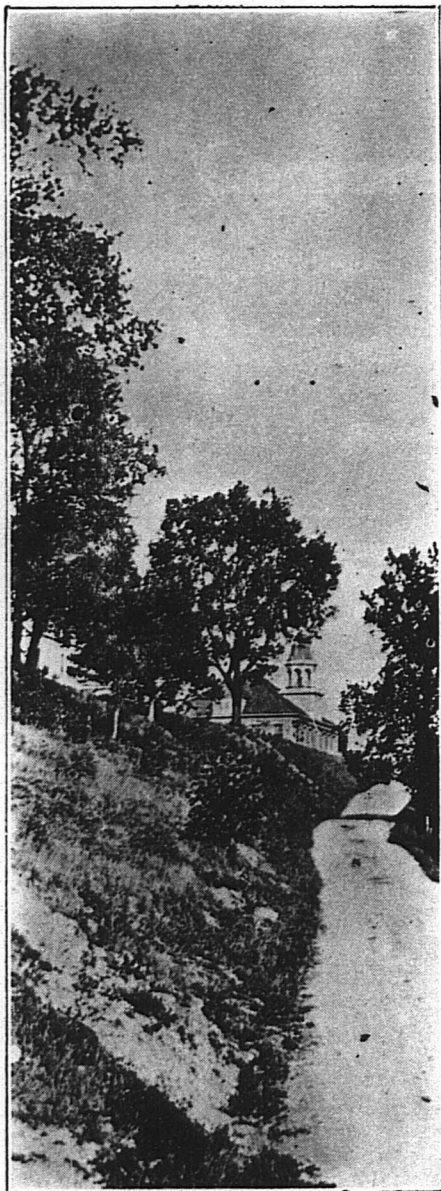


THE HOUGHTON STAR

FEBRUARY  
NINETEEN  
SEVENTEEN



The road winds on, and  
whither, who can tell?  
It leads us upward to the  
college hall  
And out to heed again the  
imperious call;  
That rings in every sound of  
the iron bell—  
If we have ears to hear it—  
It is all  
Of life that seeks to draw us  
by its spell  
To lead a world to action,  
there to fall  
Like soldiers bravely fight-  
ing for the fame  
Of God and Alma Mater,  
and achieve  
For Calvary a more endur-  
ing fame  
That nations may behold it,  
and believe,  
And fall before the throne  
of Him who came  
To die for lost humanity,  
and tame  
The stubborn heart of every  
son of Eve.

R. S. C.

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We are indebted to Miss Victoria Post for our cover design and the sketch on page twelve.

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## Wisdom

Wisdom in love reigneth in his hall;  
The humble at his gate,  
Listening ever he hears their call,  
Nor scorns nor shows them hate.

Strength that is boundless and bold he wields,  
Because his heart is pure;  
Wounds that are bleeding and sore he heals,  
And cheers the life demure.

Knowledge of Kings wafts away like chaff,  
But Wisdom lingers long.  
He can disperse every stormy blast  
And make all life a song.

Those are the moments when wisdom flowers,  
And sends forth blossoms rare.  
Wisdom ne'er seeks for itself high bowers,  
But reigns to banish care.

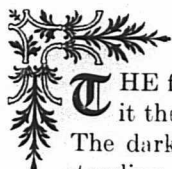
Ethel Kelly, '18





# The Home Coming

Ruth Douglass



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THE first light snow of the season had fallen and beneath it the old Wendall place lay quiet and peaceful.

The dark evergreen trees stood about the yard, bold sentinels standing guard over the deserted old house which loomed up against the hazy autumn sky.

It was one of those grand old houses which seem to hold a welcome for all within its spacious walls. In its day it had been the scene of much merrymaking and had played well its part, but now age had marked it for her own and like all else it had been compelled to yield. At some time it must have been painted, but now it looked gray, perhaps from age, and in places seemed rather feeble and shaky. But in spite of this it still presented to the world a bold imposing front.

Around a bend in the road an old gentleman came briskly along, stopped, gazed at the house, then came on more slowly and stopped at the gate, still gazing.

"Well", he said to himself, still lost in thought, "the old place looks quite like it used to only it has grown old like the rest of us. But it's home, home, never-the-less." The voice seemed tremulous with mingled joy and sadness.

The owner of the voice was a rather tall and stout old gentleman of the type that one is apt to find in the South. He carried himself erect and had the air of one who is determined to stay young in spite of the years that ruthlessly pile themselves in quick succession upon his head.

As he spoke he opened the old gate which creaked on its rusty hinges and started up the walk which led to a small old fashioned porch in the center of the front of the house.

He seemed more pleased than otherwise to find that the door was locked. From a bunch of keys that he brought out he singled out one that was somewhat rusted and bent and applied it to the lock. Soon the door opened and he entered a broad hall with a wide circular staircase leading up from it. At his right a door stood ajar and he turned and entered through it a large room which had once served as a parlor or "sitting room."

On the farther side was a mammoth old fireplace with a rich mahogany mantle. There were a few articles of furniture still in the room. A rug was spread before the fireplace and against the wall stood a beautiful old stand. Two chairs were all that seemed to be left of the old mahogany suite that had once so richly furnished the room.

He crossed the floor, unbuttoned his long fur coat, laid his hat up on the dust laden mantle and proceeded to investigate the house.



It was growing late in the day. The air was crisp and growing colder. As he entered the room again half an hour later, the old man shivered, looked at the cold empty fireplace and his face lighted up. He started quickly from the room and a moment later returned carrying a load of wood which he had picked up about the place and went to work. In a few minutes he had a rousing fire which both heated and lighted the room, for the shadows were deepening.

He drew up a chair and sat down to gaze into the fire and dream of days long past when as a boy he had sat by that same fireplace. Always in those happy days his father, mother and brother Jack had been there and often a merry company of cousins and friends had gathered there to roast nuts, pop corn and be gay.

All too well he now recalled the last time they had sat by that fireside—he, his staunch Southern father, Jack, who was two years his Junior, and his sweet invalid mother. His eyes grew misty even now as he thought of her, how her health had failed and her loving husband had brought her back to her northern home, how she had tried patiently but in vain to induce him to free the slaves which he had brought north with him. But in spite of the fact that he was probably the only slave holder north of the Mason and Dixon line he held firmly to his convictions and incidentally to his slaves.

She had been a jolly, patient, loving little mother in spite of everything. But now above all rose her face as it had looked that autumn night so long ago when he had told them all that he had enlisted and must leave the next morning to fight for the South, for with her were his love and his sympathies. How he had dreaded telling her, for although he knew his father would be glad and proud to have him take the stand, it grieved him to add to his mother's sorrow.

But he was glad, yes, glad for his mother's sake that Jack, her pride and joy, was to fight for the north and her. But how, oh, how could they fight each other.

Jack was also to leave the next morning and it was a sad yet brave mother who had bent over her two sons as they knelt at either side of her chair. "God bless you both," she had whispered, with a hand resting upon each bent head.

Ah, how he had since longed to see her sweet face and hear her low, gentle voice, when he knew that no longing, however intense, could bring her back.

The next morning they had left home and all that was near and dear, only to part and to fight—each other. Dear old Jack. He had not seen or heard from him since and oh, who knew but that his bullet might have—

"What's that!"

The old man rose to his feet with a start. He passed a hand across his eyes and gazed in a dazed manner about the room, which was dark except for the dim light of the fire which was now but a bed of coals. Then realizing that the noise he had heard must have been a rapping, he went to the outer door.

"Oh, good evening," came a pleasant quavery voice before him,

"so someone is here before me. Of course I may come in" and stepped inside and followed the other to the fireplace.

When the fire had been replenished it sent out a glow that revealed a figure which had long since passed the prime of life. He was probably not far from the age of the other but his form was stooped and just now he seemed rather feeble. He wore an old army coat and the cap in his hand looked as worn and shaggy as himself. His general appearance stood out in bold contrast to the one opposite, but a close observer might have noticed a similarity of expression about the eyes and mouth. His face was wrinkled and careworn but it had a happy, contented look and his soft gray eyes held a light that was all but lost in the dimness of the room.

"Well now, this fire does feel good, though I was not looking for one here. Its a pretty cold night for November."

"I see you are wearing a blue army coat. Draw up that chair and tell me about yourself. I fought in that war myself but coat wasn't blue."

"Oh, but we all fought for what to us was right. The color of the coats we wore then makes little difference now, does it comrade?" He stretched out his hand and the other grasped it in cordial friendship and understanding.

"Tell you about myself, you say? That is a long story. Well, when the war broke out my brother and I (we were but boys then) went to the war, but we didn't go together. He went to the South, I to the North. We never saw mother again. She never was strong and I think the thought that finally killed her was the constant thought that somewhere we were fighting, perhaps killing each other, Phil and I. Phil was my brother."

Here the other started but remained silent.

"Oh, he was a good, brave boy," he continued, his voice shaky with emotion. "He must have been killed in the army for I never heard of him again."

"Well, people always told me my sentiment was too fine, but after the war was over I couldn't come back home with Father, Mother and Phil all gone, so I closed up the old place and went West."

"At first I did pretty well. I married a girl out there and we have always been happy, but now she has gone." His voice broke and something in the corner of his eye sparkled. "There is nothing now to live for out there so I came back and to-night I have come home. This is my old home."

The other sprang to his feet. "Jack! Jack Wendall! Is this really you?"

"What, what's this?"

"Why, Jack, this is my home. I'm Phil."

And there by their own fireplace the two brothers were clasped in each other's arms.





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## The True Lover

Pierce E. Woolsey, '17

There is a land to me more fair  
Than that which feels the balmy air  
Forever breathing Summer there;  
Or even that which Winter's hand  
With all his chilly legion band  
Doth rule—a bleak and dreary land.  
No despot here doth hold his sway  
Nor Mars his martial music play,  
For God and Truth do rule the day.  
It is America.

There is a spot to me more dear  
Than elsewhere on this whirling sphere,  
Where naught adides but love and cheer.  
There, selfishness is never known  
But each with others shares his own  
Of joys and sorrows, nor weeps alone.  
Kind love o'er evil doth prevail  
And never is it known to fail  
Though life presents a rugged sail.  
It is my own sweet home.

And linked with that place so sweet  
A recollection, so replete  
And sacred too, as well as meet,  
Of one who loved and cared for me  
When I too senseless was to be  
Aught to her but her "Laddie,"  
Comes sweeping o'er my soul—and then  
I see her smile as mortal men  
Do think that angels smile in heav'n.  
Blest memory of my mother!

Within my heart there is a place  
Which only one on earth can grace  
With glowing eyes and beaming face;  
Her voice is music in my ears,  
The song doth chase away my fears  
That 'scapes her ruddy lips, and tears  
Of love my shaggy cheeks bedew  
As through her windows brown, I view  
The contents of that soul, so true.  
That place my lover fills.

Aside from these, all else is vain  
That earth holds in its vast domain,  
And even Heav'n's celestial strain  
Of gold-stringed harps would scarce appeal  
To my poor heart as aught that's real  
If in my soul I did not feel  
A love for thee, my native shore,  
And thee, my dearest home, and more  
For thee, my Love, my mother more.



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## Home Ties Bind

Ethel Kelly



ON a hot afternoon in mid July, Eldon Howard, Jr., was riding on horseback along a dusty woodland road. He was tired and perspiring, and was thinking of returning homeward, when he heard the heavy blows of an axe, and gaining courage, he rode on farther. Presently he came in sight of an old gray-haired shaggy-looking man who was felling trees beside a low humble log cabin, in the very heart of the woods. The majestic pines and oaks extended their leafy hospitality to the weary young rider, and greeting the old man cheerily, he dismounted and made a leap toward an old weather-beaten pump around the corner of the cottage.

A young girl came forth from the doorway shyly and with a timid glance at the stranger, handed him a large drinking goblet. He looked up in astonishment at her. She was most striking in features but most rustic indeed. An old tattered bearskin robe wound about her fair form was her only attire, but Eldon Howard was not without the sense of the dramatic. She had the slim foot of the aristocrat, while her hair in golden locks hung loose over her broad shoulders. Free as the wind she was and the grace of the wild life was hers; blood of breeding may have been there or not; Eldon as he watched her did not care. His thirst seemed to be quenched in gazing at her, but suddenly coming to his senses again, he thanked the forest Queen for the cup most politely, and after drinking a few draughts of the cool, sparkling water, he exclaimed, "Aye, my child, we do not have such water in the city! Good afternoon!" He sprang again to horse and rode hastily away, back toward the city, but more hastily still rode his thoughts. "Aye, nor do we have such maidens in the city! Do we Boniface?" He petted the smooth neck of the horse caressingly.

Eldon Howard had always surrounded himself with mystery. He





loved the out-of-doors where he could be alone with his meditations and his faithful horse, Boniface, and as much detested the society in which he had been reared. Not that he was not welcomed there, for how could a well-bred handsome young son of the most distinguished lawyer in Riverdale be otherwise than popular? But to his mind, it seemed all vanity of vanities. Pretty Helen Maxwell, a wealthy banker's daughter, was more persistent in gaining his admiration than any of the other girls of his social rank. "Oh, I tell him that's one of his poses—baffling people, but he'll come across if he's only given a few days grace," she declared to a group of her friends one day; but although Eldon liked Helen as well as any of the girls in the city, he loved his secret meditations better.

The young rider had now reached his home, and dismounting quickly, he entered the big austere-looking house, changed his riding suit for a cooler afternoon suit, and went out into the garden to continue his meditations. He was anticipating a second ride over the woodland road soon.

## II.

"Haint no bad lookin' city feller, what was here last week. Eh? My daughter?" asked the old bent-over backwoodsman as he sat down to a humble evening repast. "And I recon he sorte liked you, too, if my old eyes aint failin' me."

"Are you very tired, Daddie Dear?" asked the girl, as she leaped upon his lap and began to pull away at his long snarled whiskers.

"Not so awful tired as I know 'bout but say, gal, the old man's hungry, so get down and lets draw our chairs up closer onto the table."

Porridge and milk disappeared mysteriously from the humble board when the "eating time" began and the big man's jaws worked up and down in mechanical fashion which fell like music upon the girl's ears. She was very happy. She quietly gazed out at the setting sun, which was irradiating the woods with a gilded bronze. There came an unexpected knock at the door. "Come in," shouted the old man loudly, drawing back his chair from the table. The door opened and to their amazement in came the visitor of the former week. The girl retreated to the farthest corner of the room and couched shyly upon a low lounge and glanced timidly at the new comer.

"Law sakes feller, be that you again?" queried the old man. "What's gone wrong? Anything up?"

"Yes," calmly replied Eldon Howard. "Sir, I expected to return again sometime but not quite so soon." He sat down near the old man and in a subdued voice asked, "May I have your daughter to educate and to marry?"

The old man grunted. "You're an honest lookin' fellow and I allus wanted just sich proposal for my daughter to take her from these woods, but my little girl is all I have now—" He drew his big rough coat sleeve across his moistened eyes.

"Oh Daddie, Daddie, no, no, no! How could I ever leave you?" wildly cried the daughter rushing forth and siezing her father around his neck.

"You might never git another sich proposal, my little gal, from sich an honest lookin man from the city, and you're too bright for these here woods. I can't be selfish with you."

At this moment Eldon interrupted them. "I'll make you happy, my dear little girl, but you and Daddie shall talk it all over alone first. I'll call again early in the morning. Good-night!" Eldon closed the door behind him, then led his horse by the reins through the thick forest until he came upon a hollow oak tree. Here he found a comfortable sleeping place with the blue skies above, Boniface neighing gently now and then by his side, and he was contented.

The following morning, as the conversation of the previous evening was resumed between the forester and Eldon, the girl bent forward from the lounge and listened attentively to the whispered words exchanged between the two. Then her face tragic and her hands working somewhat convulsively, somewhere within her she felt that her heart was straining with an excitement it had never known before, straining and tugging and throwing the blood through her arteries like raging rapids. She felt her face was contorted, her throat was dry and aching, and so she sat silent, and never knew just what words passed between them. With an air of finality the conversation ceased and an hour later Eldon had taken the girl's arm and was about to leave. She stared up into the face of the father, then looking down at the floor, with a steady voice, said, "Daddie dear knows best. I'll try to be happy, if I don't get too lonesome. Goodbye, my dear old Daddie!" The father's only answer was a prolonged sigh, as he put one hand upon her shoulder, rammed the other deep into his pocket and looked blankly before him. Eldon looked beyond the leafy forest, beyond wide tracts of land to where the mist hung upon the hills, the mist with his future home.

### III.

Everything was aglare in the big ball room in Madron, a far western town. The passing years had worked marvelous changes for Eldon Howard, for now he no longer detested society, but he loved to see his pretty wife the center of attraction. She possessed a keen wit and a sense of humor, and knew how to treat envious belles with a neatness of insinuation, too, that was clever in the extreme. She bore the noble stamp of the aristocrat. This evening especially, the dazzle of excitement overcame the young wife, until her beauty was more marked than ever before. During the banquet, everyone drank to the health of her matchless charm; but was she really happy? Her proud husband thought she was. He was persuaded of her virtue and lavished his admiration upon her continuously.

After the ball, he retired with an ambition stirring within his bosom to make her even happier in the future if possible, but when morning came, it brought with it a surprise for the anxious husband. Mrs. Howard was nowhere in the house to be found. None of the servants had seen her since the previous night. He rushed out into the garden, but she was not there. Then he rushed out beyond the garden along the outskirts of his spacious property, and there enclosed by





shubbery he came upon a newly-built log cabin. What could this mean? Who could have so boldly disregarded the boundary line to his property, and built this cabin without his knowledge? Defiantly he went around it, until he found the door. It was open and he looked in. A strange, hot sensation traveled over him for there, seated at a rough-hewn table, was his wife, enjoying a breakfast of porridge and milk. It was clearly his wife, but she was transformed. An old tattered bear skin simply wound about her fair form was her only attire, while her hair in golden locks hung loose over her broad shoulders. Free as the wind she was and the grace of the wild life was hers; blood of breeding may have been there or not; Eldon, as he watched her did not care. He rushed toward her, and seizing her unexpectedly around the waist, whispered gently, "My dear little wife, I never understood."



V.B.T.

# Why the Work of the Ministry Appeals To Me

J. F. McLeister

Descriptions of the minister are usually painted in the somber colors of privation, trial, abuse. It is true it has its difficulties but so does a business life have its trials and the other learned professions. Let no man pass by God's call to the ministry thinking thereby to avoid life's dark hours of trial and disappointment; like your shadow, they will follow you everywhere.

The prospect of a meager salary is a strong deterrent. That the salary is meager is sometimes true but not always. The Bible does not require that it be so. It says, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." After a somewhat extended observation I am persuaded that if a man of ability and piety will really devote himself to God's work in our church or any other, he will live and live well and can feed, clothe and educate his family and old age will find him as well prepared to meet it as the majority of men of similar calibre in the other walks of life. Anyway if I am to be poor, let me be the Lord's poor, rather than the Devil's poor.

It is God's work. That man may have a part in it ought to be esteemed a great privilege. Paul thought of it in this way, saying, "He counted me worthy putting me into the ministry." Blessed is the man who has found his work, and when that work is so near the heart of the Infinite as to be the same as that for which He gave His son, himself a preacher, thrice blessed is that man.

Its retroactive results. The first great work of every person is to save his own soul. Now, if in pursuing your chosen calling you find the traffic of life beats the heart's soil into a highway of barter, or if it cause the thorns and briers of passion to grow, or if it make the heart cold and unresponsive as stone, the danger awaits of losing a life while making a living. But the minister if true to his calling, will find himself helped heavenward as he seeks to help others.

It is an open door to friendship's exalted privileges. It admits him immediately into the best society of his constituency, there to form true friendships as lasting as Eternity. We do not mean merely adding to a list of acquaintances but adding constantly to such a circle of friends as Mr. Holmes describes as "old friends."

"There is no friend like an old friend, who has shared our mourning days,

No greeting like his welcome—no homage like his praise;  
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,  
But friendship's like the breathing rose, with sweets in every



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fold."

It involves oratory at its best. Says Dr. Marden, "In all ages oratory has been regarded as the highest expression of human achievement." Add to this the fact that pulpit oratory involves the handling of the greatest possible themes such as holy living and eternal rewards and punishment, and you have a life work that angels might well covet.

It is a labor of love. No low or mercenary motive to be here, no soft handed seeking for a "snap". If we can say of a minister, "He so loves that he gives," loving all and giving of his all, we look no farther for a great eulogy for a great soul.

It exercises the highest powers of man. You may think of man as occupying a three story dwelling in his animal, mental and spiritual life. Some vocations dwarf and enslave men and wear them out in the grind of muscular toil. In others they become mere mental automatons. Not so the preacher. He must be a good worker and be well at home on the second floor of the intellect and often ascend to breathe the rare and boundless atmosphere of communion with God.

It is a calling with unlimited opportunities of labor and reward. The measure of usefulness and reward is only limited by the measure of the man and his faith and zeal. Mr. Wesley said, "The world is my parish." It looks good and sensible for the perspective of eternity. It is a work divinely authorized and a worthy field of labor for men of the greatest ability and learning and in it many such have devoted their all. Its great business is to save the lost of earth, the rewards are beyond computation both in time and eternity.

## A Glimpse into the Work of the American S. S. Union

L. A. Johnson

As a former student of both Houghton and Miltonvale, I am requested to write an article concerning my present work. You may know that it affords me great pleasure to comply with the request. I never shall forget the years spent in these institutions, years in which, aside from books, I learned much of Christian life and activity.

The American Sunday School Union, the society under whose commission I labor, was organized in May 1817 and will celebrate its centennial anniversary next May in Philadelphia. For a period of near one hundred years it has been carrying the Gospel to neglected and needy communities and still the need is great; still there are children unreached; still there are grown people under our flag who ask what a Sunday School is for and what is done in such a school.

Many people can not see the importance of our work because they



believe the denominational schools sufficient to care for all. Others think the Sunday School missionaries of the various denomination, should find and care for those unreached by the local churches. Such undoubtedly, are unfamiliar with the conditions that confront the denominational missionary. Very often he will find a community of six or eight families who need religious services. Not more than two of these affiliate themselves with the same church. All are anxious to have a Sunday School but each prefers having it conducted under the auspices of his individual denomination. Except in rare instances no School can be organized under such conditions. The Union missionary steps in and finds that he is welcomed by all. He talks Union Sunday School and all become interested. If he can not find Christian material necessary for the officers and teachers, if he thinks it wise he will hold evangelistic meetings and seek to convert the people, then organize them into a Union Sunday School. They begin to work together, soon understand each other better, and in many instances ultimately put aside former preferences and join together to form a denominational church.

In connection with the organization of schools and the conducting of special meetings each missionary is a distributor of good wholesome literature and books, above all, God's word. He sells, at cost price, all that he can but where people can not or will not buy he is authorized to give Testaments, Bibles or good books to needy ones, especially boys and girls for this organization aims especially to reach and win the children.

Now just a few words regarding a special meeting held this fall on the Yankton Indian Reservation where our first Union Sunday School was organized two years ago. This neighborhood is quite "mixed". Its families represent Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Bohemia, France, England, Ireland, Germany, Holland and the American Indians, but of course they are all Americans. Some were professing Christians but when the revival spirit came on they saw their lack of real Spirituality and the result was that about fifty sought God and were saved before the meetings closed. Yes, they were saved in the good old fashioned way, weeping their way to the altar, crying in penitence to God, receiving forgiveness through faith and rising to confess Christ before men. Some publicly asked forgiveness of each other and amid tears of repentance old neighborhood grudges were wiped out. The power of God certainly was manifest in a wonderful way. A prayer meeting has been established in this place, the leader, a man of prominence in the community who before the meetings was a Sabbath breaker utterly negligent of religious things. Now he has established a family altar and purposes to walk with God.

When we remember that this community was a great darkness spiritually, its children ignorant of God and His word with no help nigh—until the American Sunday School Union stepped in with the Gospel light, and when we realize that this community is only a type of hundreds of others that may be found in every state in our union we can but believe that we represent an organization owned of God, a part of His great plan for winning this world for our Lord and Christ.





## Know Thyself

Prof. H. H. Hester

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There is no problem of greater concern to a forward-looking young man than the perennial inquiry, What is my calling anyway? It is not, What shall I do to-morrow? but What shall I do day after to-morrow? It is not the changing avocation of the moment, but the unescapable occupation of all the years.

How, then is the forward-looking young man of the present hour to know his unescapable, proper place in the great scheme of things-as-they-ought-to-be? There is just one answer. He must Know Himself. The twentieth century A. D. is not ahead of the fourth or even the tenth century B. C. on that. Oreson Sweet Marden is no wiser than Solomon or Aristotle here. Yes, paradoxical as it seems, the progressive owes his first and greatest debt to the conservative. He may not recognize the label, nevertheless the trade-mark is on the goods. The mediaeval churchman will object just here that the trade-mark is on the wrong goods, that the youth must rather know God, and the modern altruist will contend that he must know his fellows. Be it even so, the dictum of self-knowledge excludes neither, but harmonizes with both. The three form the perfect triangle. Whether self-knowledge be at the apex is not our concern, but that it lies at the angle of expanding vision, that it is the natural, opening key to life adjustment is much our concern.

But how is one to fulfil that far-echoing command of Nature, "Know Thyself?" In the first place, since man is, after all, a bundle of habits, even the youth is bound to begin with the backward-looking inquiry of retrospection, Is there anything in my make up that comports with the occupation of my father? If my father hoed potatoes and that is what I have done thus far in my brief span of days, then I should not turn lightly from that to something else. That has first claim on my attention. If I find in myself a somewhat that takes delight in that work, the chances are that that is my life job. But I must not stop with that query. I must look other possibilities in the face. It is largely by considering the claims of a wide range of interests, as King points out, that I shall not wake up disappointed in my choice of a life task. In considering the claims of other kinds of work I must still be guided to a large extent by my likings. Whether it is the work of a farmer, merchant, teacher, lawyer, preacher, or "dry cleaner" as Clinton N. Howard's son calls his father, I must ask myself that insistent question, Does it comport with my legitimate likings and inclinations? Would I find contentment in it? Thus, if my nature demands large bodily activity, I would be ill at ease as a mere bookkeeper; I should rather be a farmer or a preacher.

This consultation of fundamental, constitutional likes and dislikes is of the first importance in choosing a life work. One could almost say it is the last word, the "sine qua non" in setting the problem. A prolific source of unhappiness in this world of ours lies right at this point. A man tries a job because he thinks popularity and wealth, wisdom and power will follow in its wake, only to find himself bored

by a thousand unconstitutional worries. Verily what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose that contentment which is the zest of life. Let the quietism of Quakerism teach young America the need of repose. Choosing a life-long work is like choosing a life-long wife—above all there must be mutual congeniality. Homer was right: "There is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best." Yes, "their own hearts know it best." With all the twentieth century emphasis on the social consciousness nothing more true was ever said. As in a home so in a work, there must be love. With Tennyson's "Miller of the Dee" one must be able to sing:

" 'I love my work,' quoth he,  
 'I love the mill that grinds the corn  
 That feeds my babes and me.' "

If one can meet this supreme test of natural adjustment one will hardly fail to meet the other tests of world need, social demand and religious duty.

As a man is not made in a day, so self-knowledge cannot be acquired in a day. Like every good thing it takes time. Be not disappointed if it requires "watchful waiting" to get acquainted with yourself. Moses waited eighty years, Jesus thirty years, you may have to wait thirty days at least. Meanwhile a common-sense philosophy would say: "Do the thing that lies near your hand, and do it as though it were your life job; for only he that is faithful in that which is least is faithful in much." If you would have further food for thought read the life story of such men as Henry Drummond, James H. Fairchild, and Abraham Lincoln. Yes, I say it again, (inconsistent though it be), Progress begins in retrospect. In summing it all up let me repeat the oft-quoted wisdom of Shakespeare,

"This then remember  
 To thine own self be true,  
 And it must follow as night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man."

## A Prayer

Carroll Daniels, '18

As I gaze on the starlit heavens,  
 And think of the Christ above,  
 When I think of his wondrous beauty,  
 And dream of his matchless love,  
 When I read of the pain he suffered,  
 And grief that he bore for me,  
 And I know that his tender mercies  
 Are now, as they used to be,  
 Then I kneel and I there implore him  
 That he in his power and love,  
 May keep me, and guide me, and use me,  
 And teach me of things above.  
 And if I can but lift the burdens  
 Of men, as my Christ has done,  
 Or if I can help to raise the fallen,  
 My heaven is here begun.





# THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## Editorial

### Day of Prayer

One of the mightiest forces in the life of the church today is prayer. Why should it not be an equal power in the college and university?

February 25 has been appointed by the World's Student Christian Federation as the Universal Day of Prayer for students in colleges and universities of all nations in the world. Surely if there ever was a need for prayer among college people there is today. A need not for saying prayers but for vital relationship with God through prayers that find their source in the inmost heart of man and their culmination in the moving of God.

These are indeed trying days,—days in which men wonder whether there be a God or no, days when pessimism and suffering are sapping out the vitality of man, days when the Christian college student has so many calls to needy fields that he knows not which one to enter. Ah, the need of prayer and divine direction is surely paramount.

It is with no little spirit of sacrifice that men and women of many nations are leaving the halls of their Alma Mater to take care of the dying and point them to God. They have given up their cherished hopes for the sake of their brothers. They have caught the vision of the whitened fields and have decided as far as they were able that the prison camps of Europe would not be a rendezvous for idol worship but a habitation for the Living Christ. They did not stop to ask that selfish question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" They heard the call

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and obeyed. Shall we not have a part in that heroic effort by earnest prayer that their labors may yield an hundred fold?

We must not only devote our prayers to these war stricken nations but also to our fellow students in the Orient and in all foreign countries. The college men of these countries are the coming leaders of their respective nations. How necessary that they have ingrained into their very natures the all-conquering principles of our Master! They are our brothers. Let us remember them.

Would it be presumptuous to pray that the present student body of our American college have the essentials of Christianity so deeply engraved upon their hearts that this generation, when they become the rulers of to-morrow, may remove the causes of international conflicts and racial prejudice? That is the task before our generation. Our fathers have failed. It is ours to let Christ have full possession of our lives that we may not govern by greed and the dollar but that love be our ruling factor. Only as the spirit of love dominates our international affairs, only as Christ is taken into partnership can permanent peace be possible. Laws have failed, treaties have failed, but "love never faileth."

Shall we not as a school set aside February 25 as a special day of prayer, not because other folks are doing it and yet because other folks are doing it, "for in unity there is strength." Why not have it a special day upon our school calendar in the years to come? While God is listening to supplications of the Chinese student, the African student, the Hindu, the South American student and thousands of European students, all coming to his ears at one time he will not disregard our humble petitions voiced from a pure and earnest heart. Let us pray.

### Editorial Notes

#### Wesleyan Interscholastic Literary Contest!!!

Why not? Why not have a contest that will make the students of our schools feel more akin, more like one big family? Why not have a literary contest, consisting of poems, stories and essays between Miltonvale, Central, Fairmount and Houghton once a year? Why not buy a loving cup together and the school that receives the highest average in the three contributions keep the loving cup that year? What have you to say, Miltonvale, Central and Fairmount? We are in for it. Are you?

We thank you, Professor Smith, for those snow paths.

The ninth annual oratorical contest of the Houghton I. P. A. will be held in the chapel Friday evening, February 2, 1917, at 8:00 o'clock.

The program will be as follows: Instrumental Duo; Invocation; Quartette; Oration—"Our Duty"—George Hubbard; Oration—"The Challenge to American Patriotism"—Glen McKinley; Oration—"The Conflict of the Ages"—Earl Barrett; Cornet Solo; Oration—"Is My Flag Safe?"—Leona Head; Oration—"Prohibition and Preparedness"—Arthur Bryan; Oration—"A National Danger"—Robert Chamberlain; Quartette; Reading; Decision of Judges.



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## Twenty Weeks on the Campus

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A review of the past twenty weeks of campus activities brings up besides general pleasurable associations, many more concrete ones as we call to mind a dozen or so of the events that the semester has rather profusely brought forth. Literary societies, I. P. A., Lecture course, student's prayer-meetings, class festivities, all have furnished breaks in the monotony, and with well-proportioned frequency. Not at all violent in their emotional power and lacking the intensity that football and its kindred might bring forth, the resultant varied placidity of our school life has never threatened to become irksome.

When we first returned or came to Houghton in September the gym, four feet above the concrete wall, was looked upon as a potential unknown quantity by the new and verdant ones, and with hopeful reverence by the experienced. Patiently we saw it attain the semblance of a real building and gladly we bestowed our manual efforts in its behalf when released for the occasion. If it has only grown on the outside and the inside has been slighted, we simply regard it as hope deferred, and more confidently than ever assume an attitude of watchful waiting.

The U. L. A. did well for us, numerically as well as qualitatively, four numbers, which we fear forbodes a deficiency in that line the rest of the year. There was Parsons the philosopher, Williams the scientist, the Kaffir boys as specimens of Negro achievement, and last, Johnson, humorist-moralist. Attendance has been quite satisfactory, a commendable and noticeable feature because the students have been practically all in attendance. Early in the year Hartmann's recital gave to the school the aspect of really being on the musical map.

It's a little too "previous" to report sleighrides, though the venturesome college class of '20 has rushed the season for one such expedition. Social activities started with a well arranged reception which custom has ordained for the new students' benefit. Hallowe'en was celebrated in the systematic way. Thanksgiving with its day relief of scholastic duties was accompanied in the evening by a striking and realistic faculty presentation. Skating is more often and better than ever, and the time-honored sport of coasting is again bringing forward the multifarious advantages of co-education.

In all, a pleasant half year, not to mention the more heightened joys that our contact with our studies have given us, especially to the more favored of us who are not taking freshman math. The prospect of an equally fortunate second semester is shining with proverbial brightness, and the campus looks into the future with anticipation that transcends anxiety.

## Ha! Ha! Ha!



F. Kelly—"There's an awful funny article by Bernard Shaw in the last 'Physical Culture'."

R. Chamberlain—"That's just what I've been reading."

In English class the other day they were discussing the plan adopted in some schools of having one person appointed as a kind of an overseer or leader of a group. Mr. Barrett said, "I wouldn't like to have anyone over me. I'd just as soon have a girl over me, but not a boy."

Mr. Stubb (with illustrated weekly), "Martha, here is a picture entitled 'Ducking an ocean Greyhound.'"

Mrs. Stubbs (flaring up), "I don't want to see it. I think there should be a law against clipping off a poor dog's tail." Chicago News.

### A School Boy's Composition.

Winter is the coldest season of the year, because it comes mostly in winter. In some places it comes in summer, then it isn't so worse. I wish winter came in summer here. Then we could go skating barefooted and make snowballs without getting your fingers froze. When it snows in summer they call it rain.

Ex.

Campy was asked "Why is a sermon like a kiss?" In the unguarded moment she quickly answered, "Oh, I know, Dick gave it to me the other day." And then she blushed.

Prof. in Phys., handling highly explosives—"Now if this explodes students, it will blow the lab and us up. Draw closer please, that you may follow me more readily."

Young man to his lady love: "I love you."

She: "Ditto."

He: "But I love you."

She: "Ditto."

The next day he said to his father, "What does 'Ditto' mean?"

Father, pointing to the cabbages in the garden, "You see this cabbage head and then that one there. Well that is 'Ditto'."

The young man under his breath, "Hang it all, she called me a cabbage head."

The engaged young man: "Father, what is a good inscription for a wedding ring?"

Father: "Well, your initials, perhaps."

Son, after many suggestions from father: "No, I don't like those."

Father: "Well, perhaps you would like to have what I put in your mother's ring, 'When this you see, think of me.'"

Son: "I like that".

He orders the ring engraved. When his bride inspects the ring to her great amazement she read, "When this you see think of father."

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## Twenty Weeks in our Societies

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

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We agree with the poet that life is, or, at least, should be a thing of joy. If we view it from the right angle, it is one long round of golden opportunities—opportunities for self-development, opportunities for service. And if we are to become well-rounded symmetrical characters, we must accept cheerfully and thankfully the petty tasks that daily encumber our pathway. We must perform them with painstaking care and unflinching loyalty. Then some fair day we shall wake up to a realization that the goal of our ambitions, the dream of our secret soul has been realized and we shall be satisfied.

Let us take courage then, fellow students, and strive to make the future even more fruitful than the past. We have reached the close of another school semester. Soon we shall be entering upon the tasks of the new, but it is well that we stop here for a retrospective glance. To get a connected view of what has been accomplished in the past will encourage to even greater effort in the future.

But you say, to what particular province do you refer? Why, organizations to be sure. We are all interested in at least one. There is the Neosophic Literary Society. All the prep lads and lasses are intensely interested in that as is evidenced by their regular attendance and good programs.

Then there is the Athenian Society. Over 90% of the college students, some of whom are unusually talented, are members. Just listen to their programs on science, music and politics. They will convince us that they delight grappling with the big intellectual problems of the day. There has been a marked improvement both in numbers and enthusiasm over the society of last year.

We also have a large enrollment in the Senior Y. M. W. B. and very excellent are the monthly programs of that organization. Only a short time ago we had the privilege of listening to a very interesting report given by the delegate, Mr. Claude Ries, who had just returned from attending a Students' Volunteer Convention held at Cornell University. In connection with this society we should also mention the Students' Volunteer Band which holds bi-monthly meetings. This band is highly favored in counting Prof. James Elliott, a member of our Faculty, among its most untiring workers. The great dream of his life is to go to the mission field whenever the Master opens the way and, because of his whole-souled devotion to the cause of missions, we cannot help but feel the inspiration of his presence. The man who is filled and thrilled with one supreme life purpose is always the one who inspires the hearts of others.

Our I. P. A., too, is especially fortunate this year in having such a president as Prof. H. H. Hester. He has spent several seasons on the field as an I. P. A. worker and is not only a trained leader, but an intensely enthusiastic one. Under his efficient leadership, the influence of the I. P. A. is permeating the entire student body—yes, and the sur-

rounding community as well. We are gratified to note that four delegates represented us at the International I. P. A. contest held at Lexington, Kentucky, Dec. 27-29.

And now in closing, just a word for the Houghton Orchestra. They are not spending their days in idle dreaming for only recently they gave a series of entertainments in the vicinity of Lockport, N. Y., and, during the Christmas vacation they even hiked off to Ohio where they used their talent in presenting the interests of the schools and raising L. S. U. pledges.

We might make mention of the U. L. A. which has furnished us with a splendid lecture course this year but "nuff sed." In view of what has been accomplished and knowing the value of cooperation and push that has animated the student body in the past, we have no fears for the future. "Onward and upward" is our watchword.

## Exchanges

Another term is closing throughout our educational institutions. The school papers are entering upon 1917. The various exchanges will be asking themselves, "Have we given or received any benefit by interchange?"

For our part we have received good. From purely educational institutions, from theological seminaries, and from philanthropic organizations, North, East, South, and West we have received issues showing our whole land to be eager for knowledge and improvement. It cheers us to know that we are climbing with others, and that we face the same problems others face. We examine the school papers, glad to note points of excellence that may be followed, and on the other hand, errors to be avoided.

Have we given any aid? A school paper is put out chiefly for the school issuing it. But as one poet said of an individual,

"Our words and deeds have many brothers,  
The soul that makes its own delight,  
Makes also a delight for others."

If we have done well, other's tongues shall praise us, and not our own.

We shall be glad to continue the exchanges this year, and receive or give such help as an exchange may.

## Our Forum

[The following article has been sent to the Star office and we submit it to you. How does it "strike" you? Would you like such a column as this at your disposal? If so, send us the material, tell us what you are doing, write us occasionally a live, peppery, spicy writeup of some interesting event since you left our halls. Tell us where you think we might improve our paper. We welcome suggestions and criticisms.

How about the Alumni—Student games? Speak up! Editor.]



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Some few changes have come over the Star in the last five years but I am very glad to note that most or them are for the better and that it is a paper to be proud of. May success crown your efforts in every way! I know not how practical the idea is nor how well such a column would be used but it seems to me a column devoted to personal letters or short articles from alumni, students or faculty members—sort of a forum—would be fine and might serve to arouse interest in the paper and in the school on the part of all.

I have yet another suggestion. Now that the dream of five years has become a reality and Houghton has a gymnasium why would it not be practical to have one basket ball game near the close of the season and one baseball game at Commencement time between the Houghton team and an Alumni team? Such an arrangement would not only serve to bring the Alumni nearer to the school and provide a homecoming for them twice a year but would provide the needed stimulus to Houghton athletics without the evils of interscholastic athletics. Besides in all probability it would finance itself. I would like to hear the opinion of others—students, Alumni or Faculty—on the project.

Sincerely yours,

Owen M. Walton, '11.

## Reunion of the 1916 Theological Class of Houghton Seminary

Held at Glens Falls, N. Y., January 2-3-4, 1917.

### Program

Tuesday, January 2, 6:00 P. M. Class Banquet.  
Wednesday A. M. Business.  
Wednesday P. M. Recreation Period.  
Wednesday evening. Address, "The Plan of God Regarding the Jews." Rev. Elmer S. Davidson, Class President.  
Thursday A. M. Sightseeing (Under direction of competent guide)  
Thursday P. M. Farewells.

The reunion was characterized by the presence of all at every session. As of yore Peace and Harmony prevailed at every meeting.

Whereas the 1916 Theological Class of Houghton Seminary met for its first reunion at Glens Falls, N. Y., January 2-3-4, 1917, we the members of said class

Resolve: That we thank our friends who so royally entertained us during the entire reunion, and

Be it also resolved: That we as a class do our best to further the Missionary Work among the Jews and to advance the Great Cause of Prohibition in both State and Nation, and

Be it further resolved: That a copy of these resolutions together with the Program be forwarded to the Houghton Star for publication.

Signed, Elmer S. Davidson, Class Pres.

Walter F. Lewis, Class Sec'y.



## An Echo from Central

S. W. Wright



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Once I heard a fellow sing, "There's always an East and there's always a West, but there's no North nor South to-day." To an extent that has never been true before, that is true at the present time. I have crossed the Mason and Dixon line three times and have never felt so much as an extra jolt of the train or heard so much as an extra clink of the car wheels as we crossed that historic boundary. Put still that has always been and that, I hope, always will be, North is North and South is South.

But the thing I wish especially to speak of is the southern student life. I am not at all sure that I see it from the standpoint of a Southerner, from which viewpoint our worthy Editor has asked me to discuss it. Still I can eat a right smart of corn bread and like it tolerable. It is easy enough to say, "I sure am mighty glad to see you-all" but it still seems strange enough to be greeted on the way to school from dinner with, "Good evening, Professor." My acclimation may not be complete.

The Southern student has a dread of final examinations, fails in them once in awhile; growls about long lessons, and bluffs a recitation that he does not know; reads the genealogical table of a teacher now and then, and skips chapel occasionally. A very few of these I have done myself as a student, all the rest I have seen done by such men as Fancher, Hester, Frazier, and Dave Scott. We are made of a common clay.

Take it as a whole, I think the Northern student is rather the better student. For this I see two reasons. The Southern climate is not so conducive to studious habits, and the South has not had as many years of high educational standards. Nor does it seem that the present standards are the equal of those of the North. I am not quite sure but that the Southern student is a bit lacking in that indefinable somewhat called "school spirit." This may be easily accounted for here in that Central is not nearly so rich in "traditions" as is Houghton. The problem of discipline is rather easier South than North. The Southerner, if he does not like a thing, sticks out against it as long as seems worth while, but when once he sees that the thing has got to be, he puts on a smile and you would think it was just the thing that he had been trying for years to bring about.

The South holds out to the Church a wonderfully rich field for educational service.

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## THE HOUGHTON INDEX

[We are pleased to bring to our readers clippings from "The Houghton Index," edited by A. W. Hall in the year 1888. In the following issues of The Star we expect to print the "Chronicles of Houghton Seminary," also found in The Houghton Index. They are interesting to say the least and show the high literary aspirations of our President when in school here. They were edited by Miss Blanche Houghton, Mr. V. H. Sibley and Mr. J. S. Luckey. Watch for them. Editor.]

The railing on the walk up Seminary hill is not conducive to a high state of morality.

Rev. S. Bedford is in Seminary interests in the northern portion of the state.

There is enrolled in all departments 107 students this term. Good! The class of students is also above that of former terms.

Rev. W. J. Houghton returned from his labors in Ohio and Penn., bringing an excellent report of good meetings, many young people saved, and some funds to keep the Seminary going. Pray for the Agents.

We are glad to be able to say to those interested in the success of the Seminary, that the last dollar of the building debt has been paid. We trust through the liberality of the friends to soon make needed improvements. [January 1888]

In this issue we present a few lines of poetry dedicated to the Index. We are grateful for poetical forbearance. We received a poem not long since which the writer claimed was sent from Heaven at the expense of \$400, which we were requested to remit by return mail. Our next "load of wood on subscription" not having arrived, we declined. As this one is gratuitously offered we publish it, but cannot vouch for its derivation,— but will give a year's subscription to the Index to the first person naming the author.

Mr. Editor: As I have not seen any poetry dedicated to the Index, thought I would send you a verse.

Go little sheet with smiling face,  
And greet thy friends in every place,  
Point with thy fingers to age and youth  
The way of righteousness and truth  
And like the Index on the church near by,  
Point souls above to home on high.  
This is all I have on my poetic shelf,  
If you want any more please make it yourself. [February 1888]

A student of Houghton Seminary bought 14 shirts for 13 weeks of school. He is a boy.

Professor in History: "Mr. Litelbranes, how did Caesar die?" Mr. Litelbranes: "Oh - er, too many Roman punches, I believe."

[March 1888]

Dr. Abrams took in Rochester recently, probably to water the stock of the Lithia Spring Co; while absent another party appropriated the spring. Vain are the hopes of men.

The Lockport Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection will hold its session at Fillmore beginning April 18th. The church is prepared to entertain all attending.

The Union Signal says, The average novel of the present day may be thus summarized:

Chapter I. - Maid one.

Chapter II. Maid won.

Chapter III. Made one.

[April 1888]

### Commencement Exercises

The programme of commencement exercises, held in the chapel Thursday evening, was as follows:

MUSIC.

Anthem—"Be thou exalted."

PRAYER.

J. L. Benton.

MUSIC.

"Numberless Host"—Solo and Quartet.

ORATION.

"The Christian in Politics,"—Melvin E. Warburton.

MUSIC.

"When Morning's Light is Breaking."—Duet.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

"The Conflict of the Ages."—Rev. R. F. Dutcher.

MUSIC.

"Rock of Ages."—Quartet.

MUSIC.

Chorus.

BENEDICTION.

D. S. Kinney.

The oration of Mr. Warburton, the first graduate of the institution, was strikingly original and highly commendable. The need of "The Christian in Politics" was shown by the solemn and great responsibilities that rest upon him, by appalling corruptions that exist, and the fact of a nation's stability is its righteousness, thereby requiring the presence and influence of men of purity of morals and integrity of purpose.

The Annual Address by Rev. R. F. Dutcher, was full of pith and point and was listened to with marked interest.

We would do an injustice to not compliment the singing. All of it was excellent, showing talent and drill. Some pieces were grand, especially the rendering of "Rock of Ages" by the quartet.

The chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the best of order prevailed. The studio was lighted, many remaining after the exercises to view the work on exhibition, which received universal praise.

[June 1888]



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FILLMORE, N. Y.

When a young man concludes he is really of no account in the world, it doesn't matter how soon he begins to part his hair in the middle.

It always casts a gloom over the sky of love to have the young lady's small brother poke his head in the door and yell, "Sue, your other feller's come."

A pupil in one of the public schools requested to write a composition on a physiological lecture to which the school had just listened, wrote:

"The human body is made up of the head, the throat, and the abdomen.

The head contains the brains, when there is any.

The throat contains the lungs and heart.

The abdomen contains the bowels of which there are five: A, E, I, O, and U, and sometimes W and Y."

From The Houghton Index.

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