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The Houghton Star

Thanksgiving
Number

NOVEMBER 1915

Volume VIII

No. 2

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Shall We Give Thanks

This is Thanksgiving time,
Why should thanks be given?
Have we attained this year
The prize for which we've striven?
Cruel war has been abroad—
Has spread its desolation—
And thousands young and brave
Have died, each for his nation.

Peace—that priceless pearl—
That pearl now craved by millions—
Has given place to war,
And war has cost its billions.
Homes—where once was happiness—
Where there was no privation
Have now no father's help,
And many face starvation.

How can we then be thankful,
While some know naught but sorrow?
Will tears and sighs today
Bring smiles and song tomorrow?
Will any blessing gained,
Be worth the life of millions,
Be worth the suffering caused
Be worth the cost in billions?

Yes one thing has been gained
Which if 'tis kept and cherished,
Will surely bring to nations
Far more than that has perished.
This blessing thus obtained
By this most sad condition
Is what they needed most,
Is liquor prohibition.

And there is other reason
Why we should all give thanks
Our nation yet has peace,
War does not thin our ranks.
Our Ship of State sails on—
And quiet is the water—
She is not marred by war,
Her deck not stained by slaughter.

Our homes are pleasant homes
Our future prospects bright,
And we who strive for temperance
Will soon have won the fight.
So let us then give thanks
To God for such a store,
And say with heart sincere
Praise God for evermore.

C. A. Russell.



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in the nature of college goods which have become famous in many prominent educational institutions of New England and the South.

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It will be of special interest to you to know that this high-grade line will be available without the necessity of sending away for them, for Mr. C. A. Warburton of the College Book Store has accepted the Sole Agency of our college line in Houghton Seminary, and intends to handle a very select line of college, class and society banners, pennants, pillows, table scarfs, shields, and other decorations. Novelties in other lines will be added from time to time.

Owing to the immense variety of goods in our College and School Department, embracing felt, leather, silk, satin, and velvet goods, as well as brass, china, solid gold and silver class pins and other jewelry, Mr. Warburton cannot of course carry them all, but will select from the felt goods at first. He will however be glad to entertain inquiries regarding any of these other articles, and will be in position to supply your wants in any kind of college den decoration.

When you see some of the same type of goods which are so popular in such institutions as Yale, Wellesley, Smith, Harvard, Brown, Dartmouth, Vermont, Wesleyan, Virginia, St. Lawrence, Clarkson, Stetson, etc., etc., you will be more than interested; you will long to possess some of these good things yourselves. And that is why they are there in the College Book Store—for you! The prices are reasonable.

The goods "look" different at sight, but to make doubly sure see that our woven name label is on the back of them.

We take pleasure in opening this agency in Houghton, and feel sure you will likewise be pleased to have these goods placed at your disposal.

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CO.**

Watertown, N. Y.

I saw your ad. in the Star.

The Houghton Star

Vol. VIII

November 1915

No. 2

THANKSGIVING

Three hundred and ninety-four years ago, our fathers found upon the rocky coasts of New England the birthplace of a new liberty. Driven from their homes by the hand of persecution, they cast all in the balance of the future, dared the stormy sea and found at last a refuge and a home in this far western land. It was not a pleasant time of year. Nature was asleep under a canopy of leaves and the patterns of her tapestry were blown by the harsh cutting wind of a New England winter, but upon those cheerless coasts beat hearts as warm as the genial summer and staunch as the irresistible ocean. Soon the primeval forests re-echoed with the sound of busy axes and out of the rocky hillsides sprang as if by magic habitations fit for the abode of man and framed from the sinews of the ancient giants of the forest. But this was not accomplished without oft-repeated tribute to a grim and relentless foe. Sickness fell upon the little company bringing death in its train, until there were only a few to care for the sick and the dying. The mounds on the hillside kept pace with the huts in the valley. Famine lurked at the door to usher in the grim perils of a pioneer land. Many were the clouds that darkly fell upon the little colony.

Great was the joy when the spring sun brought with it brighter days. New colonists came from across the sea to swell the ranks thinned by disease and hardships. Nature smiled upon the toil of struggling heroism, and the autumn brought with it grain to feed the hungry. The governor of the colony in gratitude for these new mercies, appointed a day of praise to Almighty God, and the people, one

and all, joined in a feast of joy and thanksgiving. The ruddy sons of the forest were invited and brought, as their contribution, stores of venison from the wild. The comforts of the present overshadowed the sorrows of the darkened past.

Succeeding years brought with them new clouds, new pangs and new heartaches as well as new joys, but the thanksgiving spirit was not allowed to die out. All the way from our country's infancy, through the dark shadows of revolution, and the dark valley where brother sought brother in bloody conflict and blue and gray lay down together; through the high tides of prosperity, and the years of financial stress when fortunes vanished in a night; through the troublesome times of expansion, when the nation outgrew the bounds of its childhood and found the shores of two oceans; the Thanksgiving season retained its hallowed place in the hearts and minds of the American people.

So we have it today, with its joys and its responsibilities; consecrated by the prayers of thousands and radiant with tears of long-forgotten generations. It is a day of new friendships, and fresh renewals of the old, when we balance the daybook of memory and make new entries on the credit side; a day of old love and new romance; a day of flowers bathed in heavenly dew, new-fashioned in the misty chalice of morning; a day of real unrealities and unreal realities; a day of prayers rising like fragrant perfume from the humble cotage, the graystone mansion, and the cathedral; a day of unvoiced aspirations, warm and fresh and bright with the nectar of youthful faith and hope.

Prayers and praises rise together to the same God. We thank Him for deliverance in a bloody conflict unprecedented in the history of the world; for prosperity in factory and

field; for a rank among the nations of the world; for the progress of reform and the march of invention; for civil and religious liberty, for rulers who have shown themselves capable of office, for Education, Religion and Culture, for homes and hearthstones surrounded with bright faces and youthful hearts, for peace and plenty and the promise of the future. The night has never darkened upon us, but a rising sun has shattered the gloom. Tangled problems of civil life have been boldly met, if not solved. American genius and American energy have carved the name of our country high upon the monument of fame. Rivers have been turned and cataracts harnessed to the whirling wheels of industry. The air has been subdued and the two seas joined together. Inventions have delved deeply into the hidden mysteries of life until many of the forces of nature have been harnessed to meet the needs of a rising civilization. East and West; North and South we feel the stirrings of a boundless prosperity.

But let us not forget that gratitude brings its responsibilities. The promises of the future are conditioned by our activity. There is much to be done. Action calls to action. War holds out its hands to peace. Poverty bows to plenty. Want looks to wealth. We the people of America hold the key to the resources of the West. Upon the shoulders of the rising generations rests the burden of the mighty movements now stirring in our land. But success awaits us, if we press forward with the song of gratitude upon our lips and a patriotism which reaches to the deeper springs of our character and moulds and fashions the impulses of our national life.

Robert S. Chamberlain, '18.

* * *

Practical Housekeeping

Many girls dislike and neglect housekeeping, because they do not know what there is in it. Many are not aware of the fact that nothing gives zest and interest to housekeeping as much as the intelligent application of principles that save time and labor. Housework without thought is drudgery; with it there is delight in the accomplishment of those duties that transform housekeeping into home-making. It is equivalent to a fine art to do household tasks well; yet how

many assume a superiority to it. Some think its problems are too insignificant for their trained minds and they are only too glad to shirk whenever an opportunity offers. Another type is the girl who can follow her inclinations and commonly bears an attitude of total indifference or contempt toward house work. The girl who knows that housekeeping is worth while looks at it as a science or as an art. She does not think her grandmother and great-grandmother wasted their lives in making homes whose influence sent men into the world strengthened and ennobled by its contact.

The girl who loves housekeeping realizes what a wealth of opportunities it holds for her. Can there be a wider range for studying and acquiring knowledge? To be the housekeeper she must familiarize herself with the laws of hygiene. She must have a knowledge of food-values as well as household economics. She must learn how to gain leisure time, and to suit her methods to herself so that her work may be most easily and quickly accomplished. The girl who knows how to do things is greatly appreciated in her own or in any other family. Girls brought up in ignorance of the practical things that make the home are deprived of a blessing, as well as handicapped for duty.

Housekeeping is never interesting unless it has an intellectual and spiritual side. Pedagogy teaches that intellectual interest is necessary in acquiring knowledge. Terrors of housekeeping vanish, to some extent, when interest asserts itself in domestic life. The future happiness of all concerned depends upon the mental attitude of the worker. Nothing contributes so much to securing this quality as the lively desire to do work in the way that will best secure good results and conserve time and strength. The housewife is often an all-round intelligent worker who must perforce crowd into her busy day, work belonging to a dozen different professions. The gracious lady who receives her guest with a hearty welcome is also the capable cook, the exquisite laundress and the artistic housekeeper. The most useful and happiest life is made up of these details. The spoke of a wheel is only one stick of wood, the hub a larger piece fashioned to receive the spoke, the tire but an iron band to hold all in place. Without the spoke the wheel lacks strength; without the hub the very center is lacking, without

the rim, the wheel has no stability. The domestic trifles of women such as culinary disasters, unexpected company, soggy potatoes and poor coffee are benefits to the housekeeper as they have a tendency to even her temper and teach her to take disaster calmly. If discouragement does not overtake such a one, she is on her way to success, whatever any member of the house might say.

A few years ago the great school of domestic life was the home kitchen; the pupils began at an early age and never graduated. The only book was the lesson of experience with real conditions. Chemical and physical forces worked then in the mixing of ingredients, the influences of fire and water were as great as at the present: the care of the physical body was as much governed by laws as today: but experiment and chance were the controlling elements in a house wife's education. Our grandmothers were good cooks, neat and careful housekeepers, and were greatly devoted to household cares, but their virtues came with great labor and usually without fundamental knowledge.

The work in a large number of homes is governed in the same manner today, but not so successfully. The simple life of those olden days has given place to the great unrest of the present day. Let us consider a few of the causes: the cooking is more complex: the art of keeping the house sanitary has grown greater with the perplexity of living, with a larger population, and a greater degree of danger. Without knowledge of these conditions and the ability to meet them, there will be unrest and discomfort. Untrained maids will fly from kitchen to kitchen, and the young housekeeper will weep over her failure and will look through her cook-books for success, and by consultation with wiser and more experienced heads she will increase her knowledge for the future.

There is a step which must be attained if domestic duties are to be thoroughly enjoyed. Domestic science should have a place in a woman's education, still her accomplishments in domestic lines are greatly enhanced by culture, refinement and a life with books and nature. The woman who knows song of the bird, the home of the insect, and who studies the spider's web, has just so much more enjoyment of life. She who knows how to make the appointments of a

dining room artistic and attractive and finds joy in doing it, is a greater woman if she knows why she selects a certain picture for her walls, or if she can paint a landscape to hang there. Housework is often called drudgery, but all work is drudgery until softened and relieved by life outside of dreary monotony. There are some who object to a woman confining her time and much thought to domestic life, and desire to take a part in occupations which offer a seemingly wider experience; but a woman who decides to make all that is possible out of her life in the home bids come to her use a great knowledge of chemistry, physiology, botany, physics, bacteriology, zoology, art and many other interests. A woman's field, therefore, is great when she perfects her knowledge, and spiritual aspect toward the work in hand, governs to a large degree her enjoyment and usefulness.

Housework expresses the science of right living. This great field of activity is intrusted to women, but bachelors are an exception to the rule. Other occupations are dependent upon this one; the ability and happiness of many are dependent upon a woman's success in the art of living. The merit, therefore waits upon the housekeeper, and we should pay a high tribute to the one who studies to make it an art or a science. The safety of any home is now considered to depend largely on culture, knowledge and refinement, rather than on constant drudging and too close application to its tasks.

Physical development is of great importance in home life. We all know how the athlete uses his muscle to develop it. Shall not the home maker do the same? She should make use of every opportunity for gaining physical strength, for without this, the pleasures and possibilities of an ideal home begin to wane. As much muscular energy is used in general housework as in golf or tennis, but the state of mind is different. When a woman introduces into her daily life an effort for higher attainment in the art of practical housekeeping, or when the daily routine is relieved by the enjoyment of pleasure in view, such as music, an anticipated visit, the time to read some favorite story, she sinks that heavy feeling of despair in the anticipation of other things. Then, while she must labor on, may it not be well for her to laugh in the midst of difficulties, to sing a song, to enjoy the sunrise and sunset, and smile at the

good fortune which made her a housekeeper.

Seldom indeed does the good homemaker go either unappreciated or unrewarded. Often she feels herself amply rewarded in her personal qualifications and in the happiness she gives to others. The women of all generations most revered in the world today were the best homekeepers and homemakers. The honor and love which Queen Victoria's name will always hold in the world comes largely from the example which she set in new home life. Would anyone mention in the same breath with her name that of the Dutchess of Marlborough, in the same class socially, but so restless of her home, that she must try to force herself into that world for which she has been neither fitted nor intended, and in which she can do no good?

It is said that happiness is received in the proportion in which it is given. If this be true, the measure of the good housekeeper who looks well after the inner and outer man of her family, keeping both mind and body in good trim, must indeed be full to overflowing.

Bertha Stall.

* * *

Evening Thoughts

Mary M. Allyn.

Did you ever sit in the evening
After the sun had gone down,
And think of the little happenings
And the many joys you'd found?
Did your conscience ever hurt you
When you remembered a deed undone,
Or recalled a hard word spoken
When you said it was just for fun?
Did you hear your mother call you
When you were not for away,
And you didn't take time to answer
Because you wanted to play?
Yes, all this you remember,
And a lot more, too, if you'd think,
But they make you feel so sorry
As the dregs of repentance you drink.
But turn from your dark remembrances,
And think of the kind acts done,
How you shared your brother's sorrows,
And let him again see the sun.
How father was worried and tired,
And you helped him as a child only can,

How he patted you on the shoulder,
And called you his brave little man.

Yes, you think there's lots of sadness,
And things pretty hard to bear
But behind the darkest cloud,
The sunshine is always fair.

If things are pretty discouraging,
And you seem to be losing the way
Only remember that up in Heaven
There's a God who hears when you pray.

Just pour out your story before Him,
He will forgive and set a right,
And you'll go forth strong and happy
For God has shouldered your fight.

Page Number 8



* * *

Playing the Game on the Square

In Four Chapters. Chapter One.

All was hushed in the great stands overflowing with humanity. On one side a mass of gray colors represented the supporters of St. John's Academy; on the other a bank of purple showed where the loyal sons of Luzerne Seminary were seated. Every eye was fixed on a stalwart handsome figure standing silently by the home plate. The pitcher raised his arm to throw, yet the purple-clad athlete remained motionless. And then crack! the sharp report of ball and bat meeting rang out in the amphitheatre. The purple-clad figure raced down to first base, rounded second and started for third. Far back in the outfield a youth in gray overtook the ball in its flight, then turned and threw. Thompson, the St. John's third baseman, leaped into the air, caught the ball and swung around to tag the fleeting runner. The play was very close and the purple pennants streamed madly for apparently the runner was safe after a beautiful slide. Then the roar from the stands died away except a low ebbing murmur.

But the umpire was undecided. He walked over to the runner. "Jimmy" he called "did Thompson touch you?" The silence in the stands seemed painful now, the situation was critical. For ten innings the contestants had battled without a score and now the contest hinged on a single word. James

Jackson, the sturdy captain and pitcher of the purple sons knew this. He knew also that not only the game but the championship of the Mercer County League hung in the balance. On one side he saw victory, triumph and supremacy; on the other appeared defeat, disaster, and humiliation. Yet James believed in playing the game on the square. Not an instant did he hesitate, but looking the umpire squarely in the face he replied "Yes" and at that simple word pandemonium broke loose in the stands.

The joyful shouts of the St. John rooters mingled with the applause from those of the purple, as Jackson strode slowly across the diamond. The inning was over and the game went on.

Over on the bleachers a tawny faced individual with a huge nose, leaned over for a second look at the Luzerne captain. "The very image of Robert Jackson he murmured," and then disappeared in the dense crowd of youthful baseball enthusiasts carrying his elephantine proboscis with him.

Already the deepening shades of twilight were settling over the campus, the graceful spires of Luzerne Seminary were casting their shadows over its athletic field and the last warm tints of sunset glowed over the western hills. It was evident that the game must end at once and end with neither team a victor. Both sides had fought valiantly, so valiantly indeed that each richly deserved victory. Consequently, each one of the weary athletes welcomed the words of the umpire: "Game called off on account of darkness." Then the vast crowd poured out from the stands and swept over the athletic field.

There, eighteen sturdy athletes were caught up in the vortex of admiring humanity and carried triumphantly from the field. Words of praise and cheer abounded for all, yet when the name of Jackson was mentioned friends and rivals alike joined in one tremendous shout, "Rah, rah, rah Jackson!" Gradually the cheering died away, and now the dusky wings of night enveloped the campus. The great game was finished: Luzerne Seminary, 0, St. John's Academy, 0. After twelve innings of desperate conflict, neither side had scored a run!

Now the red hungry flames from many bonfires appeared here and there in the darkness. Around these the merry students gathered to discuss the game. The name of Jackson was

on every lip. Luzerne Seminary was proud of her favorite son. Not only was he the greatest pitcher and all-round athlete that she had ever produced, but he was in every sense of the word a true man. As a leader in his class as well as athletic sports, honors were showered upon him—honors which might have turned a head less level, but James accepted them as a necessary evil. However there was one circumstance which threw a dark cloud over his buoyant spirits. And after he had escaped from the crowd and seated himself in his cosy study room, Jackson fell into a deep reverie.

In fancy he saw himself in his childhood again. Left an orphan when a child of four years, he had been trained under his guardian's care. Of his father's circumstances he could recall but little; only a few shadowy pictures of his childhood remained, yet these were always images of a refined and cultured home; a few faint recollections of a country mansion, of picking violets and buttercups by the side of a laughing brook, of a sweet mother's face bending over him—the sweet face had long since disappeared and only a grassy mound marked its last long resting place—that was all, yet these few memories were sacred to him. And then still others came, visions of a great city, of countless forms hurrying to and fro and above all the dull unceasing hum of the busy factories—last of all appeared his schoolday memories, ties of friendship and fellowship with teachers and schoolmates. These were very dear to him. Once more he recalled those days of gladness on field and track, and now at the very beginning of his college career he must leave them.

This revelation had come to him with startling suddenness. Just before the game, he had gone to the little stone postoffice to get his weekly check from his guardian, Mr. Warren. The gray stone walls had spoken no word of warning as he had stepped within, whistling cheerily, and had asked for his mail. There had been the letter with its familiar handwriting. Hastily he had torn it open and read these words:

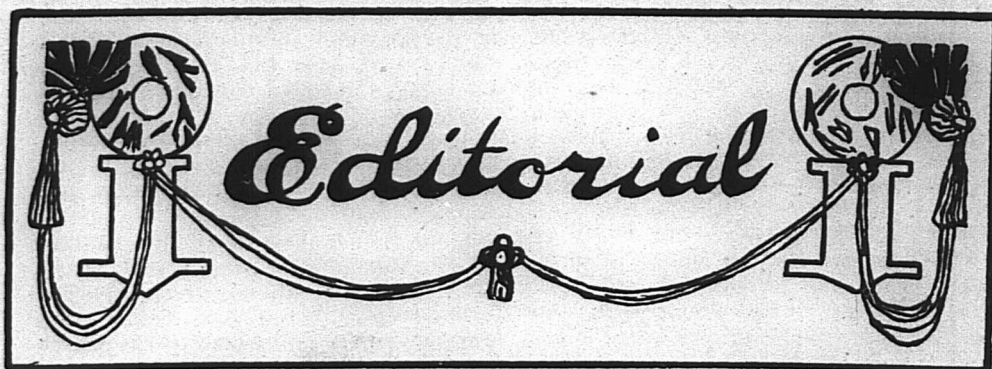
Dear James:

Your father's legacy to you is entirely spent. I am sending you ten (\$10) dollars for your carfare to Chicago. I know of three vacant positions here and I would advise you to make application at once, if possible.

Yours in sympathy,

George E Warren.

(Continued on page 10)



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HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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CampusDavid Bunville, Theo.—'18

ExchangesFlorence Kelly—'18

AthleticsRalph Kaufman—'17

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A BLUE cross in this space signifies that your subscription HAS expired.

A RED cross signifies that your subscription expires with THIS issue.

You will confer a favor on the management and obtain every issue if you renew at once.

Again the editor of the "Star" seated before the unmarred page, a page still white and fair, with a mental vacuum out of which something material must develop, stares into space trusting some winged harbinger to bring a message for the readers of this, the second issue. If fortune has never blessed you with a similar experience then

charge her not with impartiality but rather remember that Thanksgiving will soon be here. When we're told that literature, literature that lives and stirs the hearts of men must be imaginative, must present a great fundamental truth common to all mankind, in such a way that the emotional world is swayed and men stand awe

stricken before it, then that vacuum grows greater and space extends its boundaries. For 'tis the ambition of every editor, I'm sure, to write literature that lives. But alas!

We are living today in a world of progress, in a world of activity, in a world of industry. Time sweeps us on to new and greater things. The conditions of yesterday do not satisfy the requirements of today, nor will our standard today suffice for tomorrow. But let us turn the old crank shaft of human achievement back to its position a century ago. A wonderful retrogression! A marvellous contrast! How strange our environment and yet how interesting our surroundings. The hum of industry is largely silenced and we slacken our space in harmony with the age. But stop not here. Let us venture farther and continue to turn backward history's pages until we reach the gray and misty clime of dawning civilization. Here the stream of world progress takes birth and its muddy waters flow on over the protruding rocks of barbarism and primeval savagery. Time forbids anything, other than a mere outline of this subject, which though a seeming loss in our case is undoubtedly a gain in yours. However we follow the course of this winding stream down through the ages of man's existence and today stand on the banks of a mighty river, gazing at its well nigh sparkling waters, which purified by the increasing brightness of the sun of civilization and the pure water tributaries of invention, science and religion, go rushing on to the mighty ocean of the vast unknown.

How wondrous the age in which we live. How high the water level of man's attainment, but the highest round of the ladder is yet untouched and other worlds are still unconquered. Truly he who thinks that the resources of human achievement have been exhausted thinks amiss. Yesterday the cock called out the watches of the night and early awakened the industrious peasant and summoned him to duty. With sickle keen he journeyed forth to fields of ripened grain to gain his livelihood. His grain he threshed with a flail and ground in a mortar. Primitive methods these and as we smile in sympathy for the unfortunate creature of bygone days progress sweeps us on to modern agricultural and industrial facilities. The spinning wheel of yesterday became the power loom of today. He who travelled yesterday in a jolting stage coach with rifle and

bowie knife for protection, today leans back on a cushioned seat of the "New York Limited" with a copy of the "World's Work." Even the ancient ox carts have mounted up with wings as eagles and today we call them aeroplanes. Progress? Yes! Constituting a barrier over which our imagination scarcely rises to picture the crude existence of our forefathers.

Once man bowed down to wood and stone and poured out his burdened heart to the unknown gods, who had neither eyes to see, ears to hear, nor personalities respondent to the supplications of their petitioners. Today the widening stream of progress in the religious realm has broken error's chain, eliminated pagan worship and enthroned One, in the hearts of men, whose banner over us is love. Progress? Unquestionably yes. But still vast regions exist where true religion is unknown and where the uplifting influence of civilization has never been felt. How dark a picture at so late a period of the world's history. Humanity groping in darkness while we with abundance beyond our need perpetuate conditions unchristian and condemned at the bar of our age's responsibility.

We turn to war. Unfortunate that man should develop instruments for the destruction of his kin but facts are facts. Yesterday he had no dreadnoughts but still he engaged in deadly warfare. Nation lifted up sword against nation and avenged hostilities by shedding human blood. Well nigh in amusement do we of this modern age read of ancient methods of warfare. Laugh only to look across the rolling waters of the Atlantic and view the blood drenched regions of European battlefields, to shudder in pale agony at the monster machines of death of which the former were only the germ in the process of development. Progress in armament? Yes. Progress in civilization. I hesitate to answer but certainly the sparkling waters of human achievement have again become clouded and darkened by the awful carnage, destruction and woe entailed by this cruel raging war. We weigh arsenals with arbunals, we balance the lion with the dove and in behalf of history yet unwritten, of generations yet unborn cry out, Oh! war where is your gain? Destruction where thy victory? War is beneath the standard of our age. War tends toward primitive conditions, toward the source of this stream of achievement. Give us courage to stem the tide of martial aggression and to

follow in the paths of peace, which lead to broad extensive regions yet unexplored.

The leaves have faded and fallen leaving their progenitors desolate, naked and alone, to withstand the cruel winds of approaching storm. The birds have forsaken us and fled. The crispness of the morning air makes the sun shine brighter and tells us in unmistakable language that Thanksgiving time is near. But why be thankful? 'Twas my endeavor to show you why in the preceding article, which so poorly expresses the inexpressible and inadequately explains the inexplicable. But surely from the heart of everyone who can say—

"I love the flag the dear old flag,

The red, the white, the blue"

should ascend a volume of gratitude to Him who gave us life in so great a world, so great an age, so great a land. A land of blessing and opportunity, a land of liberty and peace. With a world of achievement as our inheritance and an open door to untold progress in the vast beyond.

Of the times and the seasons, ye need not that I write unto you, but merely to mention the following novelties of the "Houghton Star" is our desire.

The new cuts, for which we hail the ingenious artist Bunville, were arranged and paid for. Nuf sed.

The first number of our serial story also appears in this issue, for which we are primarily indebted to a suggestion of our noble assistant editor, secondly to the action of the Athenian Society, and ultimately to the combined effort of Mary Allyn, Florence Kelly, Robert Kaufmann and William Russell, members of the Athenian, who have the matter in hand. Mr. Russell's contribution to literature, appears at present to be followed by those of his fellow-workers, each writing a part in turn until the whole shall be completed.

For these blessings the "Star" feels grateful and should lament the expiration of your subscription, during this serial, as a loss to any reader.

* * *

Exchange Notes

Florence Kelly, '18, Editor

As the school year has as yet only fairly begun, we still miss from our exchange table some of the excellent publications which were to be found

there last year but we gladly acknowledge the following:

The Monitor—A neat attractive number which contained two stories especially worthy of mention.

The College World—Your paper contains many local items but would it not be improved by original literary productions on the part of the students?

The Rambler—Neatness in style is a noteworthy feature.

The Backbone—We read with pleasure of the ever increasing activity and success of the Prohibition party which has many warm supporters among our ranks.

The Purple and Gold—The style of your paper is catchy and interesting.

The Middlebury Campus—The opening address by your president on "The Old Record and the New Day" was well worth reading.

The Vista—Coming as you do from an institution noted for its ideals and high standards of spirituality, you find a hearty welcome among us.

The Awgwan—Would not some articles of literary value add to the interest of your paper.

* * *

Playing the Game on the Square

(Continued from page 7.)

This was all. A strong man shows little outward emotion even when under a severe mental strain, and James though but a youth was no exception. Only a slight twitching of his lips and the paling of his face showed the shock that he had received. He had walked out of the office and returned home weighed down by this load which he could scarcely sustain. But nevertheless, throughout the long game he had toiled uncomplainingly and no one suspected the double burden which lay upon him.

Breaking away from his reverie, James arose. It was necessary to act at once, and resolutely he began to gather up his most treasured belongings. Here was the silver cup for the best all-round athlete in Luzerne Seminary, won at the field meet a year before. Beside it stood the Spenser scholarship medal. These were tokens from a happy past and he laid them away gently. At last everything was in readiness for his departure and James retired for the night. He slept little and arose in the grey light of early dawn.

Already the news of his intended departure had spread through the

student body so, as he started for the station, suit case in hand, he met sympathizing friends on every side. Gray headed professors and youths still in their teens all were hurrying to express a few kindly words of sympathy and encouragement. By the time of the early train's arrival, it seemed that the whole town was gathered at the station. Climbing aboard, just as the train started, he waved them one last farewell. Looking back he saw for the last time, the dim outline of the seminary in which he had spent so many happy hours and the familiar hills which were fading away in the distance. Up from the station came a faint cheer and then a bend in the railroad hid all from sight.

To James, lost once more in mournful reveries, the journey to Chicago seemed short and it was only a few hours before the vast panorama of the great metropolis of the lakes unrolled before him. As he stepped down from the car, he saw countless numbers of people hurrying by on every side, each intent only on his own affairs. Not a familiar face greeted him. Reaching the home of Mr. Warren, a neat brownstone mansion in the residential section of the city, he presented his card to the maid and was ushered in. Through the spacious rooms he passed, till a door swung open and he found himself face to face with his guardian.

W. V. Russell.



Mary Allyn, '18, Editor.

Athenian Society

The Athenians though somewhat reduced in numbers are having splendid meetings. The programs are full of enjoyment and bring to light the lives of many of our noted men whom we love and respect and yet know little about.

At the first meeting of the month our President, Woodrow Wilson was studied. The listeners learned of his life, his work as an educator, of his political career, and his foreign policy, and went home feeling that they were better acquainted with our chief executive.

The last program was devoted to the works of Joel Chandler Harris. Uncle Remus made friends with everyone by telling interesting little stories and all longed to know the kindly conscientious old negro man with whom Joel Chandler Harris probably spent many happy childhood days.

Neosophic Society

We are glad to report to the readers of this publication, especially to old members of the Neosophic, that the work of this society is on the up-

grade. At every meeting so far new members have been taken in and everyone seems willing to work. The society has been divided into sections for the purpose of more systematic work. To the members of each section special forms of literary work, such as essays, orations, readings etc., have been assigned for preparation, to be given when called for by the program committee.

On October 29, we expect to give a Hallowe'en program. Some of the numbers will be original stories and a paper on the origin of Hallowe'en.

Student Volunteer Band

The Student Volunteer Band convened with a goodly number of young people present, the most of whom became members of the Band. The outlook for the coming year is very promising.

The meetings will convene regularly for one hour on the second Monday of each month.

Two features of these meetings are first to make the Doctrine of Entire Sanctification not only prominent in the monthly meetings but in the life of each member, second, to do active missionary work.

At present there are fifteen members. The interest manifested is good and promises to increase under the effective leadership of Prof. Elliott.

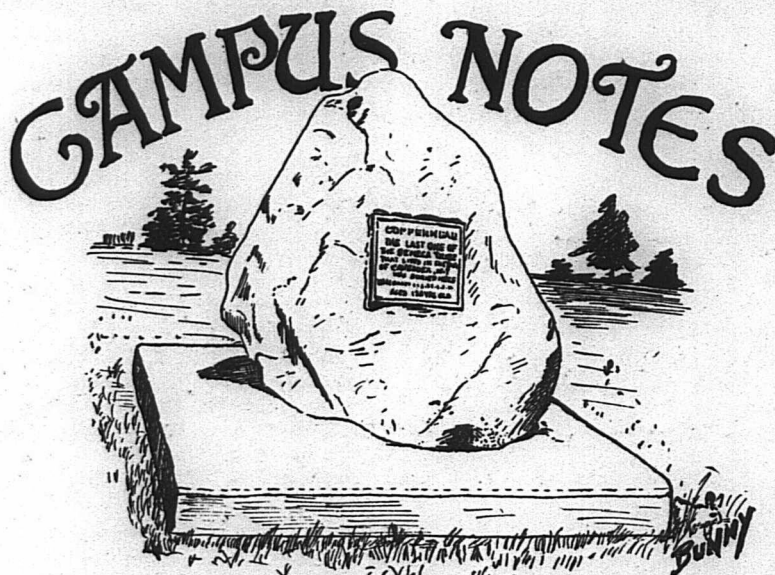
Senior Y. M. W. B.

The first meeting of the Senior Y. M. W. B. this year was held in the chapel on the fifth of October. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. Claud Ries, president;

Clark Warberton, v. president; Clara Campbell, secretary; Robert Kaufmann, treasurer. After which a program was given.

Prof. McDowel gave an interesting and stirring talk; a duet was given by the Crosby sisters; a reading by Mrs. Jennings and a mandolin solo by Miss Wills. While our first program was somewhat brief, we believe it was instructive, and expect to have a good

(Continued on page 16.)



David Bunville, Theo. '18, Editor

Copperhead—The last of the Senecas.

A great deal has been said at various times relative to the old Indian bearing the name of Copperhead, whose monument graces the campus, and incidentally the head piece of this department. However, for the benefit of now students and readers, we take this space to present a few facts relative to it.

The body of the old Indian was re-interred on a corner of the campus with appropriate ceremonies, Wednesday evening, June 10, 1914, the program in the charge of members of the faculty and students and citizens of Houghton. The remains were encased in a cement box, and later the present appropriate monument, a giant boulder from the region he loved so well, was erected to mark the spot.

Copperhead, the Indian to whom the tribute was paid, was the last of his people, the Senecas, formerly living in the town of Canadea, N. Y. He left the reservation with the rest of the

tribe, but after a few years returned, claiming that he never received pay for his land and that the "pale faces" owed him a living. He lived in a little hut just above the home of Sylvester Bedford, on the property now occupied by Mr. Crosby, subsisting by the charity of the people. He appreciated their kindnesses and would often regale their memories with stirring accounts of the early days when he was a boy. Children would often give him food from their dinner pails in exchange for these tales of the remote past.

No one actually knows just how old Copperhead really was. He claimed to be one hundred and twenty years old at his death, but many are disposed to question these figures. The facts would probably be that he had passed the century mark by a few years. On March 23, 1864 he was found in his cabin by Milo Thayer, badly burned and in a dying condition.

He was buried with his rifle, a kettle and such other things as he would need for his journey to the "Happy

hunting ground." In accordance with an expressed wish he was buried on the hill with his face toward the East, so that he "might see the corn grow on the river flats." An Indian who had been sent to take care of him in his last days, performed the burial.

Copperhead would probably have rested in his chosen burial plot had not a stream of water running close to his grave disturbed his remains. Students of Houghton Seminary, assisted by some of the older citizens of the village decided to remove the body and erect an appropriate memorial on the campus to him. The Houghton Star first advocated this proposition.

The monument is a beautiful tribute to an excellent trait in human character, most eminently pronounced in Copperhead, the love of, and strong attachment to the home of his people and of his childhood.

Strong Lecture Course.

The U. L. A. has given us one of the strongest lecture courses in years, with seven excellent numbers. The first of these was Charles H. Tyndall who lectured, Friday October 22 on "The Wonders of Ether Waves," in which he demonstrated resonance, and wireless telegraphy, in which brick and stone walls were shown to be transparent to Ether Waves. Methods of tuning wireless instruments, and finding the key-note of numerous objects were illustrated. A good crowd attended the lecture, many however, of the Preps are waiting for next year, which Prof. Luckey inform us is divisible by four.

Other strong numbers on the course are C. C. Mitchell, a popular lecturer, November 17. The ever popular L. B. Wickersham lectures again, December 4, and is worth the price of a season ticket in himself. John R. Boardman has a message along the line of Community Betterment and will deliver it, December 11. On February 11 Dr. G. Whitefield Ray, F. R. G. S. comes to Houghton to lecture on his extensive travels in South America where he spent fifteen years in exploration. As a novelty for March 15 the course has secured an eminent female cartoonist, lecturer and entertainer in the person of Marion Ballou Fisk. The single admission to all these numbers will be forty cents. At the May concert given at a date to be announced latter, a price of fifty cents will be charged.

Money will be saved on purchasing season tickets.

Two Take Charges

Rev. H. A. Crane, District Superintendent of the M. E. church for Olean district, was a visitor at Houghton, Monday October 18. He came to see David Bunville and Glen McKinley about taking active ministerial work this year. Mr. Bunville supplied the pulpit at Sandusky this summer and will supply at Centerville for a few Sundays until the arrival of Mr. Summers. Mr. Summers will also attend school at Houghton. After he takes charge Mr. Bunville will probably be stationed at Eagle, N. Y. Mr. McKinley will supply for a short time at Sandusky, N. Y.

New Officers of Student Body

At a meeting held after chapel Tuesday October 19, the following officers of the student body of Houghton Seminary were elected to fill vacancies left by students who did not return. President, Wilford Kaufmann; secretary, Miss F. A. Woods. The other officers remain the same as they were. The next election takes place in January.

Houghton "Gym" Again

The new Houghton "Gym" looks like a possibility (perhaps not a probability this year). The newer students are asking the older ones, Why don't they work on it? Well, little ones, we will, but at the present writing the thermometer registers a little too low. However this doesn't prevent students from boosting the movement—it will develop in time. We certainly need a real for sure gymnasium where systematic training will be given under the supervision of a competent director. Certainly this is an object well worth working and waiting for.

Under present conditions it is usually the students who do not need the training that receive it. The student who is able to hold a place on a baseball or basket ball team does not need the training so much as the student who is not able to hold a place in these activities. The people of today are beginning to realize that a good mind with a poorly developed body is of no more, if as much, use as a poor mind in a good and well developed body. They are also beginning to see that the proper place for receiving this training is in connection with the school life.

Preparatory Notes

We are glad to welcome Miss Nettie Bremigen to our department. Although Miss Bremigen did not attend school last year, she is nevertheless an old student.

The physical geography class enjoyed a trip to Portage recently, under the direction of Prof. Fall. Some of them went down on the train, but all returned by automobile, through a lovely rain.

Several of the girls have made trips to Fillmore recently, the object of all seeming to be the same, to secure new hats. Two of the girls went down on the five o'clock train, but, deciding not to wait for the ten o'clock returned on foot, reaching the Dorm about seven o'clock. These enterprising people were Miss Bennett and Miss Wills.

We judge from the fact that there is "nothing doing" in particular, that the people of this department have been studying very hard of late, and have found no time to make history.

E. H. W.

College Locals.

The first number of our lecture course is now a matter of history. Perhaps you noticed that Cupid found no amateurs in the college department. However, scholars tell us that "practice makes perfect."

Perhaps it would be well to not notify the citizens of Houghton that a strange family appeared in town on the evening of October ninth. The boys of this family, three in number were genuine lads caring little for appearance and causing little trouble if they were only permitted to play with their dolls and tease their sister. The father of these urchins appeared to be a man who was the victim of overwhelming misfortune and fate. The mother was a jolly old dame who looked as if she might enjoy her own cooking. We write this because we would not have you suffer a nervous prostration should the family appear again. They were simply law-abiding citizens in search of pleasure. Perhaps you think it strange that this should appear in the College Locals, so by way of apology—if any be needed—we could say that five members of the college department were missing at the time.

Mr. Chamberlain is studying domestic science in the school of experience. He is striving manfully to be present at every class when roll is called.

Mr. Beverly has ceased the intense study of psychology and at present is pursuing the more delightful subject, sociology.

A hearty welcome is extended to the parents of Mr. Barrett, who have moved to Houghton from Silver Lake, N. Y. We hope Earl will not abuse his privileges as a home student.

People say that Miss Seekins is in a sea of mental confusions. Do you believe the trouble is the result of repeated discussions on the same subject, Theology.

No one envies Mr. and Miss Woods their daily rides. Especially if Old King Winter takes command of things and conditions indicate that he will.

By the way, what would Houghton Hall and Bertha do without Sam?

It is believed that Miss Lelia Coleman will continue to ward off all invitations to attend the lecture course.

Taking the college department as a whole, we are glad to report that every one is striving assiduously to reach the very acme of success.

D. C. M.

Music Notes.

Once more the Band is under way. Have you heard it? It will give its first public performance in the interests of the I. P. A. One of the sensational features is a Fife and Drum Corps, which can be used on short notice when no other music is available.

We must not forget the Sunday School Orchestra. This organization has come into existence through the efforts of our Sunday school superintendent, Prof. Fall, and we most earnestly hope that it will be a permanent factor in our Sunday school.

The weather has been so rainy that, as far as the voice students are concerned, music has become more of a croaking exercise than anything else.

G. E. H.

The following item has caused the editor a lot of trouble. He was at a loss to know whether to put it under music notes, or create a slam department. However here it is:

Another Promising Soloist

Miss Fitts, it is reported has discovered another Caruso in the person of Claire Beverly. He is supported by a jolly quartet who persist in singing that touching ballad entitled, "Silver Threads Among the Gold" when she wants to rest. Their repertoire includes "Scotland's Burning" and

"Sweetly Sings the Donkey." Beverly and his bunch haven't signed up with the Eddyson Phonygraft Company as yet.

Faculty Notes.

Miss Riggall and Miss Fitts were in Olean Saturday October 9.

Miss Thurston spent October 14 in Rochester.

Miss Russell entertained the teachers at her rooms down town, the evening of October 9.

President Luckey attended a Sunday School Convention recently.

Prof. J. J. Coleman attended the New York-New Jersey district convention of the National Christian Association, held in the Christian Reformed Church at Rochester, Monday and Tuesday, October 18 and 19. He delivered an address on "Why oppose Lodges?" His classes were taught by the pastor, Rev. C. W. Whitaker and Mr. W. F. Lewis. At chapel October 21, Prof. Coleman brought us a fine report from the convention, which was enjoyed by all.

The Faculty have been giving us some fine chapel talks of late. Prof. Elliott gave a very stirring talk on missions, October 11.

Miss Florence Williamson of Hornell spent October 16 and 17 with Miss Fitts.

M. E. C.

Twenty Years Hence.

Our Prophet, Mr. G. Whiz, in looking into the future found a copy of the "Star" twenty years hence from which we quote the following:

"The new Houghton gym was crowded to its limit last night—fully 1000 students being present to witness the bouncing basket ball game between the Varsity-Faculty and the Prep-Freshies. Prof. J. S. Luckey is to be congratulated on the able manner in which he has drilled the Varsity-Faculty team. Mr. Curtis Rogers, class of 1935 acted as time keeper.

"Prof. H. R. Smith, who has for so many years been a professor in our school, yesterday handed in his resignation. He will devote his time in the future to the Smith Anti-Stingless—a species of bee discovered by him. The bee is 3 feet in diameter and produces 4 pounds of honey a day. His new find is in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. The new discovery has reduced the price of honey to 2c a pound. Honey is now being used even on the dormitory table.

"A heated meeting of the local girls "Suffrage Progress Club" was held in the office today. The girls decided to march in a body to meet the national president—Miss Pearle Chapman Catt Schouten, a former student. Miss Schouten will lunch at noon in the new McMillen hotel and from the way things look will spend several days convincing the "mere men" of Houghton to give women the vote.

"The Hon. Claire Beverly passed thru Houghton Monday in his special electric car on the Pennsylvania Railroad on his daily trip from New York to San Francisco. Claire was once one of our school boys, but graduated from the best law schools of California whither he went in the spring of 1916. He is one of the many Houghtonites who have become famous and is now the most noted lawyer in the U. S. and is leading the Suffrage forces to Victory.

"Another perpetration in the form of a cartoon against woman suffrage was promulgated by a certain crimson locked individual still at large, and the women of Houghton, led by Miss Campbell, a prominent suffragist, promptly took the matter in hand. He was arraigned before Chief-Justice Del. Morris, who ruled that the picture should be framed and the artist hung.

"Rev. Walter F. Lewis, D. D., LL. D. won the candidacy for President on the Prohi ticket. He was loyally supported by the I. P. A. Mr. Lewis will be remembered as the one who put thru "the National Prohibition Amendment" in 1920, shortly after graduating from the Theological department of Houghton Seminary.

Francis B. Markell is now world famous as the discoverer of a hair tonic which will grow hair on anything, even a billiard ball. It is a guaranteed article and will not change the color of what hair you have. William Kaufmann, the proprietor of the Houghton Tonsorial Parlors, an establishment employing 23 barbers, has purchased a large supply for private use.

"G. Beverly Schultz has written a Dictionary in Esperanto and English which has put all former attempts to shame. It is exclusively his own creation and contains 204,917,09 words above twelve syllables.

"The greatest surprise we found in this interesting copy of the "Star" which had increased to planetary size by this time, was to find that our former Editor Kaufmann had just purchased the sixth of a series of newspaper

syndicates and has offices in the new 201 story building built for his use, the "Graves." He is ably assisted in his journalistic work by Mr. Claude Ries, who has interests of about \$200,000,000 in the enterprise.

"Barbarian Jambouree"

"Boys will be boys"—even in Houghton. Members of the faculty did not realize this until Tuesday evening, October 26, when a party of about thirty uncultured and undignified Preps, Collegians and Theologs participated in a so called "Barbarian Jambouree," the joyful occasion being the marriage of Miss Ruth Steese to Mr. Eber Messner of Ohio. The boys meant no harm and their frolic was taken in the right spirit by all, with a few exceptions. To a certain extent the ones participating believed in "going it while young," for when you get old you put on dignity. They believed in boys being natural. All boys love athletic exercise. In the absence of a "gym" what could be more natural than that they would seek to let off long pent-up spirits and exercise their muscles in making "music" on certain sundry pans and washtubs? The serenaders were interrupted in their fun by the unannounced arrival of the two leading members of the Faculty, and a hasty retreat was beaten to a tune played on the washtub by our tallest drummer boy, "Babe Boobenstein." The loud stentorian tones of our beloved President called the boys to order, and quietly they marched back and sat on the steps until the happy groom, who had been anxiously waiting for the serenader's return, came out with open arms and a fist full of spearmint chewing gum, and pockets full of more. After a sort of apology, as demanded by the faculty, the bunch wished the groom best wishes, and that they would never be obliged to endure such a siege again. Then, after cheering the "newly weds," the serenaders adjourned to their respective "domiciliums," thinking no more of the frolic till the next morning, when the mud on their trousers came to light, Eke certain bruises and strains sustained in their precipitous retreat.

* * *

Christmas is Coming

How about that picture?

For Kellogg's dates see page 24.

Organizations

(Continued from page 12)

year.

All students are earnestly entreated to join our band and help to make it a success. There is no greater work than missionary work therefore every one should know of the needs, conditions and the great possibilities the mission field has to offer.

I. P. A.

The work of the I. P. A. is progressing splendidly considering some obstacles which we have to meet. Since the last issue of the Star we have had one public meeting which was very successful, besides numerous meetings of the executive committee and other committees, which were appointed by said committee or elected by the League.

At our public meeting which was held on the evening of October 8th, Pierce Woolsey was elected secretary and Clare Beverley was elected choirist. The matter was then taken up as to having frequent public meetings and a committee consisting of Earl Barrett, Clark Warburton and Glen McKinley, was appointed to take up this matter with the faculty and the Neosophic Literary society, with the intention of securing one Friday evening a month for public meetings of the I. P. A. This committee was to report at the next public meeting which has not yet been held.

A program was rendered in which the following numbers were given. Speeches on—The I. P. A. as an organization; Why should we have a study course; The need of co-operation; The Oratorical Contest and a speech by the president Mr Lewis, in which he reminded us that the Houghton League is considered as the most enthusiastic league in the State and it is now up to us to hold our reputation. We were also highly favored in having Miss Wills give us a mandolin solo.

Since that time the executive committee has appointed a membership committee and a general crusade for members has been introduced. Our goal is one hundred members.

The Town of Canadea again votes on the license question this fall, and this is now the matter of chief interest to the I. P. A. band and a quartet has been organized and four public meetings have been arranged for. They

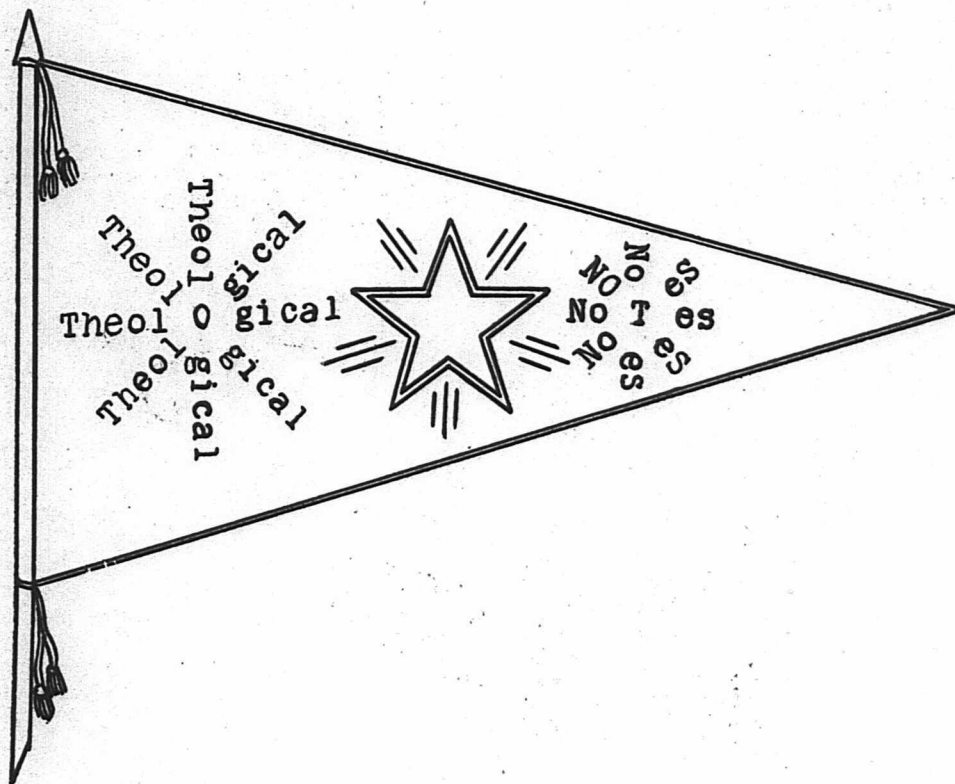
are as follows. Tuesday night October 26, at German Settlement, Wednesday night at Oramel, Thursday night at East Hill and Friday night at Caneadea.

Truely there is a battle on and the call is ringing out for volunteers. We've enlisted in the army,
Against the sale of Booze;

We will ever stand for right,
While the sluggards dream and snooze.

Will you join us, oh! my brother?
In the thickest of the fray,
Will you bear your colors, brother,
Till the curse is wiped away?

I. P. A. Reporter.



Loyalty to God and fidelity to truth and principle ought to be the predominate characteristic of every member of the school, especially those of the Theological Department.

We are truly thankful for the measure of this spirit that actuates our motives, and prompts us to render what little assistance we can for the advancement of the Gospel and the extension of Christ's kingdom on the earth.

It cheers our hearts to know that God has so recognized the need of the human family, and provided 'The Way

by which we may be,—and many have been,—called out from the ranks of the ungodly, endued with the Spirit of the Master, and sent forth to herald the message of the risen Christ, the Savior of Mankind.

A plain straight Gospel is needed. The responsibility is too great for a compromise. What is more, there is no place for those whose "theology has lost hold of Christ, the Cross of Calvary and the Holiness of God."

F. B. M.

Owing to the abundance of material for this issue of the "Star" we were

obliged to leave out many things which would have otherwise been included. A large portion of the Theological notes were thus crowded out, but next month you may look for a double portion.

The Theologs are not behind in any way this year. Several of the members of our department are in active ministerial work. Mr. Lewis has returned to his charge, the M E. church at Wiscoy. He has an exceptionally progressive Junior League there. Mr. Garrett Visser sang for him Tuesday, September 28. Mr. Bunville is also supplying the pulpit. It is a distinction to the Theologs to have Mr. Lewis with us as he is President of the I. P. A., both local and state organizations, and an enthusiastic prohibition worker. Guy Miller, a second year Theolog supplied the pulpit at Belmont, October 9

preaching two sermons. Francis B. Markell another Theological student is president of the Neosophic society. God's blessing has been poured out on the classes wonderfully and all are looking forward to one of the most promising years in the history of Houghton Seminary.

The only sad feature is the loss of some faces grown dear to us. Letters were sent to Messrs. Barker, Densmore and Bryan conveying the best wishes and greetings of the class. We are anxious to hear from all our former classmates and hope that if any read these words they will drop us a line to tell us where they are and what they are doing.

To friends of Houghton we ask that we may have your prayers for our success. We wish nothing but God's will to be worked out in us.



Ralph Kaufmann, '17, Editor.

Baseball continues the predominant phase of athletics, likewise constituting a prominent feature of student activities. Some of us long for a more extended field in which to try our talents, however we derive all possible joy from the limited means at hand. As reporter of this department, I am extremely grateful for the cut for "Athletics" which is to appear in this issue. "Bunny" deserves a rousing cheer from all interested in the Star. He certainly is a classy cartoonist and his work is worthy of the highest commendation.

Since the last write-up we have averaged a game per week. Alas! my fond hopes for some good baseball are

well nigh obliterated. Lapham erstwhile Moundsman for the Preps of bygone days, tried bravely but in vain to make a comeback in the second game of the season. Varsity was out for blood and they jumped on "Peter's" delivery with a vengeance, completely wiping out the remembrance of that first 10-9 defeat. After five long weary innings, duty called him Wesleyward and homeward, and Capt Woods finished the game. Fall got the big hit, a long drive along the right field foul line. It was easily good for three bases, but the big Varsity first baseman lost a sack through delay in understanding the umpire's call. The fielding feature was a speedy double

play, Barrett to R. Kaufmann (at third) to Fall. Lack of team work and thinking characterized Manager Lapham's outfit. Some bright individual playing occasionally however lightened up the gloom of dire defeat. Rogers continued his good work at center-field and at bat. He leaped into the air and slammed a high fly to center, but he was out at second on a close decision, when he tried to stretch his freak hit. Ray Russell, the diminutive Prep shortstop, was the premier score getter for his side with three runs. Rogers made the remaining two. W. Russell was missed from the Varsity lineup, because of a dislocated shoulder. Hubbard played shortstop. Barrett batted 1000 and he and the Varsity third sacker accounted for one half of the winning team's scores. "Lest we forget" the score was 16-5.

The Varsity played its steadiest game of the season on the muddiest field of any season, (October 6). Fast fielding and base running were an utter impossibility, but in spite of this fact the Prep-Freshmen were treated to a beautiful calcimining. The Varsity made five runs. Several times the former had a good opportunity to score but their poor base running coupled with the steady work of the Varsity infield kept them from even one lone tally. The Prep-Freshmen switched their infield; Lapham taking third, Reese going to first, while Burr covered second. We missed Fall in this game, but Daniels, an old Varsity man, is now back and played first for four innings very acceptably. Hubbard finished at first, without an error. Shortstop Dart featured the game with his perfect throwing. One Prep batting rally was killed by a lightning double play, Capt. Kaufmann to Barrett.

Two days later the Prep-Freshmen developed further reasons for their boast which appears below. The field was still rather wet, but it would be unjust to the above mentioned team to credit all their errors to the weatherman. The Varsity batted the ball hard for fifteen runs but it must be said to Woods' credit that he had to play the whole game practically unaided. Fall made a clean three bagger to right-field, while Bobbie got a double. Fall pitched this game and held the opposing batters fairly well. He did not receive the best of support, but then he did not need it. We again missed W. Russell from our lineup. Dart played a steady game at shortfield and did well

with the club. Barrett covered second in his characteristic fast style. Ray Russell was sadly missed by his mates in this game. Parker took his place. (This is however no reflection on Parker.) Rogers was also out of the game. Luckey caught well and batted even better. Woods also connected with a double. When about twenty feet from the bag his feet got mixed up with disastrous results to his equilibrium. Nevertheless he managed to beat the ball to the bag. The Preps scored four times.

October 13, the tide turned and the Varsity suffered an overthrow losing a five inning game 6-5. By the way, the three preceding games were all seven inning games. Infield errors chiefly accounted for the outcome. Daniels played third for the victors, while Fall covered that position for the Varsity. Lee took first, the rest of the infield remaining unchanged. I would like to go on extol the glory of the victors, but I cannot because I was absent from school when this game was played and information regarding it seems very scarce.

Varsity.

Bob. Kaufmann, c

W. Kaufmann, p

Dart, ss

Fall, 1b

Barrett, 2b

R. Kaufmann, 3b

C. Russell, lf

Wm. Russell, cf

Lee, rf

Hubbard, utility

Prep-Freshmen.

Luckey, c

Woods, Lapham, p

R. Russell, ss

Wm. Kaufmann, Reese, 1b

Parker, Woods, 2b

Lapham, 3b

Burr, lf

Rogers, cf

Hill, rf

This is not the actual lineup for any one game but it is the general order of the players. At various times the following have played parts of games: Varsity; Pero—Prep-Freshmen; Visser, Schultz, McMillan, Spencer, Douglas, Bullock, Steahan and perhaps others whom I cannot now recall. Daniels has played a little on both sides.

The Prep-Freshies' Boast

We're proud of our societies;

We always win debates;

For corn roasts and other frolics

Houghton really has no mates.
But literary contests,
Y. M. W. B. and all—
Must be forgotten when we showed,
Them how to play baseball.
With "Woodsy" as our captain
How could we help but win?
And "Pete" Lapham, our manager
Has always got the vim.
Then Rogers in the centerfield
Grabs every flying reach,
And when "Luck" once hits the pill
He puts it out of reach.

They all stand back for Visser
Who always makes a hit,
Except when Dortha's looking,
Then he nearly has a fit.
And with all the other fellows,
All starring in their line,
You never saw a better bunch
Than our Prep-Freshie nine.

Anonymous.

This is a very beautiful poem but
the boasters have won two games out
of three and have totaled 25 scores to
the 50 of the Varsity—nuf ced.

WISE & OTHERWISE



First Freshie: "I wonder why President Luckey is always looking over his glasses."

Second Infant: "Oh he's afraid of wearing them out."

In Greek Class.

Prof. Elliott: "Pronounce Ekek-leu-kesan please." At this point Lewis sneezes loudly.

Prof. Elliot: "Yes, that's right. Very good. Now all together class."

Prof. Fancher: "Jim, how many persons work in your room?"

Prof. Elliott: "Oh at a rough guess, I should say about one-third of them."

Brother Lewis started a moustache not long ago but finally grew discouraged. Pointing to a shadow on his upper lip, he asked his friend Bunny, "Isn't this becoming?" "It may be coming" retorted that auburn-haired individual "but if it is, I can't see it."

An unsolved Puzzle.

Why is it that Wilford Kaufmann wears such a broad smile after receiving a communication from the Graves?

The business manager of the "Star" recently received the following letter along with a filled out subscription blank:

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find fifty (50c) cents. I'll be hanged if I can.

If you are around the "Dorm" early enough, you will probably see Gladys Jennings at the window, anxiously waiting the milkman. If she finds another fellow, will she let Molyneaux?

It is currently reported that Mr. Lewis not content with having the M. E. church at Wiscoy, has taken over another M. E. church at Houghton.

Warning to Readers.

Those of our readers who may have something to advertise are warned not to take space in the Star. Those who are fortunate enough to get this paper become so intensely interested in the good stuff contained therein that they have not the time to peruse the advertisements. And anyhow, our advertising rates are too high. If you don't believe us send in some copy.

From Our Readers.

Dear Wise and Otherwise Editor:
Last night I got a glimpse of the "Star" and read it. The very next mail brought me the information that my rich uncle had disinherited me. Kindly cancel subscription; you are a hoodoo.
G. Whiz.

To the Editor: I have tried repeatedly to light my pipe with the "Star" but have failed. If you can't print your

stuff on more inflammable paper, you needn't send it to me any more. Mike O'Toole. (Editor's Note: O'Toole is not a resident of Houghton so cannot be expelled for wearing a pipe.)

Bokoo Bossie, Crede Mihi

(Want Item to the Star.)

For Sale—A full blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens and several stoves. Si. Hopkins, Wresley, N. Y.

Our Bureau of Mis-Information.

Ask us any question you can think of. You will get some sort of an answer.

Q. What are they fighting over in Europe?

Over the whole blamed continent and a corner of Asia. Ed.

Q. Can you tell me how to remove paint stains on the clothing? Dorm. girl.

Sit down on a newly painted bench. Ed.

Would you advise me to spank my boy on a full stomach. Mrs. Steese.

Certainly not. Turn him over. Ed.

Local Items.

One of our Houghton boys has had a hard attack of heart trouble. The other night as he went to go home for the week end, the Pennsy train had started and he had to run half a mile before he caught it. He exerted himself a little too much.

As our artist friend Bunny was painting a scene with water colors up at Coleman's the other day Joe the cat came up to watch the process. It had the picture of a brook running thru it so lifelike that the hot and thirsty pussy licked about four inches of the brook away before Bunny could stop him.

The Houghton Beatitudes.

Blessed is the student who has paid his subscription to the "Star."

Blessed are the real humorists like David B. who do the work of ye joke editor.

Blessed are the students who are on the look out for news for the "Star."

Blessed (ly lucky) is the student who has caught his "worm" for the lecture course (and paid for his tickets.)

Blessed is the student who comes to class, on time at least once every day.

Blessed is the student who does not make sacriligious remarks (or writes them either.)

Blessed is the student who doesn't make disparaging and back-biting re-

marks about the members of this staff.

Blessed is the student who lives up to these rules.

Kindly Gentleman (who wishes to be a peacemaker between two pugnacious Irishmen): "Come Pat, I'm sure you wouldn't hurt Mike. Why your face is too benign!"

Pat. (enraged) "Moi face is two be nine is it," and he made a dash at the would-be peace maker. (Note: All they ever found of the old gent was the ends of his swallow tail coat. They couldn't keep up with his legs.)

* * *

Alumni Notes

In response to the request in the last issue of the Star, several letters have been received at the Star office from old Houghton students. We learn that Leland J. Boardman, a graduate from the College Department of '09, is now in the department of Physics at Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey. We believe that he would be glad to hear from some of his old school mates, so we give his address—1032 Hudson St., Hoboken, New Jersey.

We also heard from L. L. Babbitt who is Ensign in the U. S. N. on U. S. S. New Jersey, which is at the Boston Navy Yard at present. It would no doubt recall good old school days for him to receive letters from some of his old school mates. Address U. S. S. New Jersey, care of Postmaster, New York City.

Old students, let us hear from you so that we may let your friends know where you are and what you are doing.

Mrs. Mary Wilcox Dudley, an old student, has been visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Wilcox here for several weeks. She returned to her home in Pennsylvania a short time ago.

Ralph Tyler, Prep '15 has returned to school to be numbered as one of the Freshman College class.

Max Reed, the illustrious legal advisor of the class of '15 is in school at Pottsdam this year.

Lewis Silsbee, Prep '14, visited friends in Houghton a week in October. Mr. Silsbee is teaching a district school near his home.

Miss Bertha Stall, Prep '14 is attending the Geneseo Normal this year.

Mr. Neville '11, was ordained at the recent Methodist Conference at Rochester. He is preaching for a Methodist church near Delaware, while attending Ohio Wesleyan.

Quayle

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**¶We aim to do your laundry
as you would have it done.**

**¶If we suit you tell others; if
not tell us.**

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The medicine helps remove the load
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50c at this Co-operative A. D. S.
Drug Store.

A. M. French, Fillmore, N. Y.

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