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THE

# Houghton Star

JANUARY 1914.



Volume VI

Number Four

Just the Information We Need

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# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. VI

JANUARY, 1914.

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## Nature In Houghton

H. H. Hester, '11

Permit ex-governor Hoch of Kansas to introduce you to the subject of my sketch. In the Topeka Daily Capital for November 12, 1911, Mr. Hoch had this to say: "Houghton, New York is a small seminary town, the seat of the Wesleyan Methodist Seminary, a high-class institution, nestling amid beautiful environments and breathing a wholesome moral atmosphere. The campus is on a remarkable formation, an ample plateau level as a floor, with hills rising abruptly on one side, a valley threaded by a rippling stream on the other and high hills beyond the little valley, making a picturesque setting indeed. My address was in the seminary auditorium, a pretty assembly room, and my audience was exceedingly fine in personnel."

A better setting probably could not be given. One may hardly get from this, however, an impression of a pervasive characteristic in Houghton's natural features, but for one who has spent several years within her confines there is an all-embracing feeling, if he be sensitive at all, that cannot but take possession of his life. You may think it strange such should endow unthinking nature, yet, after all, nothing seems more natural to nature life in Houghton than the spirit of a loyal, royal, yet very common friendship. Such a spirit, to be sure, is not foreign to us in Oberlin. If, perchance, it is not quite so manifest, it may be because there are no pines or hemlocks to whisper it, or high hills to echo it, or silver brook to ripple it, or winding stream to bear it on its rolling tide. Be that as it may, go where you will

within Houghton or into her surroundings, the spirit of friendship is there.

Go up the hill to the terrace whereon the Seminary stands, and some fair morning look across the valley to the hills beyond and watch the sun gently appear, kiss away the fog, lift up the spirits, and pass on. Then look to the other side, to the terraces and tree-clad hills above and near that seem to beckon to their fellows across the stream, while their branching hemlocks whisper, "Welcome" to you. Indeed, as you let your eye wander up the Genesee valley far to the southward and take in the graceful river bends and the silver of its rolling waters reflected in the sunshine, and, too, the far-reaching glaciated-rounded hills as they retreat before you, with their scooped-out glades between, your own spirit would fain reach up and out to answer unto theirs.

Put on now your walking shoes, and let us descend into the valley. What tales this oft-trod hill could tell if it but chose to reveal its secrets. Some say it will even share them with the wise. It could tell, at least, of winter sport when laughing boys and girls enjoy toboggan slides and sled rides down its sides, or the hazel wood near by might tell of lovers' walks within the moonlight enroute for hilltop homes! But the little brook, called Houghton Creek, at the foot of the hill, where it flows beneath the bridge, would have most to say, as, in rippled measure, it yields up the storied song of loitering footsteps on the bridge, and of eyes that read volumes in the crystal waters with their shining, darting, tell-tale minnows below.

But we must hasten, for there is much yet to see and feel. Here we

come to a famous river bend that hides the old swimming-hole with its welcome to lads from far and near; and here and there the blessed spots where the fish awaited our alas too friendly hooks. Then down the road along the old canal we'll go, past the ancient sawmill with its hum, hum, hum, to what is called the cove. This is a snake-like body of water with banks adorned with overhanging cliffs and trees or stretching away into level pasture fields. It was once a part of the river, but in the history of men still living was cut off by a change in the river's course, and now is left as a choice place, when ice is thick and smooth, for lads and lassies gliding to and fro. I recall with what friendly mein the shining ice used to beckon us, especially on starlit nights when the sober dean decreed the hour had come to make for home.

Come southward now to Caneadea Gorge where a small tributary of the river has cut its way through solid rock a hundred feet or more. Nature is more rugged here but inviting, none the less, and quite enchanting. I remember the special liking a slippery stone in the brook at the bottom of that gorge had for me one day. For the rest of our party that stone stayed quiet while they crossed, but alas for one who was given a friendly wetting. However, no ill-will is lurking, and I made up long ago.

I should not fail to tell of a certain three-fold falls in the Genesee some miles north of Houghton. They are noted far for their intrinsic beauty. But to me they speak of more than beauty, with fall answering to fall, and cliff to cliff, and watching pines above. In the spring, on Decoration Day, they are the chief attraction for the youth of Houghton. In truth there is such a draw that one Rindfus once, they say, was barely saved by a nearby hand from pitching headlong over a lofty crag and mingling his bodily elements with the seething foam below. The rushing waters are ever wearing away the hard, resistant rock; but at the foot of the lower

falls a solitary rise of stone called the Sugar Loaf, crowned by moss and a small shrub or two, has well resisted until the seething torrent in evident good will has made friends, and rock and water melt the one into the other, a fair sight, fit subject to engage the thought of two friends seated on the table-rock above.

Space and time would fail me to tell of friendly bosom of the little lake near Houghton and the boats that find repose there and good use in the pleasant days of spring, or of the large and spreading chestnut trees with their lure to outing parties in the fall, or of the trailing arbutus growing on moss-covered knolls and inviting so enchantingly to share its scented nook, or of the strawberries growing wild upon the ground, yet tame withal, and the red raspberries a little higher up, yes and the sweets from maples tall; nor can I detail the glories of those red berries that grow beneath the snow called winter green, the delight of boys and girls as they rove the fields in breaking spring; nor of the storied nooks so dear to many, nor the birds and bird songs that thrill the air and trees. All I can say is, "Some day in verdant spring, 'Come and see,' and Houghton's nature will try to tell you all." Albeit, like other friends worth having, you will have, no doubt somewhat to court her acquaintance. Nevertheless, given the inclination on your part, she will respond from a hundred laughing, friendly eyes and sympathetic voices.

In finality let me say, this spirit of friendship in the Nature of Houghton finds its highest imagery and expression in the spirit of worship that pervades. The pines lead heavenward, the flowers tell of purity, the birds sing of God. All is beautifully symbolized in the sculptured hand upon the church steeple with its finger ever pointing upward, and in the bell within the school bell-tower on the hill, that ever calls to higher duty. No wonder this spirit of worship, which is but a magnified, dignified friendship with



the Highest, takes possession in such large measure of expanding human lives that have been cast in Houghton's midst. Bryant has expressed it well:

"Father Thy hand hath reared these venerable columns,

Thou didst weave this verdant roof,  
Thou didst look down upon the naked earth,  
And forthwith sprang all these fair ranks of trees;  
They in Thy sun budded and shook  
Their green leaves in Thy breeze,  
And shot toward heaven.

The century-living crow, whose birth was in their tops,

Grew old and died among their branches;  
Till at last they stood as now they stand,  
Massy, and tall, and dark, fit shrine  
For humble worshiper to hold  
Communion with His Maker."



## Margaret's Sacrifice.

Margaret Wells walked home from church with a heavy heart. A warm September sun tried to cheer her but she had no spirit to respond. In her heart it was winter. Bitter disappointment filled her and made her miserable.

Margaret was eighteen and the daughter of a dry goods retailer in the village of Hanley, New York. Mr Wells had always been looked upon by his business associates as a prosperous man. The home he had built seven years before was one of the most convenient and comfortable in the town. Recently, however, business reverses had come and he soon found that bankruptcy had overtaken him. Expenses must be curtailed in every way. Their beautiful home must be sold and they must start again at the bottom.

It was all hard to bear, and especially for a young person of Margaret's delicate tastes. But the one thing that caused her heart to ache was to see the hope of her college course slip away from her and float out of sight. She could endure poverty in any other form. She could wear her last year's gowns, entertain her friends in a simple parlor and give up her frequent, happy spins in her electric runabout, but oh, how could she bear it not to take her col-

lege course?

She had graduated from high school the year before and had stayed at home a year in order to rest and get thoroughly ready for Mt. Holyoke. It had been her constant dream in childhood to go to college and it had never left her. Now, in maturer judgment, her dream had taken the form of a purpose. She had begun to see her need of it, too, as never before. She loved school and felt that life would not be worth living without a college course.

There was also another reason why she wished to go to college. Frank Holden was in college now at Cornell—her Frank, her childhood companion and playmate and now her lover. She and Frank had grown up together, had been in classes together in high school and had graduated together. Until Frank had gone away to school the year after their graduation, they had been chums. She had heard from him often. At first he wrote newsy, friendly letters. Later in the year they began to have a different atmosphere about them, a tenderness which he had never before expressed. At first she had considered it only the longing of a boy away from home to see his old friends, but when he came home for the summer and said, "Margaret, I love you better than anyone else in the world. I cannot be happy unless you tell me that I may call you my own," she realized that he was sincere and awoke to her own heart.

From that day she had lived for Frank. All her plans had been that she might be able to help him in his chosen work as teacher of English, when he had finished college. She had anticipated for years in Mt. Holyoke, majoring in literature work, then a happy home with Frank as his helper and his equal.

Now her hopes of college were gone. When Frank had said he wanted her, he knew her plans to go through college and now she could not go. Frank certainly could not sacrifice his own best interests and continue to want her as she was—only a high school girl. What should she do? How could she tell him?

Bravely she tried to face the situation but underneath was that bitterness of a double disappointment. Nothing had ever made her feel that way before.

She could not talk to her mother about this as she had about so many other things. It would grieve her too much to see her daughter so disappointed about her college course. She decided to take her trouble to her pastor, so the next morning she sought him and poured out her story. The old man was full of sympathy and tears stood in his eyes when she had finished.

"My dear Margaret," he said, "I realize as you do not yet what it means to give up college. When a young man I had a very similar experience. Just as I was looking forward to college my father died and left me to support my mother. I was ambitious and it was a bitter disappointment. But, Margaret, let me tell you that by that sacrifice I found what has been more to me than a college course. The death of my father strongly impressed upon me the reality of God and to Him I turned for comfort. I was selfish and anxious for honor but as I prayed a mask seemed to fall from my eyes and I saw the thousands of wretched and heartsick who needed help, comfort and sympathy and an outstretched hand that I could give. I forgot my disappointment. I forgot my vain ambitions. I only wanted to comfort my fellowmen. I missed my college course, Margaret and I have felt the lack keenly, but then and there I began to really live, and there has been a sweetness and a satisfaction about life that I know I never could have found outside of a life of service. Margaret will you pray?"

Sobbing she knelt by the old man. "Lord God, let this mask of selfishness fall from my eyes. Let me see my work, O Father, and give me a little place in thy service." Her prayer was answered. She went forth with a heart eager for service.

That evening Frank came and she met him with a calm but resolute face. He noticed the absence of her

usual manner and said, "Margaret there is something on your mind and you must tell me."

"Yes, Frank, I will tell you, you have heard of our misfortune but perhaps you do not realize its extent. It means that I cannot go to college now or ever. It was hard to bear at first but God has shown me that He has a work that I can do somewhere among His needy ones, and I am content. Of course it will mean that we go in different directions, Frank. I will not be fitted for your companion when you have finished college. I would be too simple and unlearned to suit you. Good by, Frank, you will come sometimes when you are not busy?"

"Margaret, dear, let me say one word. I cannot let you go. That would be a far greater disappointment than you have ever known. You say you want to help some needy ones. Don't you see Margaret, that I need you and that you can help me more than anyone else? Without you my life would be desolate, perhaps a failure. I want you. Margaret, college or no college, just as you are."

Margaret's eyes were opened still more. The heart within her told her the service God had asked of her and it was a glad unselfish service.

\* \* \*

## A Day In Mexico.

[The editor has been sorely disappointed in a number of cases in his endeavors to obtain articles for publication from old students. Leman L. Babbitt, who is now an officer in the navy was requested to write an article concerning that department of Uncle Sam's Government. This could not be done without the consent of the Secretary of the Navy, but he sent us instead an account of one day in Mexico. We trust this will be equally as interesting to our readers and wish to thank the author for his courtesy to us.]

Friday, December nineteenth, sev-



eral of the officers from the New Jersey were permitted to go ashore to see the town of Tampico and to do any shopping, etc., which they might desire. It was about an hour and three quarters after we left the ship before we arrived at the town. We went in one of the ship's steam launches and as it was between two and three miles to shore and about as many more up the river Panuco, we beguiled away the time in trolling. We had three good "strikes" but as we were going at full speed against an ebb tide, the fish succeeded in getting away without affording us any great satisfaction.

While going up the river one gets a strong impression of oil. It could not well be otherwise, for the banks on either side are lined with tanks. Numerous tank ships are waiting to be filled, an odor of oil pervades everything, and a film of oil covers the river most of the time. Tampico itself is the port of one of the very richest oil fields in the world.

On our way we passed two federal (Mexican) gunboats with sand bags along the decks and posted sentinels under arms. These are on the alert all the time on account of the nearness of the rebels.

Upon arrival at Tampico we were probably, at first, most impressed by the all pervading dirtiness of the place. We have become somewhat accustomed to seeing dirt while here in Mexico, but so far I think Tampico would take any prize that could be offered.

On our way to the principal part of town, we passed the public market place. Here it is an open door affair or at best but a few tents. The tropical fruits were very tempting but one look at the vendors put a curb to all adventurous appetites.

On looking over the various wares of the merchants and curio sellers and finding that the recent attack of the rebels had caused an advance of from fifty to a hundred percent in prices, and that for Americans the prices were always at least two hundred percent higher than for others, and as if this were not enough, the

discovery that most of the "genuine Indian blankets made by the squaws in the mountains" were in reality made by a company in Camden, New Jersey, we dismissed our languishing desires for curios. It was about time for lunch before our ambitious search for things rare and unique came to an end. Most fortunately before ordering any food a member of the party saw one of the Mexican kitchens. After his livid description of the culinary art as practiced here, the writer suffered severe sinking sensations in the region of his stomach and decided that hunger was far better than its cure.

Thinking the scene of the recent battle would be quite interesting, we decided to take a trip out and look the battle-field over. Surprising two coachmen (surprising, for they do not seem to expect anyone to ride and after our experience it is not wonderful) we undertook to hire their services. They did not at all comprehend our perfect (?) Spanish and we finally obtained the aid of an American resident and with very satisfactory results. When hiring anything, one must make his conditions and prices beforehand or he will be obliged to pay from twice to twenty times as much as is proper. If he objects a policeman is called into the argument and with the Mexicans, anyone in trouble is guilty until proved innocent and often times even then.

The horses as usual at present, for the good horses are taken by the troops, were very small. They went at a good pace however until we left the paved streets. Soon the despicable brutes unreasonably took it into their heads to balk—and balk they did. After vainly trying to maneuver them from one side of the road to the other in the forlorn hope that the horses would forget their predisposition to "standpat-terism," we all got out of the carriage and standing on the spokes of the wheels finally convinced the obdurate beasts that go they must or be run over. This affair took place on a down grade and the horses evidently figured it out to a nicety,

for they did not balk again until we were about half way up a steep grade. This time we had more difficulty in overcoming their evident dislike for honest labor but finally succeeded in getting under way again.

After several of these little parties, we at last arrived in the vicinity of the battlefield. We were too late to see much of the disagreeable side of war. A party of laborers were just returning from burying the last victims. Two days before this, a party of officers who went out to the battlefield before it was cleared up, saw some of the revolting characteristics of the Mexican soldiery. The dead horses and men were lying where they had fallen, and that was some days after the encounter. Under the hot tropical sun, the result was nothing less than awful. The stench was unbearable, and they all took the nearest road back to town. On the way they saw some workmen who were just beginning to clear the field. They were piling the bodies in heaps, and after covering these with oil, they set them afire. The Mexicans, as near as could be understood from the workmen have an unholy fear that some of the dead may come to life again. To circumvent any such danger, they had cut off the heads of a number of the dead bodies, burying the heads in one place and the rest of the bodies in another. Before the work of clearing commenced the cannibalistic vultures held a horrid feast. There were hundreds of them still hovering about in the hopes of having another repast.

Fortunately we did not arrive in time to see these gruesome sights. The wreckage was the only thing of interest to be seen. One house was completely splintered by the explosion of a car of dynamite which the rebels had set loose with the intention that it would run into the federal lines before exploding. The whole house and some sheds near by were completely riddled by rifle balls. A century plant growing in the yard was torn to shreds by the shot and shrapnel.

After finding some of the bullets

for curios, we decided to return to town. When we arrived where we had left the carriages, we found a number of Mexicans waiting our return. They had a shrapnel case which they wanted to sell to us Americans. They finally got into an argument among themselves and were scrapping in no time. One of them had a long knife with a blade about a foot long. Before starting to fight he gave this to another man, presumably to remove the temptation of using it. This man, however, was soon mixed up in the fight as much as anyone else and without hesitation, pulled out the knife and started after one of the others. The latter pretended he had a pistol under the carriage seat and bluffed the knife-wielder off. One of the non-combatants soon after obtained the knife and hid it. The fighters then picked up rocks about the size of a man's head and it began to look rather dangerous in that vicinity, when all at once, the whole thing stopped as soon as it had begun. We were without arms of any description and seeing a ruale overlooking the affair, one of our party bought his machette as a curio and incidently as a weapon in case the trouble started our way.

As soon as the fight was over, we decided that it was time to wend our peaceful way back to Tampico. The horses evidently thought differently for we literally had to pry them loose from their tracks. Even then they went only about a rod. Then we borrowed the ruale's lariat and hitching it to the axle of another carriage, hauled our team along until the ruale left. We then had to haul and push the horses ourselves until we arrived at the outskirts of the town. Here they decided to go differently and started off four bells and a jingle. We managed to get in just before they got under headway. Altho they hit up a pretty good pace, they headed in the right direction and stopped at our point of departure. By the amount of work we had done in getting his team back, the driver really owed us about ten dollars apiece for labor performed, but decid-



ing that anyone possessing such specimens of horse flesh was deserving of some consolation, we paid him the stipulated four pesos.

Well tried by our exertions, we proceeded to the dock and took our steamer back to the ship. On the return trip, the trolling line was put over the side and while crossing the bar at the mouth of the river, a thirty pound skip jack tried conclusions with our line, the results being that he furnished a very appetizing dish for dinner the next day.



## On New Year's Resolutions

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
sea.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of small value is it to lament the past. Only he who looks away toward the future with a spirit of hope and resolute courage may expect to achieve. Yet, if hope and courage be no more wisely expended this year than last, failure must attend our effort, for one year ago we were anticipating the untried events of the season with equal resolution. Character great and noble is not usually achieved at a single bound but by patient effort in harmony with the fundamental laws of the mind. A strong initiative is invaluable in either forming a new habit or in breaking an old one. Write your resolution together with a candid statement of what you think of a fellow who makes such resolve and then fails to execute it. Tell several of your friends about it and remember that their opinion of the person who fails in such a cause is very much what yours would have been in obverse circumstances. A running start is usually the most feasible method of taking a difficult grade. Never allow an exception to arise or you are lost. Indeed it will pay you to go out of your way to exercise your determination and keep the faculty of effort alive. The man who "swears off

drinking" and then treats his resolution is, to say the least, not yet the hope of the temperance cause. Seize the first opportunity to crystallize resolve and emotion into unalterable action. A fine feeling, a noble resolve allowed to evaporate works as a positive hinderance to the normal discharge in activity of future resolutions and emotions. Meantime let not he who putteth his armour on boast as he who layeth it off. Wait until a few months of success have crowned your own efforts before you chide too vehemently your more unfortunate brother for not having broken the shackles which but yesterday bound yourself. W. F. F.



## Overton-Sloan.

The marriage of Miss Grace B. Sloan to Rev. Everett A. Overton occurred on Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Rindfus. Promptly at two thirty Miss Blanch Thurston struck the opening chords of Mendellsohns Wedding March, which announced to the small company gathered in the living room the coming of the bridal party. The bride and groom, preceded by Rev. Dean S. Bedford, took their places under an arch of evergreens, and were wedded by the solemn vows of the short Episcopal service. Immediately after congratulations had been offered, the company of twelve were served to a luncheon in the dining room. At four o'clock an informal reception was held when many friends and acquaintances called to express all good wishes for the years to come. Amidst a copious shower of rice Mr. and Mrs. Overton left on the afternoon train to go directly to their new home at Whiscoy, New York.

They will be much missed in Houghton, for both were active in the various school interests. Mr. Overton had for some time been a member of the General Senate and was local president and State Treasurer of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. Mrs. Overton was also a member of the Senate, a

Continued on page 10

# The Houghton Star.

## Houghton, N. Y.

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Farewell the Old Year, hoary and faded and spent, filled to the last second with its acute joys and sorrows, its moments of pleasure, its hours of pain, packed full with its changing scenes and seasons, its sunshine and shadow, its summertime and winter, the repository of cherished memories and dead and withered hopes. Farewell all. Welcome the New Year, young and lissom, and gay, with its plethora full of fresh hopes, glad anticipations, and new opportunities! Welcome.

Ah, if we only knew how many a fond hope is doomed to failure from its very inception, how many a bright prospect is to be blighted before it is realized, how many a good resolution will be hopelessly broken, and how black and soiled the record that we had intended to keep so spotless and irreproachable will appear, we would not face the future so confidently and expectantly; but would

turn away with deep despair that it should ever be so.

We are glad that it is all mercifully withheld from us until it comes, and then if it be not of our own making we can meet it calmly, fearlessly, with courage and fortitude. We would not know it if we could; we would not draw aside the veil that separates the present from the future, did it lie within our power; neither would we retrace our steps and live over the past. It is far better so. If we knew beforehand all the sorrows that were to be ours, we would be crushed under the burden; if we knew the joys, half the spice of living would be gone. To see that cringing caricature of ourselves in the hour of shame and disgrace would fill us with horror and loathing, while to gaze upon the haughty lineaments of that alien being so strangely like and yet unlike us in our moments of success would stir our hearts with idle discontent.

And as for the Past we are well content that it remain a closed chapter of our life. While it has brought us many pleasures and precious memories, it has also witnessed many mistakes, bitter mistakes, ah, how bitter some of them have been, only God knows. As we look back with the eye of experience and introspection we feel a hot flush of shame suffuse our cheeks that we could have erred so grievously, that we could ever have forgotten honor and self-respect to stoop so low. It is that part of our lives that each one of us would like to forget; but that we can never do, for it has been indelibly seared into our very souls. We cannot change it now; but if we only have profited a little from the experience of the past so that our record will be a little cleaner and our page just a little whiter for the coming year then it will not have been all in vain. No it is well after all that we should not forget it, if we do hope that everyone else has done so long ago, for if we did, we would constantly be having to learn over our hard and bitter lessons, and that would be too cruel, it would make our lot too hopeless, for experience, though a hard teacher, is a just and efficient one.

And so while it is quite true that in a sense every day may be the beginning of a new year for us, and that we need not wait until January



First to put our good resolutions into effect and get a fresh start, yet it is a good thing to stop occasionally to strike a balance and take stock of what the past has done for us. The past has left many marks and scars upon us; it has left its impression upon us all whether for good or ill. Father Time demands a receipt from each one of us and none of us can escape paying. To milady as she sits before the glass in the privacy of her luxurious boudoir, there are discernible the wrinkles of care and age beginning to vex the fair, white forehead, the crowfeet beginning to appear under those peerless orbs that have shone so superbly and flashed so many coquettish glances, and here and there a streak of silver interwoven among those gloriously silken tresses—all of which reminds her that she is no longer the girlish debutante of whilom yesterday. She is beginning to taste of the dregs of life, to realize that indeed all is vanity, and it is a bitter cup. And alas, too, for my handsome youth of yesteryear, athletic and debonair! He mayhap is growing a trifle stout, that touch of grey about the temples gives him a very distinguished look, but, O Ridiculous Word! he is beginning to grow bald, and he too feels that he is not as young as he once was. For each and all of us the finger-prints of Time are plainly discernible and have wrought some change in us of some kind or other. Ornaments, rouge, perukes, all subterfuges cannot conceal them; all our defenses crumble at their touch, while we are helpless to prevent it.

Then the Past has left us its heritage of memories. Ah me, what memories! Memories of youth and pleasure, of trysts and lover's dreams, of meetings and partings, of friends and dear ones, of pains and heartaches, of long days of sickness when the soothing hand lightly brushed away the damp hair from our feverish brow, of chubby little hands and moist lips—ah such memories! That old elusive smile, the last handshake, the phantom kiss, the sound of voices that are stilled—all this and more Memory brings.

It is all a part of life. For every pleasure we have paid with a pain, for every sweet memory, a bitter regret. For every mistake and indiscretion we have paid heavily. The good, the bad; the bitter, the sweet;

the light, the darkness; the calm, the storm; the weal, the woe, it is all a part of life. All joy is not without alloy, all grief is not without its balm, and so it is.

There are some deep elemental experiences through which we all pass. There are times when our mood matches the fury and blackness of the storm, when the sky becomes dark and overcast, the wind begins to moan and lash the tree-tops with demoniacal rage, the lightning flashes and veins the heavens with lurid flames, the thunder crashes and the very earth begins to rock and tremble, and we are alone, dreadfully alone. Haunting memories brood, dark phantasmagorias obsess, black shapes pass to and fro, and unrealities surround us. We seem like lost atoms struggling, suffocating in a sea of inky blackness and interminable duration. That is the storm, the passion, the horror, the gloom, the doubt, the fear, the temptation of life. Then again we find ourselves at the evening hour as the gathering shadows begin to fall and lengthen, and the trees stand out in dark silhouette against the sky and the gentle breezes peacefully sigh through their branches as if breathed by the gentlest of whispers. The lights begin to twinkle in the windows revealing within glowing hearthstones surrounded by happy, rollicksome children and fond parents. Then suddenly over the brooding quietude arises the sweet and subdued chords of music rising and falling in quivering cadence. Our souls seem strangely at rest, an almost ineffable joy steals over us, and we are wholly at peace with the world. That, too, is part of life, fragmentary but real, and it is the sum total of these experiences out of which our yesterdays are made up.

But ah welladay! we must not ramble on forever. We must pack away the past in its ancient, worm-eaten chest like family heirlooms among the dust of roses and ashes of beauty, and let it repose there only to be brought forth and looked at occasionally. The future lies before us. The past! The Future! How strangely the two meet and blend in the present. But the future! Ah, that is a word for youth to conjure with! Rose-tinted dreams line its entire vista, and Opportunity and Success stand on either side the way waiting to scatter their golden largess in our pathway.

What can we not accomplish in the future! Love, wealth, fame, all are ours for the taking. If we have failed in the past, we will surely make good in the future. We wonder what it all will bring forth. As we look back over the past we can see now how wonderfully our lives have been ordered. Like magic scrolls have they been unrolled; like gossamer threads have they been spun. Always the Unexpected has happened and that has lent an air of Romance to our otherwise commonplace existence. A year ago we would have deemed it impossible that our course should have taken such strange twists and turns. At every corner seemingly the God of Coincidence has stood and arranged our affairs to suit his caprice. We are no mere votaries of chance, no believers in accident—but yet—it does seem strange how our lives have been influenced and turned aside by the veriest trifles. Destiny almost seems to stand at our shoulder like some bizarre, oriental genii, turbaned and mystical, and at his magic touch marvelous things have happened to us. We cannot escape him, try as hard as we may. We have vowed that we would not be the playthings of fate, we have grimly resolved to shape our own destiny, but ever Destiny has stood in the shadow and smiled at our frantic efforts, for in reality in so doing, we have only been following his designs. There is just one alternative open to us. We all have our good and evil destinies, and it is for us to say which one shall guide our steps.

But again let us face the Future. We hope that to all of us the New Year will leave us mellowed, richer in experience, better in attune with the world, more appreciative of life.

The STAR extends its heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Overton as they leave our midst to enter into hymeneal bliss. The Staff rejoice that Mrs. Overton has found the "Exchange" Dept. so much to her liking. We take all the credit to ourselves, for discovering her ability along this line.

We have only the barest time and space to mention our new literary contest which has just been launched. The accompanying rules governing the contest will give some idea of what we hope to accomplish. In our next issue we will have something more to

say about it. As you will observe it is a part of our plans to found a permanent event of this nature, and secure a silver cup on which to enscribe the names of the yearly winners. We wish the Alumni and Old Students would write us what they think about this plan and suggest some means whereby such a cup can be secured. We are bursting with enthusiasm for this plan, but until the next issue we must somehow contain ourselves. We will say, however, that we want every student to get behind this and make it a grand success.

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## Overton-Sloan

Continued from Page 7

prayer circle leader, and otherwise prominent in the school life. However we can scarcely regret their absence from Houghton when we realize the larger opportunity for service that is theirs. As pastor of the Methodist Episcopal churches at Wisconsin and Portageville, Mr. Overton finds a broad field, in which not to bury, but to multiply the talents for usefulness which have been manifest in his college life. He is also fortunate in the especial qualifications which Mrs. Overton brings to her share of the work. The least and the best that can be said is this: The town's people, the faculty and the students of Houghton bid them God-speed.

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## In The Publisher's Corner

Three times since the present manager has been in the Star office has he been obliged to cancel a name from his list because a Miss Subscriber has become a Mrs. Another Subscriber. The pleasure of his vacation was somewhat marred by the last of these circumstances which happened during the late festive season. He now thinks it is a regular plot to cut down the circulation of the paper. His great grief and despondency at hearing of the latest occurrence was sobbed forth in the following despairing lines.

## The Manager's Lament

When once the task of manager  
Was kindly thrust upon me,  
I first thought, "Can I manage 'er.  
And blindly trust for money?"  
Alas! ambition then was rash:  
And prudence all too wanting  
As I have found by lack of cash,  
And bills before me flaunting.  
I've tried to do my very best,  
To gain a few subscriptions;  
I've met a most abhorrent test  
That beggars all descriptions.  
I've run on this community,  
As though I were a Kaiser,  
In search of opportunity  
To win an advertiser.  
My life's confused, yes and diffused,  
With black humiliation;  
I've been misused, yes and abused,  
All for this publication.  
I've been discouraged by the way  
Folks pay me their excuses,  
And then straightway, their money pay,  
To less important uses.  
I'm yet alive and do survive  
My every monster trouble,  
But other powers do now connive  
To make these troubles double.  
"How can the paper now succeed?"  
Must be my sad refrain,  
For 'tis a monster power indeed,  
That cuts my list in twain.  
Now every time the Houghton Stars  
Shine forth in new edition,  
I think of this great power that mars,  
All thoughts of competition.  
I like two hearts to beat as one,  
It meets my approbation;  
But do you think it should be done  
And ruin my circulation?  
I fear not to compete with man,  
To do so would be stupid;  
But show the paper, you that can,  
That dares compete with Cupid.

It was in the "Star" office and the editor was very busy, for it was an unusual day, and he had much copy to get ready for the next issue. Everything was bustle and confusion there as became a real up-to-date newspaper office and everyone was busy, even down to "Checkers" the red-headed office boy, when he couldn't get out of it.

But why all this excitement, you may well ask, why indeed? Ah yes, I had almost forgotten. The editor-in-chief had just inaugurated a marvelous literary contest, both in prose

and poetry, and he and his corps of assistants were literally buried beneath the stacks of manuscripts that had poured in. It was a great "scrap" indeed.

It was in the early part of the year and "Checkers" the office-boy had not yet become fully initiated in all the trials and responsibilities that his youthful shoulders were expected to bear; but nevertheless he bore it all with the patience and equanimity of a saint. Whatever his deficiencies he had the true newspaper instinct in him even from the time when as a small freckled urchin he would wake the morning echoes with his shrill cry of "Papers, Mornin' Papers! Extry! Mornin Papers!"

But at length, day of days, he was given a job in the office of the "Star" with the regular office-boy pay and duties. Even then he apparently enjoyed it immensely, and evidently considered himself in a fair way toward becoming a real newspaper man, for in his spare moments he might have been seen diligently and painfully looking through the Editor's new dictionary in search of a particularly long and dangerous-looking word that he had stumbled across while reading the last editorial. Even now he was the despair of his associates in the art of repartee, and if the controversy grew too warm, he would take a long breath and quote volubly a paragraph from the last editorial, and that never failed to properly squelch his adversaries. Sometimes only half a paragraph would be necessary.

And thus upon this winter's afternoon he may have been continually interrupted in his reveries and dream of the time he would be promoted to the job of Printer's Devil by such calls and orders as these:

"Here, sonny, run down to Ward & Co. and get their ad. I forgot to stop there on my way up."—This from Babbitt, the Manager, deeply absorbed in calculating the immense profits gained from the entertainment gotten up to pull the "Star" out of debt.

"Say, won't you go over to Prof. Smith's and get me a jar of his extracted honey. I saw his ad. in last month's "Star."—From another quarter.

"And while you're down town, see if those new supplies for the new



gym have arrived," directs "Kip" of the Athletic Dept.

And so it goes.

"Such is life" groans "Checkers" as he at last escapes. "Wot's de use anyhow? 'Taint any good to do your best, it's always run here and run there. I don't believe the editor ever done it."

But off he starts with ink on his nose and a whistle on his lips, which being translated might be taken to express, "Long live the Houghton Star."

While he is away we will look at the Staff of the Star at work.

"Razelett" is the grave, sober-faced Editor-in-Chief sitting there engaged in a profound consultation with Bowen his assistant and right hand man, and Shirley, the genial-faced, wide-awake Manager.

"Kip" is the alert, stubby Athletic Editor.

Misses Hubbard and Hester, Editors of Organizations and Alumni respectively are wondering whether Miss Sloan (that was) enjoys the "Exchange" that now is.

"Gibber" the unexplainable is very busy seeing that no interesting event of the University City escapes his notice.

"Mickey" the jokesmith with many a wry grimace is pounding out his monthly assortment of "Grinds."

And there is Dart, too, another assistant of the Business Manager, making himself generally useful when he can be found.

"Checkers" returns, closes the door with a bang and pulls off his cap with a flourish. There is a general assault made upon him to see if he has despatched his errands correctly. Wonder of Wonders! He has succeeded in accomplishing the hitherto impossible and has arrived safely back without losing or forgetting or bungling anything, and without loitering overly long along the way telling an open-mouthed group of boys how they do things in the office of the "Houghton Star."

Everything goes on smoothly for a time until the supper bell rings. Then "Checkers" scampers out pell-mell under the heels of the others, doors bang, confusion reigns for a time, then silence falls and broods over the deserted building. Yes we certainly are one happy family.

Spark in the Shavings.

## Houghton Seminary Literary Contest

In order to stimulate among the students of Houghton Seminary an interest in literary effort and to secure for publication in The Houghton Star a large number of carefully written poems, essays, and stories than have in the past been available, a contest will be held beginning January 15 and ending March 1.

The contest will be managed by the Staff of the Houghton Star in co-operation with the Faculty committee on Student Publications and the President of Houghton Seminary.

The contest will be open to any regular enrolled student of any of the departments of Houghton Seminary.

As prizes, three separate medals will be awarded, one for the best poem, one for the best essay, and one for the best story.

An effort will be made to establish the literary contest as an annual event and to secure a cup on which to engrave from year to year, the names of the winners in each division of the contest.

The judges three in number, will be appointed by the President of Houghton Seminary. Also the decision of the judges will be made public and the prizes presented to the winners by him.

The judges will grade on the scale of 100 the productions submitted in each division, being careful to give no two productions in the same division exactly the same mark.

The grades of the three judges shall be averaged by the chairman of the Faculty committee on Student Publication assisted by at least one other member from this committee and by at least one representative from the staff of The Star. The results will then be reported to the President of the Seminary and kept in confidence until he shall have opportunity to make a public announcement of these results.

### Rules Governing the Contest

1. All productions entered in the contest must be wholly original.
2. Essays and stories entered must not exceed 2000 words in length.
3. Each contestant may submit as many different stories, essays and poems as he may choose.
4. To insure the awarding of a med

al and the placing of a name on the cup for excellence in a particular division, there must be at least six contestants for that honor.

5. On or before March 1, each contestant shall submit to the chairman of the Faculty Committee on Student Publications four type-written copies of each story, essay or poem he wishes to enter in the contest. These copies must bear no mark which would identify the author.

6. All productions submitted in this contest, whether they receive prizes or not, shall become the property of The Houghton Star and may be published at pleasure without fur-

ther permission from the authors.

7. Each production submitted should bear some sign or pseudonym placed beneath its title and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing on its outside only this sign or pseudonym, but containing the sign or pseudonym associated with the real name of the author and a statement that his production is original. Absence of this statement will disqualify the production.

Contestants who submit several manuscripts should assume a different sign or pseudonym for each manuscript submitted.



MARY P. HUBBARD, '15, EDITOR

#### The Athenian

The society members returned from their pleasantly spent vacation to the first meeting in the new year. Perhaps the memory of their good resolutions, recently made, acted as an inspiration to the success of the interesting meeting. Thomas Carlyle was the main subject of discussion. The study of his life and his attitude toward the problems of common interest reveal unknown qualities in the character of the man.

#### The Ionian Literary Society

The Ionian Literary Society has resumed work again after the Christmas vacation. Just one meeting has been held. At that time a very interesting Browning program was given.

Miss Coleman read a paper on the life of Browning and Miss Steese gave a talk on Browning's domestic life. Two of Browning's poems were read—"A Tale" by Miss Stall and "The Boy and The Angel" by Miss Ball.

The society is really doing good

work this year. The members are taking great interest in the meetings, and are being greatly helped by the experience it affords. L. J. C.

#### I. P. A.

At the last meeting of the I. P. A. before vacation Mr. E. A. Overton resigned his position as president on account of pastoral duties at Wiscoy. During vacation it developed that a plot had been forming between the president and the reporter, Miss Grace Sloan, to leave the League and attack the pastoral duties with two-fold strength. Accordingly the League had some offices to fill at the last meeting. Mr. Walter Lewis, former vice-president succeeded to the presidency, Mr. William Kaufman was elected vice-president and Miss Isabelle Stebbins reporter.

Mr. Floyd Hester and Mr. Harold Hester, Oberlin '14, each of whom has been president of the League were with us and gave interesting talks. Mr. Harold Hester spoke of the new bill introduced by Rep. Hobson and raised the question whether we want national prohibition or

state prohibition. Mr. Floyd Hester spoke of his summer's work in Steuben county in the cause of Prohibition and some of the things that have resulted partly from his work.

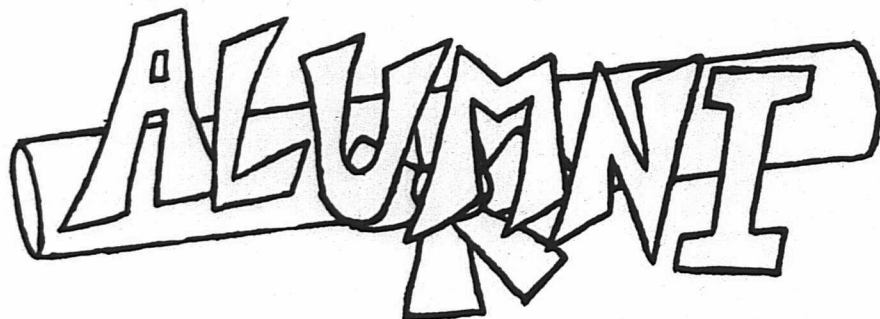
The I. P. A. expects to give a public program in the near future. Twelve have already expressed their intention to enter the contest in March. I. B. S.

## ATHLETICS

Bethel J. Babbitt, '16, Editor.

Inasmuch as we haven't any basket ball this winter, we are rather deficient in athletic training. But red-blooded youth will find some exit for its pent-up life even if it be stealing chickens and running from the wrath of the pursuer. But we are not so hard pressed. We can enjoy the pastime of coasting and drawing the bobs back up the hill. But this is not engaged in as much lately since the dorm girls are not allowed out. Then there is skating on the river and cove, too, fine fun and fine exercise.

I might also call the attention of the boys to the fact that several lads of hitherto unblemished reputation as well as some others, who have been playing with the athletic association's goods have not paid in. This may have been accidental, or it may not have been. Let me say it is as bad to steal from a poor man as it is to steal a sheep. People have been hanged for stealing sheep. All contributions will be gladly received by the treasurer. Start the new year by being square with everybody.



Edna Hester, '16, Editor.

Edward Elliott '10 and Anna Davison Elliott are doing splendid work as missionaries in Africa. In a recent picture Mr. Elliott was seen at the head of a troupe of native boy scouts. Evidently he is hale and hearty as ever and takes delight in his work.

Wesley P. French '95, a resident of Wallace, N. Y., is engaged in painting and carpentering.

Ethel Acher '13 attends training class at Belfast, N. Y. She reports a good class. Her health has not been the best lately but she is much improved at the present writing.

Leslie Lane '13 works on his father's farm near Houghton, N. Y. He was seen in the college building a few days ago.

Rev. H. R. LaVere '02 has charge of the Wesleyan church at Ransomville, N. Y.

Leland Boardman '09 is teacher of science at Little Valley, New Jersey.

Alison Edgar '13 of Saskatchewan, Canada, has been in poor health for some time but we are glad to hear that she is now much better.

Edgar Boyd '04 is president of the North Michigan Conference. He, with his wife and child, paid a visit to his Alma Mater a short time ago.

### Old Students

Don McCarty teaches a district school near her home at New Union, Pa.

Clarence White is pastor of the



Wesleyan charge at Higgins, N. Y.

John R. Warburton is a famous osteopath doctor at Towanda, Pa.

E. A. Overton and Grace Sloan Overton have recently taken upon themselves the joys and sorrows, cares and responsibilities of wedded life and in addition have charge of the M. E. church at Wiscoy, N. Y. They are very busy and very happy in their new home. Ever active and prominent in school life, they will be much missed but we all wish them the best of success in their new work.

Carl Young works in Salamanca, N. Y.

Beulah Pickup is attending school in Buffalo, preparing herself for the duties of a trained nurse.

Zyla Campbell Zeh keeps house in Roulette, Pa.

Raymond Hart—district school-master at Forksville, Pa.

Ross Edgar has a one-half section claim in Saskatchewan, Canada. He

spends most of his spare time at his father's home.

June Keeler will finish her Normal course in Geneseo this year. She spent a few days in Houghton during the Holidays.

Mabel Scott Higbee is a prosperous farmer's wife. They are living near Cattaraugus, N. Y.

Marjorie Pickup—a district school marm near Cattaraugus, N. Y.

Leman L. Babbitt, Ensign in the Navy, is with the battleship "New Jersey" which has been cruising along the coast of Mexico. Mr. Babbitt has been ashore several times and you will find an interesting account of "A Day in Mexico" if you will look thru the Star.

Lavay Fancher, Harold Hester and Floyd Hester, former college students, now students at Oberlin College, spent a few days of their vacation in Houghton.

## EXCHANGES

Charlotte E. Stebbins, Editor

In the past our exchanges have proved helpful and interesting to us and we wish to extend a New Year's greeting and a hearty welcome to all.

The Vista. Good school spirit is shown by your class notes. Your paper is attractive.

The Chronicle. You have several excellent Christmas stories.

The Gondolier. You have a good Athletic department, but why those slang expressions?

The Budget. Advertisements on the front pages and through the paper tend to make it less attractive.

The Rosemary. Your December issue is interesting. We were pleased to see a department on current events.

The Albright Bulletin. Your paper is of literary excellence but could it not be made more attractive?

The High School Recorder. We think you have placed your jokes too much in precedence.

The Cliff Dweller. You have a very well balanced paper.

University Life. The Athletic department of your paper seems large for the size of the paper.

The Picayune. Much school spirit and co-operation is shown by your paper. We envy the Azark Mountain girl.

The Walking Leaf. Your cuts add much to your paper.

The Ohio Transcript. The material of your paper is good but not printed in a very pleasing style. C. E. S.

## CAMPUS

GLENN E. BARNETT, Editor

### College Locals

The College boys spent their vacation in various ways and in various places:

Robert Smith at his home in Ap-

pleton, N. Y.

Robert Presley at home in Jasper, N. Y.

Tremaine McDowell in reading light literature and sharing his new

bobs with small girls at the Dorm.

Shirley Babbitt buried in volumes of classic antiquity.

Ray Hazlett with his supple fingers shot lightning around the globe in the capacity of a P. R. R. Operator.

Bethel Babbit chopped wood and suffered untold agony from gastronomic disorders.

Ralph Kaufman at his home in Massillon, Ohio, while his brothers remained in Houghton winning for themselves the reputation of royal entertainers. The same might be said of Nathan Capen and the remaining bachelors at the Overton homestead.

Mr. Everett Overton and Miss Grace Sloan, two of our most prominent college people were united in marriage by the Rev. Dean Bedford Dec. 25, 1913. They will make their home in Wiscoy, N. Y., where Mr. Overton is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. The college people extend heartiest congratulations.

Mary Hubbard entertained the home students during the Xmas vacation.

Among the out-of-town college girls who spent vacation at home were: Edith Hogg, Titusville, Pa.; Gertrude Graves, Olean, N. Y.; Harriet Meeker, Succasunna, N. J.; Adeline Bond, Angelica, N. Y.; Vera Allen and Vera Lawrence near Lisbon, N. Y.; Ruth Worbois, Chili, N. Y.; Frances Woods, Rushford, N. Y.

Edna Hester spent the greater part of her vacation in Short Tract, N. Y. G. E. G

#### Preparatory Notes

During the absence of Miss Tarey, Misses Florence Kelley and Ethel Hayes were cooks at the Dorm. The fact was greatly appreciated by the students who boarded at the Dormitory for the reason that they had pancakes nearly every morning for breakfast.

Misses Hudson and Miller entertained their mothers during vacation. It is reported that things were quite "High" and "(un)happy" for a few days.

Miss Florence Sellman was at Castile for the vacation.

Miss Thurston visited Vivian Sanders at her home near Portage.

The Seniors celebrated New Year's Eve by a sleighride of 10 miles, more or less. A feature of the occasion was the presence of Miss Ball chaperone, and Mr. Frost, entertainer.

Some of our Preps have been on the sick list lately: Mr. George Hubbard with La Grippe; Miss Kelley with a jaw almost as large as Cecil Morris's who was cutting wisdom teeth over Christmas.

We are glad to welcome the Rogers back to school.

It is reported that Rudel Bristol had a most exciting experience one Friday night recently as he was walking up Main St., on his way to the depot. It is said, that unarmed and single-handed he encountered two masked and blood-thirsty highwaymen who held him up at the point of a revolver, wrested from him his valuables and then turned him loose, only to make a flying dash for the rear end of the midnight flyer. How's this for uneventful Houghton. S. P.

#### Music Notes

Miss Hillpot spent her Christmas vacation at her home in Frenchtown, N. J. She reported a delightful time.

Miss Spofford started on her homeward journey at Christmas time in a shower of rice. She is with us again however, and reports an enjoyable vacation spent at her home in Claremont, New Hampshire.

A number of Miss Hillpot's pupils gave a piano recital in her studio last month which was a decided success. These recitals are to occur monthly including other interesting features as well as piano selections.

We have heard rumors that we are to have a permanent male quartet. We hope the rumors will prove realities. R. Y.

#### Faculty Notes

The Faculty with the aid of their families entertained the non-resi-

✓  
dent students at one o'clock dinner at the Dormitory on Christmas day. President and Mrs. Luckey acted as host and hostess.

On Christmas Eve Professor and Mrs. Rindfuszt entertained the non-resident students at their home.

Professor Frazier has returned to Houghton and again taken up his teaching, after an absence of several weeks.

Professor Smith visited relatives in Ohio during vacation.

Professor Coleman assisted the Rev. Mr. LaVere in a revival service at Ransomville, New York, during vacation.

Professor Bedford returned from his western trip during vacation. He is again in his regular class room work.

Miss Thurston, Mrs. Bowen and Miss Ball remained in Houghton during the Christmas vacation.

Miss Greenberg entertained friends from Salamanca, New York, recently.

Professor Fancher spent his vacation with his parents in Cattaraugus, New York. L. J. Cl

### Theological

We are all glad to welcome to our midst Mr. Carl Huges of Ohio, who has been among us since the holiday vacation.

Miss Grace Steese, Will Carpenter and Mr. Markell spent their Xmas vacation at their respective homes.

Arthur Bryan and Walter Lewis spent their time working on farms in this vicinity.

Wm. Kaufman, Guy Miller and Roy Allen were also in Houghton.

Walter Lewis had charge of the evening service held in the church upon Jan. 4

It has been announced that every member of this department has a part upon the program of the missionary meeting to be held in the church on the evening of Jan. 11.

W. L.

### Miscellaneous

Again all too soon the vacation days are past and once more may be seen belated students flocking from all points of the compass to

the "hub" of the universe on late arriving trains.. Each is gladly welcomed back and happy indeed is each to return, while not even the thought of a dollar fine appears in any way to dampen the spirits of the joyous home-comers. As one small boy so naively expressed it to the dean on the morning after—"Ah, it's worth five dollars to stay at home as long as I have." And we veritably believe the fever to be contagious.

The program rendered by the Sunday school before the Christmas vacation certainly verifies all the conservative statements made by us in the last issue of the Star and more.

The "White Gift" service, altho an entirely new feature should prove a benefit to all concerned and cultivate among the school a true Christmas spirit.

At present writing, coasting upon the Seminary hill seems to be the popular diversion now in vogue while skating upon the river is no less side-attraction.

Because of the resignation of Mr. Overton as president of our local I. P. A. Organization, our vice-president, Mr. Lewis, has recently taken the oath of office. The prevailing note sounded in his recent message to the college of Oratory was, "Start your oration now and get fame."

The Hester brothers, both students in Oberlin college, spent a part of their Xmas vacation in Houghton. Mr. Harold Hester led the chapel exercise upon one occasion and gave the students one of the most inspiring addresses to which they have listened in many a day, especially from an old student. Again in the first I. P. A. meeting of this year, each appeared before the gathering and lectured upon things political.

The proposed plan of placing book-racks upon the back of the seats in chapel seems a possible futurity. Altho desirous of seeing any improvements no matter how slight, we doubt very much whether this would leave enough room for people to pass between the rows without injury to clothes or person and especially would this be noticeable on



lecture and other nights when the house is crowded. Perhaps this would be a fit subject for the senate to grapple with.

The next number of our lecture course occurs on Feb. 25, when the Schumann Quintet, our only musical number outside of the May festival, will present a selected repertoire. "This company consists of a group of artists each one of whom has already made for himself a place in the musical life of the country." Surely here is a great treat for all music lovers.

G. E. B.

## ODDS AND ENDS

G. Tremaine McDowell, '15, Editor

Violets are blue,  
Roses are Red,  
And so is the hair  
On Allen's head.

### How Long?

R. E. R. I want a pair of pants.  
Clerk. How long do you want them?

R. E. R. I don't want to rent them, young man, I want to buy them.

### Fans

On one occasion last fall a famous lecturer asked his audience in most impressive tones.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, what is the most important question now before the American People?"

"What's the score?" yelled the men.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### Popping the Question

Sib. Would you like a pet monkey?  
Charlotte. Oh. You're so sudden.

? . ?

Do you know a girl in Houghton Seminary so modest she won't do improper fraction?

Does a tree take its trunk when it leaves?—Ex.

### Logical

Hazel—Howard must have a soft spot in his heart for me.

Sue—Why?

Hazel—He says he thinks of me all the time.

Sue—But a fellow don't think with his heart so the soft spot must be in his head.

## Only One Letter Wrong But—

Pres. Luckey—What is a prism?  
Bob Smith—A five sided parallel-abiped.

## Country Life

There was a young man from the city  
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.

He gave it a pat,  
Said "Nice little cat,"  
And they buried his clothes out of pity.—Ex.

## When Prof. Is Away

Prof. Frazier had a hist'ry class,  
Which was his pride and joy.

When called away by fortune ill,

He asked a college boy  
To take his English History class  
And teach it well for him.

He told him that to quell the boys  
He would need lots of vim.

Professor Kaufman took the place,

And tried to teach the class:  
The teacher did extremely well;  
The scholars—ah—alas!

Of all the classes in the school  
Noted for making noise.  
The prize will surely always go  
To the English Hist'ry boys.

For order is a stranger there  
Since Frazier went away;  
And notes and jokes and paper wads  
Are rampant every day.

The teacher asks "What happened next?"  
Or, "Who was so and so?"

The boy turns round from throwing wads,  
And answers, "I don't know."

The teacher takes it patiently,  
With long and solemn face,  
Till desperation forces him

To ask, "Who wants my place?"

I'm sure I'd gladly give it up

To any one of you."

The boys declare they're quite content  
"Professor, you will do."

But when Professor Frazier comes  
Back to his class again.

There's sure to be a sudden change  
In these same gay young men.

We'll all be glad to see him back,

But there can be no "doot"—

The gladdest one of all will be  
The teacher's substitute.

—One of the Class.

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one could peradventure read, as noth-  
ing less than the soul's reaching toward in-  
finity; which is the only thing that raises  
us above the beasts that perish.---Pen-  
more.

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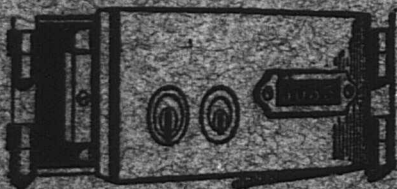




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