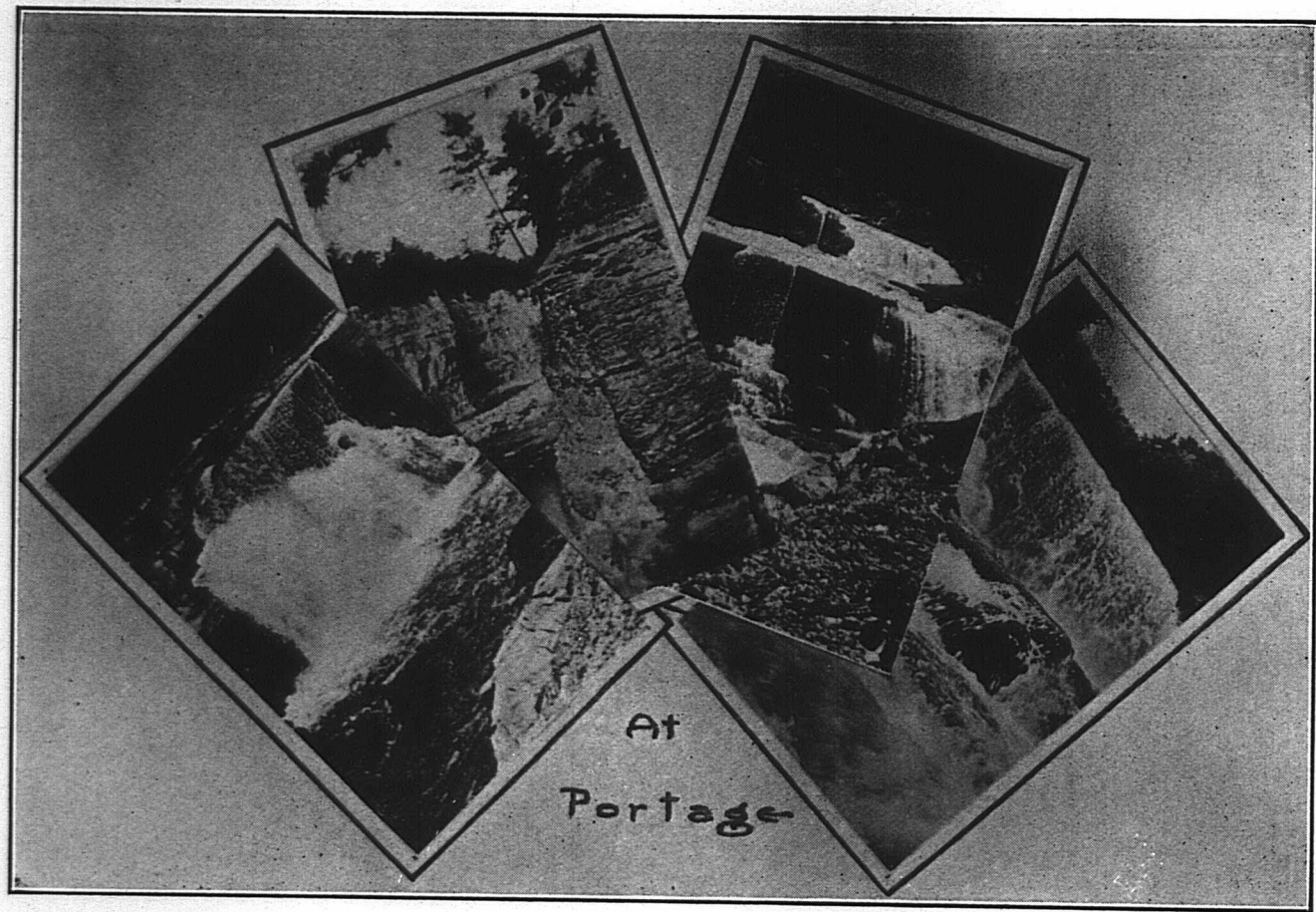


The Houghton Star



At  
Portage

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**Our Faculty**



## Houghton College Song of '17

R. S. Chamberlain, College '18

### I

Glory and praise to our school so dear,  
Let us all raise her a hearty cheer;  
We love her halls and her portals tall,  
Ready to sing, ready to shout it, one and all.  
Who is noble and true stand by our banner fair,  
Who is loyal and brave, ready to do and dare,  
Give the purple and gold, sons that will ever be  
Faithful and strong to stand by her colors, true-hearted  
and free.

### Chorus:

Houghton, the school that we love so dear,  
Houghton, the name that we love to cheer;  
Houghton, may ever thy sons be strong,  
Ever to march, ever to fight against the wrong!

Hail to thee, our Alma Mater! We will ever serve and  
praise and love thee,  
And ever we'll sing, and gladly bring  
A joyous chorus-song to mount the sky above,  
When the years have passed and only memories remain  
to tell the story,  
When the years have passed, and comes at last the meet  
reward of God's true servants—  
We'll never regret the years we passed  
With those who lived and loved and labored for us here;  
We'll ne'er regret,  
We'll ne'er regret the years we passed with those who  
loved and labored for us here,  
We will be true,  
We will be true, we will be true, we will be true!

### Chorus:

Houghton, the school that we love so dear,  
Houghton, the name that we love to cheer;  
Houghton, may ever thy sons be strong,  
Ever to march against the wrong,  
Ever to march, ever to fight against the wrong!

### II

Glory and praise to our school so dear,  
Let us all raise her a hearty cheer;  
We love her halls and her portals tall,  
Ready to sing, ready to shout it, one and all.  
Give the flowers to the brave, while they are living here—  
Let our chorus resound, give them a hearty cheer;  
We will never forget him whom we love so dear,  
But we will raise voices of praise from hearts of affection  
far.

### Chorus:

Luckey, the chief of our loyal band,  
Luckey, around him we'll ever stand;  
God, give us hearts that will cherish them,  
Men who have lived, men who have died for Houghton  
Sem.

Hail to God on high for sending men of hope and Christ-  
ian love among us,  
To lead us along with courage strong  
The way of life in hall and classroom oft presiding.  
Hail to these of old, who bought and gave to us the halls  
that rise before us  
And over their name aloud proclaim  
The praise of him who filled their hearts with firm devo-  
tion.  
Shout the song abroad  
Until the woods and rocks and hills awake to answer



The carol we sing with joy today to her who ever fondly  
lives with our hearts.  
We'll sing to her,  
We'll sing to her with joy today whose memory we'll  
cherish in our hearts—  
We will be true,  
We will be true, we will be true, we will be true!

**Chorus:**

Houghton, the name that we love so dear,  
Houghton, the name that we love to cheer;  
Houghton, may ever thy sons be strong,  
Ever to march against the wrong,  
Ever to march, ever to fight against the wrong!

III

Glory and love to our school so dear,  
Let us all raise her a hearty cheer;  
We love her halls and her portals tall,  
Ready to sing, ready to shout it one and all.  
Who is noble and true stand for our banner fair;  
Who is loyal and brave, ready to do and dare,  
Give the purple and gold, sons that will ever be  
Faithful and strong to stand by her colors, true-hearted  
and free.

**Chorus:**

Houghton, the school that we love so dear;  
Houghton, the name that we love to cheer;  
Houghton, may ever thy sons be strong,  
Ever to march, ever to fight against the wrong!

We'll ever rejoice with glad voice  
And bring to thee



Our sweetest songs, our sweetest songs of love;  
We'll e'er rejoice and bring to thee  
And bring to thee our sweetest songs of fondest love.  
We will be true  
We will be true, we will be true, we will be true.

**Chorus:**

Houghton, the school that we love so dear,  
Houghton, the name that we love to cheer;  
Houghton, may ever thy sons be strong,  
Ever to march against the wrong,  
Ever to march, ever to fight against the wrong!

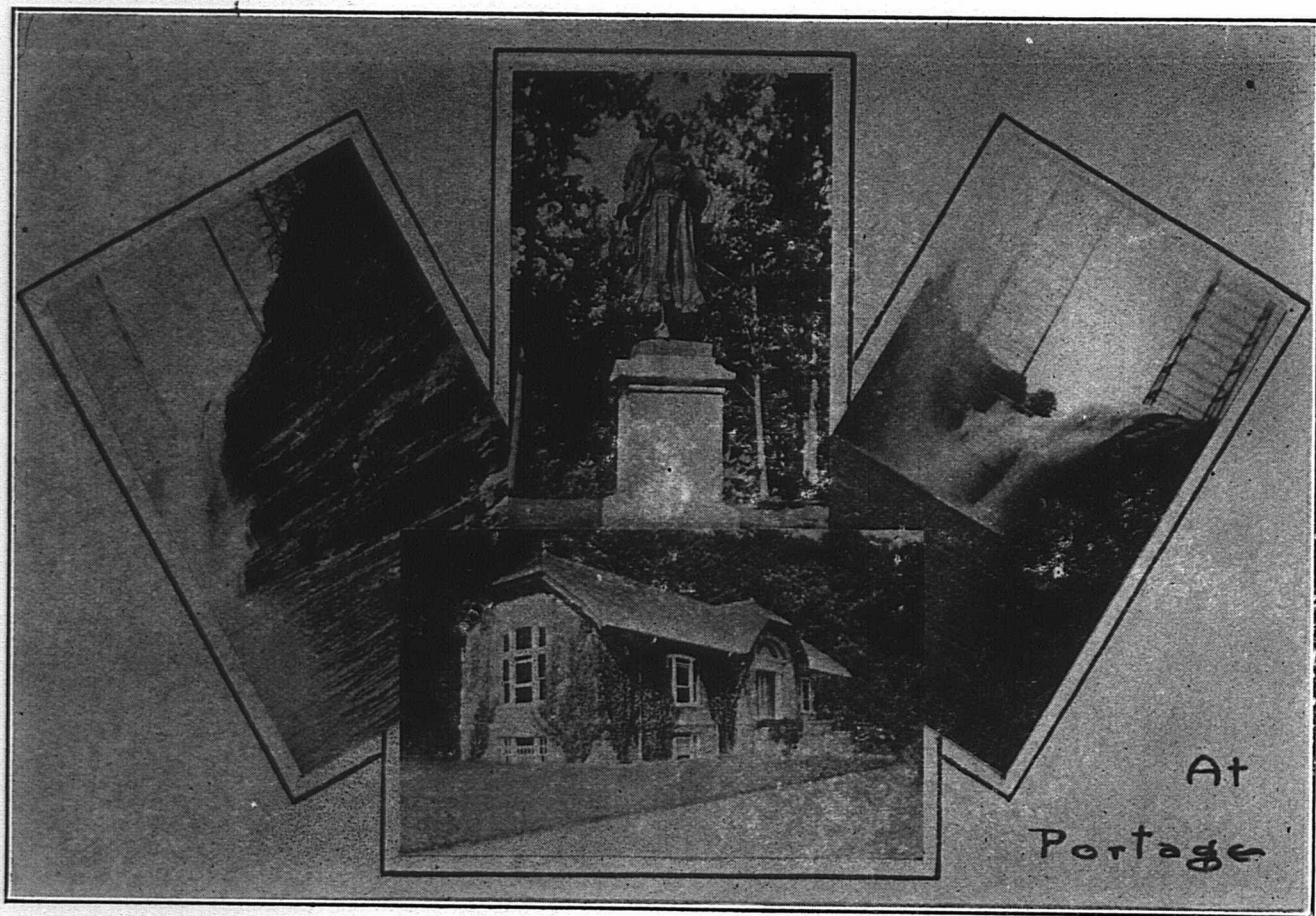
IV

Hail to thee, our fellow-classmates! Ever time will knit  
the tie that binds us  
With fetters of love and friendship true to those who  
studied with us here and worked among us;  
Live, the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love and  
fellowship together  
Until we shall meet before the feet  
Of Him who fills our hearts and lives with noble love—  
Until we meet,  
Until we meet before the feet of Him who fills our hearts  
with noble love.  
We will be true,  
We will be true, we will be true, we will be true.

**Chorus:**

Glory and love to our school so dear,  
Let us all raise her a hearty cheer;  
Houghton, may ever thy sons be strong,  
Ever to march against the wrong,  
Ever to march, ever to strive against the wrong!

**LITERARY**






## The Seneca's Vision

By Leona K. Head, College '20

First Prize Story

PRING was coming home to her own vale of the Genesee, arbutus time, oriole time, life time and love time once more. Hepaticas, rue anemones, wood betony, adder tongues were scattered in wild profusion over the emerald green carpet of the hillsides, and in more sequestered hiding places—dank marshes and beside hilarious, joy-efferescing springs dogtooth violets, trilliums, cowslips, blue innocents and lady slippers—wood scented, harmonious with the lovely melodious existence of everything. Spring, like a child long estranged from its mother's arms was coming back home to the Genesee and the land of the Senecas.

Wild primeval land of the Senecas! Ancestral forests, so dense and tangled, pines dotting the landscape in ever-constant verdure, time-honored oaks, stately elms, unpretentious chestnuts and all the rest of the forest family, with interwoven trails meandering along wherever a blazed tree called; none less care free than the jubilant brooks and rivulets that came from the hills and went to the torrent seething Genesee where moored along the banks were a hundred canoes beside the ancient Seneca village of rustic wigwams, Caneadea.

The tale of an old Indian warrior's bravery on a hundred battlefields, the story of bringing the haughty of other tribes to submission, no matter how often repeated, was always listened to intently and reverently by the younger men and women of the Senecas. Even the squaws paused in their menial drudgery to listen to the deeds of valor and stood in open-eyed wonder, as if fascinated by the light of a new world thrown on their limited vision.

It was night-time. Outside of his wigwam sat Old Waumsa, warrior and chief, smoking his friendly Indian pipe and talking with a young brave. Rainbow, was his name, the ideal and idol of the Senecas, courageous, handsome as a savage could be called, straight and strong. With the people his favorite name was "Rainbow, the Valiant and the Good."

Waumsa had finished telling his oft-repeated story of battles when he was a young brave and they began discussing matters of more recent concern.

"The foe has been routed at last," Rainbow was saying. "Though he came like the leaves of the trees, and his arrows have killed many of our bravest, yet the strength of the Seneca still is and the proud are vanquished."

"Glad tidings to each warrior's heart," Waumsa replied, "Now we shall have our own campfires, our own trails, our own corn fields, and our Genesee unmolested by the ravaging hand of the Oneida."

"Peace at last," Rainbow went on, "peace, but a strange kind of peace. Our people are wretched and miserable; they are restless and discontented. Why has it al-



ways been so? Why are they like a tempest on the mighty waters?"

"I too have seen what you speak of. I have seen it for years," Waumsa added, "Life is but an empty thing after deeds of greatness are done."

"Nay, Waumsa," Rainbow returned, "Is there not a Happy Hunting Ground for the true Seneca? Is there not a Great Spirit who rules the world?"

"A Great Spirit who loves the mighty and hates the weak and womanish."

"But is not the Great Spirit good?" Rainbow insisted. How can good hate? If only all our people would learn the new thought, they would be no longer wretched."

"And what is the new thought?"

"That the Great Spirit is good and there must be love where he is. That it is mightier to love than to kill."

Waumsa only grunted but was evidently thinking.

"Now that the war is ended, we have greater things to do at home."

"Like the squaws and papooses," Waumsa objected.

"Not that, but like men," Rainbow went on. "I shall begin the work myself and Caneadea shall become blessed because our people love and do not hate. I shall reconcile those who are bitter and in misery."

Waumsa's campfire had burned low. Without a word he went inside, and Rainbow departed.

One of ten thousand, this young brave dared to do a feat unheard of. To teach his people a better way! Like one sent from the skies he had always been, so gentle, so

unerring, so true. Now he was even more so. Day after day he went among the needy people, telling them of the Great Spirit of good and of happiness through love. Already they were beginning to see. But it was hard; many refused to accept his ideas, many tried to make his way rough and his tasks unbearable.

Waumsa watched him closely. What did it all mean? Surely there must be some truth in it, and the heart of the old warrior longed for truth—but he would wait, he would test Rainbow. Already a year had passed since the Oneidas were conquered, but still they were fierce and hostile against the Senecas. Waumsa had a wonderful idea. That evening he called Rainbow to his tent.

"Go," was his simple statement, "go to the land of the Oneidas and teach their chief Red Wolf the 'new thought.' If you win, there will be no more hatred."

Rainbow knew the peril of the undertaking and its probable failure, but the spirit within him that had impelled him to go thus far now bade him accept the challenge. Would it not be wonderful if the Oneida chief would believe? The next morning he set out on his journey.

The story how Rainbow encountered Red Wolf, became his friend under guise of the Oneidas, how many long months he spent in their midst as kind to them as he had been to the Senecas, and how he won Red Wolf's confidence—yea, the story of Rainbow's heroism of peace was sung and repeated year after year in the vale of the Genesee among both Seneca and Oneida. It was a



long, long story, one of fidelity, goodness and greatness. The 'new thot' of the Great Spirit was at last received even by Red Wolf. Rainbow at last started on his homeward journey to Waumsa. There was joy in his heart, anticipation and new hope for his own people. Ah, Rainbow! Could you have known the end of that journey over hill and valley, marsh land and streamlet back to the Genesee again? A lad of the Oneidas accompanied him; together they proceeded on and on. It was autumn, purple maze over the hill tops, trees the every shade of the rainbow itself. To the Genesee they came at last. Little did they imagine that constantly someone was pursuing—a hostile Oneida who had always suspected that Rainbow was a Seneca. So near home at last! Calmly they were gliding across the Genesee when an arrow from the shore, swift and true to its aim, sped through the air and Rainbow, mortally wounded, fell. The other one in his canoe grasped the paddle and managed to reach the shore of the river. Rainbow was carried to his wigwam and dozens of Senecas who had known, loved and admired him came thronging silently to the place.

Old Waumsa came near and stood by the outstretched figure. Rainbow was whispering:

"Waumsa, can you see them?" Waumsa shook his head and answered, "Speak!"

Rainbow's face was radiant. "See them! A host of thousands to take my place and to carry the message of peace and life, not only to the land of the Senecas and Oneidas, but to the world! They come from yonder hill

beside the Genesee. They bear torches of light—an army of pale faces who will tell of the Great Spirit. My life is going, but tho my people bury me I shall not leave the vale of the Genesee. In the wind my Spirit shall stay, and all my life was given for, shall be a part of nature and of good. Each of the vast army of pale faces I shall speak to and tell them I live to serve—and they must live to see and win what death would not let me win. And when my dream comes true, love shall come for the vale of the Genesee, none shall leave it without longing to return and shall always love it—and he who loves most serves best."

Rainbow ceased speaking. His handsome face was illuminated with peace—his spirit was lost in the vision and had flown.

Over the land of the Senecas the Great Spirit that rules above, set his bow of Promise in the heavens.

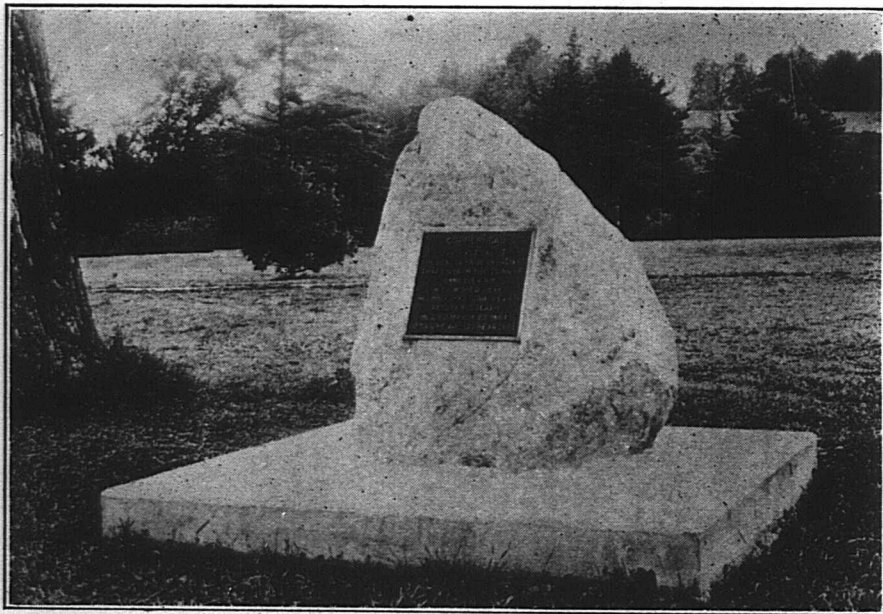
There is a spirit that lives and yet is invisible, of earth and yet not earthly, human enough to be a part of man, divine enough to be Nature herself. Only one place in the world can claim it for her original own, yet it is ever scattered abroad and forever increases. It is the spirit that still lives and dwells in the vale of the Genesee, the spirit that first inflamed the heart of the Seneca Rainbow. And even today whoever holds communion with it finds it an inseparable part of his own spirit even tho he may fly to the corners of the earth and to the uttermost seas. Always there is a longing to go back to the land where that spirit first spoke its endearing, fascinating message to the heart. In other words, it is the spirit that calls her sons



back to Houghton—for Houghton Seminary is the fulfillment of the Seneca's vision.

When you see Spring coming home again to her own in the vale of the Genesee, with life time, love time, arbutus time and oriole time once more, or when you see the

prism-hued rainbow span its arch of fulfillment across the sky dome over Houghton and the Genesee, you will pause and read the mystery in your own heart—then at last you will know all is true.





## Outdoors

By Leona K. Head, College '20

First Prize Poem

Can't you see the colors flashing  
Of a million songsters dashing  
    Thru the air on fleetest wings?  
Can't you feel new hope upspringing  
In the bluebirds' magic singing  
While the earth is fairly ringing  
    With the joy of living things?

Fragrance laden breezes straying  
Pussy willows nodding swaying  
    By the tinkling, rippling rill;  
Nature lavishly bestowing  
Life worth seeing, life worth knowing  
Rising, bubbling, overflowing  
    With the joy that won't keep still!

Everything is cheer and gladness,  
There is no such thing as sadness,  
    All is happiness and love;  
Paradise her gift is sending,  
Ecstasy and mirth unending  
Melody and music blending  
    With the joy of Heaven above!

## The New Japan

By Ray I. Russell, College '20

First Prize Essay

**T**HE Mediterranean has been, the Atlantic is now, and the Pacific will be the arena of commercial activity. This is the belief of many farsighted men, both at home and abroad. These men say that with internal growth comes external progress. When the lands bordering on the Mediterranean were developing their resources, they needed materials from foreign countries, therefore they built ships and exchanged home products for foreign merchandise. Later in the course of progress, western Europe found that she must have a fleet of trading vessels to supplement her industrial expansion. Now Asia awakes to the fact that she has boundless wealth within her shores awaiting only development to lift her to a level to the foremost continents of the world. When Europe received her great awakening in the nineteenth century, England seized the reigns of control over the Atlantic, and as a result, became the leading nation of the world. Now that colossal Asia is preparing herself for a forward leap and is seizing the reigns of control in the Pacific, who can tell how far this second island empire may not advance? At least, in consideration of Japan's phenomenal

growth in recent years, it might be well to observe thoughtfully her condition.

Today, Japan is a land teeming with activity. Everywhere are bristling workshops, belching forth immense quantities of constructive iron and steel, munitions, cotton and woolen goods, and other articles of merchandise. Her harbors literally swarm with craft coming in with raw materials and departing laden with manufactured articles. Her docks ring with the hammering on ships hurriedly built to meet the unparalleled demand of her trade. Seventy-two million yellow men, ambitious and efficient, throb with the desire to push Japan to a high and honored place among the world powers. Railroads and telegraphs, schools and colleges, and improvements of all kinds are coming into existence with astonishing rapidity, almost in a night at it were.

We ask ourselves the question, "How is it possible? A half century ago, Japan was merely a vague, dreamy land basking in the sun of luxurious indolence, now it is a hive of industry."

When Japan came in contact with foreign nations in the latter half of the nineteenth century, she was indeed helpless, but she realized her helpless condition. She sent a host of bright, Japanese youth to England, Germany and the United States to study foreign methods. Then after investigation, she remodeled her army and navy according to the German system. She entered upon a career of industrial and commercial expansion with the United States and England as patterns. In 1894 she showed her improv-



el condition by worsting China, and incidently, awakening that country from her lethargy. Again in 1904, she fought and thrust back mighty Russia, thus gaining a foothold in Korea and Manchuria. The nations of the earth began to take notice. They saw that Japan in the great struggle had managed her finance as skillfully as any European nation could have done. Immediately after the war, the business-like yellow men began the task of commercializing Korea. However, they also wanted the Chinese trade over which Germany, with her strategic position at Tsing-Tau, had a control amounting almost to monopoly. Finally the present war broke out, destroying German traffic in the East, and gave to Japan her coveted opportunity. She siezed Kia Chow, the harbor of Tsing Tau, one of the finest in Asia, and threw every available trading vessel in the place left vacant by her rivals' withdrawal. Now she is getting firm grasp on the Mongol trade. Gladly she patrols the lanes of the Pacific for England as she looks forward to new territorial gains for her part against Germany.

And what are the aims of this sturdy little people? In Asia there one-half billion Mongols. Their carrying trade is sufficient to make Japan rich. China and Korea need cotton and woolen goods besides innumerable other articles of commerce. Also Japan is poor, raising only two-thirds enough food on home soil for the needy population. Therefore why not build factories and manufacture these articles for their wealthy neighbors? A myriad merchant marine to distribute the articles and to bring back raw cotton and wool, wheat and other food supplies would not

only be a logical step, but also one likely to succeed. Already Japan is the dominating power in the East, why may she not, therefore, look forward to the time when she will be the proud mistress of the Pacific?

Several things aid the country in this course of industrial and commercial growth. The people, numbering five millions more than the people of Great Britain and Ireland, afford the cheapest skilled labor in the world. Moreover those who know conditions abroad state that, man for man, the Japanese are the equal of any European or American people. Then too, like a gateway, Japan lies at the entrance to her Asiatic markets, her position in the Pacific corresponding to England's in the Atlantic. Also, she has an identical written language with the millions of Chinese who will become her best customers. And lastly; we have already noted her greatest asset, the patriotic ambition of the people, roused in two successful wars against overwhelming odds, to place Japan among the foremost world powers.

There are a few retarding evils, but with increased enlightenment we may expect that the majority of these will soon be removed. Of course the poor soil cannot be changed, but on the other hand, her social condition is rotten to the core, and can be changed. Before Christianity was introduced, the people thought nothing of immorality; now however they are discovering that their morals affect their national welfare. The people live huddled together in the large cities in wretched condition. Disease is prevalent. Epidemics sweep away great num-



bers of the suffering poorer classes. Then too, "The Sons of Heaven" form of government is a hindrance to the healthiest kind of progress. Foreign countries look somewhat askance at her, thinking they detect the grasping, selfish spirit so hated in the German government. But were a government of the people to take the place of the old one, doubtless this tendency would be largely overcome. Most assuredly Japan has statesmen who are capable of assuming the burden of government. Before an imperial edict dissolved the people's Parliament last fall, Premier Terauchi was opposed very successfully by the leader of the House, Osaki. First the Czar, perhaps the Mikado will be the next to fall.

It takes little prophetic vision to see the New Japan in an exceedingly prosperous condition in the near future. Scarcely will European nations be able to regain their lost positions in the East. Japan will control the commerce of China, Korea, and part of our own Philippine Archipelago, besides having a share in more distant traffic. With an efficient industrial system at home, there is no reason to think that she may not be all that she herself desires, the leading carrier of the Orient.

But why should the United States fear friction? Peace alone will benefit both countries. Our interests are wrapped up in the North and South American continents, whereas her interests are in Asia. We are not using the Philippines as a base for an aggressive policy in the East, and the islands are good customers of Japan. Furthermore, since this is a critical moment in Japan's commer-

cial expansion, she wishes to avoid all doubtful foreign wars. The United States uses large quantities of Japanese silk, and Japan uses large quantities of our cotton. In view of this, the benefits of peace are mutual.

War envelops the Atlantic; peace rests in benediction over the Pacific. Doubtful advantages are won by war; sure advantages are gained in peace. When the world once more settles back in a new tranquillity after strife, who will be crowned with the greatest blessings, the New Europe or the New Asia,—the New England or the New Japan?





## The Crisis

By Leona K. Head, College '20

### Second Prize Poem

I hear the clear call of a bugle,  
Awaking the soul of the past;  
A continent startled arises  
To herald the storm ridden blast.  
Faces in mute consternation  
Wondering whether or not—  
Faces pathetic and pleading,  
Faces a question, but what?

God of Time's strength-sceptered, morning-crowned  
nation!  
Might of Almighty in splendor descend!  
Wing forth thy Heaven sealed new Revelation,  
Maze of the mists of Uncertainty rend!

Give us not one but ten million  
Washingtons, Lincolns of might!  
Speak to existence new manhood  
Armed by thy precept of Right!  
Guide thou the hand of a monarch,  
Wilson, the loved and the brave;  
Pilot our pilot to Harbor  
Safe past the war cloud veiled wave!

Wreaks of an insolent, lightening flash warning  
Challenging, claiming the manhood of man—  
Nation's integrity, national unity  
Guard thou the flag of our fathers again!

Bearing the spray of the olive,  
Borne on the wind pinioned air—  
Peace dove, Columbia's fairest  
Gone to thy shelter—but where?  
Faces in mute consternation,  
Wondering whether or not—  
Faces pathetic and pleading,  
Faces a question, but what?

God of Time's strength-sceptered, morning-crowned  
nation,  
Might of Almighty in splendor descend!  
Wing forth thy Heaven sealed new Revelation,  
Maze of the mists of Uncertainty rend!



## The Diadem

By Leona K. Head, College '20

Second Prize Story

**W**ILL the Promised One never come?" As if torn from the depths of the heart of Lydia, those sad, pleading accents drifted out into the stillness of eventide and echoed thru Bethany, on past Judean dells and hillsides and toward the crimson blazing canopy of the western sunset heavens.

Miramme sat by her side at the edge of the brook near their cottage. As she re-rolled the scriptures she had been reading to blind Lydia her countenance changed noticeably.

"Say not so, Lydia!" she exclaimed, "The promise is sure! Dost thou not remember the words of the prophet Micah of the promised 'Governor who shall rule my people Israel?' The promise is sure! Jehovah will not fail his chosen; the Messiah will surely come if we but wait! Strange things, even of late have been happening."

"Dost thou refer to the preaching of the Man of the Wilderness on the other side of Jordan?"

"Not that alone. But he told us so forcibly 'there is one coming after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose.' Lydia, Hearken! The One whom John foretold is in our midst. Jehovah has not forgotten

his people. At last there is a prophet, and greater than a prophet in our midst. Jehovah has not failed us."

"Strange things and new," were Lydia's words. "Thou knowest I have no advantage as thou hast to go to and fro and to hear new things. Thou art not blind, as I am, Miramme."

"Lydia, there is more to tell. This Nazarene is divine. He can heal the sick and lepers, he can perform wonders, he can raise the dead to life."

"Can he open the eyes of the blind?" Lydia cried.

"They say he can. Believest thou? O Lydia—I shall take thee to the Nazarene! Even now he is at the house of Martha and Mary."

The heart of the blind Lydia was jubilant with new expectation. She believed in Miramme's words, she believed Jehovah. Again a prophet in Israel who could open the eyes of the blind!

Twilight hour was lost in nightshade, the moon rose to keep watch over the unconscious earth when Miramme and Lydia traced their steps to the tiny cottage, their home, their Bethel. An hour later, the same moon sending a flood of mellow light thru the window of the cottage witnessed a new born peace, tranquility and hope mirrored on the countenances of Lydia and gentle Miramme.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wake, Lydia! Already the larks are trilling their morning adoration to Jehovah, already early sunbeams are greeting the earth. This is the morning of the



mornings; today we shall see the Nazarene and thou shalt be made whole." Miramme's sweet voiced words roused the sleeper. Lydia turned a happy face toward her sister.

"O Miramme, at last! I believe already. Already I can almost see your face. At last!"

Eagerly Miramme finished a few household duties. Ecstatic with new joy the two simply clad Jewish women made their way to the home of Martha and Mary. Humble it was, quite like their own—yet to Miramme it seemed like a palace, a heavenly abode—for the Heavenly One was there.

It was still early, before the heat of the day had come with overpowering fatigue and before the throng had begun to press him. He sat at the doorstep teaching the twelve. Mary was at his feet drinking in every sentence like a thirsty traveler at a pool of living water. Such devotion! So implicit, so true, so tender!

The two Jewish women paused at the gateway. Lydia could hear his words, "Come unto me." How like a lost wanderer in darkness she had been! But to Miramme, if possible, His words were less impressive than His gentle face. Nothing had ever come into Miramme's life as attractive as the alluring sadness of the Nazarene's features.

He noticed them. By His glance in their direction, Miramme instantly knew they were welcome. The two moved beside the little group.

"What wouldst thou?" He asked in tones of tenderness.

Lydia's pent up heart cry flashed into words: "Lord, thou canst open mine eyes if thou wilt."

"Thou believest," He replied, "Even so be it."

Light, transcendent and miraculous—light, like an avalanche of glory, burst upon the vision of Lydia—not only sight, but soul transformation, soul triumph, gave vent to one exclamation:

"My Master, my life is thine!"

But Miramme, catching a vision of the brightness that was Lydia's, even with more tremendous force threw herself at his feet with the cry;

"Thou art the Messiah and Israel must crown Thee King!"

Eyes of compassion were turned toward her.

"Daughter of Judah, thou hast spoken! Thy faith hath confessed me. My kingdom shall be of they who believe. Go thy way, but tell not that the blind was restored."

The homeward road thru little Bethany at the foot of Mount Olivet seemed to Lydia and Miramme like a path of heavenly marvel. Each bird song fluted the praises of Jehovah and the Nazarene. For Lydia was no longer blind.

Back in the little cottage Miramme and Lydia again began their day's toil. Life for them had not been easy. Alwys uncomplainingly they worked at their sewing—for their occupation was making garments for the poor of Jerusalem and such as came to the temple for alms. The Pharisees granted the two enough livelihood for a life of



their services in behalf of the public needy ones. But Miramme and Lydia, patient and self sacrificing, even when the days were the longest, were comforted by the thought that their lives were given to please Jehovah.

So gladly was the work begun this morning! Lydia could now share Miramme's part of it, for sight had miraculously come.

"Lydia, is not this the Messiah?" Miramme repeated.

"It is true, Miramme! But doth Israel know? They are blind, blinder than I was or they would claim Him, crown Him King triumphant."

"Lydia, thoughts have been coming to me today, so many and so new! Very well thou knowest the legend of the Diadem of Israel's Kings—the Diadem that David first wore, his emblem of royalty, and after him Solomon and the line of Judean sovereigns. Somewhere in Judea it is today. The legend is that whosoever shall again be crowned with the Diadem shall free his people from the Roman yoke. Last night, Lydia, a beautiful dream was mine as I slept. An angel stood by my side and spoke these words: "Thou, O Miramme, damsel of Judea shalt find the Diadem of David and shalt crown the Nazarene King. When he cometh to His Own he shall wear the Diadem."

"Miramme, was it not wonderful?" was Lydia's striking exclamation, "thou lovest the Nazarene, I love the Nazarene, not only because he opened my eyes, but because our hearts tell us He is the Messiah! And in this love for Him we must serve Him. Yea, go, Miramme,

go on the quest for the Diadem. Thou shalt crown him. Then Israel will know—"

"And Lydia, perhaps,"—Miramme's eyes were a mist of tears, "perhaps after the quest is ended and the Diadem won, after the Nazarene establishes His kingdom He will not forget us. Our way has been a long, long one and a hard, hard one, unrewarded, unappreciated. Then it will be no longer so and the path we follow will be easier."

"Go, Miramme. I will care for the work," Lydia reassured her, "Go, for the sake of the Nazarene."

And Miramme did go. Somewhere the Diadem was—buried in the earth, hidden among the relics of the temple, in the palace of the Herods—even at the gates of the morning or the harbor, or sunset sea. No matter what it cost, she would find it. Laurels would bring recompence—someday, when she was a princess.

First, she would go to the scribes of the Temple, and enquire diligently where the Diadem was heard of last. She sped to Jerusalem and the old scribes conceded to her wishes, but could report but little. Hezekiah of Judah had worn the Diadem, and after him, Manasseh, Amon, Josiah, and on down to Jehoiachin. After that knowledge concerning it was indefinite and legendary. It was captured by Nebuchadnezzar and carried to Babylon, as some records stated. Nobody knew exactly how but the Diadem had come again to Judea and the line of Maccabees had worn it. In recent times, even yet it was heard of first in one place, then another. Some day it will crown the Messiah.





Miramme went on with the quest. She searched the relics of the temple, but it was not; she searched the highways and fields, but still the jeweled coronet came not to her hands.

Night was coming on. Footsore and disheartened, Miramme was about to retrace her footsteps to Bethany, but a light in the road beyond attracted her attention. A lad by the side of an old woman was homeward bound. The woman had been carrying a basket of provisions far too heavy for her strength. Manfully the little lad had taken the load and never faltering, had gone ahead bearing the burden of another aged and infirm. Miramme paused. She beheld a light in his path streaming down from the darkening sky and at its foot none else than a golden crown studded with brilliant gems. The Diadem! With a cry of delight Miramme ran forward to seize it, so tempting, so beautiful,—but as she reached for it—it vanished. The Diadem was no more. Faint and heartsick she turned towards home and Lydia once more.

Night was spent in restlessness, and another day in fruitless searching. Who could fathom the heart of Miramme, so loving, so pathetic, so persistent for the goal of the quest? After that, days came and she sought thru Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, toil unrequited, strength far spent, but hope brighter than before. Only once again did she catch a glimpse of nearing recompense. It was at a well near Tiberias. A white clad woman stood ever near it, offering weary travelers a drink of refreshing water, cheering the faint, caring for the wretched, and Miramme

seemed to behold the Diadem like a halo over her head. But it disappeared as before and Miramme was left to resume the quest. On and on again, seeking and seeking, ever and forever that seemed so wonderfully near, yet so unattainable.

But a morning came altogether brighter, newer, more hopeful—yet strangely so. Nature was rejoicing, yet there was a peculiar note in bird's voices, a new and different realism in her own heart. Again the voices within her that apparently had led her so many weary days, spoke to her in accents melodious.

"Today, O Miramme, the quest shall end. Today the Master shall be crowned. To Jerusalem!"

Inspired with new courage Miramme began one more journey. What made everything so unaccountable, every one she met so intent—some in angry resentment, others with faces sorrowful and downcast? All were making their way toward one destination, the outer gate of the city that led toward the desolate, barren Golgotha, but why? And wherefore all the tumult, the uproar, the excitement? On with the rabble Miramme followed. There was mystery, a strange sense of the supernatural, an oppressive atmosphere enshrouding everything. Outside the gate she freed herself from the throng and stood alone, confused, bewildered at the heart-rending scene that met her gaze—a maddened crowd, Roman soldiers, Pharisees, common people—and in their midst a figure in a purple robe. His lovely brow was crowned, his face so sad, so divine. And there followed him one in



guise of the Cyrenes, bearing a ponderous, rude cross.

A sob of terror, a shudder of fear shook Miramme's frail, exhausted frame. Once more the Voice that had led her on, even to here, winged its way from the shadowy gray of the heavens—spoke not to the rabble, nor to Jerusalem, but to the inmost shrine of her heart:

"The quest is ended, O Miramme! Thy Master now weareth the Diadem. See! The thorns are piercing his lovely brow and crimson drops gleam thru the briar woven crown. They are the jewels of the Diadem, and He whom they adorn is Israel's King."

Like a penitent or a hunted refugee before the sanctuary, Miramme fell on her knees, heart broken, contrite, and her hands raised to the realm of Jehovah above, she uttered her supplication, her sacred avowal:

"I ask no recompense but to know I have served Him by pointing the lost and lowly to his cross; I ask not an easier path, but a harder one, if it may only be the path He trod, if only its goal may be His Diadem, e'en though it be of thorns."



## The Influence of the Italian Renaissance

By Clark A. Warburton, College '19

Second Prize Essay

**A** PERIOD of growth, expansion and progression, rapid and powerful, and then an age of rest and quietness, even of depression, retrenchment and retrogression—that seems to be the cycle of history. The age of the great men in history—of the great warriors and political economists, Alexander the Great, Pompey, Hannibal, and Caesar; the age of the great artists, Phidias, Apelles, and Praxiteles; the age of the great poets, Aeschylus, Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Horace and Virgil; of the great orators, Demosthenes, Hortentius, Pericles and Cicero; the age of the great philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Christ and Paul—this mighty age of mighty men, lasting several centuries, passed away, and was followed by a period twice as long familiar to all of us as the Dark Ages. For over twelve centuries the race felt its weakness, and believed in its own decay and the near approach of the end of time. As time advanced, even the wonderful hope kindled by Christianity seemed to flicker and become dim in the impure atmosphere of formality and low ideals of life.

But at last there comes a change, a new start, the beginning of another period which is still going on, and of which we have yet no realization of the end. The Renaissance, the beginning of this great period, has now been past five centuries, and we can look back through the space of history and see its causes and effects, and the relationship which one country bore to another at this period of awakening. The Renaissance began in the warm countries of Europe and reached culmination first in luxuriant Italy. From here it spread northward and two centuries later was supreme in England.

In Italy the Renaissance was "much more than a revival in literature and the graphic arts, it was the supreme development of Italian civilization as a whole, the most perfect expression of the genius and intellectual life of the peninsula." But it was in literature that its influence was most felt in England, and it is in literature that it has had the deepest and most lasting effect on civilization.

The Italian spirit has always been devoted to the practical things of life. It has cared little for the metaphysical. Even among the Romans there were no true philosophers like those of Greece. The questions of the soul—its existence, its life, and its relationship to the body—never troubled the men of Italy as they did the men of Greece and Judea. So when the Italian Renaissance broke forth, it was essentially a pagan awakening. Though modified to some extent by the influence of Christianity, its essential features were revivals of the classic forms and beliefs of the old Greeks and Romans.

It is this paganistic element, coupled with the Italian view of life as existing only in the present, that accounts for the passion for pleasure, voluptuousness and sensuality that characterized that period of Italian history. Side by side with the wonderful growth of love for beauty, harmony and grace came the belief expressed by Lorenzo, "We must enjoy, there is no certainty of tomorrow."

The relationship of the Renaissance in Italy to that in England is an interesting study, and one that will be profitable to discuss for a few moments. In the literature of the Italian Renaissance three figures stand out prominently before us—Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. These three men seem to stand alone, to be far ahead and beyond all their contemporaries. So the influence of the Italian Renaissance is chiefly the influence of these three men, of "the sombre Dante, the passionate Petrarch, and the joyous Boccaccio."

It was in such surroundings as I have just described that Petrarch and Boccaccio lived and worked. No wonder their ideals seem to us to be somewhat below the true standard! The real wonder is that these men were able to produce the great works that they accomplished. "Boccaccio wrote at the court of a lascivious murderess, and was a livier and less modest form of the conventional court poetry that rang the changes upon love." But at the same time he produced work that will live forever.

Dante lived at a period just preceding the Renaissance, and thus did not come into contact with the paganism and sensuality that accompanied its height. "He



was in a profound sense a prophet of the new age which was approaching—a forerunner of the Renaissance.” But he was also a member of the Dark Ages. His philosophy was largely medieval. “It is an epitome of the life and thought of the Middle Ages.” As a consequence of this position in history and literature, the influence of Dante on English literature was somewhat different than that of Petrarch and Boccaccio. The English, however, because of their more serious and philosophic aspect of life and its ideals, borrowed as naturally from Dante as from these later writers. But their borrowing consisted not in copying his works, as was the case with Boccaccio, but in getting thought from him for original work, and in absorbing some of his sublime, lofty style. As Welch says, from him they learn the power and range of poetry.

Dante’s influence is, however, indirect rather than direct in that the English copied very little of his work. In one of Chaucer’s works, nevertheless, “there blows an air from Dante through much of the book.” This is his “The House of Fame,” of which several incidents and scenes are reproductions from the “Inferno.”

Petrarch’s influence on English letters is somewhat more direct than that of Dante, though it was from Boccaccio that the English took material for their productions. Chaucer’s “Clerkes Tale” is Boccaccio’s story of the patient Griselda, but Chaucer says he learned it of Petrarch and it is probable that he took it from Petrarch’s Latin version of the story. It was in form that Petrarch exercised the greatest influence on English writ-

ers. The Earl of Surrey borrowed the sonnet from him, a verse form that has been popular ever since. Another feature that the Earl of Surrey introduced from these Italian writers was blank verse. After study of Italian models, especially Petrarch, the verse of the English poets is more musical, graceful and artistic, uniting graphic concreteness with refinement and brilliancy of speech. It is more symmetrical, rounded and polished.

To Boccaccio English authors, especially Chaucer, turned for material. The “Troilus and Criseyde” of Chaucer is an English version of Boccaccio’s “Il Filostrato.” In the “Compleynt to Anelida,” in the “Parliament of Foules,” in the “Court of Love,” and in some of the Canterbury Tales are frequent translations and quotations from Boccaccio’s “La Teseide.” Chaucer’s “Legend of Good Women” is largely drawn from Boccaccio’s stories of Illustrious Women, while his plan of the Canterbury Tales is very similar to the plan of the Decameron.

The influence of Boccaccio on Chaucer and the other English poets seems to be confined to material of production, and to style in story-telling. It does not seem to be extended to the deeper elements of philosophy and morality. Chaucer never copies the immorality and sensuality of Boccaccio. He “took delight in the lively genius of Boccaccio but was repelled by the reflection of Italian morals in his life.” In contrast to this he tells within his “Troilus and Cressida” of the love that is the hope of the Christian and closes with an earnest prayer to Christ.

Boccaccio, however, was read a great deal by the



people of England and thus his influence on the manners, customs and general condition of the country was considerable. One of John Lydgate's most famous works is a translation of Boccaccio's "Falls of Illustrious Men," and Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* is founded upon one of the tales of the Decameron.

The Italian Renaissance was thus far-reaching in its consequences. It produced a livelier sense of the enjoyment and pleasure of living and raised the standards of everyday life. Instead of being a burden, life and its pleasures became everything to the people, almost to the

exclusion of the moral and religious phases of activity.

In literature the effect was somewhat varied, as we have already seen. As Welch says, "The debt of English to Italian literature consists—in material of production—the impulse toward creation—a keener sense of the tragic—a livelier sense of the beautiful—a more copious diction—and a more finished style." The English took on something of the brilliancy of the Italian, but mixed it with their own contemplative and conservative nature, and finally they themselves produced a literature that taken in all its aspects is superior to their Italian models.







**Preparatory Seniors**

**GRADUATES**

## Class Poem

**Vivian E. Sanders, Preparatory '17**

The Class of Nineteen Seventeen,  
With aims so high and minds so keen,  
Has come at last to this event,  
The opening one of Commencement.

When first we entered here, we found  
We must climb a ladder, round by round.  
We have struggled hard, we have victories won,  
Until at last the task is done.

And now upon our crowning day,  
Hear of this year a resume,  
List to our exploits, our conquests true,  
Learn what a class of our kind can do.

As Seniors we labored from morn till night  
Improving each minute of precious light;  
There were Histories, Science, and Virgil too,  
And countless problems we had to do.

Each morn at eight-thirty when sounded the bell,  
We came the "Sem," all our tasks to do well.  
We hurried to meetings, to "lab," and to class.  
And let no time for improvement pass.

Some of the tests were indeed most severe,  
They were for most students an object of fear.  
But behold the Seniors in knowledge arrayed,  
To accumulate which we have toiled much, and prayed.

We have gone forth to conquer each day of this year,  
We have brought to each other some measure of cheer,  
We have learned to do well what our hands find to do,  
And thus every day to our God we are true.

No task was so small as to suffer neglect,  
No work so unworthy to gain our respect.  
And whatever we do, be the task rough or fair,  
If we labor for God, He is sure to be there.

As Seniors we try in a dignified way  
To ennoble each thought and each deed every day;  
And our kind of grandeur—I speak but the truth—  
Only made us more friendly, nor held us aloof.

This, then, is the story of our class so gay,  
The class that will help others on while it may.  
The pink and the green, give them now a loud cheer!  
Salute the good class of this glorious year!



## Class of 1917

### Anna L. Houghton, Preparatory '17

Lives of great men, all, remind us,  
We should make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

It always has been the custom to look upon history as being made only by great achievements, wars and inventions. Likewise this is true of the class of '17. For four years they have striven with but one aim—to be a Senior. During those four years they have actually made history. They have reached the great attainment of retaining Senior dignity; their wars have always been to heighten the standard of Senior distinction and, as for their inventions, the fulfilment of their motto: "Ad Vincendum Eximus" (We go forth to conquer) will show them inventors of the true conquering life.

As a class, they have made history, so as individuals each one has left his or her history on the pages of memory.

Mabel Benton is one of the few who have been with the class for the whole four years. At first acquaintance she might seem too quiet but when there is any good, wholesome fun around, leave it to Mabel to get her share.

Another member, Anna Houghton, who has been in the class four years, is the only one who can boast the same name as her Alma Mater.



If perchance you should want to hear some very fine singing just call on Suessa Dart; she'll stand true to her classmates and represent their musical talent. Sue's wise forethought and sense of duty have often saved the day.

Ben Trafford joined the Class of '17 in his Junior year. During his two years in Houghton he has always been faithful in sharing his part of the class burdens. Although he has never been so very talkative yet we must remember that, "Deeds, not Words," count.

The salutatorian, Lula Benning, and the valedictorian, Vivian Sanders, have added spice and enthusiasm to the class. It is sometimes thought that those who graduate with honors are merely "grinds" but not so with these two. They have "worked while they worked and played while they played."

Of all the classes the class of '17 boasts the most amusing story teller. John Wilcox has told many stories but each time he has a new one, just to fit the point. In Caesar class Mrs. Bowen frequently says, "John! John! Will you ever run out of stories?"

Second to John in story telling is Wallace Hanford. His jolly manner has been much missed the last ten weeks while he was home serving his country on the farm. However he has returned to partake of commencement's joys.

Our President Luckey's daughter, Ruth, is the youngest of the entire class. However she can be quite dignified when occasion demands.

Among the musicians one of the best is Agnes

Francis. Her sense of humor and her good disposition have won a place in the hearts of her classmates.

When it comes to logical reasoning that is found with Fred Warburton. He shows this talent especially in science which seems to be his "hobby."

The Class of '17 are very fortunate in having Clara Campbell. Campie's wise, careful consideration of every side of a subject has often resulted in success.

But not all of the class are sober, quiet and demure. Beatrice Hale and Florence Sawyer are especially noted for their perpetual laughing. "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone."

The sweet faces nor the singing of Mildred Jones and Bertha Irvine will never be forgotten.

Lastly in the class is president Lawrence Spencer. He has been in the class since 1916 and president in 1917.

There is one, William Kaufmann, who is serving Uncle Sam by tilling the soil but at the same time is earning his diploma.

The time has come when the Seniors of 1917 must pass on and give room to those of 1918, so to all they say, "Farewell."



## Our College Seniors

The Star wishes to congratulate our two College Seniors, Nathan Capan and Clarence Barnett, on their success in climbing to the top of their Alma Mater's ladder and gaining the honor of graduating from the College Department. Our two College Seniors have been great chums this year. Together they have worked and won.

From Vermont one of the pair comes. Nathan Capan, whose familiar face is so well known to every Houghton student, was born in Goshen, a picturesque Vermont village at the foot of the Green Mountains, June 16, 1888. His native town would compare favorably with the locality described in Whittier's poem, "A New England Snow Storm."

Nathan was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ford Capan of Brandon, Vermont. From earliest childhood his ideal has been to follow the goals of integrity, truthfulness and honor and his parents have never had occasion to be disappointed in this.

There were many interesting features connected with his boyhood. The "little red schoolhouse" has its innumerable memories of coasting, outdoor games, hard study, "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic" (occasionally taught to "the tune of a hickory stick"), which Nathan very well recollects. Fishing, hunting, building play houses and swimming were among the things that made life for him



enjoyable in the highest degree. It was also in this "little red schoolhouse" that Nathan Capen, later on, first gave his life to the Saviour and became a Christian.

He entered Houghton Seminary in the fall of 1909. While with us he has paid diligent attention to his school work and has gained popularity as a dependable lad and one's friend in every circumstance. Nathan possesses the enviable qualities of a good story teller and many are the times he has entertained us with his intrinsic humor. As well we have learned that he surely knows how to make the most of everything. It is said he can create a bicycle tire out of a metal valve, a tube of "neverleak" and some tire tape.

All of his acquaintances who know him best are bound to admire his determination, honesty and thrift. We are sure a great future awaits him.

The other one of our College Senior boys, Clarence Barnett, is also very well known by most readers of the Star. Always cheerful, always busy, always capable, he has filled his place in our student body, and we surely have reasons to regret that he will not be with us another year.

Clarence, son of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett of Houghton was born in Lockport, N. Y., April 29, 1894. His childhood was spent in that city. In spite of city environment during that period of his life, at a very early age he conceived the ambition of being "a great farmer with acres of land and horses and everything." Of course his ideas have changed since then, however this dream of his

has been realized to a great extent as he has gained considerable experience in successful work along agricultural lines.

His early schooldays were spent in Lockport's Public Schools. Here he finished the "grades" and passed his preliminary examinations for High School entrance. Eight years ago, his parents moved to Houghton. He has been a student here since that time. "To be a methodical man" he has determined and is earnestly endeavoring to put his motto into practice.

He has been interested in school affairs and projects and in reform work he has displayed enthusiasm for the right. He was one of Houghton's delegates to the National I. P. A. Convention at Lexington, Ky. last December. As well he has been devoted to the religious interests of Houghton and his whole heart is consecrated for service to his Saviour, which may mean that some day he will enter some phase of religious work. May the benediction of his beloved Alma Mater be with him in a long life of usefulness and service.

The Star deeply regrets that we were unable to secure photos of "Our College Seniors" in time for this number. At any rate we are certain that, in spite of this, we will always remember their lives and their service to our school. For the coming year, Clarence Barnett anticipates finishing his college work in the University of Michigan. Nathan Capen plans attending Middlebury College in Vermont.





## William H. Kaufmann

William Kaufmann is worthy of high commendation for fixing upon a goal, and making everything contribute to its attainment. His home is at Massillon, Ohio, in the bounds of the Allegany Conference. There under such pastoral interest and teaching as he received from the labors of Revs. W. H. and Clara T. Williams, he found salvation in the two installments of pardon and heart-purity, and, responding to a deep conviction of duty, gave himself to God for the work of the Christian ministry. Feeling the importance of careful preparation for such a responsible calling, and believing a Theological course of study to be an important part of such preparation, he came to Houghton Seminary in the fall of 1912, and with five years of earnest application has completed the Preparatory and Theological courses, and graduates this year with honor, and to the special pleasure of the faculty. It was no small task for him to master all that was involved in graduating from the Advanced Course of the Theological department, but he proved equal to the task, and reached the coveted goal.

Brother Kaufmann is a hard worker, but possesses a hopeful and genial disposition, and will prove an effectual servant in the harvest field for Christ. He maintained a consistent Christian character throughout the five years of his association with us, and will always be remembered as one of our most faithful and genial students.

J. J. C.

## Guy E. Miller

Brother Miller came to Houghton Seminary in the autumn of 1912, and in addition to taking some work in other departments of the school, graduates this year from the Theological department. He is one of the sons of the Michigan Conference, and has his home and church membership at Brighton. Great praise is due the Michigan Conference for the special effort made in behalf of her young men. In addition to holding them for the church at whose altars they are "born from above," they are encouraged to come to Houghton for the intellectual training most essential for their best service for Christ and His kingdom.

It was not difficult to see in Brother Miller a promising preacher and zealous worker for the church. No phase of study baffled him. History, languages, theology, or whatever came in his way was readily mastered, and it was a rare exception not to have him present at class with a clear grasp of the lesson.

Though other fields were calling him he felt under obligation to his home conference, and expects to begin pastoral work next fall wherever providence shall open the way. He was usually too zealously engaged with his studies for outside pleasures, but often found remunerative employment and maintained an admirable state of quiet resignation at all times. His teachers will expect to hear reports of good success from his labors.

J. J. C.





**The Star Staff**

# **EDITORIAL**



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## Editorial

### College Ideals

In this day when every phase of life has the commercial test placed upon it, it is well to pause and ponder a little on the more ethical value of life. So much has the commercial spirit entered the very halls of our colleges that men have lost sight of the more permanent realities of life and as a result have gone from the halls of learning out into the world lopsided and lacking in that full symmetry that mankind demands of the college graduate.

It is a sad fact that many of our bright minded young people go thru an entire college course or rather merely follow out the curriculum without any definite worthy ideals formulated. The world is not only looking for the technical skill derived from college training but it looks to the college man to find a solution for the vital, intricate problems facing mankind.

Life is made up of heartbeats, "What we are to be we are now becoming." Does the world look to us as their leaders of tomorrow? Then today is the time to make ready for such demands that soon are to be thrust upon us. The Good Book disclosed the secret hundreds of years ago. When God desired a leader, a prophet, a seer, he chose a man who had caught a great vision, who let that vision so become such a vital part of his being that to be in his presence was a most permeating inspiration and to listen to his words brought new life and vigor.



Even though we are surrounded by our classmates and school friends yet we are strangers to one another. We are even strangers in a sense to ourselves. Life is enigmatical. We start out full of hope and courage and soon find ourselves thrown against some rock of discouragement, with hope apparently forever gone.

What then would seem to be the remedy? Is it not our right to become men of vision? To guide a college student in his quest for that hidden-vision life, a few ideals seem to be imperative. For one cannot think upon things "true, just and lovely" without being transformed into the likeness of the things contemplated, as "the rose becomes red by reposing its bosom to the sunbeams and soaking each petal in the sun's rays."

There are three essential ideals that appear fundamental to the full, complete life of every college man and woman. The first of these is sincerity, that force in life which compels man to be true to himself and by so doing is true to his fellow-brothers. It is that probe which goes farther than the surface and tries the hidden motives of the heart. Yes, it involves that eternal integrity that makes a stickler out of every slipper and a worker out of every shirker. It results in true manliness and strength.

The second is unselfishness. Why am I going to college? Is it just to make a living and to live in comfort forgetful of brothers less fortunate? Unselfishness does not envy the fellow student who gets higher marks and more honors than he does himself. It always has a pitcher of refreshing, invigorating libations of self-sacri-

fice to give to the toil worn, heart broken traveler along life's burning sands. Search any sin you wish and you will find at its core the worm of selfishness. An unselfish life, how beautiful, how exemplary! May the earth be blest with more!

The last one is in having one dominating aim in life. When after once studying diligently one's own nature and with open heart asking God and a few chosen confiding friends for counsel, one finds his right place in life, and then plods ahead against all adversities, he finds a satisfaction in living, that only a life in the place made for it, can give.

Notice the fact that God should be taken into account in the choice of life's work and plans. Every man has a living soul and tho he may develop the intellectual and in a measure bless the world, he cannot give his full measure of devotion and service until he has that soul culture that can come from God alone. He then ceases to be a stagnant pool which receives what falls in from the banks and never gives back, but as a spring connected with the Great Undercurrent he continually pours forth and the more he gives the more he has to give. He then finds life worth living.

Thus sincerity, unselfishness and fixed aim in life with a settled faith in his Creator will produce in the college student a character that will stand and bless the world with a well rounded developed life.





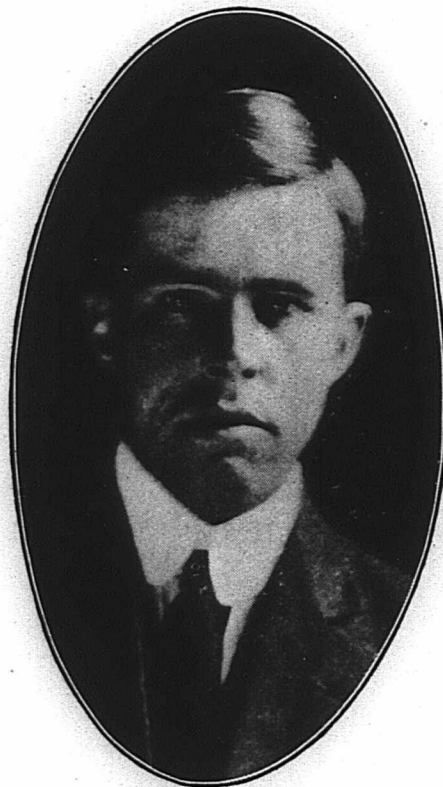
**Claude H. Ries**

### **Our Tribute**

Schoolmates—companions and leaders,  
Hearts so devoted and true!  
In gratitude heart felt and loyal  
We bring our own tribute to you.

We'll miss your familiar, glad faces,  
Your lives we can never forget;  
Our Houghton is glad she has known you—  
Her love is the same for you yet!

Your memory shall live and your precept  
Shall mean inspiration and might,  
To follow the path that you followed  
And win in Life's conflict for Right.



**Robert S. Chamberlain**

## Our Editor

There are but two lines in the language which can begin to express the thoughts that come so forcibly, as the author of this begins the task of writing an account it seems this pen is scarcely worthy of accomplishing. Our Editor!

"None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise."

This spring marks the epoch when from the portals one of her sons is departing—one to whom Houghton has meant much and one who has meant much to Houghton. He is our Star Editor, Claude Ries, a loyal leader, a true hearted booster!

In Akron, Ohio, is the native town of "Our Editor." He is the oldest son of the happy family of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ries. September 13, 1893 marks the date of his birth. He was a decidedly ambitious youngster, never contented unless at something worth while that would make others happy. It is the statement of his own father that never in his life has Claude told a falsehood. Neither has he ever missed church a Sabbath.

During his school days in Akron, he worked industriously at his books, obtaining high standings and the confidence of all who knew him. Outside of school in hardest work he pushed ahead with the enterprise that "finds a way or makes one."

He entered the College Department of Houghton Seminary three years ago. During this time he has done more for our school than perhaps any of us can fully appreciate. He has occupied the highest offices of honor and responsibility in the student body and always has faithfully filled these, facing problems with the pluck and earnest perseverance that is bound to succeed. He has been a great favorite among Houghton students. His optimism is truly catching, his enthusiasm for school interests has been and still is an inspiration to his companions. His earnest Christian life has exerted a far-reaching influence and a definite call to the service of Christ will mean much to him both for the present and the future.

We shall miss "Our Editor." May his mantle fall upon those who are left to take up his responsibility, and to fill the place he has so faithfully filled!



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Although our Editor and Assistant Editor seriously objected to the idea of an account of their lives being published in this Star, it is the opinion of Houghton that this little tribute is sincerely due them. These accounts of their lives have been written by one of the Star reporters.

## Our Associate Editor

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain;  
And did he stop to speak to you?  
And did you speak to him again?  
How strange it is, and new!"

These words were the tribute of one poet to another, and are expressive of a true acknowledgement that not until Shelley was gone did they realize how great a man had been in their midst.

Among the names that have gone down on the honor pages of Houghton Seminary and can never be forgotten is the name of Robert Chamberlain. We are waking to the realization that "our poet" and Associate Editor has left our midst and the vacancy made by his departure is more than noticeable.

Robert S. Chamberlain was born at Wethersfield Springs, N. Y., July 23, 1895. His childhood was rather remarkable. From his parents, Rev. and Mrs. George S. Chamberlain of Belfast, we learn that while he was still very young his interest in books and his inclinations toward literary work was very marked. He wrote his first poem when he was a mere child. He was a very studious lad and this characteristic is still decidedly evident.

When he was thirteen years old he entered Belfast High School, five miles from his home, going on the morning train and walking home at night. During his four years

his Freshman year of High School he wrote the best essay in his class and later won a prize in a speaking contest. When he was still in High School his poetical ability began to surprise many. His English teacher was very interested in his genius along this line and gave him much encouragement. His poem, "The Wreck of the Titanic," attracted considerable attention and was printed in several papers.

In 1913 he graduated from Belfast High School with honors and received a New York State University Scholarship. However, because of her precept and principles he made Houghton Seminary the school of his choice. During his three years among us his devotion to Houghton has been very marked in the aggressive, splendid work he has given to his Alma Mater. His conscientious Christian life has indeed been an example of a high standard of young manhood.

His name has gone on the loving cup for winning the story and poem departments of the Literary Contest. He has also won prizes in two Oratorical Contests—one of them being the I. P. A. contest of the present year.

His poetry possesses exquisite color, musical rhythm and a human touch which makes it loved wherever it is read. To him belongs due commendation for the many excellent editorials and articles of especial literary merit which have helped brighten the pages of our Star. May the richest blessings of Heaven continue to prosper the loyal life of our beloved poet and Associate Editor.





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W. J. Bryan  
- At Cornell -

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## Twenty Weeks on the Campus

Ellis Hopkins, College '20

The last twenty weeks of the school year on the campus have been busy ones, busy as the usual scholastic routine goes and busy in its accessory adjuncts, the less arbitrary elements of the educative process. Houghton boasts of, or at least maintains, to vary the phrase, five distinct organizations, with a definite form, and time for meeting of the same. Besides these there are the less regulated, as the orchestra and glee clubs, and the more technical divisions of the student body and the combination of all the literary societies in the U. L. A.

Those voluntary forces which contribute perhaps more than anything else to the augmentation of the broader view and the higher culture are embodied in the two societies, the college Athenian and the long established Neosophic, the deserved pride of the preparatory department. Though they have been sometimes rather broad in their interpretation of what is precisely literary, yet the influence has consequently been wider, and we hesitate little in giving them much of the credit for our democratic and cosmopolitan atmosphere. Customarily the work of the societies is curtailed somewhat during the last semester, and this year it has been noticeably so; special meetings necessitated their omission for two or

three sessions and the present extraordinary conditions have diminished membership. Credit is certainly due for the persistency of the work as well as the wholesome calibre of it, for we do not remember when as a unit they have been more alive. Practically all of the society work has been done individually, and here we believe matters might be improved. Co-operation would not at all imply amalgamation, and even an occasional conjoint program, either competitively given or otherwise, would have evident desirable features.

A major part of the lectures selected by the U. L. A. was given in the first semester, speaking, however, mainly of quantity. We have had two lectures, and we have no complaint to make for this half year. Burns of the Mountains fulfilled the generous expectations, and possibly in more than one instance, future missionary work in the South may result. If Burns fulfilled our expectations, Hindus, the young Russian Harvard student, did more, because his discourse exceeded all hopes, and with the eloquence of genius and inspiration gave a thrilling recital of Dark Russia—as it was, we are glad to say, for even as he spoke a new, glorious democracy was supplanting it. Only a few weeks ago occurred the May Festival, the last eloquent chapter in the year's program. If you wish to know how good it was, look up the reports of previous ones in your stock of Stars or remember those which you have attended and adopt your impression as a criterion. It was as good as the others—further discussion is superfluous.



Houghton's relationship with the I. P. A. received an additional impetus this year, under especially favoring circumstances. One hundred per cent of H. W. M. S. students favor national prohibition, either as a party measure or not, and upon this Gibraltieric foundation the local division of the intercollegiate association has an unusually firm footing. Not in several years has more genuine "pep" been inbibed into the local contest, with its six orators, class yells, and close results. The winner, as announced in previous issues, was successful at Cornell, and came home a good second and with the twenty-five dollars incident thereto. Within the next few years Houghton is going to be represented in the National contest, the great final, the goal of all prohibition orators. We speak authoritatively, because Houghton and Hester have decided upon it.

More closely akin to the spiritual element are the Senior Y. M. W. B. and the Students' Volunteer Band. It is impossible for them to meet more than once a month, but large membership, good attendance, and exceptional interest in the well arranged programs attest the part they have, and as to their influence only a cursory glance is needed. Many are allied to foreign missionaries by blood or friendship, and this is in itself an actuating motive for the propagation of the common Gospel. And here might well be mentioned the student prayermeetings, and the Friday morning service which the boys have instituted among themselves. They have a permanent part in the institution, and a Houghton without them

would either exceed the power of the imiginative faculties, or wouldn't exist.

As usual we have relied upon our orchestra to dilute possible tedium, or to enhance its opposite. This, together with the Glee Clubs (not selected on the co-education plan) has played an invaluable part, and it's only fair for the non-participants to express their sense of obligation.

Several enjoyable hikes and parties have been held. The Athenians hailed the coming of spring with an exclusive fête, all their own. The Junior Preps celebrated in rapture (to borrow from De Quincey) with the Seniors the future departure of the latter class of superiors. The Geology class became perepatetics and rambled as far as Moscow, N. Y. in their search for fossils.

With war and its demands, came an answer from the Houghton students. Military drill was a logical sequence and the fellows gave up much of their beloved baseball to practice the maneuvers of a less peaceful game. The country called for men to work the farms, and they went. Scarcely a third are left, and the assembly at chapel time looks seriously depleted.

That nefarious, much deprecated H. C. of L. has not missed Houghton and the nation's desire for a super-production has enabled the Seminary by a single act to accomplish three things. By the plowing of the campus an opportunity is furnished to reduce it to a more perfect level; by raising potatoes thereon, board at the dormitory is kept at a minimum; and by increasing the vegetable production we are doing the country a real service.



The last twenty weeks of school, which to many of us are the last in Houghton, have been all that could be desired in school life. While external affairs of the world were developing into one vast Maelstrom, nothing but kindly and tranquil events evidenced themselves here, and this is itself education. All of us will be better for it, and in the helping of democracy to triumph during the coming months, may its benevolence still follow us!



## Jox

The graduating class were discussing roses for Commencement. "Spence" seemed to be authority.

Lulu: "Were they really Bridal Roses, the ones you bought?"

Spence: "Why—yes, that's what I bought 'em for!"

We have been unable to verify its authenticity, but the following is told concerning one of our brightest and most prominent College Juniors. He paid four dollars a bushel for some seed potatoes. They were fine, large potatoes, and this college man planted them whole, not knowing that they could be cut, thereby producing a better crop and saving the quantity of seed. So much for education!

Lives of Seniors oft remind us  
How to serve our schoolmates best,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Notebooks that will help the rest.

Wifey-(to husband just coming home from the club):  
"What time is it?"

Husband: "One o'clock."

Wifey: "The clock's striking four this minute!"

Husband: "Jupiter! The bloomin' thing stutters!"





A  
Geology  
Hike



Professors  
Luckey  
and  
Fancher



At Work

### Just Before Exams

#### The Night Worker's Lament

Oh weary night worker with brains all a-fuzz,  
As thoughts go a drumming like bumble bees buzz,  
You drop into sleep, that surcease from all pain —  
A leather-lunged voice, "Any old chairs to cane?"

You mutter a word as you turn to the wall—  
Then mutter another on peddlers, All!  
As you pray for the world to vamoise to an end—  
Comes a murderous shout—"Bum-ber-ellas to mend?"

Oh arms of old Morpheus, ticking like clocks—  
And how can you sleep, when the bed's full of rocks?  
With a roar like Niagara, brain demons "cheep"—  
To the weary night worker who can't get to sleep!

North Am.

The Rudiments Class was taking their final test.  
Stanzas of songs were on the blackboard. The task was  
to decide the name of the song from the music.

Bee Hale thoughtlessly began whistling one. "Be  
careful," was Mrs. Hester's admonition, "You're getting  
it pretty close."

Bee stopped. Then she nodded confidently and  
wrote "The Last Rose of Summer" on her paper.

It happened to be "The Star-Spangled Banner!"

Cowbells are alarmers,  
As dairymen all know,  
But when they follow Farmers,  
They dassant let Molyneaux!

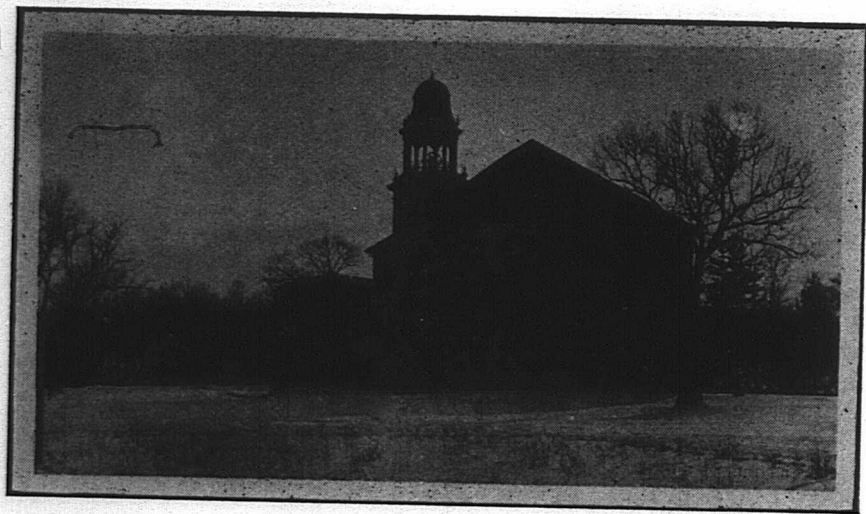
## Twenty-five Dollars Reward

For the Person or Persons Finding  
the Undersigned around the Dorm!!!

"We Want to Break the Habit?????!!

Harry Meeker, Esq.  
Harold Luckey, Esq.





**Good Night**

A Senior was heard raving over class dignity.

"In the future when the hand of fate,  
Our glorious fame shall ne'er abate,  
You'll find you didn't appreciate

The class that once were Seniors."

Voice from Prep Freshie: "Gum, they never was much appreciatin' for us Infants. Mebby theres chances for us growin up!"

Zoology teaches: „Billy, what's a poly-wag?"

Billy (who had studied Geometry all night): "A many sided, equangular figure having several bases, an altitude and a conic section."

#### THE ANSWER

Wayfarer: "Is my credit good for a shave?"

O. G. McKinley: "If you can't raise a dime, keep on raising whiskers."

Prof. Bowen is said to have once been looking over Physiology Exam papers. The question was: „Name the kinds of teeth."

Answer: Incisors, canines, molars and cuspids.

#### MODERN LATIN

Boyabus kissibus sweeta girlorum,  
Girlabus ilkabus wanta someorum,  
Dadabus girlabus enter parlorum,  
Kidkabus boyabus outa back dorum.

The sequel.

Climabus fencibus breechibus torum,  
Cœducatus est desperatorum. Ex.

Dentist (to victim in the chair); "I thought you said this tooth had never been filled before. I found a flake of gold on my instrument."

Victim: "Don't doubt it a bit. You've drilled and drilled—and hit the collar button on the back of my neck."

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

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