

Isabelle Stebbins

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— THE —

Houghton Star

Christmas Number.

DECEMBER, 1912.

Volume V.

Number Three

Karl-Spindler-Reel Co.

The Ideal X-Mas Store.

Wonderful Display of Holiday Goods for Men and Boys.

With each succeeding year the American people are coming to look upon the useful gift as the only appropriate Yuletide present for wife, son or daughter, husband, sweetheart or friend. And it certainly cannot be denied that that gift, which is of real personal value to the recipient, is the most appreciated. One cannot choose more wisely than by selecting a gift which will be of every day, or at least of occasional use. We mention just a few of the many appropriate X-mas Gifts to be found here :

Bath Robes, \$3.98 to \$8.00	Silk Hose, 50c
House Coats, \$4.00 to \$8.00	Suit Cases and Bags, \$2.50 to \$15.00
Sweater Coats, \$1.00 to \$8.00	Overcoats, \$10 to \$35
Gloves, 50c to \$3.00	Suits, \$10 to \$30
Guaranteed Hose, per Box, \$1.00	Fancy Sets, of endless variety, 50c to \$3

This store is, without a doubt, one of the Largest and Most Progressive of any of its kind in Southwestern New York, and is now prepared, in the most extensive way, to take care of your needs.

Every Thing For Man Or Boy.

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154 N. Union St.,

OLEAN, N. Y.

We allow students a discount of 10 per cent on all purchases.

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St. Gabriel's Visit.

Jessie K. Benning, '16

It was Christmas time in the year, Nineteen Hundred Twelve when Archangel Gabriel said, "I think I shall pay a visit to the earth at this time and see how the people of that planet are celebrating the birthday of their Saviour. "Michael, would you like to go with me?"

"Surely I would be glad to go. It is now what they would call the day before Christmas. Let us go at once, so we will have plenty of time to visit." Thus saying they immediately took their departure.

On arriving at the place called United States of America, they traveled up and down the streets of its cities. The streets were crowded with loads of pine and hemlock trees, and with loads of packages and boxes of every kind. Great red and green bells dangled from the windows of the homes. The shop-windows were decorated with holly wreaths and red and green chains of paper, and here and there were statues of an old, old man with a white beard dressed in a red coat and cap trimmed with white fur. Often its arms were loaded with parcels and bundles.

As St. Gabriel and St. Michael were edging along the streets of one of the principal cities of the United States, they noticed that a continual stream of people was rushing onward toward one of the largest stores.

"Let us see what attracts everyone here. Perhaps this is where these people are telling of the wonderful love of God and his sacrifice in sending His Son to redeem them. Come, Gabriel, let us enter and hear

them tell of the Holy Babe's birth which they are now commemorating." Thus spake the Angel Michael.

They followed the crowd into the store where beautiful toys, playthings, books and wearing apparel of every kind were displayed. They stood still in astonishment for there in the rear stood a huge statue like the smaller ones seen in other shop windows. It stood fully twenty-five feet high, for indeed it loomed up through an opening in the ceiling far into the next floor. Its arms were filled with toys and packages innumerable. The pockets of its great fur trimmed coat were bulging with dolls, sleds, guns, horns, balls, bats and packages of all sizes and descriptions. Men, women and children gazed in admiration. Our angel friends looked first at the wonderful figure before them, then into the faces at its feet.

"Michael" whispered Gabriel, "that isn't a true representation of the Saviour who came to these people nearly two thousand years ago, but look how respectful and reverent these faces are who gaze at this figure. I can't understand what these toys mean, but it must be that the inhabitants of this world mean this statue to represent their Saviour. They could show no such love or respect to any other." "I don't know" replied Michael, doubtfully, "let us go farther. Let us visit some of the homes."

They left the business part of the city and entered the home of a well-to-do man. The children were gathered with their parents about the fire. There were three, a boy and two beautiful little girls. Their aunt had just arrived to spend her vacation with them. She said to the little boy, "Lawrence, what do you

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want Santa Claus to bring you this year?"

"Oh, auntie, I wrote to ask him to bring me a real live pony and a cart—"

"Oh, auntie, I want Santa to give me a big doll which can talk," interrupted one of the girls.

"Come" whispered St. Michael, "this has nothing to do with His birthday."

They now entered a home in a less aristocratic part of the city. There the children were hanging their stockings under the mantel. "I wonder," thought St. Gabriel, "if they can tell me of Jesus."

"Little boy," he said approaching one of the children, "can you tell me whose birthday is tomorrow?"

"I don't know," replied the child, "tomorrow's when Santa Claus brings good boys and girls all sorts of beautiful things—Oh, I think my Sunday School teacher did say that it would be Christ's birthday, but I don't know what that has to do with dear old Santa."

Sad and discouraged both angels turned to go. They wandered listlessly down to the poorest parts of the city. "No doubt we will see nothing here to show us that Christ's birthday is truly appreciated, but let us see," said St. Michael. They entered. There sat a mother surrounded by two children. The room was barely furnished but as neat and clean as possible. The children were simply clad. They were gazing intently into the shining eyes of the mother as she talked intently to them. "Let us see," said Michael, "what the mother is saying." They drew near and Oh, what joy lit up the faces of the angels as they heard the mother tell of the birth of the Saviour, and His purpose in coming into the world.

"Children," she said, "this is why we keep Christmas. God gave us his most precious gift, so we give gifts to our friends at this time, but children dear, never forget the real Gift of Christmas."

As the mother paused, St. Gabriel said warmly, "Blessed art thou, oh

woman!" And the angels disappeared.

"Surely Christ's birthday will be rightly celebrated at a Sunday School entertainment," thought the angels, so they entered the church. It was beautifully decorated with a handsome hemlock tree which glittered with gay trimmings and gifts. The walls were decorated with holly wreaths. The back ground for the pulpit was a beautiful mantel and fireplace. St. Michael gasped. The superintendent arose and announced an anthem. It told of the birth of a babe in a manger years ago. The story was then also read from the Bible. The angels' faces shone. Then one recitation after another was given with occasionally a dialogue or a song mixed in. The faces of the angels grew sad and exceedingly perplexed again, for nearly all of these told of a Santa Claus in a reindeer sled, an automobile or an airship.

After some time there was a general excitement over the whole room. The children's faces gleamed with joy. Everyone was at a point of expectation. The arch angels were disheartened. There was a sound of merry bells, a bustle and an old man with a long beard dressed in a fur-trimmed red hood and cloak came hurriedly up the aisle. His arms were overflowing with parcels. The children gasped, "Dear old Santa!" and surrounded him, their eyes turned toward him in admiration and expectancy.

"Oh, Michael," stammered St. Gabriel, "I am so bewildered. I can't understand all this. Let us go back home."

"I don't either," Michael replied, "I shall never spend a day on the earth at Christmas time again." Slowly and exceedingly sorrowful they wended their way back.

Life is an arrow—therefore you must know

What mark to aim at, how to use the bow

Then draw it to the head and let it go! —VanDyke.

A Paper Without a Name

(The following unnamed paper was found in the pocket of an old man who was killed in the wreck of the Empire State Express, June 15, 1960. The terribly disfigured condition of his face and the lack of anything in his possession, giving his name, makes it impossible for us to tell who he was, but it is probable from the paper and from what we know about the history of the classes that he was a member of the famous class of 1915. Editor.)

Everyone laughs at the Chinese because they turn things up-side-down. Perhaps there is some reason for calling those foreign people twisted. But if there were any way by which the Chinese could change our lives so that our school days would come last instead of first, I should feel like calling them the wisest people in all God's creation. It is now more than forty years since I was graduated from Houghton College but every day since then I have wished that it were possible for me to regain all I lost during my school days which I might have saved, if I had known better. I certainly believe that, if one should live to be a hundred years old and if the unthinkable situation could be thinkable that he might then take his school work and have it count him full service on his past life, that man's life would be far stronger than the life of any other man living. This belief I base on the assumption that, if one could see his whole life and could realize how much he would need training, he would use his opportunities much better than he does.

I wish I could think that boys and girls now were getting more out of their school life than I got, but I fear some of them are not. There is a little good reason and a whole lot of poor reason for this condition. The good reason is that it is impossible for any youth to see his whole life and therefore impossible for him to know just how to pre-

pare himself. The poor reason is that youths in school often forget the responsibilities of future life and therefore never think of improving every opportunity to prepare for those responsibilities.

There are several classes of these forgetful youths. One class is composed of those who care for nothing in school but fun. They spend hours and hours at games, but only minutes at their books. They work hard enough, but they work at the wrong thing and therefore they lose the best opportunities. Another class is composed of the lazy, careless ones. They will not work. They positively do not care whether they pass their examinations or not. Of course they get nothing out of school and are completely defeated when they meet life. A third class is composed of self-centered youths—those who seldom think of anyone around them and particularly who never think of their Creator. If it is true that a man is strong in proportion to the strength of his friendships, then it must be that those self-centered youths whose souls never expand enough to make any of the hundreds of friendships they might make in school have lost a large part of their preparation and must in some degree fail to meet life as they might meet it with a host of friends. But it is particularly those who in their school days fail to enter into friendship with their Creator that lose the most in their preparation for life. He who said that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom means that the youth who leaves God out of his preparation must fail miserably in meeting life as he ought.

The result of some degree of failure in preparation I have felt in my own life and have seen very general in the lives of many who were my classmates at Houghton. One fellow who simply would not work in school is digging ditch at \$1.25, if he happens to be so fortunate as to get a job. He could have a steady job with several times that wages, if he had worked. Several who were

at Houghton while I was there are doing absolutely nothing today but laying up money for themselves. They are failures as far as that which is highest and noblest is concerned because they are of no service to any one around them. They have no friends because they never became a friend to any one else. They are specially weak because of the lack of friendship with God.

But there is a brighter side to the matter. There are some—I believe many—who, though they could not see all of life, yet guided by the Omniscient One, made such a preparation in school that they have succeeded in everything they have undertaken. They are the ones who played for necessary recreation, but who made it their business to study; they are the ones who slept what they needed to, and who rested their minds when they were very tired, but who worked the rest of the time; they are the ones who were friends to everybody and particularly and intimately to God.

Perhaps the Chinese are altogether wrong in twisting things around as they do. But if we could live our lives first and then prepare for life afterwards, I have an idea that our preparation would in many cases be far more thorough than it is. I am sure that after sixty-five years of experience, I should make a far more thorough preparation while I had opportunity.

A Vacation For Our President

Pres. Luckey has always been intensely interested in Sunday School work and thus it has come about that his friends are working to send him to the World's Sunday School Convention at Zurich, in July, 1913. The Sunday School Times Company will pay all necessary expenses of a trip to Zurich for any person who secures 675 new subscriptions to the Sunday School Times. The usual club rate of \$1.00 per copy is given.

The "Wesleyan Methodist" and several of the local papers have

generously opened their columns for the work. All the pastors of the Wesleyan church and those of other denominations near Houghton, the Sunday School Superintendents of this vicinity and the students and alumni of the school have been appealed to for assistance. If any reader of "The Star" should not be included in the above, he may consider this a personal invitation to co-operate in the enterprise.

President Luckey certainly deserves all we can do for him. As has been said in our Chapel, he has had nothing more closely resembling a vacation since he took up his work at Houghton than two weeks at summer school last year. But a eulogy of our President is hardly necessary. His scholarship, character and sterling worth are apparent to everyone who has met him.

All who are even in the least interested in Houghton or in her President have here a simple and effective way of showing it. Sample copies, order blanks and any information may be had of Professor R. E. Rindfusz, Houghton, New York. G. T. M.

Social Doings.

One of the greater benefits claimed for the large universities over the small college is their social activity. Whether this is an advantage or a detriment, I am unprepared to say, but we all know that the skating rink, the ball room, and the fraternity function are unknown to the social life of Houghton. Handicapped (?) by these conditions, however, gay swains and lassies are occasionally allowed to associate and forget their trials and tribulations in the mutual enjoyment of some social function. As usual the gentler sex of course is the life of these adventures which generally may be traced to the inmates of the dormitory. In sooth did ever anyone hear of a member of the sterner sex posing as a queen of society?

Herewith is an account of two of

these erstwhile light escapades as witnessed by two freshmen lads.

'Twas the 23rd of November. Anticipation and expectancy filled the minds of the college girls as they busied themselves with the preparations for the evening. A dainty invitation had been given each of the college boys and this evening at 7:30 they were expected at the dormitory. It was for this event that the preparations had been made, "just for fun" as the invitations read.

The fatal hour drew near. Seven o'clock came and passed. Seven thirty likewise came and passed. The last touch had been given to the final preparation. All was in readiness for the arrival of the boys—but the boys were the one missing detail in plan.

But at last there was a ring at the door. The boys at last! The door was opened and there they stood—but no! There was some mistake. Not the boys were there but a group of sedate dignitaries stylishly attired in Prince Albert coats and cutaway frocks, each wearing a stiff high collar with an elegant bow tie.

What a stately and dignified procession filed gravely into the hall with silk stove-pipe hats and walking sticks much in prominence. No such gathering had been seen in Houghton before, nor will another such be seen for many a day. The spectacle of this evening, it was unanimously agreed, was the most gay and gorgeous social event ever recorded in the annals of Houghton Seminary.

The brilliantly lighted reception room was thronged with figures that might easily have stepped forth from the drawing room of one of New York's most exclusive society circles. There were characters that might have flitted from the realistic realms of romance intermingling with others that we could easily have imagined as just stepping from the pulpit to extend greetings.

For all the airs of importance and dignity exhibited as the gay young knights passed hither and yon about

the room or ceremoniously extracted kerchiefs from the posterior recesses of their coats, everyone had a most sumptuous and enjoyable time.

Ten o'clock came all too soon. The very pleasant means by which the ladies entertained their distinguished company made the time pass very rapidly and soon the time came for the boys to take their departure.

After briefly serenading the ladies from the dormitory steps and giving the Varsity yell, they left the scene of their pleasant entertainment but they will never forget this great social event of Houghton Seminary.

The evening before Thanksgiving was the scene of another notable social conquest when the faculty and students, at the invitation of the women of Houghton Seminary, gathered in the chapel at eight o'clock. Everyone was in good humor and eager with expectation.

Finally the faculty—or was it their apparitions?—straggled in and mounted the stage in a fashion not altogether unfamiliar. After some explanations regarding time by Miss Eastwood, the music was completed. Then the announcements were read. Altho notices were written on both sides, we somehow failed to hear about the regular monthly meeting of the elementary department. After Professor Rindfusz had delivered his justly celebrated annual and Professor Bedford had expatiated on the good points of "our lecture course," Professor Frazier and Professor Smith had their innings and plunged the Psychology class and the debate class respectively into the deepest gloom by their announcements. Miss Thurston then frankly instructed the girls about excuses and Professor Fancher urgently exhorted the third year German students to see "Jim." The roll call was conducted in the usual expeditious manner.

After a short period the faculty meeting took place. I must frankly admit that I never had the honor of seeing that body in session before. However, their field covers a large scope. For instance, when one peti-

tion was being read, one august member, judging, I suppose, from its amplitude thought it a sermon and deliberately went to sleep. They viewed every question from every possible standpoint, and acted with such deliberation that I was reminded of the meetings of the Athenians of old.

It is not my duty, nor my intention to criticise, but I do believe that there was an excess of laughter from the rear seats. Fellow students, let me entreat you to have respect ever for the members of our faculty.

After this meeting, we marched around the chapel until we were dizzy and thence descended to the library. Here we chatted, played games and had refreshments. Then we sang the Alma Mater and escaped.

The verdict was an enjoyable time.

The Experiences of a Day.

You would hardly have suspected, the inward feelings of that company of boys and girls, lads and lasses, men and coeds, by whatever appellation I shall designate them, which on the beautiful balmy morning of November the eleventh started away from a place which is really on the map.

The party, numbering, if my memory serves me correctly, fourteen, reached the city of Olean about on schedule time, slightly after noon. Having been previously warned that we would not be allowed to straggle, and being naturally disposed to obedience, in due time we arrived at the station of a suburban electric line.

After the party with all its members intact had been hustled into the right car, the man who seemed to lead the party grew communicative. Evidently he had been here before. He showed the hills we must climb by spiral winds and twists. He pointed out the structure of the hills and inferred by guarded looks and words that the objective point of our captivity was at no great distance.

After we had ridden until we reach-

ed the summit of the hill and circled around upon it somewhat, the car stopped. Our leader led us quickly out, and turned us loose inside an enclosed field. Then there was bustle, hurry and confusion. We saw all around us the evidences of the hand of man, on this hilltop, in these woods, away from the accustomed haunts of men. Walks were here, some houses, an apology for a store, a pavillion and evidences of previous crowds.

We followed the main path back into the grove. Presently we came upon a broad tableland of rock. As we hurried across we noticed numerous fissures. Peering down, we saw they extended many feet in depth altho being sometimes only two or three feet in breadth. Man had been here before also. He had built for us stairs and into some of these fissures we descended.

No longer were we closely scrutinized. We were turned loose. Backwards and forwards through these fissures we ran and then on and on, constantly descending until we were on the edge of a V shaped valley. No longer were we in narrow fissures. We were upon the valley's slope. Here and there around us tall mammoth rocks towered to what seemed to us a dizzy height.

We circled around looking for a place to ascend. A place prepared by nature allowed us to climb perhaps half way. Here a ledge afforded a resting place. By wriggling cautiously around, the more venturesome succeeded in reaching the top. Exultingly we gazed around upon the unaccustomed sights.

Upon our descent we were grouped together and our attention was directed to the formation of the rocks. We are caused to note the jointing planes, the trees clinging where there seemed to be no earth, and the structure of the rock which we were told was quartzitic conglomerate formed centuries ago under water. We saw the rock breaking down into soil and weathered by wind and precipitation. But oh how slowly. The majesty and grandeur of those silent messengers of ages past could not

but prove inspiring. They spoke through Nature of Nature's God.

Yet we could not remain here long to feast upon these beauties. The time soon came when we had to depart. Still, strange to relate, another treat was in store for us. It had somehow occurred that on this particular night a celebrated violinist, Mr. Hartmann by name, was to appear in Olean.

The rest in synopsis form is soon told. We attended the concert, and truly enjoyed it. During the evening none of us had any fatal misfortunes. After entering the land of dreams for the allotted time, we early the next morning journeyed together back to our accustomed haunts. Some weeks have since elapsed. During this time my ears have been intently open, yet I have not heard even the slightest rumor of disapproval from any number of the Geology class because of that day's captivity at Rock City. W. L. F. '16.

"Why?"

Well has it been said that we are sure of but two things down here below—death and taxes; also the laws of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. These two statements, true as they are, only tend to prove the unstableness of us and ours during the short cycle which we prize as life.

Many times our greatest changes are worked out by the slightest causes. Oftimes the merest incidents may change the course of human events into quite another channel. Did not a spider once change the history of the land of Robert Bruce? Did not a cow cause the burning of the city of Chicago? Who knows perhaps had it not been for a shining new hatchet, our own much loved land of liberty might have been an orphan or at least the offspring of a prevaricator.

Be that as it may! Who could have thought—could anyone have dreamed that the tranquil atmosphere of quaint old Houghton could be changed by the vain frivolities that oftimes descend to disturb the outer world?

What has become of that discouraged melancholy look that illustrated the words of every student only a few days ago? The shades of oppression and pessimism have been drawn. Now we see everyone wearing the glad smile that betokens a merry heart. Dainty dormitory dames tread as lightly and chat as gaily as if it were the month of May. No longer do the college boys look with disdain upon the preps. All is peace and serenity. No spiteful glances are passed from the rival factions of the base ball diamond. From the highest to the lowest, all unite in merry sport to kick the football about the campus.

Even the grave professors no longer pierce us with that fear dispensing glance that was formerly the terror of our labors and the despoiler of our revelry. We are now greeted with the nod of good fellowship as we are told that the reservoir runneth over with the purest of the pure.

Surely these are changing times in Houghton. What can be the cause? To whom may we look to blame or praise? Can it be the nearness of Christmas, or are we growing better as we grow older?

Nay! Nay! There can be but one answer. No longer doth the first year prep flaunt Bull Moose or Billy Possuni. Oh, ye democratic times! thou art really, truly with us.

S. B. '16.

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EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

The Houghton Star is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (9 issues) by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary.

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All material for publication should be addressed to the Editor. All other letters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

THE STAR extends to its readers, one and all the old, yet ever new greetings of the joyous Christmas-tide. Since the dawn of that first wondrous Christmas morning which broke with such radiant splendor upon the peaceful Judean hills over nineteen centuries ago, mankind has ever

striven to repeat a part of that ineffable story and to tell of some of its glorious meaning to the world; but words at best are but feeble instruments for expressing the deepest emotions of the soul. We have endeavored to show some of our unutterable appreciation for that priceless boon so freely bestowed upon the human race, by consecrating gifts to one another upon this gladsome day; but gifts after all are only masks of the heart within. The true import of Christmas is to be found, not in the adulation of earthly courts or in the bestowal of lavish favors, but in the humble lives of men.

If our inclinations were to be consulted, much would we prefer to soar in the somewhat nebulous realms of the abstract and never be forced to come back to cold, present realities and talk shop with our readers; but such must ever be the grievous fate of one so unfortunate as to be embarked upon the perilous and highly uncertain seas of journalism. It is not because we hold an over-exaggerated or conceited notion of our own importance and self sufficiency that we have not hitherto acknowledged our dependence upon the good-will and support of our readers, for it is only by preserving a seemingly light hearted exterior that we have been enabled so far to carry off the crushing responsibility of this high office with any semblance of success or assurance. Doubtless even the greenest "cub" on one of our greatest metropolitan periodicals would view our struggling efforts with amused condescension and tolerance to say the

least; but to us the trials and difficulties which confront us loom very real and imposing. But we have this not-to-be-despised advantage over our more brilliant and conspicuous brethren of the literary world—our readers are also the real proprietors of this paper; upon them rests the preponderance of responsibility.

And so, because of this, we feel perfectly free in claiming the fulfillment of these obligations that are rightfully due us. We have nothing very specific to complain of. Very likely the spirit of co-operation is just as pronounced and manifest as ever, but we are firmly convinced that the greatest advancement can never be attained unless that mainspring of all progress be present to a large degree—enthusiasm. Competition in some form or other is sometimes the most effective stimulus we know of to set the wheels of progress in motion. If there were but some method whereby this article could be employed, not only in the submitting of material for publication, but also in the securing of positions on the staff, we are sure that a better paper would be the result. For obvious reasons we would scarcely propose that such a plan be introduced here, although its effectiveness has been very successfully demonstrated elsewhere.

We are confident, however, that wherein our readers have been remiss in anything in the past, they will make ample amends in the future. We are quite sure that the mere payment of your subscription is but the least or rather perhaps but the beginning of your self-imposed duties in this partnership, for above and beyond that an active, intelligent interest in the business itself is demanded. That, possibly, does not sound very incriminating, but if you are unable to think of anything wherein you have been negligent, just sit down and write a little something interesting for the Star while waiting for conviction. It is a veritable red-letter day in the cheerless life of the editor when someone hands in an article unsolicited. The paper can no more run without copy than it can without coin of the realm. Then, if nothing further presents itself to your mind, proffer a few pertinent suggestions or a little word of advice or encouragement for the want of something better to do. The editor, alas, is no more

than human, and a word or two like this spoken in a friendly spirit helps wonderfully at times. Even animadversions are preferable to utter apathy.

But we need continue no further. The wisdom of our readers is unquestioned. We are confident that they have already caught the drift of our plaint, and will nobly come to our relief. We, in turn, as a staff pledge to you our most willing and honest efforts for the greatest growth and improvement within our power, which service is the best anyone can bestow, whether the results prove that fact or not.

The fealty and devotion of all those who name Houghton as their Alma Mater is axiomatic. In fact, the very word HOUGHTON itself is the shibboleth by which the final test of a man's character can be absolutely made. But it is not always that we are required to frame the answer in words, for yet more often it can only be expressed in the language of deeds. And neither is it also every time the greatest deed that is proposed as our ordeal. But for fear that some may become discouraged before they come to the point of these rather obscure remarks, we will say at once that our purpose is merely to direct the attention of our readers to the plan explained elsewhere in this issue for sending President Luckey to Europe for his vacation next summer. We might descant at length upon the obvious excellences of this project and urgently emphasize certain duties in that connection; but, knowing the temper of our readers, we recognize the unprofitableness of such a course, for it is certain that they would no more than have apprised themselves of the article in question than they would act, and then we would be in the distressing position of preaching to empty pews, as it were. Besides that, as we have already indicated, this is one of the second methods of proving our lineage, and above all things we believe in being consistent. We are supremely confident that there will be nothing but the heartiest endorsement and support given this plan by every friend and Alumnus of Houghton Seminary.



ORGANIZATIONS

GRACE B. SLOAN, '15, EDITOR

The Athenian

Several interesting and instructive programs have been rendered since the last report. Space would not permit us to give a full and detailed account of the different parts; therefore only an inadequate treatment of the general character of the meetings can be given. One program devoted to the life and work of Thomas Nelson Page was well rendered and greatly appreciated.

It has been aptly demonstrated that the age of esoteric philosophers is not altogether passed for in one of our recent programs we had the pleasure of listening to a most original and exegetical treatise on the subject, "A New Disease." Mr. Overton, the "Herald of the New Disease" presented in an ideographic portrayal the proclivity of human nature in being carried away by a new idea. In the near future we anticipate a spirited debate upon the subject, Resolved, that all trusts and combinations intended to monopolize industry should be prohibited.

G. B.

Neosophic Society

After its long period of inactivity, the Neosophic Society has again resumed its duties. The first meeting, in fulfillment of prophecy, was a great success.

The society has been doing so well that it has regained sufficient courage to accept the challenge of the Sophaenian society in a debate. Considering the facts, this act might be considered as sheer fool-hardiness on the part of the former. But when we consider that the society has been challenged it is easily to be

seen that the challenge could scarcely be gracefully refused. But no matter to what conclusion a second thought may lead, there is scarcely any way out now. After considerable meditation and thought the subject has not yet been decided upon. Neither has the time been definitely fixed; but it is certain that the debate will occur sometime in the future. Although under a severe nervous strain, the Society still expects to maintain its high standard of programs until after the suspense is over.

R. S.

Sophaenian Society

Since our last report the Sophaenian Society has held but two meetings, owing to various confusions and interruptions. These were very interesting and helpful ones, however, and they showed quite plainly that our girls' society is coming to be a success. There was also our monthly joint Sophaenian and Neosophic meeting held in the college chapel. This was well attended, and the Houghton Orchestra favored us with a selection which added greatly to the success and interest of the program.

We are planning to have our own society room some time this year if possible. This will be quite an undertaking and will be quite expensive also, since we plan to have the partition taken out between two rooms on the top floor of the dormitory, and thus make a splendid assembly room to be used only by our society. We want to furnish it with a rug, chairs, a table, some pictures and banners. There is a piano on this floor at present, used for practicing. We will have the use of this for

our work. We can accomplish this undertaking if the girls will go into it with the vigor and enthusiasm they have shown before. The faculty are heartily co-operating with us in this and so with such support we hope to be able in the near future, to report that this has been undertaken and successfully carried through. G. E. B.

I. P. A.

Although the last issue of the Star was silent regarding the I. P. A., the I. P. A. was far from silent, especially during the campaign. The male quartette, band and some good speakers carried shot and shell into the neighboring hamlets and villages. A meeting was held at Rushford where Rev. Dean Bedford gave a stirring address to an enthusiastic audience and music was furnished by the quartette. At a meeting held at Rush Creek C. Floyd Hester, president of the State I. P. A., also of the Houghton I. P. A. addressed an appreciative audience. The male quartette furnished music for this meeting, also. On another evening a number of the students, the band, and the male quartette went to Hume in a load where Rev. Dean Bedford addressed a large and enthusiastic crowd. The Male quartette also did some campaigning in Steuben the week preceding election. An interesting feature of Election Day in Houghton Seminary was a straw vote in the chapel, the result of which was 83 to 39 for Prohibition.

On the evening of November 25 Mr. C. D. Calvin, who was elected president of the National I. P. A. at Atlantic City in June, held a conference with the officers of the league regarding the outlook of the work and recommending energetic work during this year and the thorough study of the subject of prohibition. He also gave a very interesting address in the Seminary Chapel in which he spoke of the conditions as they exist and the best means of combating this great evil, intemperance.

E. M. H.

Young People's Missionary Society

A very interesting and instructive program was given in the church Tuesday evening, Dec. 3. The subject for study was "China." The geography of the country, the habits and customs of the people, and the ancient religions were fully discussed. What an opportunity there is in the land of the "Rising Sun."

We were very much pleased with the musical part of the program. The duet by Miss Reid and Miss Jones was excellent and the "Second Quartette" will soon be second to none.

Our new president, Miss Yorton, proved her ability as officio and we are looking forward to the next meeting with pleasure. E. A. H.

Mission Study Class

The Mission Study Class has taken up the study of Arthur J. Brown's "Chinese Revolution." Miss Yorton is proving herself a very interesting leader. The class is increasing in size, and all are enjoying the work immensely. G. B. T.



Athletics.

PAUL FALL, '14, EDITOR

Our expectations and hopes for good sport in basket ball certainly have not been subdued, but they have been increased. The basket ball hall is in the best shape it has ever been. We have splendid screens for protecting the windows and we have painted the foul lines and alleys and oiled the floor. We are very desirous to put a stove up soon and hope to get it up before we have any more severe weather.

The Preps have a first and a second team and have played two games. It would not be justice to the amateurs to print the score. Three very close and exciting contests have been held between the Varsity and First Prep team. The Preps have one victory to their credit, the Varsity the other two. We

have had splendid crowds at most of the games and much interest is manifested. Following is the line up of the teams.

Varsity	Position	Preps
Babbitt	R. Forward	Barrett
Frazier	L. Forward	Bristol
Fall	Center	Edgar
Bedford	R Guard	Kaufman
Hazlett	L Guard	Rodgers
30	1st game	21
16	2nd game	19
19	3rd game	10

Girls' Athletics

Most of the girls are realizing the need of a thorough physical training in connection with their daily routine of school work. This is to be

found in playing basket ball. Many girls are taking advantage of this splendid opportunity.

The regular Prep. and Varsity teams will soon be chosen. We have played three games. The second and third were between Prep and Varsity girls. In the second game the score was three to four in favor of the Varsity girls. The score was six to nine in favor of Varsity in the third game.

In the game played Wednesday evening, December fourth, both teams did good work. Although in the main the Preps are smaller than the Varsities they are quick and show signs of becoming good players.

L. J. C.

ALUMNI

MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

'01—Miss Elizabeth Tucker is teaching art in Westchester, Penn.

'02—Miss Florence Yorton has been acting as registrar during the absence of Miss Sperzel.

Miss Viletta Dalrymple is a member of the faculty of Miltonvale Wesleyan College.

'10—Mr. Roy Washbon has a position as bookkeeper with a firm in Elmira, New York.

Mr. Frank Martin is attending college at Mitchell, South Dakota.

'11—Mr. Owen Walton is entered as a Sophomore at Hiram College.

'06—Mrs. Marjorie Jennings-Carnahan and daughter, Margaret, of Appleton, New York are visiting at the home of her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. A. T. Jennings.

Old Students

Mr. Clark Clements, who was graduated from Ogdensburg Academy in 1911, has entered a college in southern Minnesota.

Miss Anna Hayes is teaching in Shawville, Quebec.

From the "University Life" we learned the following of Mr. Alfred Glover, who is attending the University in Wichita. "Captain Red" Glover was the fastest man on the squad and because of his speed made many long gains around end. He showed remarkable headwork at quarter, considering this was his first year in the school of foot ball and engineered the team like an old head at the business. Glover is one of the two men who will be with us next year.

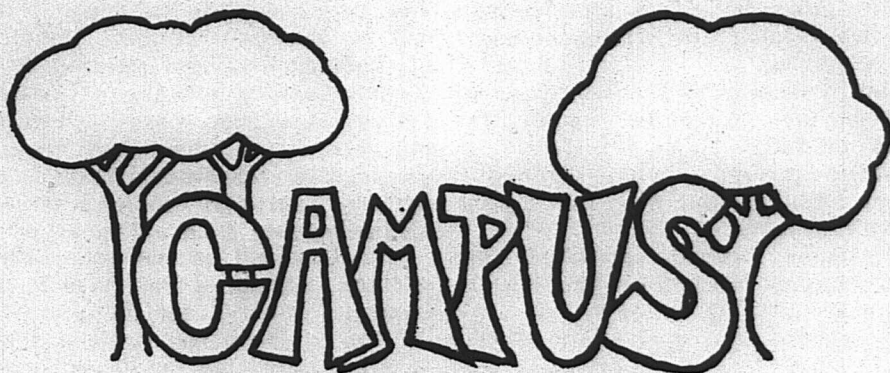
Mr. Asa Wood is a Senior in Ferris Institute in Big Rapids, Michigan.

Miss Florence Seliman is spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith of Brighton, Michigan.

Miss Marjorie Pickup is teaching near her home in Cattaraugus, New York.

Miss Ruth Cheeseman is attending Meridian Ladies' College at Meridian, Mississippi.

Miss Ethel Dowler has a position as bookkeeper in the Wesleyan Methodist Publishing House at Syracuse, New York.



G. TREMAINE MCDOWELL, '15, EDITOR

College Locals

Miss Aurilla Jones has moved from her home on the hill and is now living in the home of Mrs. Daniels.

Edna and Floyd Hester spent Thanksgiving in the home of Miss Blanche Eastwood at Short Tract, New York.

LaRue Bird has been seriously ill with lagrippe.

After spending a few weeks at home Miss Jessie Benning has resumed her college work here.

On Saturday evening, November 23, the college girls entertained the college boys at the Ladies' Hall. To the amazement of the girls the boys appeared with stove-pipe hats, Prince Albert coats and stand up collars. The girls showed themselves fully capable of entertaining such dignitaries and all reported a most enjoyable time.

Miss Sloan's versatility has proved her undoing. The other day she composed in one period a thrilling poem and a request for more work. She, as she supposed, handed the request to Sister Bowen. That lady read the paper and then told Miss Sloan she was a conundrum. When the matter was finally straightened out, it was found that the poem had been handed to Mrs. Bowen and the request for more work to— L. A. M.

Preparatory Notes

Mr. Perrine went home Nov. 6 for a few days to attend his uncle's funeral.

Hazel Hudson, Mildred Jones and

Suessa Dart visited Mabel Parker through the Thanksgiving vacation.

Glenn Sheldon's mother and aunt surprised him by coming to Houghton and spending a few days Thanksgiving week.

Several of the Preparatory students spent a pleasant evening at Professor Coleman's on Nov. 23.

Ethel and Mabel Acher spent Thanksgiving at Oramel with their mother who is nursing there.

Miss Reed spent Thanksgiving at her home in Genesee, Pa.

Dorothy Jennings spent several days with her father and mother at her sister Marjorie's, at Burt, N. Y.

Clarence and Howard Barnett were with their brother in Lockport for Thanksgiving.

We heard reports of a spread held at the Dorm at 6:30 on the evening of Dec. 2.

We have sympathized so long with our little broken hearted College Freshman but lo! One of our Prep. students has presented to him a heart.
E. J. A.

Our Faculty

Professors Rindfusz and Frazier attended the State Teachers' Convention at Buffalo November 25-27.

Miss Kell of Buffalo is visiting at Professor Rindfusz's.

Professor Bedford has commenced revival services in the Wesleyan church at Fillmore.

Professor Fancher was home during the Thanksgiving recess.

Miss Hillpot and Miss Eastwood

visited Miss Cofield, a former Dean of the Women of Houghton over Thanksgiving.

Rev. Coleman held quarterly meeting at the Wesleyan church at Chestnut Ridge, N. Y., Dec. 1.

President Luckey and his family spent Thanksgiving with his brother at Caneadea.

Professor Bedford preached the Thanksgiving sermon in the Houghton church. G. T. M.

Musical Notes

The Male Quartet is assisting Professor Bedford in revival services at Fillmore.

The Concert given by members of the instrumental and vocal departments was a decided success. The proceeds amounted to nearly twenty-five dollars which goes to buy song books for the chapel.

A second male quartet has been organized in the school with Messrs. McMillan, Kauffman, Whitaker and Edgar as its members. This quartet made its first appearance at the December meeting of the Young People's Missionary Society. They sang well and have already won a good reputation. E. M. S

Miscellaneous

November 20, the men of Houghton again wielded pick and shovel and covered the pipes and filled the ditch dug on that historic occasion, the last two days of last October. Some one has figured the length of the ditch to be 4650 feet. The girls prepared another very satisfying dinner and the Educational Society gave twenty dollars for the Athletic Association and a half holiday for everybody.

Professor Rindfusz's Geology class and a few friends of the same made a trip to Rock City November 10. Sixteen from Houghton were present that night at Olean to hear Arthur Hartmann.

Aunt Sade, otherwise known as Mrs. Sarah Rogers, visited at the Dorm for a few days in November.

Thanksgiving week was a busy one.

The music department gave a concert on Monday evening. The I. P. A. National President lectured in the chapel Tuesday evening. Wednesday evening the girls entertained the boys at the Seminary. On the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, spreads, eats and assorted stunts kept us from melancholia.

Mrs. Cox and her daughter, Edna, and son, Harold, accompanied by Mr. Davis left Dec. 3, for their home in W. Va. to spend the Christmas holidays. There is a suspicion that wedding bells will also add their chimes to the Yule-tide festivities.

G. T. M.



Exchanges

W. LaVay Fancher, '15, Editor.

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.—Homer.

With sincerity we can respond to the above quotation as we inspect our monthly exchange pile. We this month welcome some new productions. We fail to find some which were here before. It is with pleasure that we greet the organs of literary expression compiled by enthusiastic students from near and far. These publications can not help but make a wider publicity for the organizations from which they come—yea more—they reveal the character and ideals of the contributors and through them reflect the spirit of the school. It is our best means of becoming acquainted.

Friendship endangers confidence. Let me whisper—"Exchanges, your enthusiasm and businesslike methods captivate us. Your errors caution us. Your examples of success inspire us. Let's boost—ourselves? of course and others."

We note the following papers on our list with no exchange department:

Cazenovian, Cazenovia, N. Y.
Visalia High School, Visalia, Cal.
University Life, Wichita, Kan.

Ogdensburg Academy, Ogdensburg,
N. Y.

Griffith Institute Echo, Spring-
ville, N. Y.

Walking Leaf, Montour Falls, N.
Y.

It made our egotistical breast
swell somewhat higher to be men-
tioned or commented upon in the
last issues of—

The Hermonite, Mt. Hermon, Mass.

The Budget, Lawrence High School.
Miltonvale Monitor.

Rapid Son.

We have the following new ex-
changes this month—

Ogdensburg Academy.

Collegian.

University Life.

High School Recorder.

Cazenovian.

Walking Leaf.

Griffith Institute Echo.

Read upside down.—Exchange.

Flashy Soph—Who was the small-
est man in history?

Terror Stricken Fresh—Can't tell.

F. S.—Why the Roman soldier
who slept on his watch, of course. Ex.

The rain falleth alike

Upon the just and unjust feller

But mostly on the just

Because the unjust

Has the just's umbreller.



C. BELLE RUSSELL, '14, EDITOR

Acrobatic stunts did Coleman

Diving down his cellar stairs

Yet he did it with all rev'rence

Snatching time to say his prayers.

All that kept poor Prof from having

Bumps like squashes on his head

Was his fervent, earnest pleading

—"Help a fellow, Lord!" he said.

"Did you have a nice time at Can-
eadea Gorge, Miss —?"

"Yes, indeed, perfectly gorge-ous!"

Professor Frazier—"I knew a man
who used to sit down and read from
Dickens before going into the pulpit
to preach."

Profane Student—"Then he must
have preached like the Dickens!"

How graciously we overlook in
others the faults that we recognize
in ourselves and how mercilessly we
censure them for yielding to the
sins that never made a strong ap-
peal to us.—Adapted.

I stood upon the hill top

And looked adown the plain

Where were a lot of green things

That looked like waving grain.

I moved to get a closer view

But thought it must be grass

When to my sad amazement

I saw the freshman class!

—Submitted.

Professor Coleman—"Who was Nico-
demus, what did Christ say to him,
and what was the significance of
this?"

B— B— "Nicodemus was a very
wicked man possessed of devils, who
kept following after Christ that he
might be healed. At first the Mas-
ter paid no heed, but finally because
of his importunity, he healed him.
The significance of this is 'Perse-
verance has its reward.' "

Notice to Dorm Girls! On page 875
of The Dormitory Rules, statute num-
ber 31,220, please observe the follow-

ing: "The girls who come in on the 10:30 train must turn off the gas and put out the Kat."

We sympathize deeply with the embarrassment of the gallant young Prep who found himself in a most gruesome dilemma on the night of the concert owing to a similarity in the names of two dorm girls and a misunderstanding on the part of the dean's sub.

"Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them—but not for love."—Shakespeare.

Bob wished to be bald headed
A strange whim for a Soph
—'Twould help in his portrayal
Of Houghton's youngest Prof!
But Bob was blessed by nature
With bristles thick and tall
And so he tried Molasses
To make his spear points fall.

A round white crown of paper
Was plastered on his head.
—"Most bald heads do not wrinkle
In folds so deep!" he said;
So off it came, and talcum
Was floured on top the sweet
('Twas lickin' good, but tongues are
short

From off one's head to eat!)
Like dear old Father Christmas
His locks were white as snow,
A young old man—rare vision
'Mong mortals here below.
But sad to say, too modest
Was Bob to thus appear
And Houghton missed a marvel
Whose like was never here!

"Accuse not Nature: She hath
done her part; Do thou but thine."—
Milton.

Perhaps Mr. Capen's next petition
to the faculty will begin: "May I
change my name to Boaz?"

First class Drssmaking

AND GENERAL SEWING

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Mrs. Herbert W. Francis,
Houghton, N. Y.

Announcement

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, whose advertisement appears in this paper, makes an offer that is well worth the consideration of every High School student in the state. Under this offer, five scholarships are open to male graduates of secondary schools under the Board of Regents of New York State.

Each scholarship entitles a student to free tuition for the course of four years. As the tuition is \$205 a year, the scholarship will be worth \$820.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was founded in 1824, and is said to be the oldest school of its kind in any English speaking country. Its buildings are ideal, and its laboratories are splendidly equipped with the most up-to-date machines and apparatus. Efficiency of instruction and the consequent success of her graduates have won for this institution a most enviable reputation. A scholarship in this school is surely worth striving for.

If you are interested, further information will be furnished upon application to the Director of the Institute.

Kellogg's Studios

Will be open as follows:

Fillmore	Belmont	Rushford
Friday	Saturday	Monday
Dec. 27	28	

Cuba all other dates.

P. H. KELLOGG.

J. A. LOCKWOOD

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Hosiery, Traveling Bags,
Suit Cases, Trunks, Gloves
Sweaters, Bath Robes,
Mufflers, Underwear, Etc.

We are showing an endless variety of Ladies' and Misses' Handkerchiefs, separate or put up in X-mas Boxes.

J. V. JENNINGS, Belfast, N. Y.
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Ladies' and Gents'
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CUBA, N. Y.

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Hats, Velvets, Fan-
cies, and Trim-
mings.**

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\$150 Sets,	Sale Price	\$112.50
\$120 Sets,	Sale Price	\$ 90.00
\$100 Sets,	Sale Price	\$ 75.00
\$ 80 Sets,	sell at	\$ 60.00
\$ 60 Sets,	sell at	\$ 45.00
\$ 40 Sets,	sell at	\$ 30.00
\$ 30 Sets,	sell at	\$ 22.50
\$ 25 Sets,	sell at	\$ 18.75
\$ 20 Sets,	sell at	\$ 15.00
\$ 18 Sets,	sell at	\$ 13.50
\$ 15 Sets,	sell at	\$ 11.25
\$ 12 Sets,	sell at	\$ 9.00

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