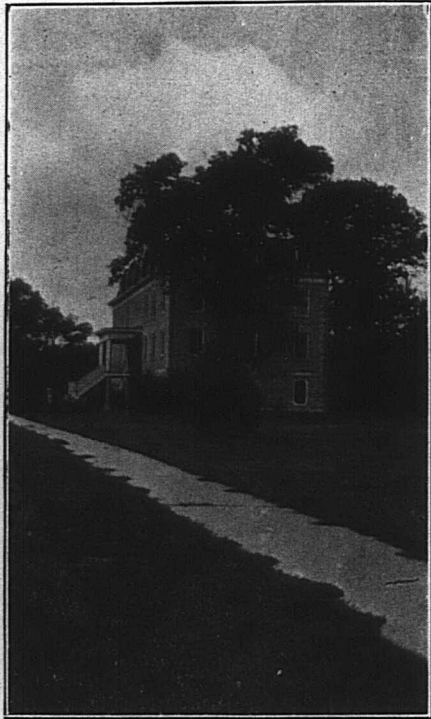
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THE
HOUGHTON
STAR



19-JUNE-19

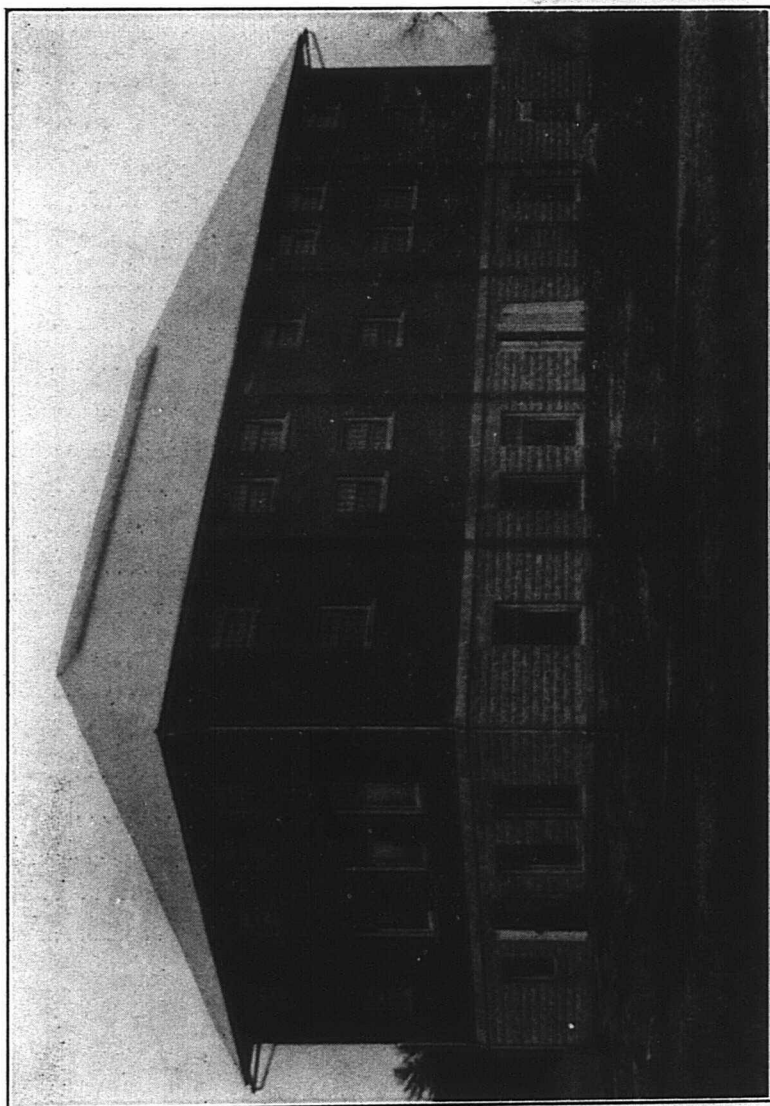
To Professor
Leroy H. Fancher,
efficient teacher, boys'
friend and symmetrical
man, we respectfully
dedicate this final issue.



THE DORMITORY

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THE GYMNASIUM

The Call for Christian Union

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY—LELAND SMITH

One of the great pressing problems of the Church this decade is union—potent union of Christian forces. This idea, the welding together of Christian forces is both old and new—old in that it was the ideal of the founder of Christianity, new in that it is the revived ideal of a divided Christendom.

Jesus Christ, the greatest character of the world, taught that there was one God, a triune God, our Father, the Holy Spirit, the Master. He taught that all might come to Him, and prayed that His followers might all be one. Later when the Master had visibly passed from the earth, when schism was about to rend the church, Paul, the apostle, plead, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all and in you all."

This problem is gripping every denomination. We are asking, should we be divided? Can we be united? If united, how?

First, should we be divided? All thru our country there are small towns, each with its quota of denominations. These denominational churches were planted when the denominational spirit ran high, when it was the aim more to promulgate denominationalism than pure Christianity, when the essentials evidently were forgotten, non-essentials set forth as most vital. Consequent upon this sowing of denominationalism we are reaping now not the fruits of the Spirit but the fruits of bitterness.

Taken as a whole the country and village church are in a deplorable condition. Always there is more or less of schism; never is there perfect fellowship, perfect co-operation, perfect love. If there were, why should each waste a thousand dollars to support their preacher and church, when they might unite and send the surplus thousand dollars to the impoverished mission field. Study, if you will, the many villages and towns in our own vicinity. In many cases there are many churches. What if in these communities there were from two to five schools? Would we not think it was an extreme waste of money, waste of

equipment and waste of teachers? We will all admit probably that from a financial standpoint, from the standpoint of the waste of equipment and waste of man power that the church is open to criticism in such communities.

But each church believes that it stands for certain fundamental principles which it must preserve whatever the cost. Hence our many divisions which we deplore from the financial standpoint but deem necessary from the standpoint of doctrine. We believe there are many good people in churches other than our own. We believe that they will reach the same heaven. But we do not conceive of denominations there. We believe that there we shall be united in Christ, all of the same family. If it is also true that our heaven must commence on earth why is it impossible to be united, to be brothers right here? From the standpoint of doctrine we differ. It is well that we do. No one man, no one church possesses all the truth. The very fact that each denomination clings tenaciously to its distinctive beliefs is proof that the human mind is divided in its conception of the truth. We need to have many sides of truth presented in order to grasp it in its fullness. Therefore we should by no means sacrifice our individuality of thought and belief. We should talk over in a brotherly, kindly way our differences of opinion with a mind ready to give and equally ready to receive. But our differences need not visibly separate us, need not make us occupy separate buildings on Sunday.

True it is that we differ in doctrine but in the great fundamentals we are agreed. We accept the Bible, Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world, the Holy Spirit as our Guide and Comforter, we realize our mission to a lost and needy world. We acknowledge the same Leader but we persist right here in this enlightened land, right here in our own little villages of saying, "I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos, and I am of Cephas, and I am of Christ." Strange it is that with the same Bible itself so perfect an example of Unity, so strong a teacher of the brotherhood of man and union of the family of believers in the Faith, strange it is that we persist in separating, and in working separately.

The churches of the small community find it difficult to support their pastor. Often because of this they give very

little to the work of evangelization of the world. Could these churches unite they could pay their pastor a better salary and give considerable to God's crying children across the sea. And that is what the churches are doing in some places. Where two or more churches become sufficiently devoted to the common cause they relinquish denominational claim and join one of the existing denominations or affiliate with a different one. Consequently a united front is presented to the community with harmonious result.

Evangelists work in denominations other than their own. They are usually broad minded men who desire primarily that Christ be exalted, that He come to possess the lives of men. From revival meetings where there are several churches there are nearly always converts to each church. May we individually be such flaming evangelists of God's Word that we will overlook petty denominational differences and seek to present the truth designed to meet the need, not simply of one group of people but the needs of the world.

Thank God the day of schisms is passing; what was impossible before this age of federation is being accomplished. Churches are forgetting their differences; they are uniting in the common cause. This is their cry, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity."

The result of our lack of union is a lack of fellowship. We of separate denominations do not always harmonize well. Blessed are the rapidly increasing exceptions. In our country towns the churches are a barrier to one another. Very seldom do the church members mingle freely with a brother denomination. When circumstances force a church to discontinue its work, we see the greatest evidence of this. It proves a very difficult and painstaking task to break down the denominational prejudice. We expect to be united in heaven, we claim a relationship of brother to one another, here. Why not united here? Was this the aim of Christianity, to divide humanity, to waste its efforts, consume its energy in bitter dispute and cherished ill-feeling? What Christ demands of us is that we forget our petty differences, unite in the common work of winning the world for Him. Professedly we are working for the same cause, apparently we are working in some places

to oust our fellow worker. What is Christianity worth if it is not able to unite those who profess thru its power to be the children of the same Father, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ Jesus? Shall the heirs of the Heavenly Father quarrel over the inheritance? No, rather, we shall devote our consecrated effort to bring others to the realization of the richness of this inheritance, to give to the world because we have so freely received.

In Tompkins county of this state the church statistics are striking. However it is a county quite typical of each of the sixty-one counties of New York and of many other states according to the statistician, Ashworth. In small communities where there were two churches the loss in attendance during twenty years was fifty percent and fifty-five percent in communities with more than two churches. Certainly something is wrong. Truth so practical, so convincing, so compelling as that of the Christian religion should grow mightily, should grip men. When we are united in our presentation of the truth, forget and lose ourselves in service to one another and struggling humanity we shall demand larger attention. Already in many places the good effect of union is evident.

The Presbyterian Church in looking over the situation carefully and candidly in Ohio discovered that the rural population was overchurched. They proved that the country church with a membership of less than one hundred was at this time a dying proposition. In the country there were over eighty percent of the churches with less than the necessary hundred members and twenty-five percent with less than twenty-five. The cause was too many churches.

The next question of moment is this, can we unite? What ought to be done can be done. When we consider the over-churching of communities, the consequent waste of administration, the lack of Christian fellowship, the loss of power, we say it must be done. Can we be united? Yes. The greatest men of our day are saying, yes. They do not say that unity will come all at once, they do not desire that it should. We cannot tear down in a moment what we have builded for centuries. Were church unity to be a mushroom growth it would have a mushroom existence. But the men of representative denominations of the world are

saying, Yes, Church Unity is possible.

A meeting was held in Philadelphia in December of the past year. A great many denominations were represented. Dr. Peter Ainslie of the Disciples of Christ said, "A United Church is as much a part of the divine plan as the death and resurrection of Christ." Dr. Woelfkin of the Baptist Church and Bishop Moench of the Moravian Church were in hearty accord with Church Unity. Bishop John Hamilton of the M. E. Church felt that if unrest continues to develop, a great United Christian Church will be imperative to save the country. Dr. Newman Symthe, Congregationalist, New Haven, said, "The hour of the church is come, for the spirit of the Christ is the only power which can make our democracy safe for the world."

This problem of Church Unity has agitated the minds of many leaders for many years. The truths in regard to it, the mass of data supporting it, are beginning to penetrate the mind of the masses. We are becoming more and more tolerant. We are now as a people taking the attitude of looking for the best in men and organizations, realizing we have frailties as well as they. The great conflict has proven the possibility, the practicability, the potentiality of united effort. If men of different nations, different languages, different religions can unite to crush a common human foe, why not to crush spiritual foes? The tie that binds is a realization of the desperateness of the situation. Christ is our Leader, Christ the Invincible One, the most strategic general of all ages, whose weapon is love.

If united, how? Can we as a denomination lose entirely our individuality? Can we afford to sacrifice that which we have struggled to perpetuate? What we deem is our contribution to the world? No, we cannot and should not. Not one church, be it ever so faultless can present the whole Christ. Each person in his human limitation can see only one side of the great, all-round perfect character. We do not want the loss of the individuality of the denominations but we want the merging, or at least the possibility of the merging, of all the phases of Christian light and experience. Each of us as a denomination wish to establish whatever is best in our life, in that of other lives. The best way is to unite ourselves with them that we may

influence them. Likewise let us be receptive to all the good they can give us.

Federal Union has in our History proved successful. The thirteen colonies were as thirteen staves with no hoop. When they were united they did not lose their individuality, the hoop was slipped on. The churches are separate staves each holding in its shallow curvature what it can of divine grace. Let them be united, immeasurable will be the content. Federal Union has made each of the forty-eight states an individual body with its own head having power to enact its own laws, the only limitation being that those laws shall not interfere with the rights of the others. Why not such an organized church, each denomination maintaining its individual organization and system of government yet united in the work of soul winning, giving up to one another where there is overlapping, presenting to the world a united front.

A beautiful example of the possibility of Church Union is found in our own growing Houghton School and Church. Here Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodist, Episcopal, Free Methodists and others meet on equal terms. Denominationalism is not overurged upon us. All are equal. We find ourselves surprised that the friends we have been rubbing shoulders with are of a different denomination, that we are so united in our main beliefs. Let us continue to be a denominational melting pot, with "malice toward none, with charity for all," one in Christ. Can we be united? The war proves it, great men say we can and in our own locality Houghton substantiates it.

Do we rally to the standard? Will we forget, wipe aside our misunderstandings, and march side by side? Then can we sing,

"We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war
With the Cross of Jesus going on before."

The Agreement of Science and Religion

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY—G. BEVERLY SHULTZ

Ever since the theologian first read his Bible and the scientist his Book of Nature, the matured conclusions of the one have unconsciously verified the ripened investigations of the other. If at times the attitude of science has appeared indifferent to religion, it is because science has abandoned her own true principles. There is great error in saying that he who would know must relinquish belief, or that whoever would believe must give up knowledge. It is not science that contends against religion but ignorance. If, then, it happens that a statement obtained by exegesis contradicts the observations and inquiries of men of science, we may rest assured that the error has been caused by the theologian or natural philosopher. The Bible and Nature will ever agree, but the spirit of man is open to error. It will be found upon a more careful examination of scripture and a more scrutinizing survey of Nature that both are in perfect agreement.

While it is freely granted that the mistakes of the philosophers have been many, yet the Church was not always infallible in Biblical interpretation, much less in its revelation of Nature. When Copernicus declared that the earth moves around the sun, exegesis contended that "It abideth forever," and he was excommunicated. Galileo was forced to sign a statement declaring the idea that the sun is the center of the universe and immovable from its place "is absurd and formally heretical," and he was further compelled to affirm that the earth is the center of the universe and cannot move with a diurnal motion. Time has vindicated the positions of the philosophers.

There is little wonder that the Churchmen could not understand these discoveries when they read in the Bible their pre-conceived ideas and hereditary notions. They did not honestly and patiently make observations of natural phenomena for themselves but assumed that the Bible was a text book. It is, however, of supreme importance not to demand more from scripture than God intended it to yield. The Bible is a guide to "tell us how to go to Heaven, not how the heavens go," nor is its language in such scientific exactness as to anticipate discoveries of the remotest future,

which, if done, would have enfeebled the race and deprived it of all stimulus for further research.

The Mosaic account says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth and the earth was without form and void." Science affirms this in greater detail. It is assumed that the primordial condition of matter was in the state of a vastly diffused fire-mist which was condensed by radiation. The progressive rapidity of its axial rotation soon became so great that the centrifugal motion overcame the cohesive attraction, causing many diremptions. These masses were subject to the laws of the whole and they in turn threw off planets. This is in full accord with the Biblical account. The narrative further states that "darkness was upon the face of the deep." This fiery-heated ball existed as "an envelope of super-heated steam," while the outer covering consisted of vast, nebulous clouds. Such a mass of vapor and steam existed as to cause the steam to condense, while the earth was cooling, and leave a layer of water ten thousand feet deep covering the earth. The density of the vapor would prevent the least penetration of light so in reality "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

The Bible historian used the popular expressions of his time and these are in use at present. Do we not say, "the sun sets; the sun has run a third of his course?" Or that, "the sun and moon are the two great lights of heaven?" Yet we know this not accurately so.

To dig deeper, to examine more accurately and closely and not to draw back should his conclusions point to unwelcome truths, is the mark of the true theologian. It is a form of feeble-minded dishonesty, of lying for God and an attempt to substitute falsehood and error for truth to oppose facts in the natural because they appear to contradict revelation or to humor them because they may speak the same language. A swerving in either direction "would be treason to the majesty at once of science and religion." So far as God's word may be divined and the Book of Nature read, there exists a perfect harmony.

Not only astronomy but geology also testifies convincingly to the same harmony. Recent paleontologists have observed in the different strata fossils in exactly the order

recorded in Genesis.

Moses portrays a gradual creation of plants, fishes, fowls, animals and man. The absence of any fossils in the deepest strata is proof that the earlist forms of life were simple and perishable. In younger strata, however, there is an abundance of fossils, yet land flora does not appear until even later while insects follow land flora after a long period of time. These are the most simple of their species. Among the first animals to appear are water-breathers; there is not the slightest evidence to show the existence of vertebrates prior to invertebrates. Careful observations of the earth's strata, therefore, verify the Mosaic narrative.

Yet God has not revealed Himself alone in stars, land and sea, but in the more personal self-manifestations of adaptation of means to an end. "He that formed the eye shall he not see? He that formed the ear, shall he not hear?" Without there is light; within a delicate organ for using that light; without there is sound, within a sensitive transmitter. Fishes have scales, birds protective coloring, polar bears, thick, tough skin, all showing adaptation for particular environment. Again, the argument that instinct is a blind impulse without pre-vision or plan and working toward an end is no argument against design. To say that this orderly system, with all of its marvelous organisms, adapted to fulfill certain functions, was potential in the primordial fire-mist and was shaken out as dice from a dice-box, is ridiculously absurd and a travesty on reason. This world was made with a design and by a Designer, and whoever believes that the writer incidentally stumbled upon the order of the seven events of Genesis, should be encouraged to resume his course in mathematics. There he may learn that the order of any seven events may occur in no less than five thousand forty different ways and mean identically the same. Insofar, therefore, as instinct offers any warrant adverse to the doctrine of final causes, it "demands finality as the only rational account of the many offices which it so wonderfully fulfills in the economy of animal life."

In fact, God is so obviously revealed that, including the great facts of the New Testament, Christianity would be as

sured even if the rest of the Bible were not inspired. Too long we have listened to the rationalists who say that Christianity rises or falls with the doctrine of inspiration. The position of the land in the Genesee valley is much the same in day as it is at night. Suppose you were studying this valley and lost your guide book, would not the majestic river still continue its course? Would not these stately hills remain at rest? Would not the whole contour of the land remain even as it was before you lost your guide book? "Inspiration gives us the guide book but does not create the landscape." Altho the sun of inspiration arises and we behold plainly the rocks and streams, yet it has created nothing but only illumined that which was obscure. Did Sir Isaac Newton create the law of gravitation by discovering it? The Bible reveals but does not create; the nature of things stands sure.

The finger of God has as much engraven His thots and character upon the "rock-ribbed hills" in that axiomatic language which science alone can decipher as He has impressed His will and attributes in the Book of the Law. It is, therefore, obvious that so far as the Bible and the Book of Nature are the word of God they are found to have no cross purposes. If, then, between Nature and the Bible there exists such fundamental harmony, with what boldness yet reverence shall the scientist enter his laboratory! His step will be firm, his hand steady and his purpose strong, for faith assures him that no discoverable fact of Nature will ever contradict that "still, small voice." With enraptured being he will behold the works of the Creator's hand. He will reveal the glory of God's works in so much of their infinity as his finite spirit can conceive; he will rejoice as Kepler rejiced who, after working for twenty-two years on one hypthesis exclaimed, "Oh, God, I am thinking Thy thots after Thee! Grant me Thy grace that this work may lead to Thy glory and the good of souls!" He will follow the path of Newton who concluded that the nerves of the universe center in God, that an apple is a tiny link, in a "vast invisible" chain, binding the world together; who, read in the fairy literature of soap-bubbles the refraction of light and crowns it all with this august confession, "I can take my telescope and look millions of miles, watch the blazing suns

and whirling planets in the infinite depths of immensity; but I can lay it aside and go into my room, shut the door, get down upon my knees and see more of heaven and get closer to God than I can assisted by all the telescopes and material agencies of earth." Is such science opposed to religion? If so, let us have more science and less religion.

Michael Angelo, old and blind, standing before the Torso, that famous fragment of a statue, would trace out the mutilated lines of the body and tell his pupils how the head and limbs must have been formed in the entire figure. Science is the blind Angelo standing before the Torso of the universe. From the mutilated lines of the body, it knows how the whole was formed. Altho the scientist can never reach the uttermost depths or scale the outer-most heights, he knows that the lines he traces in his blindness will lead to the Father of lights. Is such science destructive to the welfare of religion? Is such manifestation of God in Nature a blemish to His benign character? The God who rules the world rules the heart. Neither the Book of Life nor the Book of Nature reveal another. Religion and science agree.

Spring

FIRST PRIZE POEM—FRANCES E. SHULTZ

There's something 'bout the Spring
When a fellow's feeling blue
That turns his feelin's inside out,
And makes him over new.
There's something 'bout the rain
That falls in tinkling drops,
Makes everything so fresh
When all the raining stops.

I don't know why it is
A fellow feels so good
To see the robins comin' back—
He starts out for the wood,
I guess it's just the Spring
That makes him feel that way—
Like singin' all the time,
And hopin' every day.

He sees God in the sunshine
And in the arching sky,
And in the flash of bluebirds
That dart so swiftly by.
It isn't hard to pray
When he feels God so near;
No fearful doubts arise
For all the skies are clear.

A fellow ought to live
Each day in God's out-doors
Till the sunshine fills his soul
So full it bubbles o'er.
Then, O, for merry Spring-time,
For Spring's the time for me—
The shortest time that it can last
Is through eternity.

Solid Gold

SECOND PRIZE POEM—JOHN WILCOX

A friend is a friend, you say, in every sort of way,
When the birds are singing, the bells are ringing, and Nature's face
is gay.

But when it's rough and things look tough, and you don't get your
pay.

Then is the time you need a friend that's a good friend every day.

A friend is a friend, you say, a good friend every day,
When he cheers you up, and fills your cup with something sweet, I
say,

If he comes around when you are downed, with a good, kind word
to say,

I tell you it is worth a heap as you struggle on your way.

If a friend is a friend when your happy
If he's still all safe when you're sad,

If he stays right by like your mother
When the waves are rolling bad

If you find him in the morning
And you pass him by at noon

And every time you see him
He hits up the same old tune,

If his heart beats true as he talks to you,
If he looks you in the eye,

He's safe, I say, to live and love
And he's safer yet to die.

A ROMANCE OF THE GENESEE RIVER

First Prize Story Ruth Kellogg

It was growing dusk and the sun sinking in solemn grandeur beyond the horizon cast a weird, rosy glow over the hills and valleys which made the place seem almost enchanted. It was a scene which once witnessed, would never be forgotten. The lengthening shadows, among the crags and crevices, which grew more indistinct each moment appeared like skulking beasts of a forest. The lazy Genesee with its intricate windings was turned a dark, amber hue by the last rays of the descending sun and here and there a solitary tree looming up distinctly was indeed a regular sentinel on guard. But the dark faced Indian standing motionless and alone upon the summit of a hill disregarded with characteristic stoicism the beauty of the scene. His was a form, still, upright and rigid, with length of limb and breadth of shoulder which impressed one as containing more than ordinary strength. His face, under the elaborate head-dress of feathers and now free from war paint, was dark, swarthy and repulsive with that quiet, vacant, composure which characterizes an Indian in peace. But the black roving eyes, beneath overhanging brows, seldom rested and seemed to be the only animate thing about him. He was indeed a part of the scene.

But even though his face was passive and his body motionless, his mind was neither, for the memories of bygone days had full possession of his faculties. Mingo had been born a chief and a warrior among the red Chippewas of the lakes, and the suns of twenty summers had passed over his head before he saw a pale face and he had been happy. Then the Canadian fathers came to the woods and taught the Indians many things. Then it was that he learned to love beautiful Iola, daughter of the great white chief, and from that time there had been no more happy days for Mingo. Yes, he had loved her. Loved her with that passionate intensity which had made his forefathers the great and savage warriors which they were. But only unhappiness for all who were concerned was the result of his unfortunate passion. For the beautiful Iola hated him for his presumption and his own people had banished him, as an outcast, from their tribe and despised him for caring for a cowardly pale face.

But this was not all! And here the Indian's black eyes flashed with a gleam of ungovernable ferocity and his powerful hand clenched at his sides. For the man who became Iola's husband had ridiculed him, Mingo, a chief and a warrior of the tribe of the Chippewas for daring to care for a white woman. And besides, he had done this cowardly thing before a great crowd of pale faced men and then had ordered him out of their village like a whipped dog. And because there was no alternative then, the Indian had gone but with a settled determination to kill him sooner or later. Forsaken by his own people and driven by his fierce and undying hatred, Mingo had wandered about for nearly fifteen long years, pitching his wigwam now in one place and now in another, but always alone, hating everyone and feared by many.

Fifteen years was a long time to follow one man! Again and again he had traced Glen Monroe, Iola's husband, to some village, only to discover that either he had left before Mingo had arrived or had never been there. Each mistake had increased his savage and malignant hatred for his victims and each disappointment had made him more and more determined to finally accomplish his evil purpose. And now, at last, his great desire was to be granted. For only two days before he had met Monroe who was one of the first settlers in the valley of the Genesee. On that very night he would perform the deed! Only a few more hours and the revenge for which he had thirsted for fifteen long years would be his! As this thought flashed through the mind of the Indian, a gleam of something a little like a smile passed over his dark sullen face, and he turned and entered his wigwam.

About twelve o'clock that night, Mingo was hiding behind a great tree in front of Monroe's house and gazing into the shutterless window. The room which he saw was poorly furnished with only the fireplace, a rude table and a few chairs but Iola was seated before the fireplace, sewing steadily and singing softly to herself. Monroe was not there and she was apparently alone. The Indian's dark countenance gleamed with exultation as he thought how sweet revenge was, that soon the lady's form would be lying cold and lifeless, and that Monroe would be allowed to see her

thus before the gruesome murders would be completed. Acting upon the impulse he started forward but stopped abruptly. What was that which he saw in the basket by the fireplace? A white papoose! And should he kill the innocent papoose too? He stood wondering. It was a night in which one might expect the most ghastly crimes to be committed. The darkness was so intense that it could almost be felt. Not a leaf rustled but it could be heard in the awful stillness. Muffled sounds occasionally arose from the forest. In the distance the low murmur of the Genesee sounded like a repetition of some weird, wild chant and now and then the mournful notes of a whip-poor-will became blended with the moaning of an owl. But even as Mingo stood waiting, knife in hand, the thought of how great his injury had been aroused him to action and knashing his teeth with rage no longer bridled, he glided toward the cabin, continually keeping a searching and wary glance upon its occupant. Now a twig snapped beneath his moccassined foot and he halted, peering cautiously into the darkness. Again he approached, now he had reached the partly open door, now he was within and stealthily creeping across the floor. How still it was! How unconscious the lady in the chair seemed to be and how peacefully the little white papoose slept! One step more brought him directly behind Iola's chair and as he raised the glittering knife above his head to strike the fatal blow, she suddenly became aware of his presence, and terror stricken at the sight of the shining weapon and the cruel face above her, fainted in her chair without a sound. But the revenging hand of Mingo was stayed for as the weapon was slowly descending in space, a wild, unhuman cry broke through the stillness, cutting the intense silence of the night air. The Indian's arm fell at his side and he uttered an exclamation of surprise and wonder as the flying figure of a man rushed toward the cabin, closely followed by an immense panther, whose gleaming eyes seemed aflame with fire and whose snarling mouth dripped with blood. Then there was a battle in the little cabin which beggars all description. The shrieks of the woman and child together with the savage cries of the Indian were mingled with the snarling of the beast. Iola, now fully conscious, snatched the defenseless babe and

rushed out of the building, leaving the two men to encounter the panther. They struggled furiously and the weapon which Mingo had brought for the murder of Monroe was now used in his defence. It seemed as if the desperate fight had continued for hours and hours, and even the dauntless Indian was beginning to stagger when at last, he rushed upon the beast with fierce yells and a more deliberate aim. This time the trusty knife struck straight and true and the two fell together.

Three suns had set before Monroe again found Mingo for in the excitement of caring for the helpless woman and child, the Indian had fled into the forest unnoticed. Again the sun was sinking into the west and enveloping the earth with its wondrous beauty when Monroe knelt by the couch upon which Mingo was lying as he calmly smoked a peaceful pipe. His face and hands were terribly torn, many other wounds were rudely bandaged, the dark fathomless eyes were partly closed, but a look of sad content rested on the once savage features. Monroe's voice trembled as he gazed at the mortally wounded Indian and said brokenly, "My brother—the man whom I have feared for fifteen years has saved the lives of my wife, my child and myself, and the lasting gratitude of a husband and father is yours." The Indian listened gravely and then silently extended his hand and replied, "My pale faced brother is a wise and good chieftan—he is welcome." And with these words the hand loosened its grasp, the dark eyes closed, and the sad, lonely spirit of Mingo took its flight to the Indian's Happy Hunting Grounds.

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Snappy Smiles	Alzada Hall Prep. '22
Business Manager	Harold McKinney, '20
Advertising Manager	Frances Graves Prep. '20
Circulation	Olive Meeker, '22
Circulation	Winifred Williams, '21

EDITORIAL

The Hour Has Struck

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at its flood leads on to fortune, omitted, all the voyage of their former years is lost in shallows and in miseries." It is the conviction of all who enter Houghton Seminary that the opportunity will lead to fortune. Not the fortune of hoarded money, nor the monopoly of vast estates is this wealth, but the priceless treasure of eternal friendships and the preparation for ever-broadening activities for service. Those who are ambitious for material gain will live in sordid happiness and lifeless ideals.

Houghton students, however, never hear the emphasis

placed upon the material but ever on the spiritual. The friendships that are made by common interests and the confidence produced by a mutual self-giving are found to be of greater value to the welfare of the individual than all the vagaries of materiality. When one has lived in this salutatory atmosphere for years, has breathed the air of such unselfishness, has inhaled the fragrance of the sweet-scented lives of those whose supreme happiness exists in serving others, he cannot depart without feeling a tinge of sadness in farewell. With his moral vistas greatly elevated and his intellectual vision much clarified, he will go forth, in spite of his sadness, with joyful spirit, glad that it ever was his privilege to be thrown in such a healthy environment.

It would be highly satisfactory for us if we could continue here in these happy surroundings ad infinitum, yet the stern realities of life demand a parting of the ways and we must all too soon leave these present enjoyments for future memories. It has been a great pleasure to have mingled with the students and faculty and has given a broader education than anything obtained from books. It has created a sympathy and optimism which has liberated the mind from trivialities and the partialities of the illiberal mind.

We fain would linger over these absorbing thoughts and would not go at all were it not for Hope, Hope and Faith that is big and alive, a belief that Houghton will serve mankind in the future as she has in the past, that she will grow and expand beyond our fondest hopes, and that we may serve her better from now on than we have in other times. With this cheering thought we say goodbye to the past and welcome the future.



OUR SENIORS

CLASS PROPHECY

The day was dark and dreary, one of those dull, dismal, melancholy days that fill one with inertia and drowsiness. Tired after a hard day's work and weary from the dullness of the day, I decided to take a walk out in the suburbs. I walked on and on, hardly comprehending my direction. Finally I realized I was far out in the country. I could see over in the pasture many beautiful spring flowers and decided to pick a few. After some time I heard the rumbling of thunder and knew a terrific storm was fast approaching, so fast, indeed, that I had no time to get to a house. I spied a cave in the hill back of me and soon sought protection inside its earthy walls.

Soon I heard the distant strains of music which seemed to fascinate me as if by magic; thus I walked farther and farther into the cave and the strains of music became sweeter and sweeter. Finally I came to a door over which was the inscription, "WELCOME." I walked in and the picture which I saw was truly indescribable. It seemed as

tho Paradise in all its beauty and splendor was open before me. Numerous, various shaped flower beds of hyacinths, tulips, orchids, and pansies were scattered here and there. There were many different kinds of trees in full bloom and the fragrance which all these flowers sent forth was truly pleasing to the olfactory nerves. The most beautiful birds imaginable were flying from tree to tree and the music they made would cause Beethoven or Mozart to open their eyes in astonishment. Directly in front of me were two objects which resembled somewhat two areoplanes. They were made of glittering gold with bands of diamonds at the top. Their wings were of snowy white and resembled much the enlarged wings of a dove as they quivered in the breeze. They were turned in opposite directions and on one was written, "PAST" while on the other, "FUTURE" set in with pearls. The driver of the former was a beautiful fairy with flowing, raven, wavy hair, large, lustrous, black eyes while the driver of the latter was directly opposite with her curly, golden hair and deep-meaning eyes of blue. They both beckoned me to get into their golden plane but I finally seated myself beside the blonde fairy and the plane started.

Down the long vista of years we went until we stopped at 1929. I saw I was in a large building. The sick and the dying were being carried in and placed on high, white cots. On all sides could be heard the cries of suffering. I realized I was in a hospital. A white-garbed figure came slowly down the aisle between the cots, stopping at each one to to speak a cheerful word or smooth a brow contracted in pain. As the figure approached, I recognized my old class-mate, Gladys Grange. At last she had attained her ambition to become a doctor.

After a swift trip thru space, my guide and I landed in a city remarkable for its beautiful buildings. One I recognized as the great Capitol building in which Congress meets. Lead by my guide, I entered a nearby government office building. It veritably swarmed with clerks and officials, hustling and bustling with the government's business. At the head of one of these departments I recognize Nellie Linebarger, who, I was told, was considered

one of the valued women in the government's service.

From Washington my guide took me on a long tour of many cities and towns. In all of them I saw blazoned in electric lights the name of Eudora Fero.

"Why is her name so prominently displayed in all places?" I asked.

"Ah," was the reply, "She is the most famous movie star of the age."

I was then taken to a large Academy of Music. Several musicians played and were moderately applauded. Then a girl whom I immediately recognized as Ruth Kellogg came out. She played with exquisite interpretation and an expression that balks all description. A shower of bouquets covered the stage when she had finished. On the program she was described as "The World's Greatest Musician." The next to come to the stage was Clement Bedford. His appearance was the signal for a wild outburst of applause. When the audience had quieted, he sang with great splendor and talent. He was recognized as one of the greatest singers of the day.

"You have not shown me what happened to Blanche Trafford," I said to my guide when we came out of the Academy of Music. "What career did she follow?" My companion informed me with a smile, that she was married to a captain on the U. S. ship, and was now the happy mother of four children.

We soon came to a large public building. As I walked in I saw the words, "COURT HOUSE" over the door. Then I entered the court room. An important case was in progress. The attorney for the defense was speaking. His voice sounded very familiar, but I could not see his face on account of the crowd and the distance.

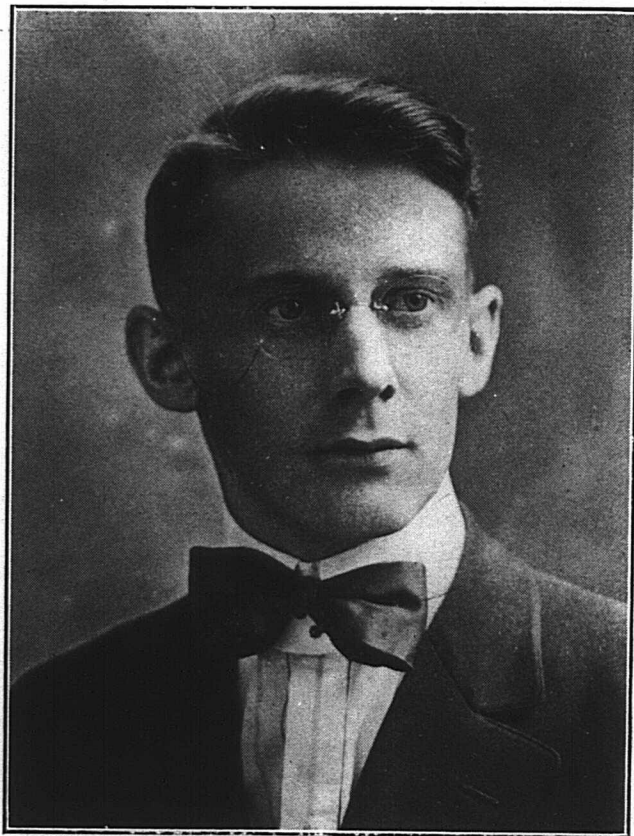
"Who is it?" I asked my companion.

"Your class-mate, Orange Hester," was the answer. "He is one of the cleverest lawyers in the country. He began to prepare himself for his profession in high school, when his ability to give an argument at all times was most marked.

The golden bird was then turned to the place whence we started and we were soon back to the beautiful garden. I

passed back thru the cave and out into the open and walked back to the city. I went at once to my office where my evening customers were waiting for their treatment. I saw my office from far up the street by the sign, "DO UNTO OTHERS WHAT YOU THAT THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU," over the door. Upon entering, I found several corpulent, fleshly women waiting for their treatment for the reduction of obesity.

GRAYCE BREMIGEN.



GERRITT VISSER

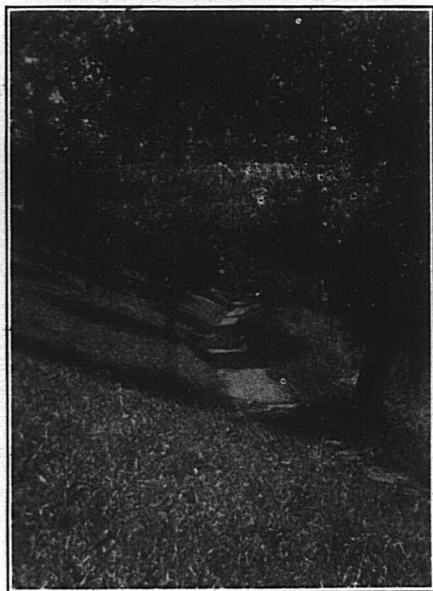
GERRITT VISSER

The class representing the Theological Department in the commencement this year consists of only one, but a score of others are in preparation among us, and others will soon join them on their way, in training for the exalted work of the ministry. It is no small task confronting the person who responds to the call for help, coming from the great fields of moral conflict.

Many appreciate the responsible character of the Gospel ministry, and are directing young persons who feel the call of God upon them to this "School of The Prophets," for a period of study and training.

Soon after his conversion in the Wesleyan Church in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in February, 1915, Mr. Visser heard God's call to Gospel work, and came to Houghton the following September. He entered into the grace of holiness the first year he came among us, and by diligent study and a consistent life and testimony, has won a warm place in the hearts of his teachers and fellow students. With his young wife who was Miss Rosa Crosby, he will accept a pastorate in the Michigan Conference, and take up his work in the near future.

J. J. COLEMAN.



FORTY WEEKS ON THE CAMPUS

Forty weeks is really a short season but in every year there is a time at which forty weeks extending into the future seems almost an eternity. September is that time. There is another point in the year when we look back on forty weeks and realize that after all it has been very short. This realization takes possession of us in June. We know, indeed, that the period thru which we have passed since the first of the school year has been brief and we wonder how so many different things have been crowded in.

Naturally the first thing we think of in connection with a school is study and when we do think of it we feel that we need not take off our hats to anyone. We should like to see a more studious crowd of boys and especially girls. We all love pleasure but we do believe, in the words of one of our alma mater's alumni, "Ignorance in Hoton is anything but

bliss," and while seeking bliss we desire to seek it in the proper path.

About midway between the realms of work and play are located our literary societies, Athenian and Neosophic. These are primarily for the development of their members along literary lines but they also furnish very interesting as well as profitable entertainment. It will no doubt interest old members of the Athenian to know that instead of bi-monthly meetings, weekly meetings are now being held.

Another phase of education that seems to cover all the space between and connect those realms of work and play, is athletics. This element has taken an important part in the school life this year and has filled a long felt need. Unless the physical is developed along with the mental, the latter can never reach its maximum capacity.

During the entire year our lecture course has been greatly disturbed owing to "flu" and other diseases. Delay, however, only increased the enjoyment. One of the best numbers was a lecture by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

We are told that one of the most important places which can be assigned to any topic is the end. For this reason we have left till last a mention of the religious spirit here. We feel that there is a deeper atmosphere of spirituality in the school than ever before. Our space is limited although we should like to say more on this topic. It is, however, more fully treated elsewhere.

"Yes, we'll cheer it with a will,
This old school upon the hill,
For Hoton and her principles we'll stand." B. W.



BASKET BALL TEAMS

ATHLETICS

The present season has been very unfavorable for athletics. The last two months have been filled with rain. Nevertheless the ardor of the true base-ball fans was not dampened in the least, for flies were batted out between showers, and whenever the sun appeared from behind the clouds a game was started even if it were only for five innings. Ambitious pitchers have been "warming up" whenever occasion presented itself in spite of the weather, and the last big game of the season is pending—the battle between the Purple and the Gold. Each side is ready to claim the victor's laurels and the game will certainly be a stiff fight to the finish.

Houghton Seminary has two new tennis courts with backstops erected, and with a little more labor the ground will be in shape for playing. We hope to see them in the best of condition by next fall. In the meantime games go on as usual on the indoor court at the gymnasium.

The picture of the two teams of basket-ball players, Harvard and Yale, was made necessary from the fact that the final game which was to determine the championship of the League could not be played. One or another of the players who were to play the final game were absent from school on urgent business until the weather became too hot to play it out. It was then decided to take the picture of both teams jointly. Mr. Arthur Northrop who is president of the Boys' Athletic Association and also coach of base-ball and basket-ball was the criginator of the League which created such an interest in the sport iof basket-ball. We all appreciate his adivice and hearty cooperation.

The contest between the Purple and Gold is yet to take place. This is to be on Field Day, Saturday, June 14. It is to be regretted that the results of this meet cannot be announced at this time, but as the paper goes to press immediately it must be omitted.

L. U.



Boys' Military Drill Class

This is the picture of the "Houghton Guards." They have regulation size drill rifles, and do the manual of arms, the squad and platoon movements, and the bayonet drill like France's "Blue Devils." Talk about "pep"—they have it. They know the meaning of, "Steady, you're at attention; hold that pivot, press down on the butt of your piece, get that step, dress up those squads, and a little 'pep' now men." They can do the guard, the long and short points, the jab and the butt stroke, and can yell like the Canadian army.

P. B.



Girls' Military Drill Class

The boys are not the only "peppy" bunch in Houghton. This class of girls has shown remarkable ability in military drill. Although they have trained but once a week they are a close second to the boys. They have taken the school of the soldier and the school of the squad, and can do the movements with the snap and precision of a "doughboy." These girls know what real military discipline is and have taken their share of "bawlings" out in a soldierly manner. They are to be commended for their interest and enthusiasm.

P. B.



STUDENTS PREPARING FOR SPECIAL RELIGIOUS WORK

HOUGHTON'S VIEW OF THE FORWARD[®] MOVEMENT

We are living in a day of achievement. The accomplishments of this age have been marvelous. Feats that three csore years ago were unheard of or deemed impossible are today performed with facility. Other weighty matters so take up our attention, that scarcely a thought is given to the tremendous forces that come into play in the accomplishment of such stupenduous results.

The generation now emerging from the halls of preparation ready to assume positions of responsibility are facing a new world from the one where their forefathers fought in the battle of life. Not alone because of the results of modern science and invention in our midst but backward nations previously living in seclusion have swung wide their doors and stepped out into the limelight.

The student contemplating some line of Christian act-

ivity must consider the unprecedented world opportunities of today. Opportunities that are as fleeting as they are golden. Hesitating and trembling upon the threshold of this new world are nations in the making.

With the faiths of their ancestors torn from their grasp by the influence of modern thought and science, they stand dazed at the prospect before them. The supreme moment for decision has come. Shall Christ be enthroned as the God of these nations in the Far East where this great upheaval has taken place? The students of today must answer this question and must answer it at once. Already Japan is forming her new national character and it behooves us to see that God is given his proper place in this nation who is alleged to be the mistress of the Orient. China and Korea will soon follow suit and in a few years the glorious privilege of having a hand in moulding these nations for God will be past.

The church is realizing that she must awake and move on or be trampled down under the feet of those who are marching on. For the throb of life is felt and instinctively the world feels that this is a time for action. The feeling is so prevalent that it seems to be in the atmosphere.

The Forward Movement is heartily endorsed by Houghton. As young people we appreciate the incentive that larger fields of opportunity offer. We see that the great dynamic that God alone can give is necessary in the lives of those who are to take part in the great plan of world redemption. We have joined together in the morning watch for the purpose of making our own lives more spiritual and to unite in prayer that others may catch the vision.

In view of the present world crisis, we feel that Houghton has an important place as one of the few schools in the country that stands for pure and undefiled religion. We want to see our alma mater not only hold true on fundamentals but have a spiritual standard that will increase in fervor each succeeding year.

A. J. H.

ALUMNI

Dear Houghton Friends:

I am sure that past appeals of the Alumni Department did not get by my notice. I am working twelve hours a night in the shop, preaching twice on Sunday, teaching a Sunday school class, studying on the Third Year Conference Course and keeping up the pastoral end of the work. You read my heart, I wanted to, yea, resolved to write to the Department, but resolutions often are made only to break.

No one who has ever been at Houghton a full year will get away from it—I care not how far the body travels. I spent nearly five years there. You can imagine how I felt in the last Sunday service I was at Houghton as a student. That A. M. in class meeting, Prof. Coleman, in whose ministry and teaching I revelled, was especially blessed in testimony. I couldn't see just right for a little—things got dim and misty. It was hard to pull away and realize school days were a thing of the past.

I expect to go to another school for a year, yet I am still loyal to Houghton. A man is no less in love with home when his business takes him away from it for a short time.

So I have been able to say this to our Wesleyan young people: "What we need is a baptism of school and church loyalty." Judge ye as to the need! Some leave us, never having been one of us spiritually. Sad, too, many of these have pledged their loyalty and consecration time and again. It was not until I went to a Wesleyan church and school that I found the true light, and entered into the rich and deep experience which now abides. And I would say that a church (or school) good enough to help you is good enough to stand by. That will bear thinking upon. It will always be natural for me to remain loyal to our school—Houghton.

Sincerely yours,

EARL BARRETT.

Dear "Star" Readers:

I received with pleasure information concerning the Alumni Letter Contest. It seems to me that there should be a much closer union among the Alumni of Houghton Seminary than exists at the present time. A contest plan should bring about good results in arousing more interest among the Alumni for their Alma Mater and her students. When it comes to the matter of ideals—ideals which every loyal alumnus and student has learned and is trying to inculcate into the lives of others.

Yet I think I can give the reason why the majority of the Alumni do not appear to be more interested. Not being born in luxury, we have to utilize a considerable part of our most valuable time and energy in whatever particular occupation or vocation we find ourselves.

It is with great pleasure and anticipation that I look for the semi-monthly production of the "Houghton Star." Truly it connotes something very different than every other Star. It is the "Star of our Alma Mater, where we formed ideals, associations and friendships which are everlasting.

That was an illustrious class, the class of '14 with which I fell in line as number thirteen. I have always remembered with joy the many pleasant experiences as a member of that class. It is true that we did not all agree in every particular for that is impossible—but in the great truths and ideals of life we were, and are, as one. Some of our class-mates have been in active service overseas, others have enlisted in other lines of pursuit. When we last met we planned to have a class reunion in 1924. One half of those ten years has slipped away almost as yesterday.

I try to repicture the Old Hill and the buildings as I saw them last, and then I try to imagine the new gymnasium the foundation of which I had a hand at. By the way, a painful experience I remember in connection with that enterprise was a bruised thumb, which I managed to conceal in a bandage during Commencement Exercises. I lost the thumb nail but another took its place.

Often it is useless to attempt putting into words that which lies deepest in our hearts. Many have tried to express their adoration both in prose and verse, for Hough-

ton. Our gratitude to Alma Mater is real, we experience it—but we lack words with which to express it. More than ever before may we, as Alumni of Houghton Seminary, keep her ideals and her future foremost in our thoughts. Here's to Houghton's success in all she undertakes.

With best wishes to all,

PARDON L. OVERTON,

Syracuse University, '19.

Organizations

Houghton Seminary is not a whit behind other schools in the promotion of social interests by means of literary societies. The Neosophic and Athenian societies include students from all departments, the Athenian being composed of upper classmen, and the Neosophic, preparatory students. During the past year, the English, Music, and Oratory departments have co-operated in an excellent manner, making it possible to give good programs.

Perhaps one of the most striking as well as practical programs was when the two societies united and conducted a Mock Trial. Other unions have given variety and zest to the usual routine of school life. Who will forget the extemporaneous speeches, especially if he were the unfortunate speaker? Or who failed to gain instruction in parliamentary drill? Surely all who attended the spelling match will remember how to spell "millennium"; and the missionary debate gave opportunity for prospective missionaries to present the needs of the various fields. Annual outings in the vicinity of the Seminary were held by the respective societies and were very enjoyable even though one did get wet by splashing in the brook, or the "Quaker Meeting" was so droll that laughing was compulsory.

We have been highly favored by the return of Alumni who have usually addressed the students in one or the other of the societies. Just recently Professors Smith and Coleman gave interesting and enthusiastic reports of the World's Convention which they attended.

The aim of the societies, to become better able to speak and broaden out along literary lines has been realized by those who have in any way been active. No one who listened to our honored President's address on his ideals for Houghton will be able to do less than his best if he is to be credited with any degree of school spirit.

SNAPPY SMILES

(Above the melting point on the Calisthenic floor)
Professor Hester, "Any questions?"
Shea, with a groan, "My, but it is hot!"
Woodhead, disdainfully, "Huh, there's no question about that."

President Luckey, reading Proverbs for chapel exercises,
"This says, 'My son,' but it applies to 'my daughter' as well."

In the dormitory: Alice—"Some people have never found themselves."

"Mac"—"Joy to the world! I've been found already."

Dan—"What's the nicest spot in Houghton?"

John D.—"Ellingwood."

(McKinney acting crazy), Mary—"What's the matter, are you crazy?"

McKinney—"No, Mary, I've just been up to Shultz's."

Hobbies

"Mac"—song—Beulah Land.

"Art"—flower—Myrtle.

Wilcox—wood—Ellingwood.

"Willie"—investment—Bond.

Gladys—commentator—Clark.

Zola—tribe—Hebrew.

W. Williams—book—Paul.

Mildred—scripture—Daniel.

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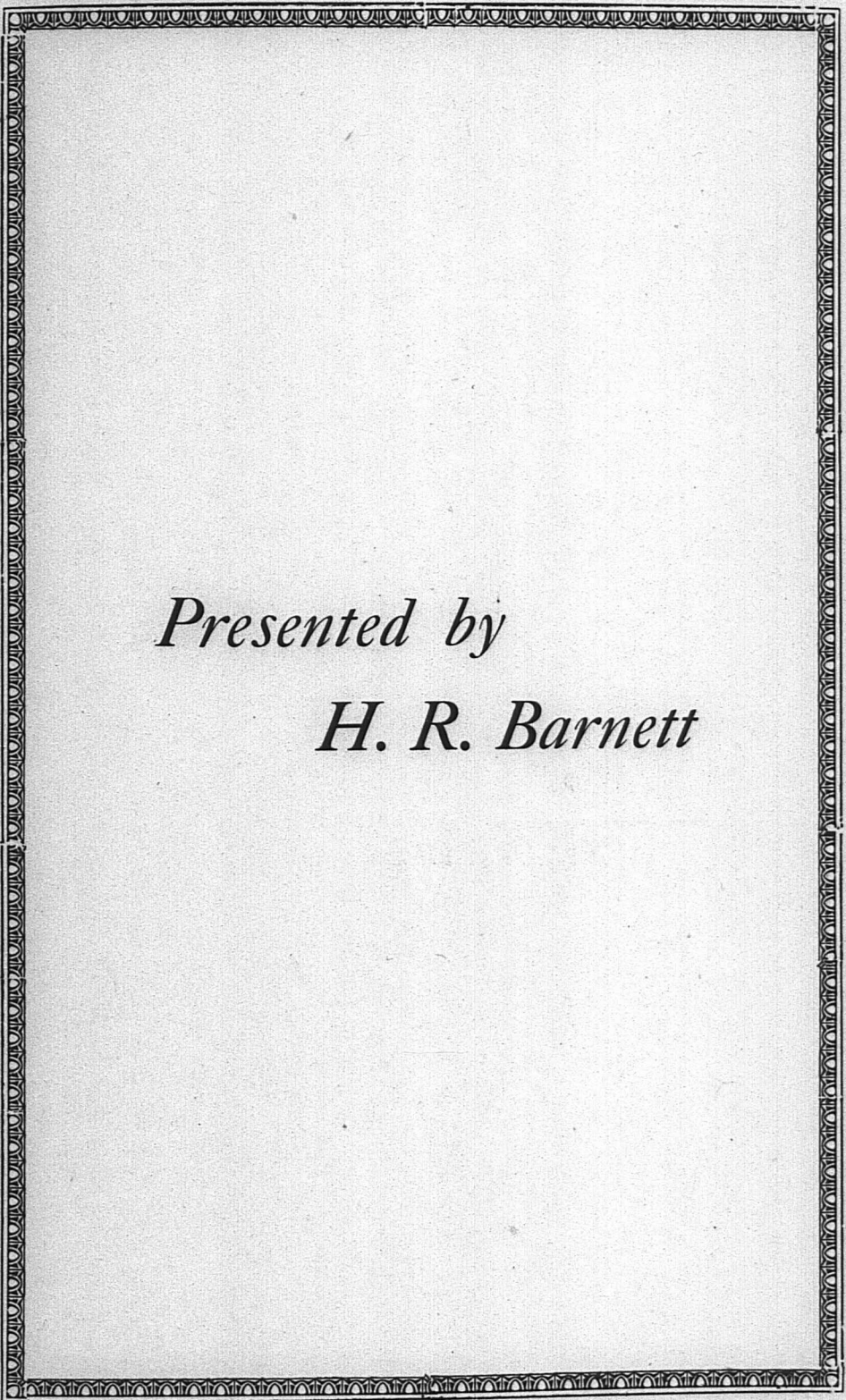
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