

The Houghton Star

March 1915



Volume VII

Number 6

Quayle

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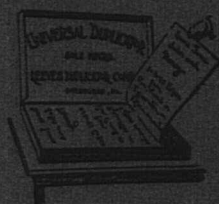
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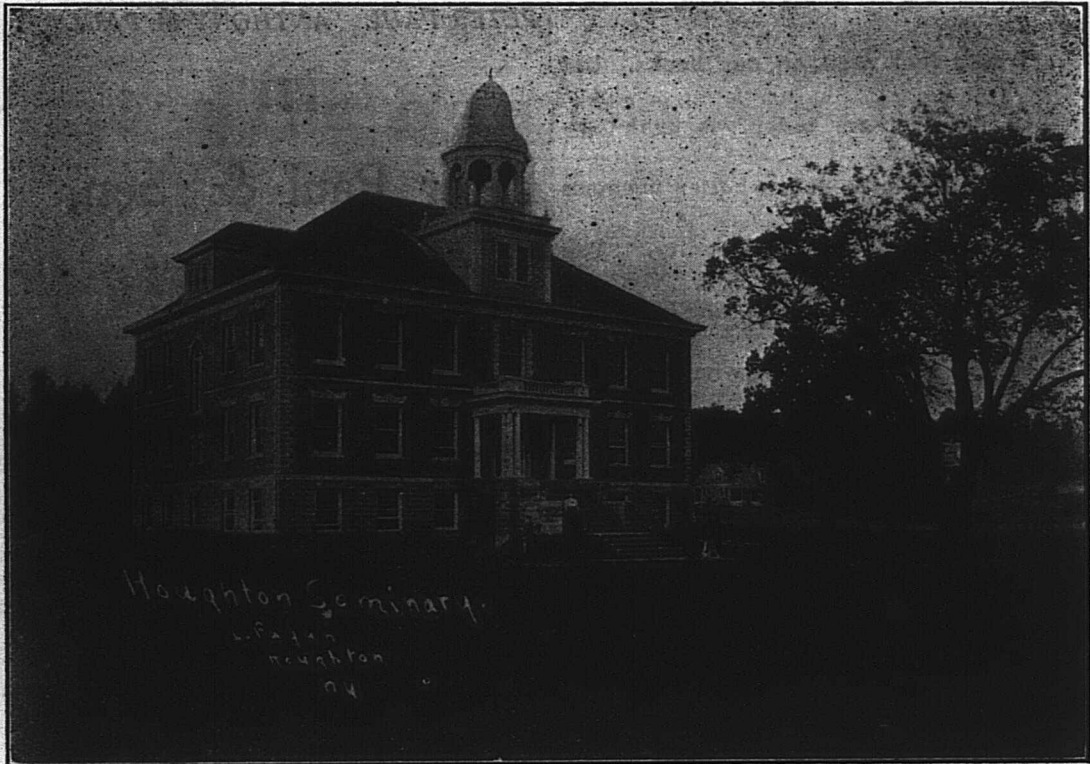
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Present Day Opportunities



AMERICA is a land of opportunities. From the time the first settlers came to this country until the present day, the number of opportunities have gradually increased. So greatly have the present opportunities increased that we consider them as only common, every day affairs.

The present age is full of opportunities to the youth of our land. No other country offers more chances of advancement for the youth of today than does America. The educational benefits surrounding the youth are by far greater than those of our forefathers in their declining years. Again the industrial advances of the past decade have greatly enlarged the scope of opportunities of man. Man can work with more ease and at the same time obtain a better compensation for his labor than ever before.

No longer can we say we have no opportunities. True, often we do not see them in time to grasp them, but were we more alert, we would the better see them as they come. In no other age has the poor boy been so privileged as he is today. If he but have a willingness to work, opportunities will flood his pathway as the dew in the fresh of morning. The industrial man of the hour finds daily opportunities which many others never dream of. He has prepared himself for them and is ready for them when they come. Thus the worth of man can greatly be judged by the use he makes of his opportunities.

"Opportunities, opportunities are to him who is ready,
Diving and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, the fault lies in thee."

Many of us look upon opportunity as something extraordinary, something which only comes once or twice in a life time and never again makes its appearance. While that is true of some opportunities yet daily our lives are filled with opportunities; yea, hourly opportunities are strewn across our pathways more precious than jewels. We as the man that Mr. Conwell speaks of in his "Acres of Diamonds," are looking everywhere for opportunities when our own back yard is full of them. Yes, often they seem to dazzle our eyes, we do not comprehend their meaning until it is too late. The meeting of a friend on the street is an opportunity to enliven his spirit by a hearty, "Good Morning," thus giving him fresh inspiration for the day's duties. Every care and trust that is given us is an opportunity not only of helping our fellowmen directly, but to so build in us that fiber of character and strength which shall make us of more use and a greater blessing in time to come. In this way the use of our opportunities may yield interest upon interest, many times paying for the effort put forth. By daily using the opportunities for doing good we become more efficient in seeing them and more useful in performing them.

We continually must have our faculties in such working order that we can easily detect the soft footsteps of the goddess. We must have listening ears, hearts full of love and devotion and

hands ready to perform any mean task that comes our way. The great men of all ages have been men who saw and successfully used their common opportunities. Only as we make use of them will we be entrusted with great ones. Only as we make the best use of our common opportunities will we be fitted to rightly use our larger opportunities.

Does not the Great Book say that we should make use of our opportunities? Among its commands may be found—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might." Does not this mean that we should seize every opportunity for helping our fellowmen as well as ourselves? Again the divine command is given and with it its reward. "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom." This does not mean money alone for many of us could not then make use of some opportunities. But by carefully watching our opportunities, by giving our service in kind acts and usefulness, we find the true meaning of giving. If we would but stop and try to count them, we would hide our faces in shame that we ever said that we have no opportunities.

There is in our lives however times of special opportunities. There are minutes of priceless worth which are so rich in opportunity because of the great results that come from its use or disuse. "There are moments," says Dean Alford, "which are worth more than years. A stray unthought of five minutes may contain the event of a life. Many great battles have hinged on the decisions of single opportunities. The destinies of many lives have been fixed on seizing on one opportunity. Many of our moneyed men have become so because they saw their opportunities and eagerly snatched them. Rockefeller saw an opportunity of a good investment in oil and did not permit it to pass by. Vanderbilt's keen perception saw money in steamboat and railroad business. This was especially due to his seizing the afforded opportunity.

Many yet are the opportunities of invention. Man has not yet mastered all the phenomena of nature and science. Though electricity has greatly revolutionized the world yet it may be safely said that its opportunities are only in the embryo state of electricity. Thus the opportunities in that line of work are vast and unlimited.

The opportunities of reform are great. The world is in need of reforms of various kinds. Many opportunities are abroad to eliminate the liquor traffic which is woking havoc and destruction the world over. Social reforms of many kinds are sadly needed.

At present great opportunities are coming to us in aiding the European world. Many souls are crying for bread and clothing, giving all who have a share of this world's goods an opportunity which will bring gladness not only to them, but satisfaction and gladness to the heart of the giver.

An opportunity is offered the United States to show to the world the example of a true Christian nation. To show forth the sentiments of the Great Teacher who gave the command to "Live peaceably with all men." It was His joy to make men happy, to help men to really live and enjoy life. He did not and does not approve of a nation warring against nation, but He does honor the nation which strives peaceably for the good of its countrymen. So here is an excellent chance to receive the honor of Him who sets up kingdoms and puts them down at His will. The United States by this opportunity owes a great responsibility to the world which she is now daily performing either for good or ill.

Can we say that we are living up to all that is required of us if we do not use our opportunities? If the men and women of the past had not made use of their opportunities where would we be today in civilization? Hence we owe it to the world to make good use of our opportunities. We must remember that we are not only injuring ourselves but injuring all who look to us, when we carelessly neglect our opportunities in whatever line it may be.

Thousands of opportunities are opened to the energetic, educated youth. Fields of unturned soil await his hand, seas of unfathomed depths await his investigation and research, mountains of stone and clay decked with rare metals and jewels patiently lie for his coming with his pick and brains. An unconceivable space of air and ether give him great opportunities of conquests over the forces of nature. His opportunities are only bound as he himself limits them.

Vast as the universe, high as the heavens, deep as the unfathomed depths of the ocean are the opportunities which the present day holds out to man and woman, to nations and countries.

C. A. R.

A Tale of Houghton

(Relating an actual Occurrence.)

A crowd of girls were assembled in one of their rooms at the "dorm," telling stories. Several exciting tales had been related, when one of the girls turned to Anna Carter with, "Come now Anna, it's your turn. Tell us your adventures."

"Let me see," said Anna. Then presently, "All right, here goes."

"You all know my brother Roy, and Mable, his wife, don't you? I tho't so. Well, last fall, before they were married, Mable and her cousin, Grace Williams, were visiting us. I was home for the week and we had all sorts of good times, you may be sure. Mable and Grace are both just as full of fun as can be.

One day, Roy went to work for Mr. Gray, about two miles from home. We girls had to do something funny, so in the afternoon, we dressed up in father's and Roy's clothes and had a regular picnic. We live on a farm back in the country, you know, and have very few neighbors. So there was nothing to hinder us from carrying on all we pleased. We ran races, climbed trees, sawed wood and did nearly everything imaginable.

Then we called on old Mrs. Barnes, across the road, and how she laughed to see us! I suppose we were a laughable set, all right.

We were having too much fun to stop, so we helped get supper and even went to the table in our "togs." Father and mother have never really gotten over being young themselves, and they seemed to enjoy the fun as much as we did. As for fifteen-year-old Jack and the little girls, they fairly screamed with delight.

After supper, father said, "It's about time for Roy to be coming home. Why don't you boys go cross-lots and meet him."

As you may suppose, we jumped at the suggestion and at once got ready to start. We took the wise precaution of carrying a lantern for it was November and it was already beginning to grow dark. What fun we had as we started out, talking, singing and whistling! Across the pasture and thro the woods we went, as merry as you please.

After we had been going quite a while without seeing anything of Roy, Mable exclaimed, "Why how far is it?

I supposed we should meet him before this time."

"We should have," I answered, "He must have been late in getting started."

We kept on, and finally came to a road fence and at the same time to the conclusion that we didn't know where we were. After reconnoitering a little, I found we had lost our way in the dark, and had come out on the wrong side of the farm.

This didn't bother me much, for of course I knew the whole place. To be sure, we had missed Roy but we were having our fun all the same. Instead of going clear around by the road, we decided to cut off the north east corner and so get home sooner.

It was by this time quite dark, but as we came out again to the road, Grace thot she saw someone coming toward us. We stood still and shaded our lantern for a little, and were soon able to distinguish two figures coming down the road.

Mable whispered, "Tramps," and I suspected they were some disreputable fellows who often passed our place on their way to town. As we were not anxious to meet them, we thot of going back thru the woods; but concluded that this would not be of any use, since they had doubtless seen our light.

Waiting a little longer, we were relieved to see the fellows make for an old barn that stood back a piece from the road. We would have to pass the barn but hoped that we might be unobserved. At any rate, there was nothing else to do, so we started on.

Grace was frightened and wanted to run, but I said, "No; if we run, they'll know we are afraid." And Mable added, "Anyhow we're dressed as men and they wont know the difference."

I'll tell you, our hearts beat pretty fast and we didn't do much talking. We didn't want to put out the light, so we shaded it the best we could. Soon we quickened our steps to get past that old barn as quickly as possible. By the time we were opposite the barn, we were walking for all we were worth. Every moment, we expected to be stopped. It seemed as though we should never get by.

It was in reality only a very short time until we were past and had seen nothing of the tramps. We began to breathe more freely but still kept up a pretty good pace, looking back often to reassure ourselves.

All at once Grace gave a little frightened gasp, "There they come, girls! What shall we do?"

Sure enough, we were followed. To show any fear would be but to increase our danger, we knew. So we resolutely held to a walk, when it would have been much easier to run.

We kept exhorting one another to keep cool, but it didn't do much good. I was between Mable and Grace, carrying the lantern. Soon I found that I should have to keep up courage for the whole bunch, as both of the others were more nervous than I.

As much for my own benefit as for theirs, I said in a low tone, "Now don't be scared, girls. There are three of us and if anything should happen, we could surely make enough noise to be heard at the house.

However, we began to hurry a little more, and so did our pursuers. Still faster we walked but could not gain a step. Then we tried walking more slowly but the steps behind slackened also, or at least we imagined so. Indeed the tramps changed their pace as often as we did ours and we grew more and more uneasy. Those few minutes seemed hours to us.

Finally we saw that they were gaining on us. It was awful! Pretty soon, it became too much for my nerves. I gave one scream and started to run. Of course, the other girls ran too.

Then we heard our pursuers running and calling.

"Stop! Girls! Anna! Stop!"

That was a little strange and we slackened a bit. It came again, "Anna! Mable! Wait!"

Then we recognized Roy's voice. "Why girls!" he exclaimed, as all out of breath he caught up with us, "what on earth are you running so for?" And there were he and Jack come to meet us.

When Roy got home from his work and learned where we girls had gone, mother said he laughed fit to kill. He had seen our light, he said, but that we were some boys out skunk-hunting. Then he and Jack had started to meet us. They had no thot, of course, of scaring us, and didn't know we saw them until we began to run.

It was some hours before our nerves recovered from the shock, and we girls vowed never to try that stunt again.

Anonymous.

Twilight on the Battlefield

Over the fields of the dead and the dying,
Over the blood-drenched fields of the slain;
Softly the murmuring breezes are sighing,
List to the song with its mournful refrain.

Gone are the brave, and now they are sleeping,
Soft is the mantle that covers them now;
Gone from the sound of gladness and weeping,
Blind to the fame that garlands their brow.

Low in the darkness we know they are lying,
Horses and riders mingled in blood;
Voices of mourners are after them crying,
Lying so quietly there on the sod.

Where is the love that should bind us together,
Love that is given and hallowed by God;
Can it be love, when low in the heather
The flesh of our brother beneath us is trod?

Now when my sword thy life-blood is drinking,
Now when my anger upon thee is turned;
While the life-current within thee is sinking,
Can my heart joy o'er a vict'ry so earned?

Oh, what a picture of pathos and sorrow
Mourning will show to the trembling earth!
Never may dawn a gloomier morrow
Than that to which the morning gives birth!

Death marches slow on the trail of the conquered,
Riding a charger whose ensign is Night,
Spirits of evil about him are clustered,
Mark how he rides in the midst of the fight!

God in Thy mercy look down from
Thy heaven,
List to this clamor and clashing
and strife,
Eyes that are weeping and hearts that
are riven,
Death grimly reigning where once
there was life!

List to the noise and roar of the bat-
tle,
The shout of the brave as he reach-
es his goal,
The clashing of Arms and the mourn-
ful death rattle—
The crack of the guns—where each
shot means a soul.

Thou who art pity, thou who art love,
Speak, for Thy accents the heavens
obey;
Come from Thy sky where Thou
reignest above,
And hasten the end of the strife and
the fray.

Bind up the hearts that are broken in
sorrow,
Heal up the wounds that are fester-
ing sore;
Bring in the peace that is coming to-
morrow,
For we shall be saved when Thy face
shines once more.

Robert S. Chamberlain.

The Hermit of the Valley

The sun was slowly descending be-
hind the jagged peaks of the moun-
tains. Its mellow rays cast a stillness
and beauty over the mountains, mak-
ing their snow-capped peaks to gleam
as if a veil of almost transparent sil-
ver were thrown over them; while
down the mountain sides the light
had become dimmer and fainter, the
short grass of the mountain sides
looked like a velvet carpet spread
over them, spotted here and there by
a darker spot, the clump of some
low bushes, or perhaps a lone tree of
the fir family.

But before the sun had smiled its
parting "Goodnight" to the quiet
scene and descended those western
slopes, it seemed to cast one unusu-
ally bright and tender ray over the crest
of the mountains, down the slopes,
and into the window of a little hut,
nestled in the sheltering bosom of the
mountains. Through the window this
ray fell, like a halo, on the cot, where
lay the Hermit of the Valley.

The people of the neighboring vil-

lage had thought him a queer and se-
cluded being. They had never known
his name, and when he was men-
tioned they called him the Hermit of
the Valley. Often they wondered
why he shunned their company, why
he seemed to choose the shepherd
dog as his only companion, and why
he preferred the solitude of his own hut
and the mountains to their genial
life. When in their gossip, he was
mentioned, often they had questioned
and speculated what had wrought
that worn and sad expression on his
face, or why he had such a sorrowful
and far away look in his eyes; but
only thus as a strange, eccentric
character, had he ever entered their
life.

Now, as the warm light tenderly
fell on his face, he opened his eyes
and gazed out the window, far over
the expanse of valley and mountains,
to the most distant summit, behind
which the sun was setting.

Far, far away his thoughts bore
him back to his childhood days, when
as a boy he had lived in the land
which lay far beyond those distant
craigs. Again he saw the broad and
fertile plains of that sunny land. As
a child, he was once more playing
with his fellows round the old home.
These days had passed into young
manhood; he was with his youthful
companions again; he was in college,
and could almost feel the buoyancy
tingling through his being, the
buoyancy which the spirited and
merry associations had instilled into
his energetic nature, until the light
and gay spirit had degenerated into
a wild reckless character.

Vividly now, memory painted before
him that night when he, with his com-
panions had attended a banquet. The
company was gay, the wine was bright
and alluring, and it was late in the
night before he had entered his home.
As he entered the house, goaded by the
sting of a guilty conscience, bewil-
dered by the wine, he was enraged
to find his mother weeping and pray-
ing for him, and as she spoke to him
he had struck her. Stunned by the
blow, heart broken with grief, she
fell unconsciously to the floor; slowly
her breath grew fainter and fainter
until it had entirely ceased, and he
realized what he had done.

Confused and bewildered with sor-
row and remorse he had left the quiet
home. He had often been tempted to
dash out his own life over some preci-
pice, but restrained by conscience and
an Unseen Power, he had roamed in

sorrow till he came to this little spot in the valley. Here he had built the little hut, and here he had dwelt for years with his faithful dog as his only companion, secluded from the rest of the world.

Every day as he sat and mused in his cabin, or tended his sheep on the mountains, he had drank the bitter cup of remorse and sorrow; then hope would shine through, though often 'twas but dimly, and he would pray for forgiveness.

But two days before, while he was tending his flock on the mountain-side, one of the lambs became caught in the bushes and rocks near the edge of a steep descent. As he was trying to free the lamb, his foot slipped and he fell down the rough and rocky descent onto the ledge below. Bruised and wounded, he had painfully made his way to his little hut, where the only one to care for him was the old shepherd dog.

Now as he lay thinking of his mother, just as the sun was setting behind the snow-crested peaks, she seemed to come forth from the clouds so delicately tinted by the sunset. The same mother, but with a fairer, more beautiful face than before, and with her that Shepherd who seeks and forgives all the wandering sheep. "Forgiven," they cry, and gladly his spirit went to meet them.

R. W.

The Charm of Poe's Poetry

B. M. Moses

"In what does his great strength lie?" is the question men have asked each other ever since the days of Sampson, whenever a man has succeeded in doing something beyond the average ability.

It is not enough that a doctor performs wonderful cures. We must know his theories, examine his chemicals in our own little laboratories, and try his instruments by running our fingers along the edges to see if the knives are as sharp as we suppose they should be.

We live in an age of analysis. Yesterday we gave the child a rose and taught him to admire its hue; to inhale its sweetness and press its dewy cheek to his own. Today we are not content to have him stop here. We lead him back to the tiny cutting of years ago and follow step by step the development of the plant till it stands clothed in beauty. He must learn why a leaf is green and a petal red. He must be

able to account for the perfume and tell the economic importance of the thorn. These and many other things must he do before we are satisfied that he understands a rose.

Yesterday we read a poem and it thrilled us. Today we must account for each separate thrill, and should we find that we had thrilled in the wrong place; or upon insufficient cause; deep is our mortification.

Most authors submit quietly to the analysis of their works and their productions are easily pigeon-holed. Every child of grammar grade will tell us that Shakespeare most faithfully portrays human nature; that Keats ranks first as a painter of natural scenes, and that Milton sheds a halo of classicism around the truths he meant to convey, but Poe defies classification.

To the class of critics who must always "point a moral" Poe is especially difficult. Their brows are creased with wrinkles, from trying to draw ethical conclusions from the *Haunted Palace*, *The Raven* and *Ulalume*.

A contemplation of Poe's prose works forces us to the conclusion that, had he wished, in his poems to produce any desired effect, he would have used the same direct methods for its accomplishment which characterized his tales. Having admitted Poe's ability as a prose writer we must also grant that he either failed signally as a poet or else succeeded in producing the effect he desired; which evidently is not to educate along moral lines, since no two critics agree as to the lesson involved.

Allowing Poe's own testimony he strove only for the physical effects. Nor is this more ignoble in an author than in a painter, a sculptor or a musician. These may, and often do, degrade their art and produce effects quite at variance with morality but Poe deserves no such criticism. His poems, whether sparkling like a fountain or calm and deep as a fathomless pool hold nothing impure in their depths.

As music is divided into two classes, that which depends on the melody alone, for its effect, and on that which the melody is but an accompaniment for words; so may we divide poetry into two groups. In charge of one we will place those authors who have a distinct message to convey and who select words which will best harmonize with the idea. The other group will be presided over by those poets who depend

alone on the melody of the composition for its effects. To this latter class Poe belongs.

Perhaps this is the truest poetry. Who would care to have Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" set to words? Do we not a thousand times prefer that our own fancy shall interpret? Would the "Yellow-haired Eulalie" be more radiant if we knew her age and who her grandmother was? With a master's delicate touch Poe has painted the setting for exquisitely beautiful pictures and left to us the delight of filling in with whatever detail we please.

If we are to thoroughly enjoy Poe we must listen to the melody of his words as he did to The Bells. Giving our fancy free range to interpret the music as it breathes, sweet and low, weird or reverberant.

Indeed we note a striking parallelism between The Bells and his general style. True we miss—

"The tintintambulation that so musically swells from the bells" for Poe's mood is never gay but he never fails to pour forth—

"Molten golden notes all in tune."

We have shown that the charm of Poe's poetry lies in its melody. We have yet to investigate the mechanical means employed. We shall take the author's own essays as authority.

The first consideration he says was subject matter. Melancholy, or at least pensive types appealed to him as more pleasing to the general public. Something in his own nature must have responded to this for like those creatures of his imagination who—

"Dwelt up in the steeple"
he too feels—

"A glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone."
as he does in The Raven where his words come

"Tolling, tolling, tolling,"
as he tells of lost hope, lost love and lost ambition.

Another point kept always in mind was a strict conformity to beauty. To this he makes all else subservient. Hence, however dark and terrible the picture there is nothing repulsive, as is often found in the productions of writers of an earlier date.

Length too, claimed his attention. "A poem" he said, "to be enjoyed must be short enough to be read at a sitting else the thought once broken is broken forever." True to this principle we find only short poems among his compositions.

But it was upon words and their arrangement that Poe depended mainly for the desired effect. He carefully considered their possibilities considered from a standpoint of melody. His special device is the refrain. The periodic repetition of a word or a group of words. This refrain he made either deep and sonorous as in The Raven, or delicate as the tinkling of silver bells as in Fairyland.

Another favorite form of arrangement is found in the continual monotonous sound of like syllables at the ends of lines. The effect can best be shown by a stanza from Ulalume.

"On this very last night of the year
That I journeyed, I journeyed down
here
That I brought a dread burden down
here
On this night, of all nights in the
year,
Oh what demon has tempted me
here?"

It is only in the hands of a master poet like Poe that this type of verse would be bearable but the skill of Poe renders the monotony most effective in producing an atmosphere of tender sadness throughout the whole poem.

Another quite different use of the refrain, in which a whole line is repeated, is found in To Helen:—

"There fell a silvery silken veil of
light,
Upon the upturned faces of a thou-
sand
Roses, that grew in an enchanted
garden
Where no wind dared stir except on
tiptoe.

Fell on the faces of these roses
That gave out in return for the love
light,

Their odorous souls in an estatic
death.

Fell on the upturned faces of these
roses.

That smiled and died enchanted."

With one more illustration of Poe's method of arrangement we must leave this part of our subject. We refer to the combination of long euphonious words with short common ones. The following is from Ulalume.

And now as the night was senescent
And star dials pointed to morn,
And star dials hinted at morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn.

In lines of this type Poe freely admits extensive use of the dictionary in

searching out rare and effective words. Having completed his list he next proceeded to the choice of a suitable subject, or perhaps we should say suggestion, for Poe's poems can hardly be said to have a subject. At first thought this may seem a much too mechanical method of procedure for a great author to employ. Certainly it is in defiance of all rules for the production of literature; but we must remember that the desired effect was to be physical only and if the end justifies the means then Poe stands before the bar of literary criticism fully acquitted.

It is in selection of words that Poe shows himself most of all an artist. He has chosen with care of a connoisseur the most graphic, picturesque, poetical words in the language. Having made his selection he has used them again and again until we feel somehow that they belong to him. He never scatters adjectives broadcast; each word is graphic, full of meaning. A lesser man would use a stanza to express the dreariness which Poe sums up in three words "the ghoulish woodlands," or in a two line description of—

Dismal tarns and pools
Where dwells the ghouls.

Lolling is a homely enough word in itself, but it expresses all the languidness of an August day in one brief line

The world lay lolling in the golden air.

And again in—

The rosemary nods upon the grave
The lily lolls upon the wave.

Purple is Poe's own color. Other men have sung of golden light and silver moonbeams until there is nothing in the words to attract our attention but we look with Poe out into "the purple air" and across empurpled vapors." More delicately graphic than all is his description of—

The moon tints of purple and pearl.

But we gain nothing by multiplying examples. The beauty and melody of Poe's poetry needs the aid of no commentator to bring them forth. Each poem comes to us full of music and we need but to surrender ourselves to its influence to dream—

Dreams, which bring to delirious eye
more lovely things

Than Young Hope in his sunniest
hour hath known.

A Stone

"No, I never will, nor can I help you in this situation," and the voice which uttered these words, was sharp and cold as ice.

"But it may be my only hope; sir, and my wife and babies are at home, suffering from hunger and cold. Won't you please, take pity on them? I stand at the parting of the ways, sir, and I must choose between crime and food for them, or good to society and the death of my babies," and the face of him who thus spoke, was drawn and white.

"Well, you will never get help here, so you better be moving. If you had invested your money wisely, you would now be as well off as I am; but I have myself to think of. Why, if I should help you, the next man who came along would expect help also, and so it would go, till I would be as bad off as you say you are. Then who would take care of my children? No, No! I have had a hard fight against society and I do not expect to take her on my hands to take care of now."

"May the time come, sir, when you will be forced to choose as I am forced tonight, John Amer," and Henry Hudson stumbled out into the night with a faltering step.

Something like forty years before this story opens, John Amer's father had settled in the northern part of Ohio. He had cleared his farm of the scrub oak and other trees left by the lumbermen, and had begun farming. He was a hard man; so, as his children grew up, the thing which was held before them at all times, was self first. In fact, self was the great thing to work for. The result of such ideas was seen in the broad acres of some of the most fertile land in Ohio. John was the only one of the children who survived the old man, hence he received all his father's money.

He had married, and now with his family of a wife and three children, he was counted the richest man in that section. However, though he was very much in love with his family, he was looked upon neither with love nor respect by the people around him. In fact, with him, the rest of the world was to be considered only so long as it could be utilized for self. He never did a favor, and never repaid a kindness done him, unless there was an opportunity of future gain to be derived from relationship. He was a creature of the environment in which

he was raised and was a stone to society, but a lover of his family.

At the time our story opens, Harry Hudson was out of work; he had tried all the means in his power to secure employment, but without avail. As a last resort, he had gone to Amer, in order to borrow a little money, with which to buy food for his family, who had been without for more than two days; His success has already been noted, the success of all who went to Amer for help.

After his interview with Hudson, John Amer went back into his little office where he kept the most of his ready cash, and, after locking up things to make sure that they were secure, passed to his bedroom.

The farm of Mr. Amer was situated on a small river which flowed down through a valley, and emptied into a larger river, two or three miles below his farm. Up this river, at a place from the one just mentioned, was a large lake. This lake had been built by damming up a stream which flowed through a beautiful valley, in which was located the city of Fairview. In making this lake, the engineers had constructed a spillway for flood water, which discharged down the valley, in which lived John Amer. The lake was nearly nine miles long, furnishing in the summer, a resort for the people of Fairview; although the purpose was to furnish light and power for the city of Fairview and other small, neighboring towns.

One night, two or three months after the events mentioned in the beginning of the story, John Amer stepped into the room where his wife was seated at the reading table, and said, "Mary, I guess I will go, and take a look at the dam. It has been raining for three days, and the people over in the valley are beginning to worry a little, for fear that the repair work put into that new wall is not strong enough to hold back such a big body of water. I have just been down to the river, and it is full to the banks, and is running like a race-horse. Should they open the spill-way, I am afraid all our stuff would go, and we with it, unless we sought higher ground. I will just walk up, and look around before going to bed, for I'd rather hate to be carried off, down the river without a chance to know where I was going."

"You will be careful, wont you John? And don't go out where there is any danger, for if you should not come back, I don't know what I would do."

John Amer promised, then turning, took a light and strode out into the darkness. The rain still fell in torrents, while from the river came the sullen roar, which grew louder as he approached the place where the water was flowing over the spill-way. He climbed up on the embankment and walked along its top. He was somewhat startled to see that the water lacked but a few inches of reaching the top. As he passed along, he could see the lights of Fairview, twinkling, and suddenly the sight cheered his heart, up there in that cold and lonesome place, on the bank of the big lake.

"It would not be long before those lights would go out, if this big pond of water should break through, and go rushing down the valley," said he to himself.

He made the trip across and back, then stopped by the side of the big gates which opened into the spill-way. They were so made, that by pulling a lever, electric power would be turned into the motor which operated the locks. As he stood there, looking at the water, he was startled to notice that the water seemed to be lowering a little. He looked again—yes, it was lowering. At once he knew what would happen, for somewhere in that big dyke, the water had found a hole, and was now digging it larger and larger. In a few moments that great body of water would be rushing down the valley, and Fairview would be no more.

There was but one thing that would help, and that was to throw open the big gates and let the flood run off into his own valley. To do that would mean the destruction of his own family. Why should he hesitate? Was he then to go back on the teaching of his life, in fact, his very life code, which said, "Self first and the rest last?" Now he saw the duty he owed society. Could he send thousands to death for the sake of his few? Why had he come up here tonight? If he had stayed at home, this choice would not have been thrust upon him. He raved, he prayed, but he knew all the time that he must make the decision. He saw it all now; he must choose and choose soon. He was no longer a stone, but a man, for he could feel.

"Every thought we think images itself in the mind, and every thought that is persistently held in mind, is bound to materialize."

Jean Porter Rudd



THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Of all the emotions which man is capable of realizing, there is none of more universal, or of more noble import than the love of native land, commonly known as patriotism. It is beyond the power of man to explain and define this spirit of Patriotism clearly,

but we find it most clearly and beautifully portrayed as one of those wonderful, noble qualities of character, bestowed upon each of us by nature. How the blood is stirred, how enthusiasm mounts high, how all thoughts of personal ease and comfort sink into

oblivion, as the true patriot realizes that his country needs him, and offers his life as a sacrifice to his nation!

Truly this is a noble spirit, for as we delve deep into the matter we find a most noble and virtuous motive for such a love. A nation does not consist merely of the fertile plains, the winding rivers, the majestic hills or the rich forests which adorn its surface, but of the homes, the institutions, the industries, yea—of each individual man, woman and child that inhabit it. It is the desire for the defense of the firesides and the loved ones about them, that prompts the hero to make the tremendous sacrifice for the nation. Or perhaps the flag, the symbol of our national liberty and freedom has been insulted. Then behold the heroes as they offer their lives for the maintenance of that liberty, which has been purchased at a dear price indeed! For who can number the lives that were sacrificed to purchase that freedom! Who can tell the days of suffering from fatigue, cold, hunger and wounds that were passed to acquire this treasure! Or who can conceive of the care, anxiety and burdens that were borne after the nation had passed through such a crisis, in order to maintain this liberty, and lead the nation on to prosperity! Indeed a blessing, acquired at such precious cost, merits the greatest care and vigilance in its maintenance, and we can not wonder that it should be zealously defended in such times of peril.

Or let one wander as an exile in a distant land, and you will find no more pitiful verses in the poet's store than the songs of exiles. The heart, longing for the native shore, breaks forth in the most plaintive cry, like a lost child crying for the shelter of its mother's arms, till at last, it sobs itself to sleep, in the long last sleep of Death. On the other hand, that one, who after traveling in a foreign land, once more treads the soil of his native land, breaks forth in such words as these,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself has said,

"This is my own, my native land?"

His heart leaps with a tender joy, as he once more beholds the mountains, the valleys, the trees and even the canopy of the heavens above, as a part of his fatherland, his own possession.

But the patriotism of the Revolutionary period, the patriotism of those dark days when slavery cast its pall over the nation, is not demanded of us. We shall not all press the shores of a

distant land, and we ask, "Is there any call for patriots, for men and women who will sacrifice life and its ambitions for their country?"

The answer comes back clearly, loudly, "Yes the nation will sink to destruction, unless we have those who will defend it." And as we study conditions closely, we will find that some of our greatest, if not the very greatest enemies we have are internal ones, those that are settled in our very midst. These are of the most deadly type, for they sap the vitality from the very heart of the land.

We find the primitive simplicity and devotion, that which characterized the lives of our forefathers, gone. Nor do we find that the lives of the people are actuated by that deep fervor and earnest spirit, which was so prominent in the early days of our country. Religion has lost the conspicuous place it once held, and vice is ever increasing. Here we find the need of earnest men and women, those who are not afraid to stand boldly by the principles of uprightness, those who will dare to proclaim against the evils of the nation, and to suffer the loss of fame, popularity and ambition for the sake of the nation. Such lives are as greatly needed today as were the other heroes in the past, for with the youth of the land rest this great problem, whether they shall sacrifice their lives for the maintenance of the national purity and distinctiveness, or whether they shall easily drift, and at last forever lose their glory. Such patriotism, though it may not have the ring of romanticism, is of a realistic type, and those who devote themselves to such a service may become as great blessings to the nation, as if they poured forth their lives on the battle field.

"So many God's, so many creeds,
So many ways that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

Wilcox.

"Do right, though pain and anguish
be thy lot,
Thy heart will cheer thee when the
pain's forgot;
Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then
count thy gains,
The pleasure soon departs; the sin
remains."

Bishop Shuttleworth.



To allow all our old (and young) friends to get the impression that the I. P. A. in Houghton is a thing of the past would be an injustice to them and to the league. As a matter of fact the work of the league this year has taken a different course from the ordinary and that while the regular meetings have been 'few and far between' yet we are alive to the fact that prohibition is making a tremendous stride toward VICTORY and that if we prove weak at this time we are more than traitors to the greatest reform of the age.

The fact that WE, the Prohi League of Houghton Seminary sent a delegate to the National I. P. A. Convention at Topeka, Kan. shows that we ARE alive and awake to our opportunities. At that convention where there were delegates from many of the leading Universities and Colleges of this fair land of ours, Houghton being represented means that we take the back seat for no one when it comes to work of reform.

The annual oratorical contest for the League will take place on Friday evening, March 26, 1915, when five young men again meet in the arena of oratory to battle for the Highest Honors, and for the privilege of representing Houghton at the State Contest at Colgate University, Hamilton, New York, April 22 and 23, 1915.

Another fact worthy of mention is that Houghton has the honor of being the school choice of the President of the New York State I. P. A. And that the officers of the local league are representatives of a large territory, Kansas to Vermont, New York and Pennsylvania.

With rejoicing hearts we are thankful for all past victories, when two states adopt prohibition in one week and in all we have now nineteen states in the Union that are prohibition or have adopted laws that go into force before January 1st, 1916, we feel to 'Praise God from whom ALL blessings flow.

Exchanges

Lelia June Coleman '18, Editor

The Star acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

Miltonvale Monitor—Miltonvale Wesleyan College, Miltonvale, Kansas.

The College World—Adrian College, Adrian, Michigan.

The Picayune—Batavia H. S., Batavia, New York.

The Cascade—Seattle, Washington.

The Echo—Gouverneur H. S., Gouverneur, New York.

High School Buzz—Hutchinson, Kansas.

The Ramble—N. Y. M. A., Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.

The Windmill—Manlius Schools, Manlius, New York.

The Vista—Greenville College, Greenville, Illinois.

The Middlebury Campus—Middlebury, Vermont.

The February issue of the Cascade is very attractive, the tint of the paper and the cover is pretty. The continued story is an interesting feature.

The High School Buzz is a new Exchange, of the news paper style. It gives the impression of coming from a wide-awake school.

The Vista, February number, contains a splendid story "Only a Canadian Nickel."

The Picayune says of the Houghton Star, "You are a fine paper. The story The 'Little Blue Ribbon' is fine."

"The value of the whole life of the young man or woman depends very largely upon the value set upon this year. Be wise. Place a high value upon it. Guard this treasure jealously. See that procrastination, that thief of time does not rob you of this priceless treasure." Selected.



ORGANIZATIONS

Gertrude Graves '16, Editor

Athenian Society

On account of revival services all society work was discontinued until the end of the meetings. On the evening of February 26 we held our second meeting of the semester. The program for the evening consisted of an old-fashioned spelling match. The winner of the contest was one of our instructors, Miss Belle Russell. R. J. K.

Ionian Society

The Ionian Society held its first meeting, February twenty six, after a long rest during the revival meetings. An original story was given by Miss Edith Warburton, a vocal solo by Miss Hudson, a reading by Miss Stall and a talk on the life of President Wilson by Miss Shore. The officers for the second semester were elected as follows: president, Nellie Bedford; vice-president, Anna Houghton; secretary, Edith Warburton; treasurer, Mabel Parker; literary critic, Edith Stall; music critic, Hazel Hudson and sergeant at arms, Lillian Chapin.

The Ionian Society never did better work than is being done at the present time. Preparations are now being made for the public program which is to be given in the seminary chapel on April sixteenth. E. R. S.

The Neosophic Society

Although the Neosophic Society has had no regular meeting since the last issue of the Star, that does not necessarily imply that each loyal Neosophic has been spending his Friday nights in idleness. To the contrary, he has been in the little white church at the foot of the hill, listening to the inspiring sermons that it has been each one's privilege to hear on each night for the past three weeks.

Let us hope that all of our future meetings will be so much the better for

this rest, and that each member of the renowned Neosophic Society will always be in his place, ready and willing to do his best in whatever may be assigned him to do. A Neo.

The Senior Y. M. W. B.

On account of the special meetings which have just recently been brought to a close our regular monthly missionary meeting had to be postponed. However, our missionary zeal has not diminished because of the interruption, but instead we have gained something which will make us more efficient and zealous in our work than before. We feel very much encouraged in our reinforcements. There have been at least fifteen new members added to our number.

Owing to the physical condition of our Dean we have not yet had the opportunity of hearing the report of the Students' Volunteer Convention. We expect that she will be able to give it at our next meeting. G. L. S.

The German Club

One morning, not long ago, President Luckey asked his usual question in chapel, "Any announcements?" and up rose the curly-headed Prof. who talks German to us every day, and from force of habit, no doubt began to orate in German to us in chapel! But soon he remembered where he was and explained—he said "for the benefit of the First Year Students—that he extended a cordial invitation to all who could speak or understand—and all who could not—the language spoken in the 'Deutsche Verien.'" Then Nature, to test the loyalty of the Deutsche enthusiasts favored us with a gloriously beautiful day. But, though the sun was using all his powers of attraction, we heard of but one who

"preferred the air"—and let me whisper in your ear a secret, "He had a part on the program."

After we had sung the Lorelei, the leader gave us slips of paper which had been cut into two pieces and on each piece was written half of a proverb. Who would think the German, "Morgenstund hat Gold im Mund" meant in English, "The early bird catches the worm," and "Nach Regen folgt Sonnenschein" means, "Every cloud has a silver lining"?

And then we wrote poetry!! The leader had given us slips of paper with two words which rhymed and those were to be used at the end of each line of a couplet. It is often said that times of emergency and times when one is off his guard, so to speak bring out hidden qualities in a person's abilities. This must have been such a time for many poets, wonderful poets, were discovered on that afternoon.

On one slip were written "Gluck" and "zuruck." The poet wrote:

"Da ging ein Mann von die Heimat weg, um zu finden seines Gluck, Als er all sein Geld verloren hat, kam er wieder zur Stadt zuruck."

Yet another poet rose to fame through his opportune advice:

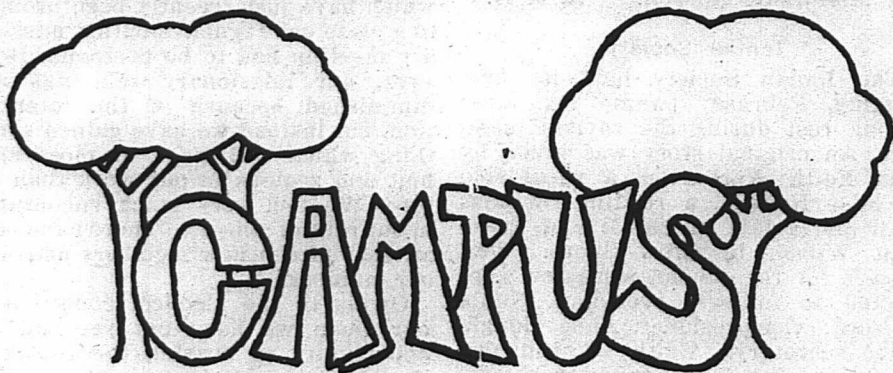
Gute Kinder sollen nicht verlassen,
Wenn sie spazieren gehen, die
Strassen.

Someone had not forgotten the little blue flower of the spring and it became their inspiration:

Ich sehe eine Blume und sie spricht
Das schonste Wort, "Vergissmeinnicht,"

Ich hoffe dass die Freunde mein
Werden wie die Blume sein.

We drew a sigh of regret when the last rhyme was read and we rose from our seats to adjourn for that week. Aufwiedersehn, Vereingesellen!



Wilford E. Kaufman, '16, Editor

COLLEGE LOCALS

As the college students are becoming more studious of late, there is very little excitement aroused by this worthy body. May this atmosphere prevail the remainder of this semester.

Several of the students have been spending their week-ends at home recently.

We are glad to welcome Miss Vera Lawrence back as one of our number.

Miss Ethel Kelley was called home a short time ago on account of the illness of her mother. However she has returned to continue her work.

Our enterprising geology students may be seen, making their way to the home of Professor Fraizer, two or three times a week. Profssor Frazier is now able to take up his work to some extent.

We are glad to report that Miss Mary Allen expects to obtain her

nurse's degree soon. We wish to congratulate her on the slight recovery of her patient, Miss Schouten. We wish her success in her chosen career.

E. A. A.

Preparatory Notes

Sveral of the Preparatory students have attended the tabernacle meetings at Fillmore which have been in progress a short time.

The Neosophic quartet have appeared in public several times. They gave a concert at Wiscoy the vening of February ninth.

Miss Lois Kent spent the week end at her home in Hinsdale recently.

We are all glad to see again the smiling countenance of Bonniejean Frazier who has out of school several weeks.

Mr. Max Reed spent Saturday and Sunday at his home lately.

The Warburton girls received a visit from their father some time ago.

Mr. Glenn McKinley at present has charge of the Sunday School on Dutch Hill which Prof. Rindfusz conducted last year.

The Junior class was entertained a few days ago at the home of Miss Dorothy Peck where they spent an enjoyable time pulling taffy.

A number of preparatory students were delightfully entertained at the Dormitory one afternoon last month. Th occasion was the birthday of Miss Edith Stall.

M. F.

Music Notes

Miss Ethel Kent was called home recently to sing at a concert. Miss Lilly went with her as accompanist.

The band played for chapel not long ago. This time they found seats in the gallery. They played two numbers, "Nearer My God to Thee" as an opening selection, and the regular march. The same week they were invited to give a band concert at the tabernacle meetings at Fillmore.

Sveral members of the music and oratory departments gave an evening at Wiscoy, March 2nd, appearing on the programs as the Genesee Entertainers.

The orchestra, which died a natural death soon after its organization, seems to have resurrected. It gave some excellent numbers at Wiscoy.

A studio recital was given Saturday, March 6th. These private recitals are excellent to prepare one for public work.

R. F. R.

Theological Notes

Aside from the recent revival with which God has graciously blessed us, we have no important news from this department. However, one thing we consider is always in order, and that is the testimony that we, by the help of the Spirit, are able to bear for our Master.

We are thankful that God condescends to look with favor upon us, thereby, causing us to rejoice in the blood-bought privileges of the atonement. We are praising Him for a salvation that does not white-wash men; but that washes men white. "Glory be to God." A salvation that takes all the crookedness, meanness and subtilty out of our lives, and causes us to be happy in Jesus, who came not to call the righteous but sinners to repent-

ance.

We cannot understand why men choose to be bound by the slavish chains of sin when God has such freedom of spirit, and such an infinite supply of grace with which to meet the need of every individual who will be obedient to the teachings of God's precious word.

We rejoice that we are able to say, with the poet,
"Since our eyes were fixed on Jesus,
We've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained our spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified."

We heartily recommend the salvation-provided by our Lord Jesus Christ to all inquiring the way to virtue and to God.

F. B. Markell.

Faculty Notes

Prof. McDowell has been traveling through New York and Pennsylvania for the past few weeks and has been able to spend only a few days in Houghton.

Miss Fitts spent a few days in Olean visiting friends.

Prof. Fancher spent a day in Fillmore one day last week working for the interest of the I. P. A.

Miss Russel entertained her former school friend, Miss Rork, over Sunday.

Having purchased a fine new horse and buggy, Prof. Smith intends to take no more lonely walks over the hills in his weary efforts to secure recreation.

Miss Reggall took part in the program given at Wiscoy a few evenings ago and the result of her excellent work together with that of Misses Hillpot and Fitts was greatly appreciated by all who were permitted to attend.

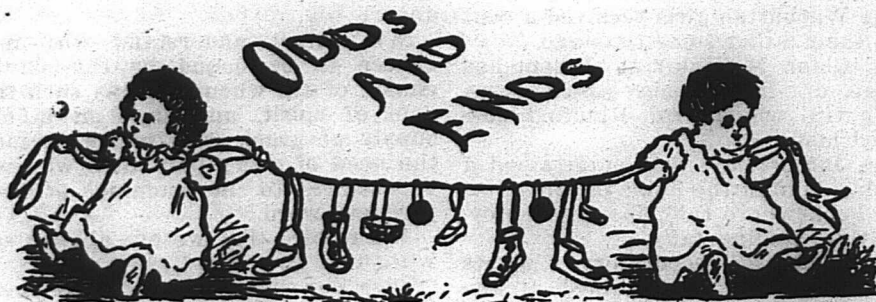
Pres. Luckey spent a day at Wells-ville and in the evening gave his lecture on Palestine to a large audience.

We are glad to report that Prof. Frazier has regained health enough to be permitted to hear some class recitations at his home.

Prof. Bedford spent a few days in Olean and Bradford in the interest of the gymnasium. He is succeeding nicely and expects to have the building started in the near future. C. N. C.

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Lincoln.



Bethel J. Babbitt '16, Editor

Worse Yet

A. It must be terrible for an opera singer to find she has lost her voice.

B. Yes, but it is still more terrible if she doesn't become conscious of the fact.

**On Broadway
(Not Houghton)**

Excuse me, officer, but will you tell me which is the quickest way to the morgue?

Try to cross the street.

The Reason

My wife had to buy a hat because the lady next door bought a new one, but now that she has it she won't wear it.

Why?

Because the lady next door has given hers to her cook.

Just Like A Man

Hubby: My dear, I have just bought some tickets for the theater.

Wife: Oh thanks! I am afraid we will be late. I will begin to get ready right off.

Hubby: Good! Perhaps we may be on time this time. These tickets are for tomorrow night.

Tell me why you frequent the society of professors and lecturers so much.

Why! The doctor ordered me to live in dry atmosphere all I could.

A. You know it is intelligence that forms the riches of man.

B. Don't let that grieve you. Poverty is no disgrace.

No German torpedoes have been discovered in the reservoir yet.

Commandments for French I.

I. Thou shalt not wake thy neighbor.

II. Thou shalt pass the waste-basket when thy neighbor has bits of paper on his desk.

III. Thou shalt lend thy neighbor helping words.

IV. Thou shalt not occupy thy rivals seat.

V. Thou shalt obey the assistant professor..

(The other five have been broken)

A favored (also favorite) field is Butter-field.

The discussion was about women as ministers.

Student. I wonder if they'd marry people.

R. & R. I'd rather have a man marry me.

There is a small Junior, yclept Kip Who loves thru Ho'ton streets to trip; To the fair Genesee does he hie him in time

To view his initials carved in rock of lime,

Not by fame nor yet by Necromancy's art,

But simply by the magic of his own sweet-Hart

Extra!!!!

One dark evening a short time ago a night session of the Senior Preps was held at Mrs. Philinda Bowen's. The obvious purpose of this council was to expend fifteen cents which had been accumulating in the class treasury for many years. After an exciting debate, as is customary of all senior classes, they resolved to spend this for red cloth (calico?) and this they transformed into neckties for themselves. The neckties are a dazzling, brilliant and gorgeous crimson—very detrimental to people with weak eyesight.

There is however one redeeming feature—some hyroglyphics in white cotton thread. Some are of the opinion that this stands for 15c. the amount paid for them; others say that it should be translated 'is. This latter solution would explain why the girls

wear them but the inscription on the boys'ties should read 'ers (English pronunciation). A candy pull was also enjoyed and in fact was considered a success for it saved Mr. — a dentist bill.

We all hope that the seniors will soon resume their natural size, in the meantime, they should guard those red ties against the raids of the juniors.—Reporter.

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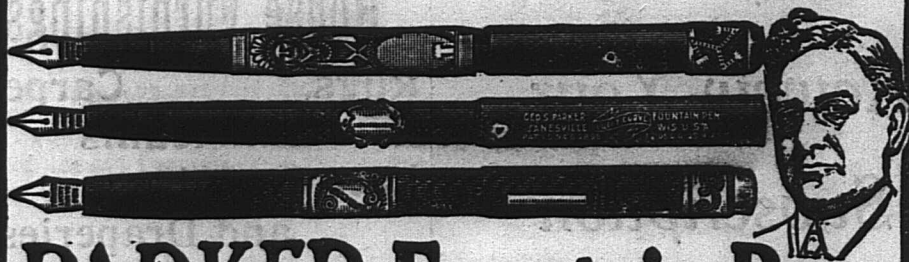
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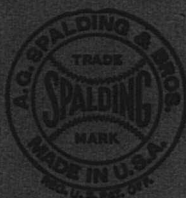
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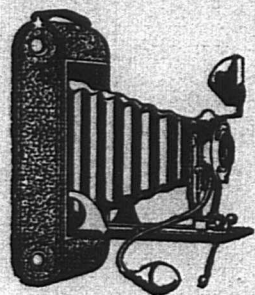
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