

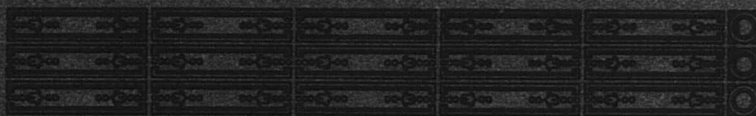
Lewis Silesbee  
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# The Houghton STAR

February  
1915

Volume VII

Number 5



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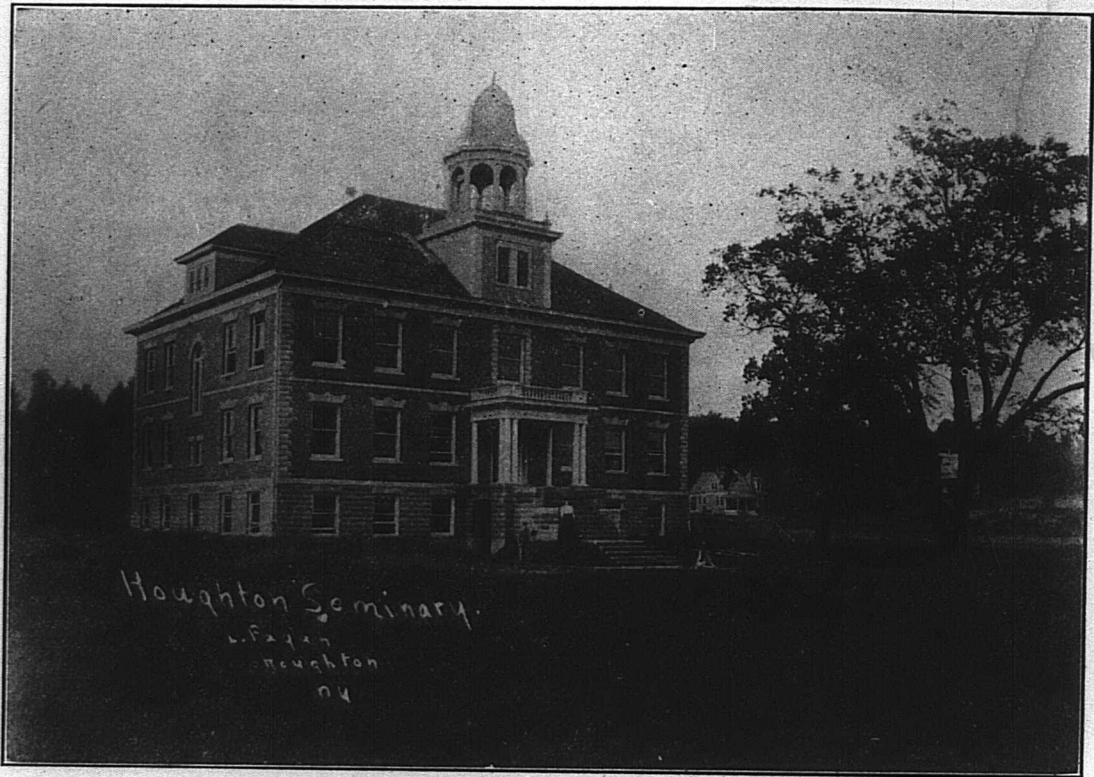
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# The Houghton Star

Vol. VII

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## Evangelism in West Africa

### An Alumnus



MISSIONARY work in any heathen country embraces several departments. Each department is important and has ardent supporters. For instance Christian schools are very necessary in a country where there are heathen schools. Also the work of a Christian physician among a people who have no adequate knowledge of their bodies, as the care of them, may become a means to lead people to Christ. But the work which we may term direct evangelism is in no less degree vitally essential.

Governments employ various means to civilize a savage people regarding civilization as an end. Men who preach the gospel directly to the heathen in an attempt to Christianize, are regarded as impractical men. How can the heathen be saved? Nevertheless we are "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

If the people of West Africa were only poor, or ignorant, or sick their condition would be serious enough to enlist our sympathy, and to attempt to improve their condition would be a worthy sphere of human effort. But because multitudes of human souls are lost without any knowledge of a Savior, there is a situation with which no mere human effort can cope or human means remedy. The spirit of God alone can save the lost ones but He can operate through human agency

to bring a knowledge of a Savior to the people.

In a mission school the children are taught the truths of the gospel and are urged to seek Jesus as their Savior. But how few of the people can ever attend a mission school. What shall be done for the others?

There is a theory that those beyond the immediate influence of the mission station will be reached by the native boys who are taught there. Therefore every missionary should devote his time chiefly to training as many as possible in order that he may multiply his influence. This theory is correct, doubtless, if properly worked, but under certain conditions it fails entirely. Unless a mission is intensely and widely evangelical the influence of the schools is in a great measure lost. Even if the young men have been saved and taught that they should seek their people they need practical training in evangelistic work.

It may be of some interest to a few to know how one missionary attempted to apply this principle. At Kunso Wesleyan Mission the school year is divided into four ten week terms with as many short vacations. During one of those vacations each year the boys visit their homes, while the other three are often spent at the mission. Often it happens that there is enough necessary work to use up the surplus vacation energies of a troop of African boys. On one occasion when it seemed that both the boys and the missionary in charge could be spared from the station, it was arranged to make a preaching tour together.



Twelve of the older boys were selected to go. The oldest boy was the official interpreter and manager, hence carried no load except a few personal things for his comfort on the journey. The company outfit consisted of changes of clothing for the boys, their rice, etc. for food, the missionary's bed, clothing, and a few luxuries in the food line. All those articles were packed and distributed among the boys according to the ability of each one to carry a load on his head. The missionary carried nothing except his hat and umbrella as the boys expressed it, nevertheless they complimented him because he walked without the assistance of a hammock.

On the first morning of the march after an hour's walk, the first halt was called for service. The hymn book had not been forgotten and soon with one boy leading, all the boys were engaged in singing heartily one of the Christian hymns which had been translated into the native language. In a very short time a large audience had gathered. A portion of scripture was read and explained, one offered prayer, then a few friendly words were exchanged with the chief man of the town. The impression on the people was deeper than it could have been had either the missionary or the boys been alone. Six months later that town sent a fine boy to the mission school.

After several other similar halts for service and a long walk, the party arrived at the town where they were to lodge the first night. It was the home town of one member of the party. That boy's father was the chief man of the town. The mother's greeting was very significant. If you have been welcomed by a loving mother upon your return home after several month's absence, you know the welcome that boy received. She was also careful, according to the native custom, to thank the missionary for his kindness to her son.

The party was conducted to the best house in town. It was only a circular mud house with a thatched roof. However it was swept clean had well constructed doors, and a wide veranda. The boys who had been carrying the missionary's folding cot bed proceeded at once to set it up on the open veranda as per his request. (The boys would sleep inside the same house.) Some one mentioned supper, for though a halt had been made for din-

ner at noon still all were very hungry. Then another boy said, "Wait." Therefore no preparation was made for supper. However in due time steaming hot rice and savory chicken soup were brought in clean white earthen bowls. This was an expression of the native host's hospitality. In the evening a gospel service was held with the people of the town. That was the sixth service of the day. Then all retired for the night glad for the privilege of preaching the word of God to some who perhaps had heard before but not so often as others.

Thus several days were spent. On the eighth day the party was returning by a different route. A large town had been decided on as the lodging place for that night. The party reached the place in the middle of the afternoon but encountered some difficulty in securing a house in which to lodge. Finally they were given a small dirty house. The head man of the town said he could do no better. Evidently the party was not welcome. Some people tried to quarrel with the boys over arrangements for supper, hence it was decided to proceed to the next town.

A few of the boys were tired but the majority said to march hence preparations were quickly made to proceed. It happened to be a long distance between towns at that point nine miles they were told. The missionary ventured to lead the way, although he had never travelled that road, for he knew it meant a hurried trip and steady walking. All went well for a time but just as it was beginning to get dark he observed that the boys were left far behind. Nevertheless he would press on in order to have everything in readiness when they should arrive. Suddenly the road stopped or seemed to. Anyhow he could not distinguish where it led. He had missed the right road and was consequently lost, alone, in the jungle, just at dark. What should he do? He called but there was no answer. The darkness was fast settling down. He prayed, and started to return by the road he had come. Soon he met a native man and his wife returning from their farm after a day's work. They were going to the place where he wanted to go. They would show him the way if he would follow. He realized that he was lost and it was not hard to trust even those strangers. In a few moments he was at the town where he found his boys anxious because he had not preceded them. Two of the older ones had gone with a lantern to



search but soon returned. Then all had joy together.

Lost! We do not realize how utterly lost those multitudes are. Who will guide them to the right path?

During another vacation period when all the boys were at their homes, the missionary had a desire to visit as many of them as possible in their homes in order that he might know their people and preach in the towns by the way. One of the boys lived a distance of fifty miles from the mission, others thirty-five miles in different directions, while still others were distant only twenty miles or less. A journey by a circuitous route might include several of the boy's homes and a large number of other towns in which there would be opportunity to preach.

The trip was carefully planned. The missionary would be away on his trip twenty-two days and his wife would accompany him part of the distance at least. Both would walk. A few trusty men were hired to carry a camping outfit and provisions for the journey.

Let it be sufficient to say that everything worked out nicely as planned. The gospel was brought to many towns some of which had never heard before.

Itinerating trips of this character are repeated as often as possible. By this method many people hear who could not otherwise. One of the great needs of the mission work is to have those who are free from the care of schools etc., who may devote all their time to work among the towns and villages of the country near and remote. Even now there are so many towns and such multitudes of people in Sierra Leone, merely, who have never yet heard the gospel, and since it is certain they will never come under the direct influence of the mission schools they will not be reached at all unless by the travelling evangelist.

There are native boys who have been educated in the mission schools who have the ability to do much for their people in the towns remote from the mission centers. But they will not do it unless there is some one who is free to devote his time to this work, some one who can plan and assist them in conducting a systematic evangelistic campaign. It is a practical need. If properly carried out such work will produce results no less than systematic school work. The trouble with too much evangelistic work on the mission field in the past is that it was not systematic and was not followed up

by more evangelistic work. The greatest need in the mission field is not so much for new methods as it is for a faithful, systematic working of the methods which produced results as far back as in Paul's time. Bringing the Word of God directly to the people has always been productive of good and is now no less than formerly.

### *The Match Factory*

Across the valley on a hill,  
There's such a funny little mill;  
It is grinding by the score—  
Grinding matches—matches evermore.  
Grinding matches in the mill,  
In the factory on the hill.

Of girls and boys they're made you see;  
From far and near they come in glee;  
They give their live to be made o'er,  
Into matches—matches nothing more.  
Oh, the matches from the mill,  
From the factory on the hill!

And when strange sights you think  
you see,  
A friend will say in ecstasy:  
"Saw ye ne'er such sights before?  
'Tis a match! A match!—And nothing  
more."

Oh, the matches from the mill,  
From the factory on the hill!

They think they'll set the world on fire  
With the knowledge they acquire.  
They have heads you may be sure—  
Heads of fire—of fire and nothing more.  
Oh, the matches from the mill,  
From the factory on the hill!

They work hard with all their might  
From early morn till late at night,  
To lose one hour they do deplore,  
Busy sparking—sparking nothing more.  
Oh, the matches from the mill,  
From the factory on the hill!

Oh, thou most noble mill, toil on,  
Thy work's beyond comparison.  
Thy fame will spread from shore to  
shore.

Oh, the matches from the mill,  
From the factory on the hill!

"The years with change advance,  
If I make dark my countenance,  
I shut my life from happier chance."

Tennyson.

## ***The Present European War***

[The following was read in Athenian Society and so met the commendation of all present, that we pass it on to our readers to enjoy.]

But yesterday the wheels of universal industry rolled on in unmolested progress. Families were united in happy homes with no thought of sorrow or separation. Men in all walks of life, and governments themselves were engaged in peaceful pursuits, glorying in unmeasured prosperity which seemed assured them as a reward of honest labor. No age in history ever exhibited brighter prospects for the promulgation of freedom and liberty than the one of yesterday.

The broad, expansive seas were teeming with life and activity. Ships were passing from one nation to the other, laden with cargoes of commercial products. Everywhere it seemed that men had taken the tide at its flood and that fortune was their assured goal.

In the future there loomed up in preponderous proportions, hovering over nations on outstretched wing, the dove of peace, conceived in the form of arbunals of arbitration, predestined to the momentous task of righting human wrongs and settling national controversies. War was repugnant to twentieth century ideals, and yet nations were groaning under grinding taxation to make more efficient armament possible. Men were reveling in what they termed the "Golden Age of Peace", which set the standard of our century's civilization, when Europe committed the atrocious crime against our age and convinced the world by her proceedings that she was crying, "Peace, Peace," when there was no peace.

Such, in meagre outline, were the conditions of yesterday. Today they present a far more stirring aspect. Yesterday the sun shone alike on every land. Today her rays scarcely reach the European continent, nor pierce the dense clouds of terrible carnage which have lowered over her borders. Yesterday there was prosperity, today there is devastation. Then there was happiness, now there are tears and heavy hearts. Then there was life, now there is death.

The causes of this titanic struggle lie far beneath the apparent surface of existing conditions. Time is lacking for a detailed discussion of the various causes, but surely the assassination of the Austrian prince

was merely an act which opened the channel for a free flow of national hostilities. Europe although at peace for forty years, was so merely in deed and not in truth. Outwardly all was well, but inwardly were ravenous wolves of ancient grudge and bitter jealousies which craved revenge. The Allies justify their action by laying the whole affair at the door of Germany under the charge of militarism which threatened the balance of power between nations. Germany on the other hand, protests against their accusations and declares that the sword was forced into her hands in behalf of national existence.

This is a war inevitable to the German to whom the statement that self-preservation is the first law of nature, has but little significance, if it means the sacrificial offer of his own fatherland at the shrine of agressing Slavish barbarism without bloodshed. He has little conception of patriotism if it means for him to stand idly by and witness the slow but inevitable ruin of his country, under the united influence of rival nations, who have sought to exclude Germany from the commercial realm. With this conception of life or death, Germany declared war and on the last of July all Europe was shouldering arms. Merely a hundred years after the exile of Napoleon to Elba, Europe found herself again locked in a gigantic grapple for mastery.

It is easy to enumerate the steps by which a general war emerged from Austria's attack on Servia. Russia speedily came to Servia's assistance. France at once began preparations for mobilization; Germany declared war on Russia; France mobilized in earnest, and Germany without a declaration of war, invaded France and Belgium, which led England to promptly deliver an ultimatum. So much is quickly said, but with this we have precipitated the war of nations, without a parallel in history.

Germany due to her highly efficient military machine mobilized her forces with astounding rapidity and before her enemies were aware of it, she was well into Belgium on her way to Paris. Having disregarded Belgian neutrality, the German forces suffered furious resistance at Leige, checking their advance for nearly a week. With the fall of Leige the Germans advanced upon Brussels which was occupied without resistance, causing the Belgian seat of government to be trans-



ferred to Antwerp. The check at Liege was little anticipated and already shattered the German plans, as they expected to reach Paris, before effectual resistance could be offered. This the Belgian resistance rendered impossible. With unrelenting vigor they now pushed on to Namur, a strongly fortified town, with Paris constantly set as their ultimate goal. Here they met the allied forces of France and Belgium, but due to superior tactics and skillful maneuvering, Namur was quickly taken. From thence forth the Germans had a bitterly contested advance toward Paris. As the groaning of the earth under marching feet and the rumbling of mighty guns reached the city, her inhabitants rested in comparative security. They recalled a similar sound which struck terror to their hearts but a few decades ago, but the Paris of today with its three successive walls of massive structure, costing \$800,000,000 is in striking contrast to the Paris of 1870.

Although the German War Staff deemed the fall of Paris, as the one great essential of victory, their forces were driven back by the Allies when within seventeen miles of the city. From Paris the Germans retreated slowly, fighting sanguinary engagements, and retracing their steps to the Belgian-Alsation border, where they joined the battle line, extending over 200 miles in length. Truly this is a war of nations in which her participants are no longer numbered by thousands, but have reached the higher realms and are calculated only in terms of millions, numbers too infinite for human mind to grasp. By September 1st a decisive battle was raging, decisive in the sense of determining whether the Germans were to be forced entirely out of France, or whether they might re-collect their strength, and virtually defeat the Allies. The battle lasted for several days, with little gain for either side, when the German forces under Von Kluck withdrew to lay siege to Antwerp and crush the remaining Belgian resistance.

In all military history of the future the capture of Antwerp must necessarily be a landmark. Here briefly, terribly, the superiority of the gun over the fort, of the mechanic over the engineer, was demonstrated. Aside from Paris there was no city so strongly fortified as Antwerp. Yet before the German artillery Antwerp's defenses crumbled with incredible rap-

idity. In less than a week those forts which had been pronounced impregnable, were heaps of dust and ashes. The city and suburbs were breaking out flames, and Antwerp had fallen.

While the German defensive in the west was reforming broken lines and preparing new plans, a fresh and tremendous problem confronted it on the east. German strategy had contemplated the destruction of French military power in six weeks and then the transfer of armies from France to Russia. But at Marne the drive against France had failed. Meanwhile Russian armies were up, were crushing the military power of Austria, and were moving steadily toward Berlin. It was necessary then, before resuming the offensive in the West, to halt the Russian advance. On October 30th was fought the battle of the Vistula, in which the Russian forces suffered defeat and were driven from German territory.

Once more free to resume the offensive in the West, Germany gathered forces for a new drive on Paris. Her advance has been blocked by the allied forces, in a line extending from the borders of Switzerland to the English channel. Here in utter deadlock the warring rivals hold the world in dire suspense. Today the German still has his face turned toward Paris but with little hope of its destruction.

In the East the war has again been resumed. Here Slav and Teuton are wreaking vengeance on one another in furious bloodshed. No thought cuts the patriotic heart of the German to a greater depth than that of national extinction by a Slavish aggressor. Consequently he has taken up the sword, to perish by the sword unless fortune crowns him victor. The most signal event of recent date in this campaign has been the battle of Lodz. Here the Germans must be credited with winning one of the greatest battles of the war. But they paid the price of the victor, their loss being estimated close to 200,000 in killed, wounded and missing. The city is left in a pitiable condition. Many buildings are burned due to the heavy shells which were rained upon the place with terrible destructiveness. The 700,000 inhabitants are suffering for lack of food and clothing.

With the German as victor in the East, we leave the activities of this great war and peer into the future. Doubtless there is nobody outside of Germany, who does not see that this war can have but one end. When the



first great rush of the German armies was met and foiled by a greater retreat, followed by an offensive which hurled the invaders back almost upon their own frontiers, the issue of the struggle was virtually determined. Germany's success as she herself knew, lay in crushing the Allied forces in France during the opening weeks of the campaign. This they have failed to do and to none is it more real than to the German soldier himself whom patriotism has called to pour forth his life's blood to spare his country's flag. The consciousness to his own mind that he is engaged in a losing fight against Time is beginning to work with disheartening effect. Germany overpowered by numbers is predestined to inevitable defeat.

It is not, therefore premature, to imagine the shape and circumstances of the new Europe that is to arise out of this prodigious upheaval. The old Europe is admittedly dead. After an uneasy life of little more than forty years, it has passed in thunder and lightning to an irrevocable eclipse. A fresh framework will have to be constructed and unless it, too, is to be torn to pieces a generation or so later, the architects will have to be animated by a different spirit from that which guided the diplomatists of the past. We look forward with eager eye to a Europe in which the spirit of militarism shall henceforth and forever be bound in chains. A map of Europe that, even for the defeated in this present war, will leave no soreness behind; a settlement that for all people and races will be in the nature of a liberation; a readjustment that will have no ragged edges of dismembered and revengeful nationalities.

Other wars have ended in terms of peace drawn up to suit the calculations of diplomatists, dynastic ambitions, and the petty plans of strategists. We hope that this war will end in terms of peace drawn up with one principle—the principle of nationality—and to meet one supreme consideration, the needs, wishes and desires of the several people concerned.

W E. Kaufman.

### ***His Mother's Prayers***

**Wilford Kaufman**

"We're going to have a cold night again, Mother," said Jack Morgan as he entered the cozy little cabin one evening about dusk.

"My," replied his mother, "I hope it doesn't get any colder or we will surely freeze to death."

The thermometer had long stood at thirty degrees below zero, and Jack could see the distressing look that came over his mother's face when she thought of conditions as they were. She was busy preparing her son's supper, and as they spoke the big sparks flew out on the hearth, bearing their prophecy of still more snow.

"John," proceeded Mrs. Morgan, for she never called him Jack, although there was no other name in all the Yukon valley whereby he was addressed; but as she spoke the door opened and Jack stepped out. Mrs. Morgan's face grew sterner as she thought of the news she must soon break to her son, and also of the coming snow which the sparks had prophesied, and were still unmistakably announcing. At this point she walked to the window in the eastern side of the cabin and looked out over the broad fields of snow and ice, which shone in a dull red glimmer, under the big round moon that had just made its appearance over the mountain range in the distance. The door opened again and Jack entered with a big armful of wood for the evening fire, and threw it down with a thud, into the woodbox which stood near the stove beside the closet door. He could not help noticing his mother's depressed mood, but he returned for more wood and said nothing.

Mr. Morgan had died in the early winter thus leaving Jack as the head of the house and consequently as the one to provide for his mother and himself. His mother's attitude was weighing on his heart, and as he placed stick after stick in his arm he thought that perhaps she was worrying over her husband's death and over his inability to provide for their needs in this time of extreme cold. With this impression he again entered the room and deposited his burden as before. Mrs. Morgan still stood at the window looking out upon the broad expanse—Jack didn't know what she was looking at, but as he walked across the room he saw that her lips were moving—what was she doing? She was praying to God for guidance and wisdom concerning the matter which was weighing heavily upon her.

"Mother, what's the matter?" asked Jack at last. "Are you worrying over me because you fear I cannot cope with the problems and struggles of life?"

Jack was only a youth of eighteen, and of course his mother was some-

what concerned about the burden of responsibility which had been so suddenly and unfortunately thrust upon him. But that was not the direct cause of her present mood, and in answer to Jack's question she turned and said:

"No, my son, I am not worrying about that, but I have something that I am loath to tell you. I have put off the evil day as long as I could, but conditions force me into these narrow straits. I have been hoping every day that this extreme cold would break up, but instead, it is getting still colder and with every sunset we are being pushed on to the critical point."

Mrs. Morgan spoke earnestly, and Jack's curiosity, as well as his blood, having been stirred by his mother's language, he turned and said, "Mother, I do not understand you, what do you mean?"

"Well, John, you know our provisions are surprisingly near an end, and I fear it is well nigh impossible to reach Alton under these conditions."

Alton was a little town located in the Yukon valley about forty miles north of the Morgan home and when traveling was good the return trip could be made in about four days. But now the cold was extreme and more snow was feared in the near future. Consequently Mrs. Morgan hesitated to send her son on the perilous trip. But Jack feared nothing and as his mother spoke his countenance lit up and his eye flashed in a manner which announced the determination common to a young man.

"That'll only give me a chance to prove my mettle," said Jack quickly. "I'll be off for provisions tomorrow."

After supper Jack stepped over to his neighbor's to see if Billy Jones would go along to Alton. Billy was about Jack's age and of course readily consented to the request. Jack then went home and in a short time had everything in readiness for the morrow's trip. When he went to bed he could still see through the window, the moon which had now lifted high above the distant mountains. The next morning, bright and early, the little train went flying up the great Yukon valley, for travelling was good, and the six dogs were large and in good trim. Mrs. Morgan watched it as it gradually grew dimmer and dimmer in the grey mist of the early morning, and as it disappeared from view she lifted her eyes to heaven and asked God to keep her boy.

Shortly after dusk of the second day the boys pulled into Alton. They secured their provisions, and the morning after they arrived there, the little train was leaving Alton in the same manner in which it had left Mrs. Morgan a few mornings before. That night Jack and Billy rolled up in their blankets beside the campfire and were soon fast asleep. About midnight there came a cry of howling dogs, but when the startled boys came to themselves the tumult had largely subsided. Jack rushed out into the darkness but returned a moment later, pale as death. "They're wolves," he cried, "and one of the dogs is missin'."

"We'll have to watch out, Jack, those wretches are nearly starved and they'll eat up all of 'em, and us too, if we're not mighty careful," remarked Billy, as he threw more wood on the low burning fire.

The winter had been long and extremely cold and most of the animals had retreated southward, leaving very little means of subsistence for the hungry pack, save for a stag, which refused to leave his place of habitation. The boys slept but little more during the night and when the brutes disappeared early the next morning, they resumed their march, somewhat disheartened, for during the night the prophecy of the sparks had been fulfilled and a great deal of snow had fallen. They plodded on through the newly fallen snow with great persistence, and when night overtook them they felt that they had made good headway in their homeward direction. As soon as darkness covered the earth that night the dogs became restless and whined and barked in a distressing manner. To their surprise the boys soon saw their old friends closing around the fire again and they knew that a night of watching lay before them. The wolves were now more persistent than before, while with every hour the dogs became more restless and uncontrollable. Finally one of them rushed out among the hungry brutes, only to meet the fate which had befallen his mate the night before.

The wolves did not leave so early the following morning, but stayed near until the sun had risen high in the heavens. However, they finally withdrew and the young adventurers were again free to experience new disasters. They started out that day, with the remaining four dogs, determined to make home before night, if possible.



The wolves, however, driven on by biting hunger, did not leave entirely during the day, but followed in the distance.

Because of this fact the boys were forced to call a halt that night, only ten miles from home, for they dared not allow darkness to overtake them. To make sure of the dogs, Jack tied each one to a stake near the blazing fire, for he felt that not another one could be sacrificed. The wolves gathered as before and were becoming more defiant every moment. The lads were very tired and worn. All day long they had waded snow, and urged the faithful dogs ahead. The lack of sleep of the preceding nights was beginning to weigh upon them. Their sleepiness was becoming torture. They changed off to watch while one slept, but neither could stay awake. Time upon time the sentinel was awakened, either by bark and growling of the dogs as the circle of bloodthirsty wolves grew smaller, or by a burning stick which he tied to his hand in order that he would be awakened when the fire reached the flesh. More than once the intruders were driven back by thrusting burning brands at them or by throwing glowing coals among their ranks. This was the lads' only means of defense, for their ammunition had long since been exhausted.

Jack's heart finally lifted when he saw signs of approaching morning in the eastern skies. "The wretches will soon be gone now," he said to Billy. But Billy made no reply for he was fast asleep. The wolves, however, were bent on destruction, and Jack's heart sank within him when he realized that his enemies refused to leave that morning. Their wood supply was rapidly decreasing and Jack knew that the end was not far ahead unless the wolves dispersed. As his last resort he surrounded the dogs, sled and Billy with the remaining wood and set it afire. Then he crouched there in the midst of the burning circle, beside his sleeping companion and faithful dogs, and awaited death in a half-asleep horror.

His eyes were growing dim from the lack of sleep, and his face became pale as he thought of his past life and of his poor mother. Every minute he expected the hungry wretches would leap in upon him. There he was in deep despair; he knew that fate was against him. There was no ray of hope, but while in this condition, he suddenly recalled the moving lips of his praying mother which he saw at

the east window a few nights before. Indeed, if he could have looked into the little cabin at that very moment he would have seen her at that same window, with that same far-away look, praying for the same end for which she had prayed on the morning of his departure—that God would keep her boy. Somehow Jack felt that very moment that his mother was praying for him. But just then he realized that the fire was burning low around him and that on every side defiant teeth were bared for his destruction.

"What good will prayers do now," he said "with howling wolves on every side?" He dared not open his eyes. "Billy, I wish I was sleeping too," turning to his unconscious companion. He felt something touch his shoulder. "Oh! I'm lost," he cried; "they're coming now."

"No! You're not lost," said a voice above him "but you were mighty near to it."

Jack opened his eyes,—lo! his enemies were gone and beside him stood three wood-choppers with axes in their hands. "They were bound to have you, weren't they?" said one of them.

"Yes, I thought sure we were goners," gasped Jack. He then awakened Billy and together they cried for joy to think that they were safe. Their team was again hitched up and they were sent on their way. That night Jack rushed into the little cabin, with its cheery fire, and fell into his mother's outstretched arms, determined to lead a better life because he felt that mother's prayers had availed for him.

### **Fred Eugene Baker**

On January 11, 1915, the second number of our Lecture Course was given in the Seminary Chapel by Mr. Eugene Baker. Some people expect in a lecture merely a warmed over sermon, a narration of a lot of dry-as-dust facts or statistics, and on the whole a tedious hour and a half, but I am sure that all such people who went to hear Mr. Baker were sadly disappointed.

Mr. Baker's pleasing personality itself was enough to awaken interest from the start, a splendid physique, a resonant voice, and a ready tongue contributed much to the general atmosphere of good will and attentiveness that seemed to pervade the whole audience. But we all know that it takes something more than pleasing personality to make a pleased and satisfied audience and Mr. Baker surely



had that "something" in his lecture entitled, "The Lucky Number." From the very first he held the attention of the entire audience, mixing humor and sense in such a way, that one would hardly know whether he was listening to an impersonator or a lecturer. Mr. Baker showed in a strong, sound and practical argument the foolishness of belief in what are known as Lucky and Unlucky numbers, good and bad omens, and all sorts of common superstitions. That it was the man who lacked ambition, brains and pluck, who blamed "his luck" when he failed.

Finally, after the audience had guessed wrong every time, in an inspiring manner Mr. Baker told us that The Lucky Number was Number One and that the only way to win success in life was to fit oneself to do thorough and valuable work, and to do it with energy and perseverance. "True success was getting ahead of the other fellow, and most important of all, in getting ahead of yourself."

Some one has said that "if in any lecture there is a note of cheerfulness, if it rings true to the higher call of duty, if it carries over from the soul of the speaker to the soul of the individual an impulse toward the realization of that person's TRUE SELF it was not delivered in vain," and we can surely say this and more, too, of Mr. Baker's lecture The Lucky Number.

#### The Lucky Number

Life is just what we make it,  
Says the prophecy old and true;  
And let me ask you my brother,  
Is it not better than many a new?

We may hunt a LUCKY NUMBER,  
We may seek a hidden store;  
But when the searchings are all over,  
We will have not one thing more.

You have faith in youthful fountains  
That bring back health and life,  
When one is old and feeble  
And has dropped out from the strife?

We hear thirteen at a table  
Will bring death within a year  
But of all such foolish notions  
We should cast aside all fear.

So throw 'way your superstition  
And treat it as a pun  
For in life's mighty battle  
Lucky number's, NUMBER ONE.

M. M. A.

Houghtonites are said to have more than their share of happy surprises, but, be that as it may, I am sure there couldn't have been a more desirable pleasant surprise, than when the chairman announced that Mr. Baker had consented to talk to the students

and any others who might wish to come, in the chapel the next day. No urging was needed you may be sure, and every student could not but appreciate his privilege in life as he listened to Mr. Baker's talk. Among other interesting things, he told us how to earn money, how to spend money, how to save money, how to invest money and how to give money. Turning to the ladies' division of the student body he told them how they might be truly beautiful.

But the main thought Mr. Baker impressed on every mind was that "what we will be we are now becoming," and that in order to be what we wished to be we must be at our BEST NOW, not merely GOOD but BEST, as "the GOOD is always the enemy of the BEST!"

Every student could not help but be inspired to higher ideals in life, and a desire to make his life all that it should be. With thankfulness in our hearts that we had the privilege of hearing his inspiring messages, we said good-by to Mr. Baker, sincerely hoping to hear him again at some future time.

#### The Fat Man's Lament

Shirley D. Babbitt

I often dream of childhood's day,  
Of youth's gay, sprightly frolic,  
Of all the games I used to play  
Mid those dear scenes bucolic;  
I long once more for olden joys,  
To run and skip and things like that—  
Oh yes, I'd fain be with the boys,  
But now,—alas, I've grown too fat.

I watch the children on the green,  
How frank and free their merry play!  
Twas not so long ago, I ween,  
When I was just as free as they.  
I think of sports now far estranged;  
Of days when I could swing the bat,  
But now you see all this has changed,  
Since I—alas, have grown too fat.

There was a time, (forgive the boast)  
When I could run, and jump, and skate,

And with the swiftest I could coast,  
And never would I hesitate  
To be the first in every game,  
For then I loved all things like that,  
But now you see, 'tis not the same  
For that was ere I'd grown so fat.

Ah pleasures once to me so dear,  
How sad that you have flown!  
Oh why must you now disappear  
When I am older grown?

How sad that while I grow more round  
That you should grow more flat.  
Oh why should life's sweet face have  
frowned  
That I have grown more fat?

I once was lithe, quite like a wand—  
A supple wand of willow  
But now I've reached that stage be-  
yond—  
I've grown more like a pillow.  
I then could touch my toes with ease,  
No bending then was shunned,  
But now 'tis hard to reach my knees  
O'er body so rotund.

I've tried all cures, without success,  
I find my efforts all in vain;  
While I keep eating less and less  
I still proceed to gain and gain.  
As I grow older year by year  
My waist, it doth the more include,  
And as I grow more like a sphere  
The greater grows my longitude.

My dinners now taste just as good  
As in the good old days gone by,  
While then I ate just all I could,  
I now must go without my pie.  
I then could eat with fond delight  
As much, as oft, and all I chose;  
I now must curb that appetite  
Lest I should grow more adipose.

I exercise,—and diet too;  
They only seem to make me thrive,  
Now scarcely can I lace my shoe—  
What will it be at forty-five?  
I must but wait and suffer through—  
Resign myself to hands of fate,  
What else is there that I can do—  
My corpulence will not abate.

The coat that's ripped, the trousers  
tight,  
A thousand things bring to my mind  
That slender days of youth so bright,  
Have long ago been left behind.  
I scarce can make my belt to reach,  
My neck's too short for my cravat;  
And all of these their lesson teach  
That I,—alas am growing fat.



The National Convention of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association  
held at Topeka, Kansas, Dec., 29—Jan. 1.

The grand privilege of attending the FIRST great student gathering of its kind ever held in this country, was afforded the writer by the vote of the Houghton I. P. A. and their usual courtesy; also it was my privilege to represent the State Association at the Convention.

On Christmas Day I started, on my eventful and inspiring trip, arriving at Buffalo to leave on the 8:39 p. m. train over the Wabash for Chicago, and thence over the Sante Fe System, arriving at Topeka on Thursday, Dec. 29, 1914. Here I registered, and was at once taken into the Hospitality of the Loyal Wesleyan Band at Topeka, led by their faithful and efficient Pastor, Brother Dunbar.

The Convention was opened on Tuesday evening by the great Na-

tional I. P. A. contest, in which the choicest of the nearly 1500 contestants, participated. The College and State yells were enthusiastic, to say the least, and while some Colleges were represented by only one representative or even in some instances there was only one representative from a State, even this did not prevent them from becoming aroused and so enthusiastic that they forgot their timidity and gave their yells with the rest.

Mr. Haydock, the prize speaker, was simply great and his theme "The National Parasite," given in his own pleasing manner, was a plea for the use of the ballot for the deliverance from the liquor evil, and a special tribute to the Prohibition Party. Mr. Jacobs, our representative from the Eastern interstate section was second prize winner and was considered by



the judges to be first in thought and composition. His theme on "Watchman! What of the Night" was reviewing the remarkable advance of the Anti-liquor movement all over the world among the scientific, industrial, philanthropic and civic bodies, and he predicted soon that this would result in the entire annihilation of this terrible traffic. The other speakers were good, and the only young lady in the contest, also an Eastern Interstate representative, was ranked fourth in the rating of the seven contestants. Thus the contest well stated the theme of the convention, viz., **THE CHALLENGE OF THE ANTI-LIQUOR MOVEMENT TO THE PRESENT STUDENT GENERATION**

Before giving the report of the speakers of the Convention it might be well to state that the day was divided somewhat as here given:

9:00 Platform talks and business Conventions.

10:00 to 12:00 Sectional Group or General Conferences.

2:00 Afternoon session consisting of addresses and music.

7:30 Evening session, similar in spirit to the afternoon session except that at this time there was more music by Prof. Excell and Prof. Roper. One of the most enjoyable parts of the convention and much appreciated by all.

The second day, Wednesday, was a busy day; the principal speakers being Gov. Hodges, Dr. Charles Sheldon of Topeka, and Rev. Elmer L. Williams, "The Fighting Parson of Chicago," in the afternoon and in the evening, Gov. elect Capper and Ex-governor, John P. St. John of Kansas and Daniel A. Poling the First Vice Pres. of the National I. P. A. The Sentiment of these men who so understand the traffic was, that judging the future by the past, there was sure to come splendid results and grand final victory for the Prohibition forces. Especially will it be well to note some pertinent statements of these men.

Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon, "One pound of intelligent righteousness is worth a ton of ignorant goodness; but an intelligent mind joined to a divine enthusiasm can move the world. A real revival of religion is the greatest thing necessary in order to bring about the great reforms and to lead the people correctly."

Rev. Elmer L. Williams "The Fighting Parson" gave us many of his experiences fighting all the different evils in his district of Chicago. He

told of some of his defeats which really were victories in disguise, thus making others see the terrible condition of that section so then they were willing to assist him, to a certain extent, and to bring about greater results than before. One statement that he gave in the words of Bishop Fowler. "If you reflect a ray of light into a rat hole you destroy it for rat purposes." And then this statement shows somewhat the work he has undertaken. "At the present time I am being sued for \$20,000 in the courts; \$1,000 has been offered for my head; thugs have been hired to beat me up; an attempt has been made upon my life with a fire-axe in a hotel; every kind of slander has been circulated; attempts have been made to blackmail me; but I say to you young men, facing life's great opportunities, that if you want the real zest of life, get into this fight against civic unrighteousness; give yourselves whole heartedly to it and you will find the joy of unselfish service greater than the pleasure of ownership, more blessed than power, and more lasting than social success."

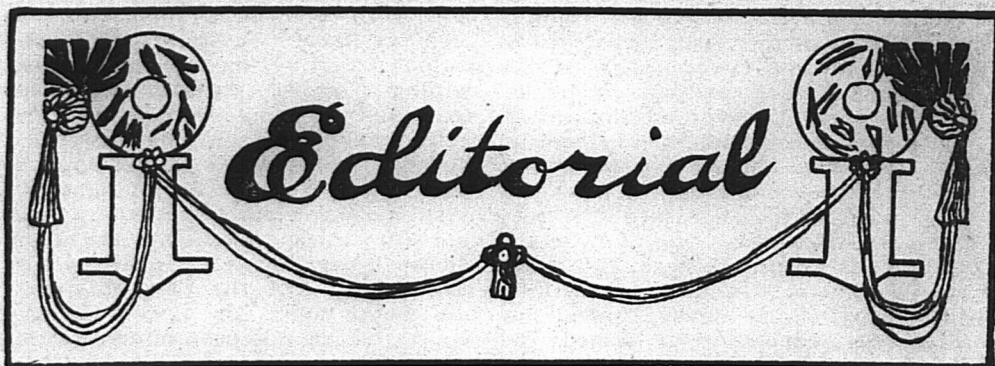
Daniel A. Poling when he spoke gave such forceful and sure strokes against the liquor traffic that without giving the whole address it is a hard problem to report the most important things said, but some of the remarks that are especially impressive to me are the following: "Government is not by law alone for government by law alone is anarchy. Government is not by administration alone, for Government by administration alone is tyranny. Worthy government is by law and administration." Also Mr. Poling said, "Information plus inspiration plus perspiration equals culmination."

Ex-governor St John in "Reviewing Old Days", after giving many of the incidents of the battles of the old days said, "I'm in the Prohibition party because it is the only party that my conscience will allow me to join."

Speakers for the remainder of the convention were as follows: David Paulson, M. D. Medical Supt. of Hinsdale Sanatorium, Hinsdale, Ill., speaking on "Alcohol and the Physician of today" gave many instructive facts, and one specially prominent fact was this: "It is as foolish to use alcohol for a food as it is to use gunpowder for fuel."

Dr. P. A. Baker, Supt. of the Nation-  
Continued on page 14





## THE HOUGHTON STAR

### HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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You will confer a favor on the management and obtain every issue if you renew at once.

Were you so happily born as to be one of those few people, so blest with the gift of contentment that, when they hear the praise of the great men of the world heralded from tongue to tongue, they do not wish they had

been endowed with at least one of those faculties that made these men famous? After contemplating the talents of a Raphael or a Beethoven, the ability of a Washington, or the wisdom and knowledge of a Solomon, if

you have never been stirred with admiration, which culminated in the envying of these gifts, and moved with a deep depreciation of the few talents you actually did possess, you are to be classified with a coterie of persons, distinguished for their small numbers and their remarkable possession of contentment.

Indeed, were it not for that optimistic part of nature, possessed to a greater or less degree by each of us, the spirit of depression that settles over the ordinary man, after catching a glimpse of the magnitude of such geniuses, would so dispirit him that he would never rise to exercise the talents he actually did possess; at least, not to their full capacity.

But when we come back to real life again and settle down to the matter of our own responsibility to the world, we find a bright and pleasing phase about it after all. Were we to put down our ear and listen intently, we would hear the world calling so clearly, so loudly—calling for great men and women. Indeed, its call for great men and women was never so strong and clear as it is today. From every direction, above the din of the city, from the quiet rural districts, from every vocation of life, we may hear the demand for noble, pure lives. The only part we need concern ourselves about is, will we answer the call, and fill one of these places?

As we penetrate deeper into this thought of greatness, as we study the secret that led to these heights, we find that the deep principle underlying it all is, that these men possessed great characters. After all, when we come to think about it, the real charm and greatness of these lives lie in the very beauty of the characters they possessed, rather than in the exploits they accomplished. Think you that we would love and honor Lincoln as we do, had it not been that he possessed a heart full of tenderness and sympathy? Or, on the other hand, what glory, think you, is there in the life of Napoleon, a man hated for his pride and selfishness? Of what value now are his armies and his conquests? Today Napoleon would be a far greater man, had he possessed a greater character, even though his name had never been uttered beyond the borders of France.

True, we may not have our names inscribed in the halls of fame, we may not have the praise and renown of

the nation for having wrought a brave deed, or possessed great talents, we may never be known beyond the bounds of our community, yet we may be of such a noble and exalted character, that our fellowmen can not but feel the influence of that character. No man, we care not of how humble sort he may be, yet who lives a pure, strong, gentle and good life, can thus live without helping and comforting some one by the very existence of that goodness. One of the world's masters has told us that it is the small kindnesses, the small courtesies and the small considerations that give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

Though we may never lead an army to victory, nor guide a nation to safety in times of peril, yet our characters may tower forth as immortal monuments, above all that is sordid, mean or base. Yea, they may so blend with the other noble lives about us, that they will be in perfect harmony with the Grand Symphony of life, and add such lofty and noble strains that without them, the charm and beauty would be lost. Perhaps it may be our part to add deep, minor chords of sorrow, or perhaps the light, liquid tones of the heart free from care and sorrow; but whatever our part may be, only as we do our best, exalting the good and noble in our lives, and filling our place in life, can we hope to be great.

As this goes to print, we can but briefly mention the Literary contest, which is now taking so much of our time and thought.

Doubtless, you are all familiar with this phase of the work. Though it was only taken up for the first, last year, it proved such a success, that we can but enter it with enthusiasm this year. The purpose of the contest is to create literary activity among the students, as well as to secure material for publication in the Star.

There is a good number of contestants to enter each of the three departments, essays, stories and poems; and we are expecting some good material to give our readers, as a result of this contest.

"The dials of earth may show  
The length, not the depth of years—  
Few or many they come, few or many  
they go—  
But time is best measured by tears."  
Abram J. Ryan.



## Intercollegiate Prohibition Association

Continued from page 11.

al Anti-saloon League said, after giving some of the incidents of the voting on the Hobson-Shepherd Amendment to the National Constitution, "No one is fit for a commander unless he has first learned to obey."

"Our own Dan" as Mr. Poling is familiarly known in I. P. A. circles, speaking again on "The Grip that Holds" said in part, "It is the grip of Faith."

Rev. R. J. Patterson, "Catch my Pal Patterson," as he is called, gave us a glimpse into the history of the Catch-my-Pal crusade in Ireland, and in his most interesting way illustrated the parade of the Good Samaritan, winning the hearts of the audience completely, while his address was dramatically closed by the soul-stirring sight of seeing over 1500 people with clenched fists say as one mighty giant, "We will see this thing thru."

The other speakers were Mrs. Beauchamp of Kentucky W. C. T. U., Harley Gill, Harry G. McCain, Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, Pres. National I. P. A., Harry S. Warner, Virgil Hinshaw and last, but not least, Hon. Eugene W. Chafin who presented a masterly address on "One Standard of Morals." Of all the important and notable things he said I will only note a few as follows: "The

majority in the country has power to do wrong but it has NOT the right to do wrong." "If the Liquor traffic is wrong I deny the power of any state legislature, or even of Congress itself, to license it." "Many times in the history of this country has the power of state rights been invoked to help out some politician who was too weak to dare to make a stand either on one side or on the other, and never was this power invoked to help the right."

The inspiration that one receives from such a convention makes a very poor showing on paper but to experience the touch of the convention is worth the sacrifice it often requires.

Walter F. Lewis.

### From the Manager

Subscriber,  
Anywhere, U. S. A.

### STAROGRAM

One hundred and twenty-five people should renew at once! If your copy of the "Star" has a blue cross on the editorial page please attend to the matter immediately. All those who are more than three months in arrears, are liable to be discontinued with Feb. (this) issue. Please renew and not miss a single issue.

Walter F. Lewis, Mgr., Houghton, N. Y.



Gertrude Graves '16, Editor

#### Athenian Society

The program for our final meeting for the first semester was a debate on the subject, "Resolved. That the municipalities should furnish aid to the unemployed in times of depression." The affirmative argument was presented by Elvera Allen, Glenn Barnett and Ralph Kaufmann, while Harold Lee, Ruth Warbois and George Hubbard defended the negative side of the question. The main speeches showed careful study and preparation as well as forensic ability, but unfortunately the

rebuttal work largely developed into a mere quibble over words. The society by a ballot vote awarded the decision to the negative standard-bearers.

The new semester was opened with an original program. William Russel read an original story which was both amusing and entertaining. Mary Allyn gave vent to her poetic talents by reciting a short but excellent original poem. The absence of Bethel Babbitt deprived the society of the pleasure of hearing his original essay. Original music composed by George Hub-

hard and played by four Athenian devotees of musical art was a feature of the program. The following officers for the semester were then elected: President, Ray Calhoun; vice-president, Gertrude Graves; secretary, Ruth Readett and treasurer, William Russel.

R. J. K.

#### Ionian Society

The Ionian Society has held only one meeting since the last report, due to important happenings which naturally took precedence.

The first part of the meeting was taken up by devotionals, and then we had the pleasure of listening to a debate given by members of the society. All did exceptionally well and the very atmosphere seemed charged with bright ideas.

Although the society has been obliged to delay its program for a long time, we expect that the next program with its ample preparation will more than make up for lost time. As soon as the revival meetings are over we will take up our work with renewed enthusiasm.

E. R. S.

#### The Neosophic Society

For various reasons there has been but one meeting this semester, but that one was of the best that has been held this year. Mr. Markell read a very interesting and instructing essay on success and our president, Mr. Morris made an inspiring and enthusiastic speech on the same subject. Our quartet besides giving its weekly selection in our society has had to furnish music for the Athenians also.

A Neo.

#### The Senior Y. M. W. B.

We were given a rare treat at our last missionary meeting by having with us Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, returned missionaries from Africa, who gave us very interesting and inspiring talks.

At the first of the meeting Miss Grange gave a few remarks concerning her visit to Mrs. Hartson and how anxious she was that the Houghton Senior Y. M. W. B. should be first as well as an example to others. Immediately following this a membership committee was nominated, Miss Grange being first member. Two others were nominated but wished to be excused owing to the fact that they did not belong to the society. At once Miss Gange put the question to them "Will you join?" and already two new members

were added to the list.

We were then favored by a song from the Neosophic Quartet entitled, "The Lord of the Harvest Needs You." Mrs. Elliott gave a talk concerning some of her own experiences in mission work. Mr. Elliott talked to us on "The Attitude of the People Toward the Mission." Surely the work is worthy of our support and our prayers! The closing number was a song by the Ladies' Quartet, "Has the Lord Called You?"

But where are all the members of the Mission Study Class? We would like to see you all present again. In our next lesson we will take up the study of Cyrus Hamlin having just finished the life of Isabella Thoburn who did a great work among the uncivilized people in India. We feel that all our efforts will be useless unless we seek help from One above who has promised "to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." G.L.S.

#### The German Club

Prosit! lovers of the German Club. Not even the nerve-rackings, the brain-fagging, the sleepless nights and the uneaten dinners of that most dreaded week were more than you could endure and the last meeting found you together again with smiles of joy and gladness upon your faces.

At this meeting Mother Goose appeared with her broom to sweep away the clouds and with the broom, she brought a prophecy for each one, direct from the sky. Did you ever play "Consequences" in English? On a little slip of paper you write a name of some boy you know, then you turn it down, hand it to your neighbor, who writes the name of some girl he knows. Then as it passed on around the circle, the questions "Where did they go" and "What did they do" are answered. And just there is the joke. Strange as it may sound, some of the people were going to the sun to talk to the moon! But, the worst is yet to come. Another couple were going to the dormitory to drink beer!! But then you must never believe all you hear.

If anyone has the idea that the club meetings are dull, let them come once!

"Better a day of strife  
Than a century of sleep;  
Give me instead of a long stream of life  
The tempests and tears of the deep."

Abram J. Ryan.



# Exchanges

Lelia June Coleman '18, Editor

The stories in the most of the school papers now savor of battles and daring deeds of valor. There is occasionally a redeeming note of coming peace and victory, amid the dark picture of war. The Exchanges for this month, though not so many as usual, have been well worth reading.

The Star acknowledges the following Exchanges:

The Orange and Blue, Union Hill High School, Town of Union, New Jersey—a new exchange. Your many stories are very interesting.

The Walking Leaf, Cook Academy, Montour Falls, New York.

The High School Argus, Harrisburg High School, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; your paper is made very attractive

by its suggestive cuts for the various departments

The High School Recorder, Boys High School, Brooklyn, New York; another new exchange, a well arranged, lively paper, with some excellent stories.

The Picayune, Batavia High School, Batavia, New York; your December issue contained a good story, "The Iron Cross."

The Vista, Greenville College, Greenville, Illinois.

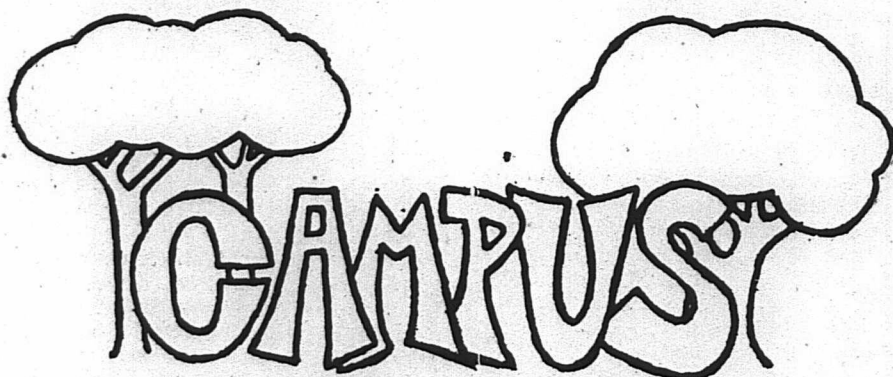
The Ramble, New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.

The Awgwan, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska.

The Middlebury Campus, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

The Albright Bulletin, Albright College, Myerstown, Pennsylvania.

The College World, Adrian College, Adrian, Michigan.



Wilford Kaufman '17, Editor

## COLLEGE LOCALS

Welcome, Mr. Russell, to Houghton! Mr. Cecil Russell registered as a college freshman this semester.

Miss Marie Graves has returned to college this semester.

Mr. Jesse Fazier, a former college student, having been graduated from Oberlin this January, has returned to Houghton to remain here a short time.

Mr. Leo Raub spent the week-end at his home at Hinsdale recently.

A sleighing party to Belfast, was enjoyed by a crowd of enterprising college students, Saturday evening, Jan. 30th. Everyone enjoyed the beautiful moonlight night and all report a splendid time. (?)

We are all regretting the absence of "Sam" from our number. Mr. Samuel Miner has not registered for this semester. However we hope to

see him back next year.

Perhaps, some have come to the conclusion that there are no social functions participated in, in Houghton, by one sex alone. However, Take Notice! Miss Ruth Robertson entertained eight of the college girls at her boarding-place, Monday evening the 25th. I conclude that all present enjoyed themselves immensely, as the program for the evening was "A Spread".

We understand that Mr. Robert Woods is to preach in the Free Methodist church at Belfast February the seventh.

Several of the college students have been quite alarmed at the absence of one of our number so often. However some brilliant youth suggested that Mr. Bardwell was attending college at some other insitution now and spending his vacations in Houghton. We are quite interested to know what

line of study he is taking up, at the present time. E. A. A.

#### Preparatory Notes

On the evening of January 15th, a large number of preparatory students were in a sleighload which went to Higgins to attend an illustrated lecture given by Pres Luckey.

Since Prof. Frazier has been ill, the boys who lived at his house have been rooming at Mrs. Hubbard's and taking their meals at the dormitory.

The road between Houghton and Fillmore is becoming quite popular for sleighrides. Among other parties which have recently enjoyed such pleasures are the senior and junior classes.

Mr. Lewis Lucas has lately returned to his home in Pennsylvania.

We regret that Pearl Schouten has been out of school for some time owing to an accident.

Miss Mildred Hart spent the week end, January 30th to February 1st with friends at East Hill.

Have you noticed that Floyd Horth always sits at table four in the study room? We wonder why! M. E. F.

#### Theological Notes

We are again launched upon the uncertain tide of another semester. The Theological Barque is still successfully riding the waves, being manned with oarsmen who, trusting in their Pilot, the Captain of their salvation King Jesus, fear nothing more than they fear sin. Consequently they are fully confident that they shall be enabled to stem the tide of worldliness, force their passage through, and anchor at last in the haven of rest.

One of their number has deserted the ranks, having returned to his home in Michigan. We speak of Mr. Amos Barker. His absence is very noticeable, but they have suffered no loss in numbers, having been reinforced by Mr. Winifred Pero. He is a new recruit, yet he applied himself manfully to the oars, and there is every reason to believe he will make a good sailor.

A coincidence, worthy of notice, is that one of their number should present himself without his breakfast, on a morning when they anticipated studying the historic church council known as the "Diet of Worms." Whether or no he anticipated a feast from the study of this council we know not, but sad to

relate he was disappointed. Owing to an extended discussion of another topic, and the rapidity with which the time passed, the "Diet" was reserved for the following morning.

#### Faculty Notes

President Luckey gave an illustrated lecture on the Life of Christ, on a recent Sunday evening in the chapel. It was given especially because of his personal visit to many of the places mentioned in connection with our recent Sunday School lessons.

The result of the efficient training of Misses Hillpot, Fitts and Regall were evidenced by the entertainment rendered by their students.

Mrs. Jennings appreciated her vacation from her duties as librarian very much during Regents' week and made good use of it by resting and visiting.

Professor Frazier who has been very ill with diphtheria is convalescing. We hope to see him soon in his old place.

Professors McDowell, Bedford and Luckey spent a few days in Syracuse attending the Board Meeting.

Prof. Coleman has been compelled to miss a few of his classes because of illness.

Mrs. Bowen and Miss Russel chaperoned the junior and senior classes on their sleigh rides. C. N. C.

#### Miscellaneous

For want of something to say in this department we wish to inform the students of Houghton Seminary and the readers of this publication, as well, that the snow still rests upon our campus in peace—perfect peace. The atmosphere, just now, hangs heavy over this noted elevation and we fear that our dear old campus will soon be weighted down with an additional burden.

As Job of old bore his burdens, so our campus bears hers without murmur or complaint, trusting that she too shall come out victor in the end. This end we might predict to be, when our campus, due to the influence of radiant stars, such as Houghton's, and shining suns, shall once more clothe herself with nature's verdant garments and again adopt with pride that color which the freshman strove unavailingly to conceal.

When this time shall come the campus will have more to talk about. Already we hear boys as well as girls, pouring out their hearts to one an-



other in little exclamations such as here." We wonder why! Undoubtedly this, "Oh! dear, I wish spring was ly the campus knows.

# ALUMNI

Edna Hester, '16 Editor.

During the hurry and bustle of routine school life it is refreshing to have a change of scene once in a while. One of these changes came the other day in the person of Mr. David Scott. It was a real treat to see his smiling face and listen to his earnest words as he stood before us in chapel and gave some good advice. One thing which he felt deeply himself and which he impressed upon all was the fact that we Houghton students should be loyal to the Wesleyan Methodist church for she has a mission to fulfill in the world. Mr. Scott has been traveling as a singing evangelist with a Baptist minister for a few weeks but he soon expects to take up work in our own church. As every old student of Houghton says or thinks, Mr. Scott expressed the sentiment that he was

"tickled to death to get back." And judging from the prolonged cheering Houghton was glad to receive him. He told many interesting things about his work among the poor whites in the south. Mrs Scott and the baby are visiting with his folks in Michigan.

Ethel Smiley this year expects to finish a Latin course at Bloomington, Ind. Miss Smiley will then be able to teach Latin first, last and all the time.

Jesse Frazier now has his A. B. Degree from Oberlin. His major work has been in physics and no doubt we shall hear of wonderful exploits in that line before long. In the meantime he is spending some time in Houghton.

Walter Crosby and his family are preparing to move to Buffalo where he will go into the tea buessness.



Bethel J. Babbitt '16, Editor

(In Lit. and Crit.)

C. B. "Has Miss Allen registered for this class?"

Prof. S. "No I guess not, I haven't recieved her card."

E. B. Has she dropped Geology too?"

Another student, "Yes."

E. B. "She has dropped everything, hasn't she?"

Another, "No she hasn't dropped Lewis yet."

E. B. changes subject.

William V. Russell, First Assistant.

'Twas Gibber Barnett in history class  
Of a fact could not sit still  
Till the teacher said, "My little boy,  
This noise is against my will.

Forsooth and 'twould do no harm  
If the truth were fully known  
For then I would be, of ill, disarmed  
And the man behind me guilty found  
Of the rank injustice upon me thrown.

Col. Soph., "Say theolog, you know  
you are the next thing to nothing."

Theolog. "Yes, I realize that I am near you."

P. B. L. (translating French). "Your brother and me, we went to bed early yesterday evening."

Luckey, explaining the distance of the stars, "Boys, some of the light we see tonight started before Adam lived."

R. J., "Then maybe we shall find some more stars when their light gets here."

Prof. L., "But the world has been here a long time, you know."

H. M., "So has Adam."

The old farmer was telling that the up-to-date hotel of New York had but one fault. They kept the light burning all night.

The second farmer, "Why didn't you blow it out?"

First F., "It was in a bottle and I couldn't."—Ex.

Prof. L., "Is that book transparent to an X-ray?"

Student, "Yes but that is all that can see thru it."

Prof. J. F., "What inventions are conducive to agricultural progress?"

W. E. K., "The harvester and the sewing machine."

Miss. B., "I can't bear to look at your face when it is all scratched up."

D. M., "You might as well get used to it now as ever."

We were all glad to see Dave again. Also glad to know he is still holding his own.

"I'd rather be on the outside looking in than on the inside looking out." Fraziers and Beverly.

Faculty meetings are getting serious. Not long since Prof. Fancher came from a meeting with the nose-bleed.

Boys are warned to keep away from the dorm on parade days. Votes for Women! Hurrah!

P. W. (French I) "What is that e on Vle for?"

Prof. F., "Oh that is just like st on 6st."

B. M., "Where do we get soda?"

H. C., "Out of biscuits."

Orator. "When it's our turn, we shall all go to war, boys!"

Query: Who's the orator?

R. J. K. speaks in very subdued whispers now days. He is also pretty near all in (Allen).

## Hints for Freshmen

Freshmen who are just entering upon the duties of college life should carefully observe the following rules:

1. When in the library, always whisper to your neighbors and do your studying in a loud tone of voice. In this way you can also practice oratory and elocution. This method has been successfully tried in China for several hundred years. After reading books or periodicals please scatter them around the room; the librarian is paid for keeping them in order, and will appreciate these small tokens of your affection. Throwing paper wads and pencil shavings on the floor will also help Mr. Elliot in performing his duties as janitor. Remember that he, too, is hired for just this kind of work.

2. If any freshman should desire to be brought prominently before the public, he can accomplish this by smoking cigarettes, swearing, dancing or playing pool (fool) and cards.

3. In case of receiving a call from the dean or any other member of the faculty, the following method has never failed to bring results: If it is a cold night and the dean is expected the next day, pour several buckets of water on the steps. While he is ascending them the next morning, throw a bucketful of very warm water and a hungry bulldog from an upper window. This will help in making a warm reception, and if you should happen to come down stairs in time to save his life, he would doubtlessly feel exceedingly grateful and would deal very leniently with your case, even if you had broken some of the rules above.

4. When a rival to whom you are diametrically opposed is strolling around the campus with the choice of your heart, try this: Secure a good supply of snowballs, rotten apples or stale eggs and waylay them. Be careful not to get cold storage eggs for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might interfere, and besides, poultry of any description are forbidden to trespass on the school



premises. This method has always succeeded in the case of umpires, so we see no reason why it should not prove effective in a case of this character.

5. If you should be fortunate enough to secure a position as waiter you will have many opportunities to display the versatility of your talents, and to enliven the conversation at luncheon hour. Here are some of the most common ways to procure those ends: Dropping a tray loaded with pie, pudding, coffee, or similar articles of diet; spilling a pitcher of water down the neck of your hostess and sitting on two legs of your chair during after-supper devotional exercises, and then losing your equilibrium. There are numerous other amusements in which experienced waiters engage, but by watching and practicing them, you too, may become an adept in their use. Diners can also help in preventing this hour from becoming dull, by occasionally tipping over a glass of water, and by putting their elbows in their neighbor's sauce or pie.

6. These hints are given especially for the freshmen because we always do things vica versa and, on the other hand, the higher classes would scorn to follow advice given to the verdant freshies.

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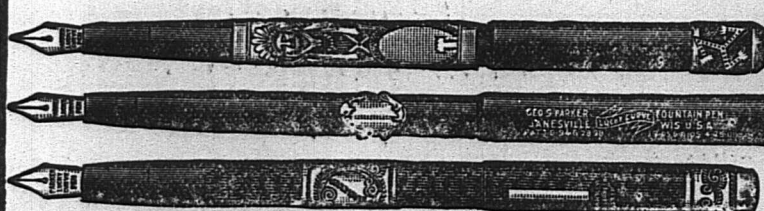


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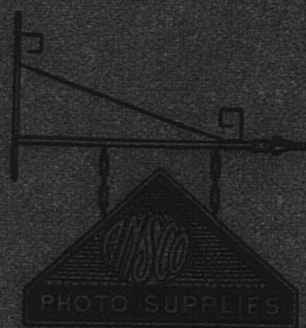
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