

Mid-term Exams
Begin
March 29

The Houghton Star

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Your Guidebook
Today?

VOLUME XVIII

HOUGHTON, N. Y., MARCH 26, 1926

NUMBER 23

Supper-Basketball-Feed

Juniors Defeat "Battling Bishops". Girls Lose

The basketball game Friday night between the Theologs and the Juniors was not the only memorable feature of the evening for the latter. The members of the Junior girls team participated in a most delightful supper at the home of Doris Neal. Although "Ikey" ate somewhat longer than the rest, we are inclined to think that in no way, did the fact impede her strenuous work on the gym floor.

Although the Junior girls met defeat from the Theologs, good work was manifested on both sides. Some of the players were making their debut in the basketball world, and judging from what we saw that night, we believe we have a right to expect great things from them in the future. Luella Roth was seen to be an excellent forward, among the Juniors, "Ikey" Driscoll manifested her usual efficiency.

The game between the Junior Boys and the "Battling Bishops" was very enjoyable. The "Bishops" surely battled hard, starting in at a very rapid pace. They exhibited good work and lively action, but were finally defeated with a high score.

After such strenuous labor, both the Junior players and those who did not play were well prepared for the "feed" which met their eyes soon after they reached the home of "Dot" Long. Singing, games and flashlight pictures made the rest of the evening very enjoyable.

Welcome!

To a Y. M. W. B. Meeting next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock in the church. A returned missionary from Africa will speak upon that country with the aid of an African village, including native huts, palm trees, and the villagers, and innumerable things grown, made, and worn by the natives themselves to illustrate African life and activity. This knowledge comes first handed. The children will enjoy it, but so will you. Encourage the children by showing your interest in their Y. M. W. B. by your presence.

Musical Program in Society

Those who attended Athenian Society Monday evening made a very pleasant discovery—the Athenians, just as had their namesakes of old, have in their midst a large amount of talent. The program, which was entirely a musical one, displayed a number of talented musicians. The first number, a trombone solo by Mr. Clegg with Mr. French as accompanist, was very heartily received. Misses Austin and Ruth Williams then sang "In the Garden of My Heart" with splendid expression and ability. The plaintive melody of Godard's "Berceuse" was rendered especially appealing as played by Mr. Kluzitt on his 'cello.

The opportunity for instruction and culture afforded by these programs is of inestimable value. The Athenian programs have been truly worth while.

Influence of the Past

Tuesday, Professor Molyneux brought to our attention the fact that "Man must learn to continually humble himself if he is to be exalted". The man who, next to Jesus, lived by this precept was Francis of Assisi.

Although St. Francis has been dead over seven hundred years, the influence of his saintly life is still felt in the world. Wherever there are people who have a knowledge of the early Christian Church there is a knowledge of this "most joyous" monk, whom to know is to love.

The pure and holy love between St. Francis and Lady Clare was above the touch of scandal. It was of that kind which all true Christians should manifest to the world.

Although St. Francis did much for the Church and for humanity in general, we cherish him equally as much as a lover of nature.

Prof. Ries to Give Chapel Talk

Next Tuesday Professor Claude A. Ries of our Theological department will speak in chapel on the subject: "The Scientific Basis of Misunderstanding." In all social relations this infirmity of the human race, misunderstanding, plays a prominent part. Do not let attending examinations persuade you to take a chapel "cut" on that day.

An Evening with God

The leader, Wilbur Clark, compared prayer meeting to a coaling station which would give us spiritual blessings to last us from one week to the next. Hebrews 4:8 may be either a promise or a cause of unrest to any person according to their position before God.

We, as students, (and the whole American nation can be classed with us) are in too much of a hurry to get nowhere in particular. If, sometime as we rush frantically from our rooms, we would stop on the stairs and return for a season of prayer, we would go forth strengthened to serve God and one another. Then we could say, "I know God is living because He just talked with me." Don't forget that "when the outlook is dark, try the uplook" is good philosophy.

Many times the blessing of God was sought on the behalf of the faculty. That is the prayer of all Christians here. May the Lord bless each one.

Pictures

From a few well-chosen reproductions of works of art Mrs. Smith gave us an interesting chapel talk last Friday. The painters represented were Dutch, French, and English.

It is impossible to choose the most beautiful picture or to say which one was described the best. The scenes were all of the kind which may be viewed in the various countries of Europe today, unless perhaps it be Turner's picture of the once-famous ship which led the British squadron to victory at the battle of Trafalgar, burning on the River Thames. To heighten the effect of color which Turner enjoyed, the picture represents the sun setting at the same time.

Rembrandt's picture "The Cloth Merchants" is a mute testimony to the fact that for three hundred years amid much change in the boundaries of European countries, the hands of untaught soldiery left real art unharmed.

Mrs. Smith pointed out some quite unimportant but interesting details in Constable's picture of "The Cornfield".

Millet's representation of the "Church at Greville" arouses memories in the minds of many of the time when they first took their stand for God, or first took communion. This church at

Sequel to Game

As a supplement to the basketball game Friday night, the theologs enjoyed a social good time in the vocal studio. While the coffee was in preparation, our dignified "battling bishops" engaged in the absorbing game of "gossip". The "eats" were then distributed and consumed with very evident relish. After the lunch a program was presented. Mr. Mann and Mr. Enty favored with vocal solos. Mr. Van Wormer with his usual wit described some humorous incidents in his war experiences. His graphic account of the difficulties of one of the wounded (?) recruits encountered in getting to the hospital was especially amusing. On account of the lateness of the hour, the program was necessarily made short. At Professor Wright's announcement that the time for departure had come, the theologs reluctantly left for home.

Are We Dead?

Oh! they're green. This remark is often made in speaking of the Freshmen, but this is the sign that they are growing, and there's still hope.

In spite of their greenness, faults, and supposed-to-be deadness, a splendid program was given by the Freshman class of the high school Monday evening.

After devotionals by Mr. Smiley, a clever chorus was sung by the class followed by a story of "The Crow Boy" by Willard Smith. Margaret Loftis, in her sweet voice manner, sang "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" and "Smilin' Thru". A very amusing poem, "Towser Shall be Tied Tonight" was read by Roma Lapham, after which Mae McLaughlin's solos "A Perfect Day" and "O-Sole-Mio" were rendered in an unusually pleasing way.

The President of the Class then gave a speech in which the true value of the Freshmen was revealed. This was followed by two very enthusiastic cheers for the "Frosh". Truly this was the end of a perfect day.

Greville was to Millet what a certain little white church is to many of us, for it was here that he was baptized.

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Editorial

Present Day Chivalry

Many are the school boy's dreams of deeds of chivalry. During a certain period of his life the tales of knight-hood strike a strange response in his breast. How his ambitions rise in his desire for some extraordinary occasion in which he may demonstrate to the world (and to some fair lady) that he is chivalrous—noble, a real gentleman. Never, do I believe, does this spirit of youth ever die, unless with years come prejudice and bitterness of life. Even then, the fond hope of being a "Sidney Carton" often illuminates a darkened life of sin.

As in the age of chivalry, so now, the great opportunities for showing true worth of character are overlooked. Gentleness and courtesy are Christian virtues. A life disciplined by the Holy Spirit will be productive of regard for the feelings of others.

We have taken the opportunity recently to refer to the life and character of John Wesley the Founder of Methodism. If he had not lived the life he did, we would not be attending a Wesleyan Methodist college. Our reference to him is to create an appreciative acquaintance of his character and to emphasize a valuable truth.

We quote the following incident from "The Life of John Wesley" by Telford: "Wesley and a preacher of his were once invited to lunch with a gentleman after service. The itinerant was a man

of very plain manners, quite unconscious of the restraints belonging to good society. While talking with their host's daughter, who was remarkable for her beauty, and had been profoundly impressed by Mr. Wesley's preaching, this good man noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal he took hold of the lady's hand, and raising it, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling gems. "What do you think of this, sir," said he, "for a Methodist's hand?" She turned crimson. The question was extremely awkward for Wesley, whose aversion to all display of jewelry was well known. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Lord Chesterfield might have envied. With a quiet benevolent smile, he looked up and simply said, "The hand is very beautiful." The young lady appeared at the evening worship without her jewels, and became a firm and decided Christian.

6325 Palmetto Street, Lawndale
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
March 17, 1926

Editor of Houghton Star,
Dear Sir,

It was with real pleasure that I read the letters of Owen Walton and Mrs. Ray Calhoun, good friends of other days. I ought to be washing dishes this minute, but they will have to wait until I have sent you a few more alumni notes.

Rachel Jones Matthias was here Saturday evening with her two big boys and her husband. She lives at Haddon Heights, New Jersey. Mr. Matthias is Superintendent of the night school for Strayer's Business College, but he makes his money selling oil burners for the new heaters. Rachel has a good position, too, as field demonstrator for the Maltop Co. She drives an Olds car.

Ethel May Smiley lives at 1333 Pine Street, Boulder, Colorado, with her two sisters. She teaches in the high school of this Rocky Mountain town and spends the summers in a cabin sheltered by pines amid God's glorious mountains.

Harriet Meeker is head of the English department at Fort Lee. She has two assistants, a master's degree and a splendid record. Olive is an osteopath with a practice not far from Succasunna, New Jersey. She is doing well, too.

Ray Russell lives at Homestead, Florida, thirty miles from Miami. His business card reads: P. R. Russell and Company, Accountants Attorneys Income Tax and General Accounting,

Real Estate Transactions correctly handled. He is married and has three healthy, good-looking babies brought up according to Doctor Holt.

Arthur Russell lives in Brooklyn. He is a government employee, and handles mail at the Grand Central Terminal, New York City. His family consists of one wife and one small, mischievous daughter.

I am married and have two babies. Richard's favorite song is "More Grandma's cookies, Amen!" Sister is so pink and white and dimpled and delicious that my cannibal impulses prompt me to eat her up.

I like the STAR.

With love to all,

Clara Belle Russell Lang.

I opened my letter to tell you that Mrs. John Capen, nee Miss Milly Paddock is at St. Joseph's Sanitarium, Albuquerque, New Mexico. She has been ill for a year and a half but is improving nicely at present. No doubt she would enjoy hearing from some of her old friends.

(The following poem is another of the noteworthy entries in the Literary Contest.)

Hope

By Wilber Clark

O what! I ask, along life's way,
Does keep souls striving day by day;
And what's in man that he thus tries,
Though oft he fails to gain the prize.

Through sorrow, pain, defeat, and woe,
'Tis hope that keeps him climbing so;
'Tis hope that holds him when it seems
The light has gone with all its beams.

Then give us, God, that hope we pray,
To keep us working while 'tis day;
And when the end at last does come,
May we have hope of Thee and home.

A Tenderfoot on a Ranch

By William Sallberg

The West—who has not heard its subtle calling? A land of great open prairies, of rugged mountains, of natural wonders, and of beautiful scenery, life there must be a joyous adventure. Such is the conventional picture in the mind of the average easterner. Dick and I believed it implicitly—before we went West.

Let youth build its air castles. There is a thrill in making plans, even if they fail to materialize. For months Dick and I had been poring over time-tables and traveler's guides, dreaming won-

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LOCALS

A pair of twins, boy and girl, have arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fancher. They didn't bring much baggage, but they evidently intend to stay.

Mrs. Young is able to be out again after a long illness.

The male quartet sang in Fillmore Sunday evening.

Miss Ruth Warburton spent the week-end at Rushford.

There was a taffy-on-snow party at Long's Saturday evening.

Rickard—(In Hermeneutics class) If there are two expressions I hate, they're "I'm tickled to death" and "I'm crazy about it." If I were crazy, I shouldn't like to admit it.

Prof. Whitaker—Most crazy people don't admit it.

Mrs. John Cott is in Buffalo hospital for a tonsil operation.

Miss Katherine Snyder is ill with the mumps.

Miss Carrie Wells of Belfast who taught in District No. 6 died this morning at her home.

Donald Ferguson, who has been in a Buffalo hospital for diabetes treatment, has returned to school very much improved.

Sacrifice

When he has more than he can eat
To feed a stranger's not a feat.

When he has more than he can spend
It isn't hard to give or lend.

Who gives but what he'll never miss
Will never know what giving is.

He'll win few praises from his Lord
Who does but what he can afford.

The widow's mite to heaven went
Because real sacrifice it meant.

—Edgar A. Guest

A Consecrated Life

I said, "Let me walk in the field."

He said, "No, walk in the town."

I said, "There are no flowers there."

He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black,

There is nothing but noise and din."

And he wept as he sent me back.

"There is more," he said, "There is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun."

He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,

And friends will miss me, they say."

He answered, "Choose tonight

If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.

He said, "Is it hard to decide?

It will not seem so hard in Heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide."

Then into his hand went mine,

And into my heart came He;

And I walk in a light divine,

The path that I feared to see.

—George Macdonald.

Miss Davidson in Greek class—

Is that the meaning of the passage in Ecclesiastes where it says, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill. One shall be taken and the other left?"

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A Tenderfoot on a Ranch

Continued from Page 2

derful dreams meanwhile. We would go West and live. But first we would see the country. Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Falls, the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert, and all of the other famous places that we had read or heard about lay along the route which we had mapped out. The fact that we had very little money did not worry us. We would travel light and work our way.

Accordingly one fine June day found us wandering on the streets of Guthrie, Oklahoma. We were not hampered by excess baggage. One small traveling bag held all our possessions. Neither were we overburdened with cash. The railroads had relieved us of that. To be exact, we did not know where our next meal was coming from. We had applied for work in the oil fields at Tulsa, but Sinclair was more willing to hire "greasers" (Mexicans) than "kids" from the East. Nothing daunted, we struck out for the harvest fields.

Is there a divine Providence that guides the destinies of man? It seemed so in our case. Guthrie is not a harvest center, being too far east for that. Then, as we afterwards learned the usual harvest crews are composed of a rough lot of men, desperate characters who never hesitate to relieve the unwary of his earnings. We were saved from such a fate. Yet here we were in Guthrie, lacking the material resources to go further; hence, desperately in need of work.

As I have said before, it must have been an act of Providence that led us here. It so happened that a rancher living some distance from Guthrie had sent in a call for two harvest hands. When Mr. Traver, the ranchman referred to above, learned who we were, he was reluctant to hire us; but help was scarce, and he decided to give us a trial. In due time we were bumping over the road in a rickety automobile, sharing the back seat with several feed sacks, while Mrs. Traver and the two youngest children of the family occupied the front seat. They were talkative and friendly, which made us glad that the work had been offered us.

We had a chance to observe the country as we rode along. The West is big. In that we were not disappointed. This section of Oklahoma is a rolling prairie, consisting of a series of low-lying hills dotting the landscape like so many mounds. From the summit of any one of these hills, one can see for miles in every direction. The broad fields of golden grain shimmering in the afternoon sunshine presents

a beautiful sight. The soil is a deep red color which, reflecting the rays of the sun, produces a blinding glare. There are no trees except for a few scrub cottonwoods along the creek beds. Most of the streams are dry during the summer months. We pass a few houses, low one-story structures, relics of the first opening of Oklahoma to white settlers. At each house is a cave burrowed in the ground, which caves Mrs. Traver explained are storm cellars. Devastating tornadoes sometimes pass over this region.

Two hours of traveling brought us to the ranch. The house was the typical one-story cottage. Back of it was a huge barn surrounded by corrals. The fields were planted with wheat and oats, now ready for the harvest. That nearest the house had been cut and lay in scattered bundles over the field. Our work was evident enough.

Mr. Traver's chief business was raising and selling mules; but besides this he had about six hundred acres of grain and cotton, and also a fair-sized herd of beef cattle. At the time of our visit at the ranch there were only about thirty head of mules on the place as the most of them had been sold for war service.

To be continued next week.

A judge is a person who makes the witness swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth and then a lawyer is one who prevents him from doing it.

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