

R. Lynde

# The Houghton Star.

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## Lenz (Spring)

Edna Hester.

There's something stirring in the air;  
It trembles here; it shimmers there.  
And hark! I hear the dashing spray.  
The Genesee is loose to-day!  
O'er rocks along its winding curves,  
The leaping water reels and swerves,  
Then plunging down, goes on its way  
With shouts of joy, as if to say,  
Spring is here! Spring is here! See! Hear!

"What do you mean," I hear one say,  
"When you are many miles away,  
Thus of our Eastern days to sing?  
Go, talk about your Western Spring.  
Have you no winding streamlets there  
To gurgle, laugh, and leap in air;  
No rivers, which, with graceful curve  
For your poetic fancy serve;  
Is Spring but here, to see, to hear?"

Ah no. The Kansas sun now shines  
On tinkling rills and budding vines;  
The sparkling Chapman winds its way  
Beneath the foot-bridge, where the gay  
And care-free maidens pause to catch  
A bashful look from youths just past;  
Sir Robin swings high in the tree,  
And seems to trill in sportive glee,  
Spring is here! Spring is here! See! Hear!

What matter where our dwelling be?  
We need but stop, then list and see  
All 'round us, swelling into sight  
The laughing Spring days, clear and bright.  
The same sheen glimmers in the air;  
God's birds and flowers are everywhere.  
And as old Mother Nature sings,  
Into our hearts these words she flings,  
Spring is here! Spring is here! See! Hear!

## Houghton Ideals and Life.

G. Tremaine McDowell.

When a man is no longer receptive to new impressions and new ideals, it is often considered that he has reached the end of his influence. During the last few days, I have been trying to "take stock" a little in a mental way and I find that after three years away from Houghton, I hold practically the same ideas and judge by much the same standards, that I formed in the Seminary. Yet I am not ready to admit for a moment that I am becoming ossified or that the decrepitude of old age is creeping over me. In other words, I, along with the majority of the school's alumni have discarded or revised few ideas gained at our alma mater, and have adopted no new or different attitude to-

ward life—we find Houghton ideals perfectly suited to everyday practical affairs. The explanation is simply that we have failed to discover other standards which would serve better or which appeals to us more.

To illustrate from the school life which still occupies me, take the question of athletics. This is scarcely a matter of ideals, you may say, but nevertheless important. First of all, let me tell you frankly, that I very much enjoy a good intercollegiate game of baseball or football. Last night I found what pleasure was possible in watching the defeat of the DePauw "five" by the state champions in basket ball. But despite all this, I have yet to discover that there is any necessity for me to revise my Houghton idea that intercollegiate athletics do not pay. In fact, I am more certain than ever that they do not—a few afternoons in the faculty meetings of any college permitting such games will convince anyone. The men on the teams are "carried" thru the season, with the result that three fourths of them do practically no work for several weeks in the year. The tone of the classes is proportionately lower, especially in the smaller schools where athletic men can be found in every class. Further, the chief plea for such athletics—that it is good advertising—is open to a very serious criticism, when the class of students which such advertising brings is carefully studied. Thus it is that the alumni are glad that Houghton has the courage of her convictions and prohibits intercollegiate games, while other institutions simply wish they dared take the same step.

The faculty in their gloomy moments may sometimes doubt the existence of this next Houghton ideal but it is present, notwithstanding. It is a serious appreciation of both the necessity and the value of work, something which the school stands for and something which most of her students have gained. In active academic life this spirit of accomplishment shows itself in a willingness to study and to spend long hours on tasks not always agreeable. Comparing the activity of students wherever I go with Houghton's ideals of such things, more intensive work may now and then be apparent but rarely

if ever does so general and so unified seriousness of purpose appear. As I have been connected with three schools since leaving Houghton, it is no reflection on any particular institution to say that the more I see of students, the more I admire the Houghton attitude. Social affairs, numerous visits home, "fussing" and the like may all have a place in the student's program but they too often crowd out the primary purpose of schooling. The appreciation of real values in life and the resultant application which are apparent at Houghton most certainly count in life.

The Houghton ideals which the alumnus finds most important in his life are religious teachings. The state university has nothing to say on such matters and the student is usually permitted to leave with the religious ideas which he brought. But the school of religious tone makes a deliberate effort to mould its students according to its own views. The problem at once becomes this—are those the views which will serve us best thru life? Those of us who owe the formation of our religious ideals to Houghton respect our alma mater sincerely because her creed stands the test of active life. It is true that the fundamentals of that creed are somewhat contradictory to the common trend of life today but, contrary to the popular delusion, the majority is not always right nor is the newest idea necessarily the right one. Compare the satisfaction and certainty which come from experimental knowledge of vital salvation with the unrest and constant change of a purely intellectual belief. Houghton ideas stand squarely against the modern mental superiority which refuses to admit man's fall and need of atonement, substituting good resolutions and brotherhood with Christ. The failure in actual life of such doctrines strikes me with great force when I compare the revival recently held at Houghton with some special services, "a gospel campaign", which I observed not long ago. In these services, the themes were high ideals, friendship with the Divine, the development of the best in each one of us, and in general, only an intellectual appeal. The emotional, which is as fundamental in religion as is the intellectual, was ignored but most disastrous of all, no word was spoken of the impera-



tive necessity of a definite change of heart. The results were what was to be expected. Several made splendid resolutions, several joined the church but the perfect poise and the icy decorum of the congregation were unruffled by any touch of genuine salvation.

In short, I find myself constantly judging, valuing, estimating the affairs of life by the ideals which make Houghton individual—which gives the school a place, a mission and a right to existence and growth. The conviction of the true sons and the true daughters of Houghton, no matter what life may bring to them, is firm and unchanging; Houghton's ideals are fundamentally sound and worthy, deserving our full support and our constant, whole-hearted loyalty.

### Reading and Efficiency.

Shirley Babbitt.

We are living in a ceaseless strife, intense activity, and keen competition. Never before has there been such limited leisure, such dearth of reflection, such domination by the spirit of struggle. Keyed to the highest tension in all the complexities of its nervous system, the whole social order seems to have become imbued with the craze for speed. Humanity with all its activities has been swept into the maelstrom. The spirit of speed has found expression in the work of the day laborer, in every channel of business, in every branch of industry. It has entered the realm of education, and paradoxical as it may seem, even into pleasure and leisure itself.

Every movement begets its counter-movement; every action its reaction. Well may we at this time stop to distinguish between activity and progress, to ask why, and how well, instead of how much,—well we may apply the test of efficiency to it all. Efficiency as commonly interpreted has a flavor of the scientific and concerns itself with the expenditure of energy and its relation to work. I like to give efficiency a broader meaning; I would associate it with much as morality and religion are associated. Commonly speaking we judge efficiency by the degree in which a thing serves well the purpose for which it was created. We may still judge efficiency by the degree of fulfillment of the purpose of creation in discussing reading altho we are treating not with machines and mechanics but with people, achievements, and pleasures. Let us see what relation reading has to efficiency and to the overtaxed life of our day.

Reading, in the first place, serves as a balm for our affliction. In order to read much one must directly lessen the strenuousness of life. The rapidity of our living has driven many to read only newspapers and then by headlines alone and only at lunch time or while riding to and fro from the scenes of more intense action. Reading, even in this way, tends to soften and humanize the bustle of life, putting more of the emotional and intellectual into the mechanism of activity. This kind of reading is better than none but it is not the most desirable. Real reading—reading as it should be—requires concentration. It should appeal to all our powers of understanding. Such reading breeds reflection and thought, it is not gained by a cursory glance at the page and neither is it retained without effort. We may easily see then how all reading tends to impede, to lessen, to slow up the mad race after the dollar. Even the least valuable reading performed in the most haphazard manner and in very limited amounts must have its effect in making man something more than a mere automaton. This in itself is something although it does not bear so directly upon the subject of efficiency.

Reading for efficiency may at once be divided into two broad classes; the one deals directly and specifically with the second part of our subject, the other deals with it indirectly but more broadly. Both are important and each must be considered.

The first deals with the field of work in which the reader is most interested. It is presumably the field wherein he earns the means of life. Reading of this kind, it may be said, is narrowing, working towards concentration and specialization rather than breadth and expansion. Yes, so it is, but it is concerned very intimately and directly with the subject of efficiency and despite the lack of perspective it must be granted a very important place. At first this seems to concern merely the narrow restricted efficiency but it also has its effect upon the other—the broad universal efficiency of service! Because a person reads to familiarize himself with the subject upon which his daily bread depends, he is not necessarily becoming self centered and contracted in his views. If the reading is intelligently and well done it has quite the opposite effect, creating an understanding, uniting the mental and the physical, the intellectual and the mechanical and in application to the subject matter transforming drudgery to pleasure. This means the

creation of that love, appreciation, and satisfaction with which all work should ideally be imbued. There is all the difference in the world between the task performed under an outside power through compulsion and that done under an internal motive power through appreciation and knowledge. It is the difference between mere performance and art, between stagnation and promotion, and often between failure and success.

The second deals with the whole range of human activity, emotion, and thought and includes all the branches of literature both prose and poetry. This reading is boundless in its scope; it has almost no limitation. The purpose is not at all directed to the narrow and more practical and utilitarian aspect of efficiency but to the broadest, the most universal conception. It gives a wider range and deeper depth of sympathies and provides a surplus of knowledge for either pleasure or profit. This reading increases our faculty for appreciating the best, gives us ability to see things in their proper perspective, and makes our views cosmopolitan. Our ability to appreciate and understand the world is dependent largely upon our reading in this division. This is sure to benefit and broaden the reader, even when the reading is limited to a special field and assumes the nature of a hobby.

But we must not think that all reading indiscriminately will work for efficiency. In the limited meaning of the word, efficiency may be detrimental as well as beneficial. It is entirely possible to conceive of an efficiency of the one kind that may be almost opposite to the broader efficiency in its effect. This would depend upon the fundamental principle upon which efficiency is to be applied. If the act or service be harmful or detrimental in essence, then the greater the efficiency the greater the harm or detriment. From this we at once see that reading for efficiency depends largely upon the choice and selection of what is to be read. One should read widely (and in different kinds of literature). Reading should be for enjoyment as well as for instruction; it should be catholic and comprehensive and valued for its worth as estimated by the most liberal efficiency. From such reading there should result an independence of thinking which is necessary to make one generation better, more progressive, and more efficient than the preceding. This necessitates the forming of judgments which is closely interwoven with the question of selecting reading material. Efficient education should concern itself



with the proper use of its material as with the ability to use it at all. To put a power into a person's hands without at the same time teaching him the use of that power, is a real crime.

In conclusion then it may be said that reading should be directed toward the larger efficiency as well as the narrow more literal meaning of the word. Reading makes a person broad and sympathetic, expands the field of vision far beyond the bounds of egotism and brings people to see and reason in the light of the world instead of in the light of a small district. If properly done and properly directed its greatest benefit is its aid to progressive and independent thinking. It is the education that extends and improves through life and knows not the limitations of academic halls. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Actions must eventually be governed by thought. Allow me to direct the thought of the children of today and I will direct the actions of the men of tomorrow. How may we better work for the broadest humanitarian efficiency than by giving attention to our reading?

### Some of the Realities of Life.

Ray Hazlett.

In an unusual poem by that highly gifted but unfortunate American poet, Edgar Rowland Sill, entitled "The Things That Can Never Die," the reader is presented with a remarkably striking, though characteristically transcendental viewpoint. The author projects himself into the future, so to speak, and tries to put himself in the place of one who has died and reached the other world, and who then pauses for a moment calmly to look back upon the world which he has just left forever and critically to select the objects and experiences which have been of greatest value in this existence and which will persist as an essential part of his life hereafter. Among the list of things he includes are beauty, music, love, friendship, character—in short, all those abstract and spiritual qualities which we should expect to find. Yet in spite of his pronounced idealism, he betrays the difficulty of his position; for in spite of the wonderful joys and splendors which he supposedly finds in his new abode, there is a touch of haunting sadness in his mood and regretful longing for the "happy valley" of the world and the life of a human being.

Man is, we say, a citizen of two worlds. The present world is not his home, and life is merely a preparation for that eter-

nal and future world of spirit which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." Yet this is the only world we know, and any other is unreal and practically non-existent. All our conceptions to an after-life are colored by this. What lies beyond is all misty and unknown, a mere shadow to us now, although we steadfastly believe that ultimately this life will prove to be the shadow.

To my mind it is one great problem of human existence—how to reconcile the material with the spiritual, sense with soul, and this world with the next. In other words, it embodies the vital question whether we are going to look at life from the standpoint of this or the next world. The fact that we may wholly deny the existence of a future life does not remove the problem; it only means that we intend to look at life from an exclusive standpoint, and one that is essentially pessimistic and unsatisfactory. If this world is all, then human life becomes infinitely pathetic, and we may well long for life's fife fever to be over. We may heroically resolve to play the game as it comes, or fatalistically accept the philosophy of the Epicureans; but always there will be the haunting touch of sadness beneath the revelry and the corroding bitterness beneath the sardonic smile and the gay assumption of indifference.

As long as we live, I say, this conflict will always be present, at times more sharply defined and fiercely waged than at others; and our handling of the problem will at best be full of mistakes and inconsistencies. The great danger is, that, having taken one position, we shall slight the other and go to extremes. No man can get away from life here and now, and no man can escape the summons when it comes to go. It is impossible to be in two places at one and the same time. The concrete is the real as long as we remain in the realm of sense, at least.

While we cannot project ourselves into the future, nor is it desirable that we should, yet is necessary for us to see that this life really finds its justification in the future and that ultimately the spiritual and not the material is the real principle back of the universe. The great tragedy of life is not death, but a dumb uncomprehending revolt against the inexorable physical laws of life and ignorance or lack of appreciation of the fact that there are spiritual laws which are transcendent and which give man hope and victory. Yet we should not be blindly optimistic. An optimism which has considered all the facts will always be tinged with sadness

and renunciation.

This life does seem very beautiful and desirable. How warm are our emotions and bodily sensations and how vividly physical reality impinges itself upon our consciousness! How very real and truly a part of ourselves seem the scenes and associations of our youth! As I write, pictures of bits of familiar landscape and faces of dear friends, some of whom I shall never see again, pass before my mind, and cause a dull ache to grip at my heart. Tennyson's exquisitely beautiful lyric, "Tears, Idle Tears," describes the mood exactly. Always there must be present a haunting sense of the pathetic transitoriness of human life and a poignant realization of its tragic incompleteness to intrude upon our happiest moments. All these objects that seem so real and solid now have the disconcerting faculty of slipping away so easily. We are surrounded by illusions which this pleasant "rose-mesh" of flesh creates; but we each pursue our "favorite phantom" till the end. Death is the one great illusion.

The problem cannot be solved by theorizing and philosophizing but only by living. We all want to find the true realities and achieve the highest success. Most of us believe that the true realities are spiritual and unseen—qualities of intellect and character, and relations of mind with mind and with the Infinite; yet how often our visions are clouded and confused and we are torn between conflicting and utterly unworthy motives. We are not clear-seers as Carlyle said, "We all need to get a more unworldly and unselfish view of life," and as the ancient philosopher said, "Learn to see the things which are not." Education helps us achieve this result, but religion after all is the best and most logical standpoint from which to view the matter and secure harmonious readjustment.

Jesus Christ saw the extreme importance of the problem and the serious nature of the conflict; and his great mission was to provide an answer and effect a reconciliation. His answer was in the form of a paradox and yet it was absolutely true in view of the dualism of these two worlds. On the other hand, he taught that the spiritual kingdom of Heaven is the true reality, and that the conflict between the two worlds may become so sharp that a man may lose this life according to one standard and save it according to the other. On the other hand he taught that we are not to slight this life and that the joys and duties of this world are to be entered into heartily, and he even went so far as to say that this spiritual kingdom is not far away and in the heavens but that its beginning is here and now upon the earth. In those immortal words of the Master we have the true answer: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."



## THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## Editorial

### Houghton Ideals.

The path from childhood to maturity is fraught with many dangers. Man, in the springtime of his life, determines his destiny. He comes to the parting of the ways, and decides. Habits once pliant to his hand, harden to bands of steel. He takes more and more from his surroundings, weaving about himself an atmosphere which colors all his after-life.

Youth is an age of enthusiasm, of romance, of love. The many-forked lightning wrecks no greater havoc—the gentle rain brings no greater blessing; than may the gleam of a smile, falling like a spark upon the tinder of a glowing passion. Lives are determined, as well as measured, by heartbeats—reflected upon the countenance. Youth must live in surroundings, must choose in the valley of decisions, must feel the subtle influence of love. The question is—where?

How the denominational school has solved this problem, the alumni of Houghton Seminary can bear witness. What she has done, they show before the world. And is Houghton ashamed of the children, some of them gray-headed, who have gone out from her halls? Thank God she is not, and has no reason to be. Living in their lives, breathing in their instincts, active in their deeds, immortal in their

souls—she stands—an Alma Mater of Devotion, Patriotism and Domestic Happiness. How Houghton learns to love, the walls and fields, forever mute, might answer; but if the love be real, pure, true, vital, tender and eternal she will have no regrets for the work she has done.

There is a lesson in what has been, to point the way of what is to be. What Houghton has been, she must continue to be, and more. Progression, growth, development—should be the watchwords of an institution, building upon the foundations of years and centuries. The call comes to all of us who face the world as concrete examples of what Houghton has done, and what Houghton is doing—to stand by the standards, to be true to the Truth, to practice the precepts she has set before us. To answer the call aright, we must look beyond Houghton, and live lives of consecration to that God who, out of his infinite mercy, has made her what she is, and is helping her to reveal to earth the beauties of her faith.

A few years more, and we who study here will be alumni—and the world will roll on. Will we continue the work which the sons and daughters of Houghton are doing? Will we fill the gaps as they die away? Will we take up the banners they have borne to distant lands, will their mantle fall upon us? Shall Houghton ideals mean more or less to the world as the years go by? God grant that

"When o'er earth thy fame has risen  
Like the morning light  
'Twill but rise the earth to gladden  
And dispell the night.

"Houghton dear, Houghton cheer, one  
and all,  
Let us pray that we,  
All her sons, be firm and loyal  
Till eternity."

R. S. C.

## Alumni Notes

### Class of 1910.

We are glad to inform the readers of The Star concerning the locations and vocations of the members of the illustrious class of 1910, so far as we have been able to ascertain them. We are sure you will all rejoice to note the number of this class who are filling responsible positions, especially those who are standard bearers of a full salvation both at home and abroad.

Stanley Wright College '10, after spend-

ing five years as pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at West Chazy, is now teaching in our College at Central, S. C. Read his article, "Echoes from Central" in the magazine issue of The Star.

Clarence Dudley College '10 is pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Haskinville, N. Y. He is assisted in his work by his wife, Mary Wilcox Dudley and his little daughter, Marie, nearly three years old. His address is Cohocton, N. Y.

The latest address we have been able to obtain of Kathryn Woodside Prep '10 is Salinas, New Mexico. Mail will probably reach her at that address.

Ray Hazlett Prep '10 is teaching English in the High School at Norwalk, Ohio. See his article in the other department of this issue.

Miriam Churchill Sprague Prep '10 is with her husband, George Sprague, a former Houghton student, at our mission at Kunso, West Africa. They are enjoying their work and the Lord is blessing their labors in the darkened land. Letters as well as prayers would be a means of encouragement just now, when, from the human standpoint, things look a little dark for our foreign workers; but they have the promise, "and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Shirley Keys Thompson Prep '10 is living in Northwest Canada. Mail will be forwarded to her from her former address, Lisbon, N. Y.

Alpha Bedford Music '10 is married and is living in the state of Washington, but we have been unable to ascertain either her present name or address. Mail sent to her father, Dr. J. N. Bedford, Tacoma, Washington, will doubtless reach her.

Frank Martin Prep '10 is in business at Aberdeen, South Dakota.

Glenn Barnett Prep '10 joined the Blood-washed throng on the other shore Dec. 26, 1915, while taking his Senior College work at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Roy Washbon Prep '10 is Assistant Manager in the Standard Oil Company's Office at Corning, N. Y. His address is 121 Davis St., Corning, N. Y.

The following messages have been received from members of this class.

"I will give a few statements concerning my work. I was graduated with the Prep. Class of 1910, and for the following two years taught a Rural school near Loyal, Wis. The first year I taught the seventh grade, was promoted with them to the eighth grade the following year and this year I have English and History in the High School. My work is interesting



and I enjoy it very much."

Florence Judd, Rib Lake, Wisconsin.

"I love dear old Houghton. There is no spot on earth like Houghton to me. I am always glad to do what I can to help along the work she is doing. When asked by the Alumni Editor to contribute a short article for the Star, I thought I could tell what is doing down in this part of the world better than anything else.

Since leaving Houghton in June 1911, I have been pastor in Livermore Falls, Me., in Bradford, Pa., and am now pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church here in Titusville and Publisher of an eight page full salvation monthly paper called the Crusader. Send for a copy. Our Church membership is not large, but good things are not always done up in large packages. I have always believed that.

While we have been here the Lord of the harvest has honored us with his favor, especially at times, and has given us some souls to join us in the journey to the New Jerusalem. Some are young people whom we hope may some day be in Houghton. In the revival meetings last fall we had good services, strong preaching; and souls found the blood of Jesus sufficient to cleanse from sin. Four were taken into the church. Mrs. Gibbs has just started a girls' Bible Class and prayer meeting which meets every Monday evening.

I do not know how many realize that Titusville is the place where the Y. M. W. B. had its beginning. It was here the boy gave the first penny to start it. But we do have a Y. M. W. B. here helping raise the \$10,000 for missions.

It is now evident that we will adopt the early Sunday morning prayer meeting similar those which Brother Hampe's Church on the Pacific coast, and a few others have. These early Sunday morning meetings are a blessing to the church that has them. Perhaps there will be one in Houghton, if there is not already.

We are now planning on having a tent meeting here this summer, with Rev. E. Hilton Post of Boston, Mass., as evangelist in charge. God is blessing and helping in the work.

Our Editor asked for a short article. She did not say how short, therefore, in order to keep within the limits I had better not say much more. If any of you who read these lines ever come to Titusville, be sure to look us up. You will need to look up to find us for we above the most of the city,—on the hill."

Rev. Maurice A. Gibbs, 509 Miller St., Titusville, Pa.

We are sorry to have to omit letters

from F. H. Wright and S. W. Wright. These will appear in our next issue.

## Exchanges

We are glad to take note of many good exchanges this issue.

The Cloyne Magazine has a good business department, athletic page and literary department. The exchange page is very bare, however, and could give no aid to another school.

The Maple Leaf has an excellent cover design, and excellent print throughout.

The Aletheia has an especially good literary department.

The Wissahickon certainly has one story, "Par Example," that does not end as an ordinary boy would end it. King and the English girl would necessarily come into close sympathy with each other. And the end might be left to the reader.

The Apookeepsian has a very good exchange department.

The M. H. S. Life would be improved in appearance by a more tasty cover design.

The Clarion would be slightly more convenient for reading if all advertisements were in the back. The same criticism applies to the Central Literary Data which is otherwise a very neat, tasty paper.

The Orange has better inside material than the covers would indicate. It is the reverse of the New Englander's barrels of apples. But I think the outside should give a truer index to the contents to make the paper more tasty.

The Heart, Head and Hand is a vocational paper that may interest those who are looking forward to vocational education.

Echoes is a religious magazine. Read it, you who are thinking of being true to your religious convictions.

The Student of Rochester has an excellent literary department, and athletic department. I admire the spirit of their athletic page. I note with approval the absence to a large extent of the usual advertisements. When a school paper can support itself otherwise, I should recommend doing so.

I should like to call the exchange editor's attention in the Miltonvale Monitor to the statement he makes in criticism of another school paper, concerning the age of man's creation. The Bible places no certain era to the creation of man on the sixth day. The chronology at the top of

the Bible leaves is the work of man. Science, however, a study into the work of God, reveals that the age of man can not be less than sixty thousand years, and perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand. In the Paleolithic strata of geologic history are found fossils of ancient men who had implements of stone. Therefore the age was called the Stone Age. The sediments show that this era preceded the Mesolithic and the Neolithic. The fossils of the latter eras furnish the names we know them by, the Reindeer Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age in which implements of agriculture prove the agricultural pursuits of the men of that age. The time for deposition of the sediments in which these fossils are entombed must be sixty thousand years at the least reckoning of any sensible geologist who understands the vast stretch of time required for laying down so small an area as the Nile delta, or the Mississippian. These are facts and we cannot dodge them.

It gives us great pleasure to welcome among our exchanges The Collegiate Outlook from Saskatchewan, which has one page from the war zone. Its pages will give us Americans some lessons on patriotism perhaps.

## Locals

In looking over our subscription list we found that many of our alumni do not take the Star. We need your subscriptions. Help boost the Star.

A number of renewals are due this month. Is yours?

We have a complete line of spring millinery now on display. You are invited to call. Blatchly and McVey, Fillmore, N. Y. [Ad.]

Clarence Barnett and Earl Barrett attended the Methodist Banquet at Cuba March 12.

Mrs. VanBuskirk entertained the lady members of the faculty and the girls of the student body at her home last Saturday afternoon.

March 3, Clark Warburton gave in chapel a report of his trip to Buffalo, where he had competed in an Oratorical Contest. He also gave us a good idea of the Billy Sunday campaign, which is now in progress in that city.

Carroll Daniels, first graduate of the Oratory department, was in town a few days last week. In chapel he gave two excellent readings and an encore. We



can honestly say that he has greatly improved in his readings (which hardly seems possible) and that everyone enjoyed them heartily.

Markell and Miller were near Lockport over Sunday, holding meetings at "The Ridge" and "Hess Roads" respectively. From what they report the services must have been excellent.

Several of "Our Boys" have been assisting in meetings held in the Kellogville school house, near East Rushford. They report five red hot converts for two night's work. This is the training which "Our Boys" need.

We regret that Lois Butterfield was compelled to leave school on account of sickness. We hope for her speedy recovery.

G. E. H.

## Village Notes

Mrs. Lillian Burr was ill with lagrippe for several days, but is better at present.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Lynde of Centerville, N. Y. spent several days at the home of R. C. Lynde last week.

Mrs. Effie Thayer, who has been sick with pneumonia, is recovering.

Mrs. N. J. Peck and Miss Campbell made a trip to Rochester Friday.

Mr. H. C. Ackley has moved his family from this place to Canadea, N. Y.

Howard Barnett, who has been visiting his parents, returned to Akron, O. Wednesday.

Mr. F. Markell, Guy Miller, E. D. Bur-

gess and Clark Warburton are among those who have recently attended the Sunday meetings in Buffalo.

Mrs. Haskins, of Cloudsport, Pa., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Cook.

Dr. Tucker of Rochester has moved to his farm near Houghton.

Mrs. J. J. Coleman, who has been in Indiana for some time, returned home Friday.

Mr. Frank Shefflin, who has bought a farm near Canadea, moved from the Tucker place March first.

Sunday evening, March 4, Rev. F. A. Butterfield, editor of the Wdsleyan, preached here. We enjoyed Rev. Butterfield's brief stay with us and trust he will come again.

M. G. M.

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## THE HOUGHTON INDEX

March 1, 1888.

## STUDENT'S COLUMN

EDITED BY

Miss Blanche Houghton

Mr. J. S. Luckey, V. H. Sibley.

There is some talk of turning the Seminary into a gas generator to supply the village with gas lights.

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

No smoking allowed in the Seminary—except by the chapel stoves.

The H. S. N. S. [Houghton Seminary Neosophic Society] has held two sessions in the new hall and the members seem well satisfied with their work.

By the Boarding Club arrangement first class table board can be obtained for \$1.60 per week. We think that this method will be a prominent characteristic of the school in the future.

Although the special meetings have closed we believe that God's Spirit is at work with the students and we are praying for the results.

The singing by the students in time of Chapel exercise is worthy of praise.

## The Chronicles of Houghton Seminary.

## CHAPTER IV.

Now at the end of nine months, at the beginning of the second year, the school had increased insomuch that they said:— We do greatly need a new department. Accordingly they arranged for one of Commerce. And they chose Luther, a young man who had great knowledge in commercial work, and had sat at the feet of Miller, to be chief master of it. And he performed his work so well that behold he teaches in that department even unto this day.

In the course of time it came to pass that William, one of the children of the tribes who sat at the feet of the Chief Levite, said:— I can no longer remain with you because my God has appointed me to read the Law to the tribes scattered upon the earth; accordingly he took his departure; and behold he was made an Elder, and is reading the law to the tribe of Wyoming.

Now at the end of two years, the Chief Levite said:— You will have to choose some one to be Chief Levite in my stead, because I can no longer stay in this place, but go to my native land to proclaim salvation to these tribes; accordingly he with his family took their departure.

Now the wise men said:— We will have to find a man to be Chief Levite; accordingly they went to the land of Hawkeyes and there they found a man by the name of Agustus, who was acting as Levite in a school, and persuaded him to come into the land of Houghton and be Chief Levite; accordingly he came to Houghton.

Now on the seventh day of the ninth month, the same year, the children were gathered together at Houghton to read the Law; and behold the school grew and waxed strong insomuch that the children from other nations came to study the Law.

Now the Lord was with the people of Houghton, and with James the High Priest, and great good was done, insomuch that the children of Baal feared and quaked before the God of Israel.

Hosea, the Scribe.

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

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**In Lighter Vein**

Mrs. Bowen—"Now Vivian, you must not use slang in translating Virgil. It isn't appropriate at all."

Vivian—"Well, Mrs. Bowen, how can I help it when I come right from Geometry class and the teacher there uses it so much?"

Professor Smith in Renaissance Literature Class—"What do you think of Cymbeline?"

Chamberlain—"If that were put into prose we wouldn't let a dog read it."

"Nim" (to the waiters just escaped from the dinner at Hester's Saturday evening, still wearing their white summer flannels)—"Say, fellows, how much did you have to put up for those pajamas?"

Professor Elliott in Missions—"According to the Hindu religion, the Hindu women have to depend upon their husbands for the salvation of their souls."

Smith—"Well, when a woman's husband dies, does she lose her soul?"

In Ethics Class one day Clarence Barnett made the following comment—"That is just like the Bible says, 'When in Rome do as the Romans do.'"

**O You Debators!**

The speaker was in the white heat of the argument—"We are face to face with tremendous issues! What shall we do?"

A voice from the audience—"Use Porter's Pain Cure for Consumption."

In Freshman Math. Class Professor Bowen (getting fussed) said—"This is a delinquent sheet court to the revolution of that pocus." (He meant to say, "This is an excellent short cut to the solution of that locus.")

Hub (discussing the new cameras which are not equipped with the ordinary finder)—"I know I can rig up a finder for that; I am going to get one."

Dick—"I don't worry about that. I think you have found her. What you need is a 'holder.'"

Hub (aside)—"Just as though I didn't have two already."

We have been requested to inform the Detective Agency that the Midnight Coasters were Clark and Fred Warburton.

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