

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME IX

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1917

NUMBER 16

The Last Class.

I'm ten minutes late to the class-room
Without any valid excuse
I can't drive myself to my lesson
I can't think today—what's the use?
Somehow these old walls they look
friendly
An' kind as a chum of your youth;
An' the old dry books on the table
Are sparkling with beauty and truth.
I don't care a straw what is in 'em;
They may be as ancient as Rome,
And antique as Egypt and Persia,
But they make me entirely at home.
The pictures and mottoes are looking
With eyes of tranquility down,
As if they had never been angry
And showed just the ghost of a frown.
And the desks with their carven inscrip-
tions
Are all old acquaintances dear;
And even the marks on the blackboard
Might claim just the trace of a tear.
You say that it's my turn to read now?
I'm sorry, Professor, but I
Am so busy with these, my reflections,
I must let the book pass me by.
You say you'll excuse me? Perhaps then
I'll give it to those over there;
My thoughts and my fancies are flying
All unrestrained everywhere.
There's so many seats in the classroom
That tell me of friends that are gone;

And only a sorrow of silence
Floats in on the green, grassy lawn.
Oh my classmates! how dearly remembered
Shall be the sweet, swift-passing days,
When we met here so happy together,
Ere the veil of the future should raise.
Perhaps on a lone field of battle
With faces upturned to the sky,
A few passing seasons shall see them,
Where they fell, when their time came
to die.
And others, methinks, have gone from us
To reap from the seed and the sod
The harvest that comes full and boun-
teous
From the richly-stored gran'ry of God.
And others as Queen of the household
Shall reign in the kingdom of love,
And bring to the moments distracted
The peace of heaven above.
Ah friends I have honored and cherished,
When down through the halls of the
years,
We turn our feeble gaze backward,
And see through our smiles and our
tears
The days that we passed here together,
The times that we walked side by side,
When nothing of strife was between us,
And naught of the world and its pride.
Then still may our mem'ries of Houghton
Be ever fragrant and bright,
And bring to our hearts as they throng us
A glad and a patent delight.
Robert S. Chamberlain.

Houghton War Measure.

At a recent joint committee meeting of the Faculty and Student Body, the subject of students for the coming year was given very careful consideration. Houghton expects to run full force this coming fall. Shall she? That is a question for you and me to answer. Join the League, the Houghton Booster League. Sign the pledge below and forward to President J. S. Luckey and then get busy. Nothing is gotten these days without enthusiasm and pep. Have the high standards of Houghton meant anything to you, my fellow student? Then no matter how small that may have been you owe her at least one new student for the coming year. Alumni, you know what your Alma Mater, who reared and fostered you, has done for you. You owe her a student to take your place in her halls.

Let this be our aim—every student a booster, every alumna a push-her, every alumnus a push-him and every friend of Houghton a member of the enrollment league.

"Let's try to all be boosters—
Let's do the best we can.
A knocker's never wanted
In any tribe or clan.
This world is rough and rugged,
But we'll gain at every jump,
If we toss away the hammer
And mount the boosting 'stump.' "

Houghton Seminary Enrollment League

MOTTO

I Can and I Will

PURPOSE

Each member to secure at least one new student for the school year 1917-1918.

PLEDGE

I hereby promise to become a member of the

Houghton Seminary Enrollment League

and to do my best to secure at least one new student for Houghton Seminary for the school year 1917-1918.

Date

Name

Der Dichter.

Ich habe 'ne Gabe
In Krankheit und Wohl,
Sie webet und strebet
Was doch ich tun soll.

Und immer der Schimmer
Vom himmlischen Licht,
Scheint bunter darunter
Wo die Sonne ausbricht.

Ach, Lesen und Wesen
Den Menschen ist Leben,
Und Schreiben und Treiben
Sind Dichtern gegeben.

Zum Ende die Hände
Der Dichter begreifen
Die Feder, und jeder
Gen Himmel muss schweifen.

Zu singen und ringen
Um Freiheit und Ruh';
Zum Heilen verweilen
Lieb' Muse, willst du.

R. S. C.

Die Reise der Fossilienkenner.

Vor einigen Tagen, sagte man mir, „Wilhelm, du musst einen Aufsatz für den Houghton Stern schreiben!“ Man sollte viel können um einen guten Aufsatz zu machen. Also schreibe ich, statt dessen, über die Reise des Houghton geologischen Klasse nach Mt. Morris.

Bei diesem Ort wollten wir geologische Studien machen. Der Herr Professor Bowen, ein berühmter Fossilienkenner, war unser Führer. Sonnabend um halb acht (morgens) reisten wir ab. Beinahe zwanzig Seele zählten wir. Wie bunt flatterten die Fahne in jedem Auto, als wir uns auf den Weg machten! Es ging ein starker Wind, aber jener Fossilienjäger trug einen grossen Überrock und wir froren uns nicht. Mein Bruder Arthur liess seinen Rock zu Hause; daher steckte er zuweilen seinen Kopf aus der wollenen Decke hinaus, um die schöne Waldlandschaft zu sehen, dann wurde es ihm kalt und wie eine Schildkröte zog er den Kopf herein.

Erst bei Sonyea bleiben wir stehen. Dann klatterten wir in die Kehlen des Cahagua hinab, um den Hatch-bituminöse Schieferstein und andere Formationen der Portage Serie zu studieren. Viel erfuhren wir über die Steine der Vergangenheit. Da sahen wir auch eine sehr zahlreiche und schmutzige italienische Kolonie. Endlich erklimmten wir das Ufer des Stromes, setzten uns in das Auto und fuhren weiter.

Bei Mt. Morris fanden wir auch eine italienische Kolonie. Sie war noch zahlreicher und schmutziger als die andere, wenn das möglich wäre. Unser Auto fuhr beinahe auf einen kleinen Italiener, indem er den Weg sperrte. Eine dicke und etwas ängstliche Italienerin errettete den Kleinen. Nun hungerten wir uns sehr, und bald erfuhren wir, Hunger sei der beste Koch. Der Boden war der einzige Ess-tisch und auch die Bänke für die jungen Fossilienkenner, aber wir gut schmeckte das Butterbrot! Es schmeckte je nach mehr. Nachdem das Mittagessen vollendet wurde, fuhren eine sehr unbekümmerte Partie Fossilienjäger nach Moscow (Amerika) ab. Bei diesem Städtchen liegt ein berühmtes Jagdrevier aller Fossilienkenner.

Da gibt es viele Fossilien—Brachtopode, Tribobiten, Crinoide; und Koralle.

„Ich gebe fünf Cent dem, der die erste Trilobite findet!“ rief unser Führer, Herr Bowen. Die Trilobite, aber, liess sich nicht finden. Zuweilen fanden wir ein Überbleibsel—vielleicht den Schwanz oder das Auge—aber eine ganze Trilobite war nirgends zu sehen. Endlich bekam jeder ein kleines Muséum der Koralle, Crinoide und Brachtopode. Einige glückselige Jäger hatten auch Stücke Trilobiten gefunden, und ein oder zwei sehr, sehr glückselige Jünglinge fanden eine ganze Trilobite. Je würde unser kleines Muséum grösser, und zuletzt kehrten wir zurück—müde, hungrig, und froh. Jetzt wird die Erzählung der Fossilienkenner zu Ende.

Wilhelm V. Russell.

Le Chat Barbouille.

Il se faisait tard. Jean le savait parce qu'il ne pouvait pas voir les objets familiers dans la salle. Son chat favori, Auguste, s'est approché de sa chaise et Jean l'a relevé et a commencé à le caresser. Auguste faisait ronron avec contentement, et Jean continuait à penser à l'histoire qu'il venait de lire. C'était une histoire très excitante des lutins, des spectres, et des vus inaccoutumées et des bruits extraordinaires.

„Rien comme cela n'arrive jamais. Qui serait assez sot pour croire une telle histoire? Et mon oncle Jean m'a dit que si je ne cesse pas de lire tant d'histoires des lutins, j'arrivais à les croire, moi-même. Je crois que je sais trop pour faire cela.“

Pendant qu'il pensait encore à l'histoire la salle est devenue plus claire, afin qu'il ait pu voir tout distinctement autour de lui.

Son chat qui s'était couché si tranquillement sur ses genoux est devenu agité et a commencé à s'étendre. Et comme il s'est étendu! Auguste n'était pas un gros chat mais vraiment Jean était surpris de voir que sa tête reposait sur un bras de la chaise berceuse tandis que ses pieds s'étendaient à l'autre. Et son poil commençait à se faner. Il avait été une telle couleur noire, et maintenant, ma foi, il devenait brun, un sombre brun. Et encore le chat continuait à s'étendre. Plus il s'étendait, plus son poil se fanait, jusqu'à ce qu'il fût une couleur sale jaune, et la grandeur d'Auguste fût simplement immense.

„Comment peut-il s'étendre tant? Je croirais qu'il se crèverait, ou se briserait, ou ferait quelque chose de cette sorte. Et il devient si dépourvu de beauté. Il avait bien plus de beauté jusqu'ici. Oh, je sais ce que je ferai. Voilà une grande bouteille d'encre sur la table. Je la prendrai et je colorerai son poil pour le faire une belle couleur noire encore une fois.“

Jean a mis son chat soigneusement sur la chaise longue afin de ne pas le déranger, car il était maintenant trop gros pour se coucher dans la chaise berceuse. Il a remporté l'encre et une brosse et il est revenu au chat qui semblait dormir profondément. Il a plongé la brosse dans l'encre et était sur le point de commencer le travail quand Auguste a étendu la bouteille soigneusement dans la patte pour obtenir la bouteille d'encre.

Jean a hésité un moment mais quand il a vu que le chat ne désirait qu'aider son maître à lui faire revenir son ancienne belle couleur polie noire, il a mis la patte du gros chat, et a commencé à appliquer l'encre.

„Dites donc! Il paraîtra comique avec les bandes noires, n'est-ce pas? Je commencerai un peu dans cette manière et verrai comment il paraîtra avant de le faire tout noir.“ Ainsi il a fait une bande noire vers deux pouces de largeur, de son cou à sa queue. Alors de chaque côté de cette bande il a fait plusieurs plus petites bandes qui couraient autour de son corps.

Tout allait à merveille. Auguste semblait apprécier le travail que Jean lui faisait.

„Maintenant, la queue! Cela doit avoir vers vingt bandes étroites autour d'elle avec deux points entre les bandes. Cela créera une variété.“

Quand Jean a fini cela, il ne pouvait guère s'empêcher de battre les mains parce que son chat était bien plus beau et imposant que jusqu'alors.

"Bein, il est tout fait excepté sa tête. Je doit prendre garde que je n'en laisse tomber dans ses yeux, mais il se couche si contentement et tient les yeux tant fermés que je crois qu'il n'y en a pas de danger. Voyons, à quelle manière pourrai-je décorer ceci? Une band noire le long du nez et une petite bande et des points sur des bouts des oreilles seraient beaux."

Mais au moment même qu'il a commencé à peindre les oreilles, comme en vérité font tous les chats quand on moleste les oreilles Auguste les a fait mouvoir et les a agitées pour s'empêcher du chatouillement terrible. En conséquence, un peu d'encre que Jean avait destiné aux oreilles est tombé dans l'oeil gauche du pauvre Auguste. Le gros chat s'est élancé de la chaise longue. La colère brillait de ses yeux et se faisait voir de son dos hérissant et de sa queue. La bouteille d'encre dans la patte droite, Auguste s'est élevé sur les deux jambes de derrière et a tâché de saisir Jean. Pousant un cri de terreur, Jean a sauté pour se mettre hors de la portée de ce monstre horrible. Mais hélas! de même qu'il s'esquivait une chaise, la chaise a sauté directement dans sa route, et le grand chat était juste en arrière de lui avec cette bouteille lourde si grosse qu'une massue d'un agent de police. À peine a-t-il réussi à gravir à travers la chaise qui branlait et glissait dessous lui, avant que la chat ait pu le prendre. Puis il a couru vers la porte de s'élancer dans la salle voisine et de fermer la porte bruyamment derrière lui, la porte a disparu et il n'y avait qu'un mur blanc. La seule chance qui lui restait c'était de glisser derrière la grande chaise et peut-être que la chat ne pourrait pas l'atteindre. Il a réussi à se mettre derrière la chaise mais le chat simplement s'est étendu la patte gauche pour tenir Jean ferme, et de la patte droite, il s'est mis à verser l'encre sur le garçon frénétique. Pendant tout le temps qu'il le faisait, il poussait un bruit terrible qui ressemblait au bourdonnement d'une ruche d'abeilles et au son, d'une douzaine de cloches, tout d'un coup.

Cette torture, ne cesserait-il jamais? À cause de ses luttes forcées d'éviter ce deluge noir, Jean s'est frappé la tête. Il a regardé autour de lui. Il reposait sur le plancher et la chat avait disparu.

Fidelia Warburton.

"Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses."

The May Festival.

"It was a gay night, a glad night,
When hearts beat high and scenes were bright
With music's charm and melody
To greet the earth in ecstasy."

Nineteen seventeen's May Festival at Houghton was a triumph. In spite of baffling circumstances due to the fact that so many have recently left school, the Concert was a wonderful surprise. It was indeed one of the greatest occasions of the school year.

Perhaps the most noteworthy factor that went to make up the success of the evening was the quality of the numbers rendered. Without exception each musical work was classical, the productions of great masters of musical art. Accordingly the readings given were from well known modern authors.

Which was the best, the Boys' Glee Club or the Girl's Glee Club? Both were "best!" The former was characterized especially by its splendid volume and distinctness of voices, the latter by clearness and brilliancy. "The Dance of Spring" was truly beautiful.

Two numbers of the Festival which particularly showed up piano skill and mastery of technique were the piano quartette, Wagner's "Overture de Tannhauser" by Helen Sicard, Harold Luckey, G. B. Schultz and Fidelia Warburton, and the piano duo, "Sherzo Brillante" by Helen Sicard and Gratia Bullock.

Vocal solos, the "Matinata" of Tosti rendered by Laurence Woods and Lyne's "Spring Song" by Mrs. Hester were exquisite. Natural vocal ability as great as was in evidence is a priceless treasure.

The piano solo by Miss Hillpot and the violin solo by George Hubbard were meritorious because of their perfection in detail of rendition.

Three excellent readings displayed especial genius. They were given by Misses Riggall and Bullock and Mr. Molyneaux. An optimistic human note, enlivened by clever intervals of humor was characteristic of them. It would not be at all out of place here to express the remark of an "out-of-town" guest at the Festival. "If Houghton Seminary can produce elocution like that, I'm coming to Houghton next term and enter the Oratorical Department."

The Orchestra should be especially commended. Under its efficient leader, Mr. Hubbard, it has done excellent work the entire year. The agreement would be general that Lavilee's Overture, "The Bridal Rose," was a crowning attainment

as well as "America, Medley of National Airs" at the close of the concert. At the first note of "The Star Spangled Banner," to see the entire audience instantly rise to their feet was an inspirational sight.

At least ten auto loads of people from nearby towns were present. In general let it be said that the students who have attended every May Festival for several years previous, expressed their unanimous opinion that never before had united effort resulted in so great a concert.

Commencement at Houghton Seminary

June 13-17, 1917.

Wednesday, June thirteenth
Eight P. M.

Class-Day Exercises of Preparatory
Department

Thursday, June Fourteenth
Ten A. M.

Commencement Exercises of Preparatory
Department

Four-Thirty P. M.

Final Chapel Exercise

Presentation of Class Memoriam
by College Juniors

Eight P. M.

Oratorical Contest

Friday, June fifteenth
Ten A. M.

Commencement Exercises of College
Department

Address, Rev. I. A. Grise

Twelve-Thirty P. M.
Alumni Dinner

Eight P. M.
President's Reception

Sunday, June Seventeenth
Ten-Thirty A. M.

Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Wm. Pinkney

Six-Forty P. M.
Song Service

Seven-Thirty P. M.
Missionary Address

All are most cordially invited to attend these exercises. All members of the Alumni are especially invited to be present at the annual family dinner.

James S. Luckey,
President.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not. Emerson.

Be a Booster. Join the Enrollment League.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

Life and Music.

How much is life akin to music? The first few years are written in eighth notes. Then youth is sixteenths. Then young manhood in thirty-seconds. Play allegro and fortissimo, with swells and grace notes. Piano—here are some bars of disappointment. Con espressione, farewells and partings. Crescendo—take off the soft pedal; oh, those trills; it is martial music. Put in a little minor strain; there are broken hearts at home. The notes fall in the scale, the music becomes irregular. Here is a rest of four measures—we will have to begin another phrase.

It is beginning again. Those notes—how sweet and soft! Follow them thru the opening bars; follow them thru crescendo and diminuendo, now plaintive, now merry and gay. Allegro becomes agitato, agitato becomes amoroso, amoroso becomes moderato, moderato becomes andante. Here is a rest—it is the end—no, it is De Capo—and the melody is richer and sweeter. We can follow the strain no longer—it goes beyond the range of the keyboard, and the notes reach infinity!

In the great song of life, major and minor chords flow on together. Its joys are brief, sorrows come upon nearly every

page, sunshine and shadow, nights to bring the brightness of morns, Junes and Decembers, meetings and farewells, beginnings and endings, smiles and tears. Yet thru all a deep harmony, if the soul is tuned to the pitch of heaven.

On, on—song of life! Mine thy joys. Mine, thy griefs. Mine, thy mornings and evenings. Mine, thy sorrows. Blow, thou winds of adversity, and burn, thou fires of sorrow, the song of the heavenlies upon my soul! The page is blotted with tears, the notes run together, but play on—on—on. The light fails, the shadows deepen; nothing is left now but the minor strain. It is growing dark, he cannot see, the fingers are groping over the keys. The music is broken; the head of the musician falls. A horror of darkness, a crash! as he drops in exhaustion and despair upon the piano.

But he is rising again. Out of the darkness has come the impulse of another song. Again the fingers sweep over the keys. The harmonies flow in tides of liquid, rippling, dancing, tripping rapture. The room is glorious now. Perfumes of India, birds of Paradise, flowers of June, roses, carnations, violets; fragrance and beauty! The room can hold the flood of melody no longer. It sweeps out and bends the arches of heaven with peans of melody! It breaks to angel choruses; it sweeps triumphant to the throne of God; it mingles and blends with the song of the celestial host—

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory;
Glory be to thee, ah Lord most High."

R. S. C.

The Star Literary Contest.

Of course you are all anxious to learn of the winners of the literary contest. Our college freshman class almost monopolized the prizes. Well, the college juniors leave their record to you to keep up, for they have for two consecutive years captivated all but one of the six prizes. We congratulate the winners and their classes. The following is the result, First prize story, Miss Leona K. Head, '20, "The Seneca's Vision." Second prize story, Leona K. Head, '20, "The Diadem." First prize essay, "The New Japan," by Ray Russell, '20. Second prize essay by Clark Warburton, '19, on "The Influence of the Italian Renaissance." First prize poem goes to Miss Leona K. Head for the poem, "O. tdoors." The second prize is also given to Miss Head for the poem, "The Crisis."

The first winners of each of the depart-

ments will have their names inscribed on our beautiful loving cup. The second winners will receive a bronze medal. All the winning productions will appear in our June magazine number which will be out at commencement time. Editor.

Our next issue will be the special magazine number. We have begun work on it and it is going to be something fine. It will be different in style and arrangement than any issue of the Star ever put out before, and will contain at least forty-eight pages.

But remember, we cannot send this special number to delinquent subscribers. There are a large number whose subscriptions have expired, many of them with the issue of May 15. **Renew at once** or you'll miss the neatest and finest Star ever published.

Beautiful Summer Day.

Wandering free thru the woods and fields,
Seeing the beauties of God by the way,
Love prompts within me a thought the heart yields,

Beautiful summer day!

The birds flit so busily, light breezes blow,
Always new wonders wherever I stray.
Impelled to my lips are those words that will grow,

Beautiful summer day!

The butterflies flitting, the bees humming low,

All seem to tell in their own lovely way,
The creatures that frolic, the streamlets that flow,

Beautiful summer day!

The grandeur unrivaled by our greatest plan

But proves the Creator's great love in His way,

Refreshes the soul and builds up the man,
Beautiful summer day!

C. A. Russell.

Junior-Senior Banquet.

The annual Senior-Junior reception occurred at Maple Height, the evening of May 25. The Seniors, led by their president, were met at the door by the smiling Juniors. The Senior girls, including Mrs. Bowen, showed their class spirit by wearing pink and green ribbons.

The entertainment of the evening was carried out in the form of a school day. The teacher was Miss Winifred Fero. During the morning session the classes of Music, Arithmetic, Spelling and English

were conducted. These consisted of different games.

After these was the noon luncheon in which the Junior and Senior colors were carried out in the ice cream, cake, and favors.

A closing day program was given. President Luckey had charge of this part of the entertainment. Miss Sanders rendered an excellent instrumental solo. Mr. Stugart, the Junior President, welcomed the Seniors in behalf of the class of eighteen, to which Mr. Spencer, the Senior president, ably responded. Miss McMillan showed her poetic abilities in an original poem entitled, "The Benefits that the Juniors derive from the Seniors." Everyone was delighted with Miss Dart's vocal solo. Mr. Wilcox, in speaking of the benefits that the Seniors derive from the Juniors, narrated several comic anecdotes at which he is very apt. A patriotic speech was given by Fred Warburton on "The aid that our boys can render to their country," after which Lula Bunning spoke of "The aid that our girls can render to their country."

Before dispersing all joined in singing the Houghton Song.

The rooms were tastefully decorated in the Junior and Senior colors. The Japanese lanterns hanging on the veranda illuminated the departing footsteps of the Seniors over the brow of the hill, while President Luckey's inevitable lantern piloted them the remainder of the way.

E. E. F., '18.

Locals

More boys have been leaving our ranks to assist in the production of food products. George Shultz, Warren Jones, Lawrence Hill, Leland McElheny, and Claude Ries have left in the last two weeks. We greatly miss those who have found it necessary to leave us but we wish them the greatest success in their present work.

Miss Ruth Jacobs visited her cousin Grace Bremigen the other week and attended the May Concert.

Miss Harrison spent a few days with Miss Bryner last week.

We are glad to welcome Miss Bolles back from the hospital. She is now spending a short time in Rochester until she is able to take up her school work again.

Miss Florence Kelly was called home a

few weeks ago on account of the death of her father.

Pearl Schouten, Ruth Worbois and Wallace Worbois of North Chili visited friends here the other week and attended the May Concert.

A number of our people attended the celebration at Portage Falls Saturday, the twenty-sixth.

G. L. S.

Village Notes

A Memorial service was held at the church on the evening of May 30. The address was given by Rev. J. L. Benton. The orchestra and quartette furnished the music.

Mrs. E. E. Curtis is visiting relatives here.

Miss Esther Busch returned this week from Ithaca, where she has been attending school.

Mrs. Getchler, of near Williamsport, Pa., is caring for C. A. Cronk. Her son, from Detroit, Mich., visited her this week.

Miss Lovina Thayer has been sick with throat trouble.

Rev. and Mrs. Strong, of Falconer, N. Y., are staying for a time at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Fero.

Miss Etta Hill is visiting at Merritt Parker's.

Mrs. E. S. S. Fassett, who has been nursing at C. A. Cronk's, is spending her vacation in Michigan.

M. G. M.

Alumni Notes

The Religious Standards of Houghton Seminary.

The religious standards of Houghton Sem Are good and pure, I surely ken,
They are the stuff, as the records show,
From which boys and girls into men and women grow;

For no matter how strong and skilled the athlete,
No matter how swift the racer's feet,
He has not from a boy into manhood grown

Until he knows the Savior as his own,
The religious standards of Houghton Sem Are also good for full grown men;
For we, who have passed from her sheltering care,

Out in the world, its burdens to share:
Find these standards are just what we need
To keep us upright and free from the greed
Of the world of which in the Word we are taught
Not to lay up of its treasures lest they rot.

The religious standards of Houghton Sem Are safe and sound for the children of men,
The fathers and mothers have no need to fear,
While their children are attending school here,
That morals will be corrupted or faith made weak
While they're searching for knowledge from week to week:
For no teacher on the faculty is ever found
With morals impure or faith unsound.

The religious standards of Houghton Sem Are those for which the Savior of men
Left His home in glory at the Father's side;
Came to the earth, lived, suffered and died,
That these standards might to the world be given
A safe-guard through life, an assurance of heaven,
For, if men by these standards their course will set,
Safely through life will they go and to heaven get.

The religious standards of Houghton Sem Are first in order in the curriculum,
Next comes the mind, skilled it must be,
Then, there's the body trained, you see.
This is the object of Houghton Sem
To produce strong full rounded men.
But we follow the order the Savior gave,
"Seek first the Kingdom," the soul save.

J. A. McPherson.

The alumni news is the particular feature of the Star that receives first attention by those who climb college hill or cheer the chapel speech mentally only. As the 1909 class letter has long since "gasped its last," we gladly welcome the assistance of our college paper. After graduation at Oberlin College in 1914 I taught two years in the High School at Mondovi, Wis. This year, having turned student again, I have been endeavoring to further develop the part of the brain which Hobson says distinguishes man from the brute, by pursuing studies in the graduate school of the University of Wisconsin. Aside from the intensive, though pleasant class work under such able men as Drs. Ely, Ross, and Scott, there have been opportunities to hear many prominent men on the subjects of "Prohibition," "Politics," "Religion," "Missions," "Prison Camps in Europe," etc. Some of these men are: Hobson,

Bryan, Sheldon, Sherwood Eddy, and John R. Mott.

When I compare or contrast our "Houghton on the Genesee" with the schools or institutions above named, I am forced to the conclusion that while there can hardly be any comparison on some lines, yet there is one particular in which Houghton excels them all—The High Standard of Christian Ideals manifested by both faculty and students. To my parents and to Houghton, I owe a debt of gratitude for "A Christian Training," the most valuable heritage any man or woman can receive.

C. Floyd Hester.

Organizations

At the Athenian.

Outdoor Number.

We had a happy, carefree, rambling time! The faculty said nobody but Athenians could go, and inasmuch as most of these Athenians were children, we'd have to be safely home at eight o'clock. Most assuredly nobody but Athenians did go (except a crowd of jolly chaperons) and most assuredly we arrived home before scheduled time. But in spite of unconditionally fulfilling all conditions to such an extent that we never reached Moss Lake at all, we had the time of our lives and came back smiling!

As it happens, at present, most of the Athenian boys are gone. Of course this is wartime. We surely learned one phase of the science of economy by making the best of misfits—and forgetting about our fits. Such economy is more useful than ornamental occasionally! The woodland dales on the Molyneux territory was our destination. Evidently we had some difficulty in locating the best place to encamp. Meeker had chosen the exact spot beforehand; we could hear his voice bidding us "Come," but just where he was seemed a little anonymous.

Finally after much hiking and scrambling we located beside a tiny brook. The boys made a campfire and the girls proceeded to open the lunch baskets. A delicious, out-of-doors supper followed, after which some of our musical girls proceeded to entertain us with an extemporaneous singing contest. We enjoyed it, yes, we enjoyed everything that afternoon as happy little folks should. And we reached home early, even earlier than scheduled, a tired crowd, but nevertheless jubilant crowd of Athenians.

Neosophic Notes.

The meeting of the Neosophic Society, May 11, was opened by devotionals which were led by Miss Winnifred Fero.

Miss Benning read a poem entitled, "The Last Hymn." This told a touching story of a shipwreck.

Fred Warburton delivered an oration, "The Storming of Mission Ridge."

A song was rendered by the girls of the Society.

John Wilcox read an original story of a Fighting Quaker. His subject of the war was particularly appropriate these times.

After the conclusion of the above program the constitution was taken up. It was adopted item by item with some amendments. The meeting was then adjourned to meet again at the call of the President.

Monday, May 21, the special meeting was called and a part of the by-laws adopted. They will be finished at our

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JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

next meeting. Next year the Neosophic Society will be on a definite basis, with a constitution behind it, and ready to do the good work that should be expected of a Preparatory Society.

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Knocker or Booster.

When the Creator had made all good things, there was still some dirty work to do, so He made the beasts and reptiles and poisonous insects, and when He had finished He had some scraps that were too bad to put into the Rattlesnake, the Hyena, the Scorpion and the Skunk; so He put all these together, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it with jealousy, marked it with a yellow streak and called it a Knocker.

This product was so fearful to contemplate that He had to make something to counteract it so He took a sunbeam, put it in the heart of a child, and the brain of a man, wrapped it in civic pride, covered it with brotherly love, gave it a will to serve humanity, to make the world brighter by radiating its own sunshine from a soul of loyal optimism, yes, to reach a hand to lift someone else to a higher plane of joy and love. This new creation the Creator called a "Booster."

Ex.

In Lighter Vein**The Story of Esau Wood.**

Esau Wood sawed wood.

Esau Wood would saw wood.

All the wood Esau Wood saw Esau would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw.

O, the wood Wood would saw! And oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood!

But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood.

One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood.

In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood, Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

O, the wood the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw!

Ex.

To live in the presence of great truth and eternal laws, that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him. —Balzac.

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In Lighter Vein

Send It In (or the Appeal of the Star)

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in;
A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
Send it in.

A New Reception Room.

One noon recently when one of our piano students entered the chapel to practice, she thought she saw something disappear behind the piano. However, she practiced until the close of the first period without making any investigations. During the second period a vocal student used the chapel. Wishing to put up the window, he happened to glance behind the piano and saw—"Hub" and "Vic" sitting on the floor. Other details are omitted.

Found on a Sophomore English Paper

Miss W.—"Write sentences with 'may' and 'can.'"

The answer—"May I open a can of corn?"

Complaining student—"Say, Editor, why do you always sit down on my jokes?"

Editor—"If they had any point I wouldn't."

Quite Appropriate.

A young man was calling at the home of his lady friend and the hour was very late when the lady's mother, evidently weary of waiting, came in and said, "Well, what do you want for breakfast?"

Can you imagine—

Helen Sicard with a beau?

Robert Chamberlain taking a walk with a co-ed in the rain?

Spencer away from Houghton?

Davis studying?

McElheny writing notes?

Our janitor cross?

A dorm girl late for supper Sunday afternoon?

Our gym finished?

Slopfeet without a little shaver?

Cherry Bryner speechless?

Stugart serving the ladies?

Fred Warburton loafing?

Prof. Hester talking politics?

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