

Prof. H. R. Smith

The Houghton Star



APRIL 1915

Volume VII

Number 7

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Vol. VII

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The Voter's Responsibility

First Prize Oration.

Glen McKinley.

The right of franchise is a much esteemed privilege. Our young men await with eagerness their first opportunity to vote; and the women of our land are asking for the ballot. The people of other nations have demanded this right. May heaven speed the time when there shall be universal triumph over kings and tyranny.

But with great power comes great responsibility. The voter by the exercise of his privileges becomes a part of his own government. Therefore he is under obligation to vote for that political party, or law, which will better the NATIONAL, SOCIAL and RELIGIOUS conditions of his country. Whether in the minority or majority, his vote is the measure of his merit or demerit, his innocence or guilt, his moral bravery or moral cowardice.

Since this is true, the only questions which should concern the voter are—What are the problems which confront us as a nation and what steps must be taken to solve them? We scan the most credible reports of our national affairs; we study the social conditions about us and immediately we see: The high cost of living; the unsettled condition between capitalist and laborer; the white plague and other prevalent diseases; the increase of crime and insanity; the divorce question and the white slave trade. But greater than all these and the chief source of each, is the manufacture and sale of in-

toxicating liquors. Statistics say, that the liquor traffic yields one million drunkards, four million heavy drinkers and nineteen million regular, moderate drinkers every year. Add to this the enormous list of broken homes, ruined lives and hell-bound souls, and you will have the picture as it is. Can nearly one-fourth of our entire population frequent the wine cup with all its known evils, without increasing the cost of living, decreasing efficient workmanship, multiplying disease, crime and insanity, augmenting the divorce problem and boosting the white slave trade? These, my friends are present day issues! These issues, fellow voters, are propagated by the traffic which is licensed by every political party except the Prohibition Party! Thus National Prohibition is the paramount political question which concerns us **NATIONALLY, SOCIALLY and RELIGIOUSLY.**

Since this question concerns us nationally, is not the voter responsible to his country for his attitude toward the liquor traffic? The Bible says, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." Thus we see that nations, as well as men, are responsible to God. Only a slight study of profane history will convince us the truth of this text. So long as Old Greece kept herself pure no army could stand before her, but when she became internally impure she fell an easy prey to the spoiler. So long as Rome stood for clean civilization her armies were invincible; when she gave way to sin and licentiousness she sank in shame and disgrace, to rise no more. The his-

tory of the world is the history of nations rising in purity and falling in impurity. Has the United States any virtue whereby she may hope to escape the claims of justice? Can we poison our Yankee blood with alcohol, reducing the physical standard of our people, breeding disease, crime and insanity, without endangering our national life? Dare we trust in the strength of arms? The nations abroad are doing that, and the cry is already going through our land for a greater army and navy. But the greatest armament of which any nation may boast is national purity and faith in the living God. It was this potent force that made us victors in our war with England! It was the triumph of a righteous principle which settled the war of the rebellion! It was moral integrity which made our forefathers heroic soldiers, sagacious statesmen and fathers of our civilization! At the opening of our recent war with Spain, when the president called for volunteers, one million men were ready to fight for their country, but they were not all needed. With the war-cry "Remember the Maine" on the lips of our soldiers, they plunged into battle with such vigor that, within a few weeks, Spain lay a helpless victim at their feet. But the time has come when we are facing far more deadly enemies than Spain. Already have they destroyed our ships of manhood and virtue! They have insulted our flag, by murdering our citizens under its protection! Let us arise, men, in loyalty to the Stars and Stripes! Let us enter the political war shouting our battle-cry, "Down with the murder-mills," and let us hurl this hellish fiend into oblivion, never to be resurrected!

The voter is responsible, not only to the nation, but also to society for his attitude toward the liquor traffic. These are days when social corruption is growing at a rapid rate. In the streets of our large cities today you will see children ragged and filthy; pale-faced young women and hollow-eyed young men, hard-faced men of middle age who bear the marks of lust and sin; harlots dressed for their business, seeking to attract the unsuspecting; and white slavers trapping young women into a life worse than death. I hear some one say, "What is the cause of these appalling conditions?" I answer, "The chief cause is the liquor traffic." The majority of

those unfortunate street urchins are the children of rum-cursed parents; the pale-faced girls are the bread-winners for families whose fathers are drunkards; the degenerate young men are those who spend nights of revelry and drunkenness in some brothel or saloon; the majority of the hard-faced, hard hearted men of middle age have had their lives and homes wrecked by sin and drunkenness; the harlots are the agents of some brothel which is owned by a saloon-keeper; and the white slaver is the recruiting officer for these brothels. The evil associations of the saloon and the poisoning effect of alcohol fires the beastly passions of men and sends them, brutes instead of human beings, to beat and murder their families; to quarrel, fight and kill each other; to crush the life of a wife or mother with sorrow and disgrace. Turn to the small villages or country towns which have saloons and you will see sturdy, country boys of pure parentage and good training, slipping from the grasp of filial love and becoming drunkards. Young men, who might have blest the world with strong muscles and keen intellects, go out to damn and disgrace society and become fathers to children who are cursed before they are born. This, my friends, is social corruption! This, fellow-voters, is the fruit of the liquor traffic! This awful state of affairs is fostered by every political party which licenses this evil. If we vote for these parties are we not responsible for these awful conditions? Shall society be corrupted, homes broken and future generations cursed by your vote? The liquor traffic may go on; it may kill its millions; it may destroy the nation; it may send souls to hell; but not by MY vote!

The voter is responsible to God for his attitude toward the liquor traffic. The Scripture says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and makest him drunken." No doubt you are all saying, "Woe to the saloon-keeper, the brewer and the remainder of the liquor crowd," but, my friends, this woe reaches far beyond the one million men who are employed by the liquor traffic. If the citizens of this country, and even the church members, had not directly or indirectly voted for license the liquor men could not carry on this hellish business. Men, if you have voted for the parties which license this evil, it is YOUR bottle which goes to your neighbor's lips.



Top Row from left to right—Claude Ries, Carrol Daniels, Pierce Woolsey.

Bottom Row—Glen McKinley, Miss Regall, Fenno Densmore.

The man you see in the gutter; the heart-broken wives and mothers; and the murdered or blighted children are the victims of YOUR bottle! You may gather your ecclesiastical garb about you and profess to be free from the blood of all men, but in the great judgment, the blood of him whom your vote has ruined, and the blood of the innocents whom he has murdered, or ruined for life, will stream from your finger ends. Then shall the King say unto you, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

Voters of this republic arise! Burst asunder the bands of sin and neglect that hold you! Does your hearts thrill with pride at the sight of Old Glory? Do you appreciate the freedom of an

American citizen? Then remember your obligations to your government! In the strength of your patriotism save our beloved nation! You profess to be men! Real men, with brawny muscles, strong wills and gigantic intellects! It is your duty to protect our defenceless women and helpless children! Hear the cries of widows and orphans! the shrieks of heart-broken mothers! and the dying groans of white slaves and prostitutes! In power of your manhood strike the death-blow to this destroyer! and in loyalty to your own conscience and the religion which you profess **SAVE YOURSELVES FROM THE WRATH OF A JUST GOD!**

A Personified Evil

Second Prize Oration.

Fenno Densmore.

Evil is antagonistic to all creation. In addition to his struggle for bread, man must fight the wrong or be lost in the vortex of ruin. Every age has its struggle. If we look back along the highways of history, we see where the nations have been wrecked because they failed to cope with some evil. Only a few generations ago, over a million men were in arms because the crime of slavery threatened our national existence. Scarcely had the wounds of that terrific struggle healed before we were again in arms to rescue a weak neighbor from a tyrant's heel. Thus it is we must constantly contend with the enemy of the good. At present we are confronted by an evil more formidable than the guns of an invading force, and it behooves us to awaken to a calamity as useless and un-American as was negro slavery or Spanish oppression. There is no one in all this fair land who does not feel the tyranny of "King Alcohol." This corrupter of governments has gained a foothold upon our shores and is throwing his blight upon millions of our people. There is not a tax payer in America who does not help repair the damages wrought by this gigantic evil. More money goes into the coffers of this king than is used for the maintenance of all the churches and public schools combined.

A study of King Alcohol proves the growth of his power to be rapid and systematic. As a politician he is shrewd. How carefully during the last two decades has he sifted every legislative act, lest something might be made a law that would check his business! How determined he is to keep women from the ballot box! Quite recently in the state of Illinois 800 saloons were closed as a result of woman suffrage. Yes, it is through political influence that he hopes to keep his power while he reeks vengeance upon every Christian institution in America. How much more might the Church of Jesus Christ do to accomplish her mission if her efforts were not often thwarted by this Satanic ruler. Public schools are affected. Thousands of young lives are snatched from the portals of learning and amalgamated with sin because a drunken

father is unable to provide for his family. Homes are wrecked at the rate of at least 10,000 a year. Sixty-five per cent of our young men are addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors. Thousands of young women are given over to ruin annually. What do we get in return? Divorce bills, lunatic asylums, broken hearts and murder! All these may be laid at the feet of King Alcohol and he cannot deny one, as he continues the work of iniquity, poisoning the fountains of civilization, and committing outrages upon humanity a thousand times more atrocious to society than the use of dum dum bullets is to modern warfare.

Shall we endure such encroachments upon our liberty? Must we resort to unmeaning figures? Why mention the billions of dollars squandered for drink annually? Why mention the 100,000 men that go down to drunkards graves every year? No human mind can comprehend the meaning of statistics like these, for the Good Book tells us that no drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God. If we could imagine the sorrow of one woman whose heart has been broken because her child, or perhaps, the man of her love is a victim of alcohol, then in comparison we could say that the calamity wrought by strong drink over a whole nation is much worse than the destruction of a city by an earthquake, or the foundering of a great ship in mid-ocean. If you wish to feel something of the reality of the modern curse, then guard yourself well, and go into that wicked city of Chicago where the doors of 8,000 saloons swing to and fro as the unhappy men go in to debauch their lives. To-night as darkness rests peacefully about you, think of that red light district where women suffer as crushing outrages to their moral beings as "Cassy" ever suffered at the hands of "Simon Legree."

If God would permit us to look upon the moral struggle of to-day with eyes that comprehend more than material things, we would look out on the battle field of fate and behold the hideous form of King Alcohol, gloating over a colossal heap of gold and silver in exchange for which he has given his victims nothing but an unnatural appetite for poison. With his numerous arms which writhe about like the coils of serpents, he reaches out to crush everything that might check the flow of money into his pile. With one of these subtle arms he has reached out and encircled the Church of our Lord

and Saviour, another arm is laid upon the public school, another reaches out and throttles the political machine in its attempt to grind out justice, while a fourth has laid its crushing hold upon the oldest of God's institutions, the home. One glimpse at this awful reality would blind our understanding, but awaken us from lethargy. If we raise a hand in defiance, his glaring searchlight is turned upon us.

How long will we tolerate in the State this bloody defier of order? Does the spirit of America still live? Then imbued with that spirit let us hasten to the rescue of our institutions and to the service of our God. Our forefathers, through their grief and bloodshed have handed us down a great nation. Our country will never die for the want of culture, refined society or an army and navy, but if she tries to stand under the burden of licensed crime, and does not awaken to an insidious foe within, then like Rome she may rot at the heart. If we would save America from committing moral and political suicide, then we must as truly as the shackles of slavery were broken, dismember the parts of King Alcohol by making temperance the paramount issue of the day. Although our numbers are fewer than those of the enemy, we have a leader who through us can cope with all the hosts of Unrighteousness.

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

* * *

A Reckless Ride in a Rickety Wagon

H. J. M.

John Trimbill was busy in the hayfield. He worked with the vigor and vim of youth, and his merry whistle signified his happy and contented mind and why should he not be joyful? It was a custom of his life to appear and act happy, happiness naturally must follow. And too, just a month before he had graduated with honors from Rockville High School, though he had not held the highest honor in his class as a scholar. That distinction was bestowed upon an industrious young lady who studied until she had weakened

her eyes and had to wear spectacles on account of near sightedness and John never wanted that affliction.

He had however led his class in mathematics and had distinguished himself by his oratorical ability and in his athletic career, and his ever cheerful disposition had won many good friends.

Of course Jack, as he was known by all his companions, was not so quiet and docile as some people think boys should be. He was jolly and full of fun and seemed to be leader of all the mischief which was started in school and outside too. On such occasions as Hallow'een he was ever ready with some plan to stir up the village.

Jack lived with his father, mother and two sisters on a good farm, one mile from the little village of Langdon and five miles from the city of Rockville and the high school which was located there. His father was a successful farmer and had, through his improved methods and good honest toil, acquired enough money to keep him in comfortable circumstances the remainder of his life. Now that Jack had graduated from high school he expected to follow the footsteps of his father. Aided by the good condition of the farm and by the supervision of his experienced father, it surely was a fine opportunity for success.

Jack was cocking up the hay which he had raked up with a horse-rake in long rows across the field. Just as he was nearing the side of the field which bordered the public road, a horse and wagon came along. The young driver was David Force, one of Jack's classmates.

"Hello," shouted Dave,

"Why Dave, old boy, I am glad to see you," said Jack. "I have been so busy with the hay for the last two weeks that I have not had a chance to go anywhere.

"That's good," answered Dave. "I like to see you work. It does my old heart good. It sort of inspires me." However there may be some doubt about the truth of this statement, for anything that had any work about it was never known to have been an inspiration to Dave.

"I expect to get the hay all in today," said Jack. "What do you say to it that we go to Langdon tonight?"

"All right," said Dave. "I will come down to your house and we can start together. It will be bright moonlight tonight, and we will have some fun." Dave drove on and Jack industriously continued his work.

As Jack had expected, he was able to finish the haying and had the work all done quite early. Dave came, and soon they were ready to start for the village.

"Good-bye mother," said Jack.

"Good-bye" said Mrs. Trimbill.

"But now boys do be careful, and please try to behave yourselves."

"All right we'll try," answered Dave, and they cheerfully wended their way towards town.

Soon they came to O'Tarry's farm. It showed signs of neglect. The buildings were dilapidated and the land was in a poor state of cultivation. His house was situated at the top of a hill, from which the road took a sharp descent for a short distance, then sloped more gradually for about half a mile. In front of the house was a rickety old wagon without any thills.

"Let's take a ride down the hill," suggested Jack.

"All right," said Dave.

They soon found a piece of rope and tied an end to each end of the front axle near the wheel. In this manner they might steer the vehicle, sitting on the seat. They started it off and climbed in. Down the hill over the rough road they went clatterty bump. They hit rocks and stones and it seemed inevitable that the old wagon would fall apart, but in spite of the danger this was great fun. They sped swiftly on. Their chariot seemed to have wings. They ran over two young pigs, caused a half dozen dogs to indignantly follow in pursuit, and passed one old lady who was so awe struck by the whole performance that she hastily, and in a very undignified manner, surmounted the bank which was along the side of the road.

But who was this man coming up the hill swaying from side to side? In a moment the boys realized that it was a drunken man, undoubtedly so intoxicated that he would not know enough to get out of the way. On one side was a stone fence and on the other was a high bank. The road was scarcely wide enough for two wagons to pass, but this crazy fellow was swaggering around in the middle of it.

The boys shouted but of no avail. They could not possibly stop, for now they were going at a perilous rate. To turn out very much to either side surely meant serious injury, perhaps they would be killed. Yet something must be done. They steered the wagon a little closer to the wall, and the man seemed to stagger towards the bank. In an instant they would be safely past him. But no he staggered

again right in front of them! Jack who was steering the wagon gave a mighty pull to turn out of his way, but they were upon him. One wheel violently knocked him over. The wall at this place had partly fallen over, and the wagon guided by Jack's mighty pull struck it and went right over the top of it. The boys both jumped and landed safely, although almost wrong side out, in the soft field, escaping all injury except quite a severe jolt. Then immediately they hastened to discover the fate of the drunken man, and to their astonishment it was old Pat O'Tarry himself who had been on one of his carousals.

Once he was a respectable and successful farmer, but he had wasted his time and money on liquor. His home too was visited by the ravages of drink; his wife and children were often mistreated when he was under the influence of alcohol. Frequently they were in need of clothing and things to eat.

But such things as these were not passing through the boys' minds. They found that O'Tarry was seriously wounded and that he needed a doctor. Dave ran to the nearest house to a telephone, while Jack tried to fix the injured man in as comfortable position as possible. The man was severely bruised and battered, but he was so drunk that he did not even moan, so Jack did not know the extent of O'Tarry's injuries. "What if he should die," thought Jack. "It was our fault too."

Soon the doctor arrived, put O'Tarry in his carriage, and took him up the hill to his house. After a thorough investigation it was found to the great relief of the boys that Pat had received no real serious injuries, but yet it would be at least three weeks before he could tend to his farm work. Dave had plenty of spare time and Jack too, was not so pushed with his work, so they determined that they would run the farm for him.

They had often played pranks and had made no end of trouble for almost everybody in the neighborhood but never before had their escapades been the cause of such serious trouble.

They tried to help old Pat all they could, and help him they did. They managed the farm as it had not been managed in the last twenty years. The boys' parents when they saw that they were truly penitent and were really anxious to make right the wrong they had done, helped out a little too.

Three days later Pat was better and could sit up in bed. He wished to see the boys, and when they entered the room he greeted them with a cordial smile.

"Sit down boys," he said, "I want to talk with you."

"I am glad you are so much better," said Dave.

"Say Mr. O'Tarry you do not know how sorry we fellows are that this thing has happened," broke in Jack.

"Oh never mind, never mind boys. Do you see those pieces of a broken bottle there? Well that bottle had laudanum in it and the bottle was in my pocket. If I had reached home with that laudanum I would have been a dead man now. Boys, you were rather rough about it, but you have saved my life, you have saved my life. I wanted to die the other night, but I guess now that I would like to live a little longer."

A great burden had been lifted off the boys. They went away with lighter hearts. They no longer performed the duties around O'Tarry's farm merely because they were frightened and felt that they must. Dave had somehow discovered that real joy might be found in good honest labor, and they both enjoyed it more because they thought they were accomplishing something good. They worked for the joy there was in working. They both came to the conclusion that just as much, and even more pleasure might be derived in helping somebody than could be found in playing tricks and being a nuisance to mankind.

After further deliberations they decided that they should be more efficient to help their fellow men, as they realized that a high school education was not sufficient for their needs. Their parents greatly favored the plan that they should continue their education in some higher institution of learning.

So, when the proper time came, trunks were packed and everything was made ready and they set out for Houghton Seminary, where one may obtain wisdom in abundance and where the doctrines of God are loyally upheld.

SUCCESS

I

Steve was a prosperous author; his books were sold for a dime; His heroines always were swooning, but were "saved in the nick of time."

Each had a hundred lovers, who vowed they'd ever be true
To the maid with the "long fringed lashes and eyes of limpid blue."
Six hundred times they tore her out from the "jaws of death,"
Only one second more, and then—
asleep in heavenly rest;
But yet she was so fortunate, that lady young and sweet,
That she was always rescued from the "furious trampling feet."
Steve was young and popular; his works were everywhere,
So lobster a la Newburg was his daily bill-of-fare.

II

Nearby lived another writer, with a musing poetical air;
He sang of the forests primeval of the seal-eating polar bear,
Tracked through the frozen wilderness to its desolate Arctic lair.
He wrote of the summer-days beside the streamlet's rill,
When the Northern lakes had echoed to the wail of the whip-poor-will.
True soul! He lived unknown as many a poet must,
Till he had lived his simple life and mingled with the dust.

III

The silent years have rolled away; let us glance in the hall of fame;
Here in letters, both clear and bright, is a never dying name,
The name of one who wrote for the good of his fellowmen.
'T is he who wrote of the whisp' ring rills, and the trails through marsh and glen;
But long ago forgotten, deep covered with moss and rust,
Lies the name of the transient favorite, buried down, down in the dust!

Wm. V. Russell.

* * *

"Golden thoughts make beautiful lives, for every word and deed lies in the thought that prompted it."

Yellow Journalism

Elis J. Hopkins, '18

The American, more than his English cousin, is susceptible to a certain product of the press properly called yellow journalism. It is a direct result of the spirit of independence, and the clause of the constitution that promises liberty of the press has helped its growth more than any other agency. Certainly, and we may say lamentable, it is now evident and in every class of journalistic publications.

To enter directly into the subject, what is the status of the daily paper? Unquestionably its influence is great and in general good, prominent magazines to the contrary notwithstanding. Many have a circulation upwards in the thousands and help formulate public opinion through their editorial pages. It should be remembered however, that a daily is to be judged by news content rather than by the editorials which only a minority read.

Did you ever pick up a paper, glance over its glaring headlines, and throw it down in a few minutes, disgusted with its lack of information or its relative unimportance? This is a common, every day phase of yellow journalism. The office receives the intelligence that Germany has declared war and is mobilizing its troops. A few minutes later, the flaring headlines of black and red announce to the credulous world that a million men are crossing the French border. A close analysis of the telegram placed inconspicuously below, reveals the fact that no mention of the German's number or proximity is given, but the readers care little for this; the headlines have told them an exciting event and they are ready to believe it.

"By their headlines ye shall know them" might be said of this class of newspapers. To the intelligent reader, repeated "scare" headlines over a Mayor's veto or a favorite son's speech cause them to lose their thunder when a really important event occurs. Luckily, for the yellows, there is another class of readers who are unable to enjoy a conservative, trustworthy journal and must have themselves aroused to public activities by superfluous display.

If sensationalism were limited merely to a redundancy of printer's ink, little would result other than a few cases of shattered nerves, but this,

while still possible, is the exception, not the rule. There are of those varieties a few in every state whose paramount object is apparently the advertising of each murder trial or divorce suit.

We all have in mind a certain instance of homicide that occurred in New York a half dozen years ago and in which a millionaire and other prominent society leaders figured. The trial brought forth an unparalleled burst of yellow journalism, an occurrence that some have emulated ever since. Whole pages were devoted to the proceedings and even the minor details emphasized and incidents of doubtful decency related. The prisoner at the bar, of whose guilt no reasonable man could doubt was glorified and made to possess all the virtues of a martyr. All other civil affairs were treated as secondary consideration to a subject that, at least did its readers no good and probably served to augment their morbidity. This is only a typical case and holds no more true of murder than of other episodes of notoriety.

There is no need of mentioning all or many examples of the cheap daily's methods but there is one that in respect to effects on the readers is scarcely less injurious than the one above cited. No divorce suit is ever tried in which the principals are of note, but that the yellows must devote several columns daily to elaboration of the affair; quite within the law but at the same time in a position which no American should encourage by patronizing.

What is the primary object of this when they have equal facilities as their contemporaries for instructive publication? Briefly and most true of the daily, increased circulation. If a paper can attain a height at which everyone pretends to hate it, it feels that it is time for self congratulation, for the journal most talked about is sure to be the one most read. A large number of subscribers having been secured, a tendency toward conservatism sets in and the evolution of yellow daily to exemplary, sensation fearing paper is completed. That article once so bluntly called a spade, is now, as a novelist observes, more safely and sanely termed an agricultural implement.

The magazine from its lofty eminence is apt to depreciate indiscriminately the penny dailies, unmindful of the fact that the lower type of publica-

tions are as numerous porportionally among its own kind. A difference exists in that being published monthly as it does, its methods from necessity depart the beaten paths of the more despised specimen of the press

Some persons who have acquired an ill reputation seem to revel in their notoriety and consider themselves bound to futher this disrepute. It is the same with certain magazines. Some great scandal or a series of them having been discovered, the periodical responsible looks for more and, failing in this proceeds to manufacture one. It boasts that it prints material which no other publication dares to print, and to prove this contention straightway bombasts everything and everybody in general. In general I say, for all their accusations avoid specific charges, due perhaps to the existence of well-enforced libel laws. Government and state officials in aggregate are everlastingly censured for what and whom they have done without regard to their political affiliations.

Sensationalism in form is also requisite to the yellow monthly. Exaggerated headlines will not suffice alone, and so, having interpolated them throughout, pictures of unusual kind and true to life only in isolated instances are included to make the article startling. Especially if the article discusses an appointee in the governmental service are pictures designed to degrade him and make him ridiculous.

In harmony with the prevalent tone of the periodical are the stories, as well as the illustrations and advertisements. The publishing company knows that the portion of the public to whom the "reform" appeals are pleasing will accept and even demand stories and their illustrations to be of similar caliber. Advertizers are quick to discern the quality of the paper and of the readers and write their advertisements commensurate with the other features.

It is hardly for us to judge which is the worst or the best, if there be any of the latter, form of yellow journalism. Yet, aside from the two types above, there is one that besides merely affecting morality coincidently sows the seeds of bitter discord; whose very object is to arouse animosity between the two religious sects.

For over a hundred years after the creation of our government religious controversy, as far as the press was

concerned, was, in accordance with expressed desires of our forefathers, at a standstill. Within the last dozen years there has been an increase in the infamous, so called religious papers that are devoted exclusively to the vituperious abuse of fellow Christians who interpret the Bible differently. Neither side is blameless and each appear in their vilification of the other to forget the divine command adjuring them "to love one another."

No specific instances need be quoted to illustrate the point in question as the papers have country-wide circulation; a fact astounding to the foreigner who has always supposed this to be a land of religious liberty, free from hatred and bigotry. It is a momentous question and one not to be passed over heedlessly. Then when we have recognized its present evil and future danger let us all unite our forces in eradicating this and other forms of yellow journalism.

* * *

The Business Manager's Song

Way down to the bottom of the treasury,

Way, way, way down;
There's where the fifty still is staying,
That's what causes the frown,
All up and down the whole creation

So oft we ask,
Always waiting for the next subscription,

That surely is a task.

Chorus.

All the world seems so deep in poverty,
Everywhere we write
So pay your subscriptions directly
Or, poor old STAR good-night.

Oh, the subscription list we studied,
When we begun;

Whether to drop delinquents

Or simply let them run,

Yes, the advertisements were a coming
How slow they come

And sometimes a loyal subscriber

Paid the fifty in one sum.

A grand new scheme we did consider

Yes, we have it yet

Simply to have five hundred subscribers,

And thus kept out of debt;

If our friends would try to help us,

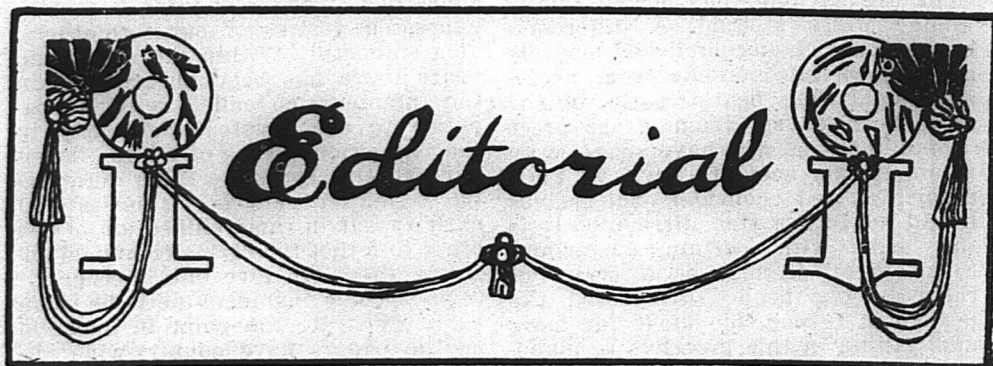
Never make us guess

True, we might make the commencement issue,

Make it a grand success.

Apologies to Foster.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.



THE HOUGHTON STAR

HOUGHTON, N. Y.

Published by THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY of Houghton Seminary,
nine times during the school year. Subscription price, 50c per year; 10c
per copy, payable in advance. All remittances made payable to the
Business Manager.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR—Glen Barnett—'15

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Alumni	Edna Hester—'16
Campus	Wilford Kaufman—'17
Exchanges	Lelia Coleman—'18
Athletics	Carroll Daniels—'17
Odds and Ends	Bethel J. Babbitt—'16

BUSINESS MANAGER—Walter F. Lewis, Theo.—'17

Advertising Manager Elmer S. Davidson, Theo.—'17

Assistant Manager Nathan Capen



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.

The importance of our schools as a factor in shaping and determining the future of our nation can not be overdrawn or exaggerated, for in these institutions are produced the statesmen, the law makers, the mothers and the progenitors of America of to-

morrow. Consequently the need of the best training of the young is a problem of prime importance.

During the early history of the country the church and school were so closely connected with each other that it is said, that in our schools there

were two books which were inseparable, the Bible and the Dictionary; and, although other books were scarce and few, the student as he left school came forth with a good knowledge of the language, with the principles of honesty and upright living deeply ingrafted in his being, and with the ability to lead a strong and powerful life in his nation.

Such was the kind of training received in our educational institutions in the past, but within recent years a marked change,—yes even a deterioration—has taken place in the training of the minds of the young. True it is that today our schools are equipped with better apparatus, with better teachers, and are almost limitless in the breadth of the curriculum, but back of this we find that the best is being sacrificed for these good things. In the public schools of many of our states the reading of the Bible is forbidden, higher criticism is being injected into the minds of the young, and the deep morality and devout integrity of primitive days are rapidly disappearing.

We see as we study our history that had it not been for this solid, practical type of education our forefathers never would have been able to solve so successfully the many problems of their day. But they had acquired that depth and stability of character, and that keen discernment which can be acquired only by the cultivation and study of the deepest truths of life. In our nation today, with its infinitely more complicated problems, we surely can not get along without men of as great quality as those who controlled its affairs in the past. Consider the many problems produced by rapid, internal development and growth, and by relations with other nations, and the need of keen, competent citizens and statesmen with the best training will appear.

Where then shall our youth turn to secure an education, where man's greatest self, the spiritual, shall be equally developed with the physical and mental? Can we find a place where the best may be secured along with the good? Yes, there are such places, rising here and there over the land; but go not in the way of the great to find them. Look not among those immense structures which raise their marble domes heavenward. But look among the humble and the lowly; here nestled among the hills we may find a few simple buildings; there in

the quite of a little country town we may find another; or perhaps as a speck on the vast bosom of the prairies another may appear.

Nor were these institutions founded under what the mind of the world would call auspicious conditions. Millionaires did not contribute to their support, and no splendid endowment laid their foundation. Draw aside the veil of obscurity, and you will find how such are founded. Behold that man, perhaps reaching the declining years of his life, bent with the cares and burdens which he has borne; his clothes are patched and threadbare, the common luxuries of life are not his to enjoy; but follow this one as he goes from place to place, pleading with the people to help him establish a school where the youth may receive a Christian education, and you will see the founder of such schools. The money which built such schools did not flow forth lavishly from the coffers of the rich. Here a widow threw in her mite, there a sacrificing father gave a few dollars, each giving the best he could from his scanty portion, for 'tis not those possessing great means, but rather great spirits which can found such institutions. The sacrifices, the labor and the prayers which are put into such a structure link it more firmly to the eternal throne of God, than the foundations which bind it to the earth, and with this foundation, it can not fall.

The mission of such an institution is one of the noblest and greatest missions of earth. And only by the maintenance of such, can the work of the church and the true work of the state be carried forth. Higher criticism, or even ethics can not lift men from degradation to noble living, but men and women animated and filled with the spirit of the Christ, as taught in these humble places can bless and raise thousands.

No buildings wrought with wondrous architecture, no libraries filled with thousands of volumes may be erected to perpetuate the memory of these little oases in the desert of life, yet here and there will rise an immortal monument, a monument towering far above the din and clamor of the world, and this will perpetuate its memory forever. These monuments will be the lives of the men and women who have had the foundations of a virtuous character and a useful life, established in such an institution. Men who dare face the reproach of the multitudes for the sake of honesty and uprightness, men who can

point their fellows to the noble and pure life; and women, who will make the homes of the nation bright and cheerful, who can train the children into beautiful lives, or who can fill other responsible positions in her vocation. These will be the monuments which will forever perpetuate these institutions, the foundation of our national success and perpetuity.

The Literary Contest.

Just as we were hurrying this issue off to print, we received the returns of the Literary Contest, and will just give our readers a brief report of the returns.

The winners of the first and second prizes were as follows:—Essays, the first prize was won by Mr. William Russell, the second by Miss Marie Graves. Mr. William Russell also had the distinction of winning the first prize story, Florence Kelley the second prize. The poem receiving the first prize was written by Cecil A. Russell, and the one receiving second by Robert Chamberlain.

In addition to these, there are several other manuscripts in each department which are excellent, and which will appear in later issues of the Star. It is an interesting fact, that with the exception of one, each of these prizes was won by a Freshman; we feel that the literary department of Houghton is improving, and that if these talents are developed, we shall be able to put forth men and women of literary fame in the future.

* * *

Loyalty

If I were an artist and could paint such pictures that all the world would gaze on them in rapture, if I were an author and could write stories that would thrill the world to better living, or if I were a poet and could compose such verses that all the people of this land would read them, there is no question but that honor and fame would flow unceasingly at my doors; although my position in life is in a more humble sphere nevertheless I have a message for the readers of the STAR. You may consider it of small importance, and if only one person thought that, it wouldn't seem such a large affair, but because between one or two hundred subscribers are so inclined this becomes an obstacle, mountain high.

To all students of Houghton Seminary and especially to those of the last few years, just a question or two. Have YOU lost all interest in your Alma Mater? Are YOUR thoughts never turned in this direction? Do YOU not have a desire to know what we are doing in Houghton? If so, please read this article through and follow directions.

To ALL those who have ever served on the Staff of the Star, can YOU forget the struggles of the past, the conflicts that were not always termed victorious? If so, how can YOU neglect to renew?

In these days of wars and rumors of wars, patriotism is considered a virtue, and indeed it is but at the same time does it not appeal to YOU that Charity begins at home and if YOU are not faithful in supporting your church and the school of your choice, should you ever have an opportunity of a larger work YOU ARE UNFITTED because you were not true in the smaller things.

During the past few months we have been mailing to you regularly THE HOUGHTON STAR, and now will you favor the management by an early remittance? The Editor wishes to make an especially attractive Commencement Number and much depends on the response from our friends. Let us hear from you AT ONCE. Thank you. Walter F. Lewis, Business Manager, Box 117, Houghton, New York.

* * *

The Intercollegiate Prohibition Association

The Annual Oratorical Contest.

As soon as the genial janitor opened the doors of Houghton Seminary on the evening of Friday, March 26, 1915, students and towns-people began to assemble in the Chapel to attend what proved to be the best contest Old Houghton has experienced in a long time. By the time appointed to begin the program, the hall was comfortably filled; the three judges,—Reverend George H. Nelson, of Belfast, Reverend B. W. Miner, of Rushford, and Mr. Robert Molyneaux, of Houghton,—had taken their places in as many parts of the audience; and all look forward with anxious, expectant faces as, one by one, a princely pro-

cession of musicians wended their way up the aisle to the section reserved for the Houghton Seminary Band near the platform. Then came the opening strains of melody from the aggregation of reeds and horns,—and Oh Yes! We must not neglect to mention the drums. We heard them, too. Under the able direction of Mr. Ray Calhoun, the Band has developed rapidly since organization last Fall, until their best is excellent! And they were at their best on the evening of the 26th. Following the selection by the Band, Prof. Smith introduced Rev. Nelson, who offered prayer. Thus the program was commenced.

Each speaker did himself and the institution of which he is a part, honor that night. The addresses were well thought out, and were delivered in a manner at once destined to impress the personality of the men upon their hearers, and to please, instruct, and inspire them. The key-note of all the productions seemed to be, "Responsibility". and it was emphasized again and again that with the VOTERS, the CITIZENS,—lies the responsibility for the maintenance of or the overthrow of the liquor traffic.

Claude Ries, as usual, was perfectly at home on the platform, and his oration, "The Human Dynamo" was a work of skillful word-painting and oratory. From his opening statement "For every cause there is an effect" to the close, the audience was held in admiration by the ease with which he juggled smooth phrases. "A Hundred Years From Now" was the subject of Pierce Woolsey's address, and in an able manner he proved to the audience that, "The human race is progressive", and that, "National Prohibition will come as a natural course of events." Like the others, this won hearty applause. The next speaker, Carroll Daniels worked out a very clever idea in his speech on, "Weighed in the Balances." He quoted numerous statistics, was dramatic at times, and showed how, in the rise and fall of nations, strong drink has been a potent cause for the destruction of all that is good and valuable in civilization.

Miss Elvira Allen favored us with a beautiful vocal solo, "Shepherd of Israel", and charmed everyone with her pleasing rendition.

An oration which might almost have been called a sermon was presented by Glen McKinley. "The Voter's Responsibility" was his sub-

ject. He showed how, while the right franchise is a much desired privilege, it is at the same time a responsibility. Bible truths were quoted which drove home striking points, and the blame for all vice and vileness was fearlessly laid to the liquor traffic.

The closing number, "A Personified Evil", by Fenno Densmore was a masterly production. The speaker, in his quiet, but intensely earnest manner made clear how "Evil is antagonistic to civilization". Like the preceding speaker, Mr. Densmore used many Bible truths in forging points home. He closed with a very appropriate bit of verse.

While the judges and their assistants were out deciding upon the winners, the Band again rendered some harmony. Then President Walter F. Lewis spoke. Do we need to mention that he entertained, instructed, and edified us as he talked? He ALWAYS does this.

When Prof. Smith mounted the platform to announce the winners many a heart beat faster, while many another seemed to cease palpitating for a few seconds. Without preliminary remarks the Professor announced that the first prize of ten dollars was awarded to Glen McKinley, and the second, of five dollars to Fenno Densmore. These two gentlemen came to the platform and received their prizes 'midst the cheers of the audience.

Again the annual oratorical contest of the I. P. A. was over. Congratulations were showered upon the successful speakers, and all five of the contestants were commended over and over again, as they well deserved to be; for they all did their best, and when we have done our best, no more can be required of us, for we have then done our duty.

Election of Officers and Delegates.

On Thursday afternoon April 8, occurred the annual election of officers of the Houghton Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. At the same time the delegates to the State Convention, at Colgate University, April 22 and 23 were elected. The officers follow:—

President,—Walter F. Lewis
Vice-President,—Carroll Daniels
Secretary,—Elvira Allen
Treasurer,—William Kaufmann
Reporter,—Glen McKinley

The following were elected as delegates to the convention:—George Whittaker, William Kaufmann, Glen McKinley, and Fenno Densmore.

These are the alternates:—Leo G. Raub, Elvira Allen, Harriet Meeker, and Edna Hester. It will be seen that Houghton is to be well and nobly represented at Colgate.

The work of the local I. P. A. has not gone forward with the rapidity which it might have, this year. We have had an able President, who has done all in his power to push the thing, but with insufficient encouragement from the faculty as regards the set time for the meetings, and with rather reluctant interest manifest by some of the students at times, the work has been hindered. It is hoped that it may be arranged so that the league may meet on some evening for it's next to impossible to get a bunch of students together inside on an afternoon, especially when it is as pleasant an afternoon as some we have

had lately;—Thursday, April 5th, for instance.

We are looking forward to a more prosperous year. With proper encouragement from the faculty, and loyal support from the students there is no reason why the prosperity we hope and pray for, will not come. For "God is alive, and He's well!" as a noted divine was heard to remark some time since. And as a young preacher once said to John Wesley, "The world is wrong side up; Someone must turn it right side up; WE'RE THE BOYS (and girls) THAT CAN DO IT!!!"

And now, he who has from time to time invaded the columns of this paper "for better, or for worse" bids you, as a new and better man takes up the task, "ADIEU!!!"



Gertrude Graves '16, Editor

Athenian Society

The society has convened once since the last report. A combination program was given on James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. The program was considerably shortened inasmuch as one of the members failed to make an appearance when his name was called, for the paper "A Sketch of Riley's Life." Vera Lawrence read several selections from "Afterwhiles." Some interesting and humorous anecdotes from Field's life were given by William Russell. The program was concluded by a reading from Field's poems, by Lelia Coleman. R. J. K.

Ionian Society

Owing to the failure of the program committee to inform those who were to take part in the program, the last meeting was very short. Miss Thurston played an original piece, Miss Hudson gave a vocal selection and Miss Mary Warberton gave an original piece.

The society has been slowly losing interest and has come to the conclusion that the only way to bring it up to the old standard will be to unite with the Neosophic society. We hope by doing this that every member will take a new interest and our society will again become established.

E. R. S.

The Neosophic Society

The two meetings since last report have been excellent meetings, though the attendance has fallen off to quite an extent. The first meeting was given largely to reports on different phases of the war in Europe. Mr. Butterfield gave a brief report on submarines, Mr. Luckey on Kitchener, and Mr. Miller explained the present conditions on the eastern battle front. At the following meeting the principal part consisted of a debate on the question of enlargement of the United States Navy. Mr. William Kaufman and Mr. Bowen endeavored to prove that war is possible, and that the Uni-

ted States is not prepared for such a war. Mr. Miller and Mr. Reed, however proved the contrary, to the satisfaction of the judges. A Neo.

The Senior Y. M. W. B.

At last we have heard the report for which we have been waiting so long. Miss Thurston gave us her report of the Convention at our last meeting. A paper by Mr. Raub was given on "The Essentials of a Mission Study Leader" which was very interesting and instructive. A reading by Verna Stear was then given, entitled "Jephthah's Daughter" which was followed by a paper, "A Home Base of Missionary Enterprise" by Grayce Steese. The songs used were the songs which were sung at the Convention, and a special song by the quartet. Miss Thurston endeavored to bring to us a little of the spirit of the convention and throughout the program was very interesting and inspiring. Miss Grange was elected as our delegate to the Annual Conference.

The Mission Study Class have finished the book, "Effective Workers in Needy Fields." It has not yet been decided what we will take up for the next few weeks. G. L. S.

The German Club

Provost! die deutsche Verein.

These beautiful spring days use all their enticements in vain when the German Club is announced. And we have found that it is really no harder to think in German than in English. This time the leader gave us some riddles to solve in German!

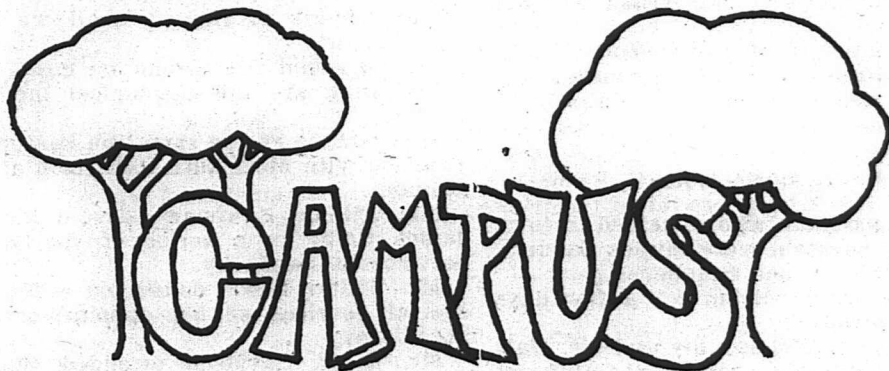
Under such difficulties there are always some people who rise and shine in their unexpected brilliancy, but this was an unusual company and there were many who quickly discovered the solutions of such difficult riddles as were propounded. Perhaps the most interesting, the one most significant was this:

"Warum ist die Luft im Houghton so rien?"

Who would guess that the answer is:

"Weil man die Kirchen Fenster nicht aufmacht!"

Aufwiedersehen, Verein gesellen!



Wilford E. Kaufman, '16, Editor

COLLEGE LOCALS

Several of our college students spent Easter vacation at their homes. Miss Frances Woods, Mr. Robert Woods, Miss Ruth Robertson, Miss Ruth Worbois, Miss Bertha Stall, Mr. Earl Barrett, Mr. Leo Raub, Mr. Robert Chamberlain.

Mr. Glen Barnett spent his vacation with his brother in Lockport.

Miss Ethel Kelley received an "Easter-Box" from home and very liberally shared with several of her friends at

a spread in her room. A flash-light was taken of the crowd and all report a splendid time.

Miss Elvera Allen spent vacation with friends in Buffalo.

Mr. Harry Meeker accepted the invitation to spend the holidays with Mr. Clair Beverly at his home in Hornell.

Mr. Willard Ballard made his monthly visit to his home in Olean, spending Easter, there.

Mr. Nathen Capen left for home at the beginning of vacation, to be away for a short time.

Miss Florence Kelly and Miss Edna Hester spent Easter Sunday with Miss Ruth Robertson at Belmont.

The students who remained in Houghton, all report that the time passed quickly and they really had an enjoyable time.
E. A. A.

Preparatory Notes

Many of the Preparatory students went to their homes for the Easter recess and some others were entertained with friends. Several who remained in Houghton spent their evenings at some of the social functions and all who were here were invited to the Dormitory on Friday evening where they enjoyed a very pleasant time.

Messrs. Glenn and Max Molyneaux visited their grandfather in Pennsylvania recently.

Not long ago the Sophomores gave the Freshman class a maple sugar feed in the dining room of the Dormitory.

Many of the "Preps." have attended the meetings now in progress at Hume.

Pearl Schouten went to the home of her aunt in Chili at the opening of the spring vacation where she expects to remain until her health permits her to be again in school. Mrs. Schouten has also spent several weeks with her daughter.

We are very glad to welcome Gratia and Alfred Bullock among us as students of Houghton.
M. F.

Music Notes

Among those who remained in town during vacation were Misses Sanders, Gray, Shore, and Stephens.

Miss Reed was ill for a few days after vacation.

Miss Kent, Miss Lilly and Mr. Hubbard furnished music at different times for the recent Tabernacle meetings at Fillmore. The Band also was invited to the meetings two different evenings.

Mr. Hubbard has several violin pupils at present.

Misses Lilly, Kent, and Reed spent vacation at home.

Miss Hudson pleasantly passed vacation with Miss Parker at Cuba.

Mr. Mosso registered as a music student while at Fillmore, thus increasing the enrollment to 199.

A public recital will be given in the near future.
R. F. R.

Theological Notes

Spring has again dawned upon us, and with the songs of the birds, the opening of the buds, also, the return of vegetation, we are reminded of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life," and vindicated the truth of His statement by bursting the bands of death, and by coming forth triumphant over death and the tomb.

We have just concluded our Easter holidays, a time to which so many look forward as a time of feasting and merry-making, but, especially, the exhibition of new garments. Our hearts however, have been tuned to see in it the joyful remembrance of the resurrection of our Saviour which inspires us with hope and confidence, thereby causing us to rejoice in the possibility of our being resurrected from a life of sin unto a life of righteousness through Jesus Christ our Lord. It enables us also, to look forward to a greater resurrection when we shall hear our Saviour's voice, and shall come forth clothed with immortality; arrayed in garments of unfading splendor and beauty, to be caught up to meet our Lord in the air, and to hear the glad "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Glory to God. If our fellowship below

In Jesus be so sweet;

What heights of rapture shall we know,

When round His throne we meet.

Following are the theological incidentals:

Miss Grayce Steese spent the Easter vacation with Miss Ruth Robertson at Belmont.

Mr. William Kaufman assisted Mr. James Colby in a series of special services at Sandusky.

Mr. Walter Lewis conducted a few special services at his appointment at Wiscoy.

Mr. E. S. Davidson attended the Lockport conference held at Ashwood, New York.
F. B. Markell.

Faculty Notes

Misses Fitts and Reggall spent the spring vacation at their homes near Syracuse.

Pres. Luckey and Professors Bedford and McDowell attended the conference held at Ashwood, New York. They report an exceptionally good meeting and good prospects for the building of the new gymnasium.

Mrs. Jennings spent her vacation at home. She was ill with the grippe

part of the time. We fear she was not able to enjoy to the full her release from the trying hours in the library.

Shakespeare comes no more to school; in his place is Prof. Frazier. We were very glad to welcome Prof. Shakespeare Frazier to school again but it seems more natural to have Prof. Frazier in the class-room. (For the benefit of those who have not seen our Prof. we would say that he bore a striking resemblance to the pictures of Shakespeare because of the beard he cherished since his illness.

Prof. Coleman preached for Rev. Whitaker at the quarterly meeting held a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Bowen spent a day in Belfast during vacation.

Miss Russell spent her spring vacation visiting friends near Houghton. She says she was very busy sewing and that she had a lovely time.

Misses Thurston and Hillpot spent a very enjoyable vacation in Houghton.
C. N. C.

ALUMNI

Edna Hester, '16, Editor

'11 Myrtle Woodbridge has charge of a flourishing music class of about fifty pupils in Canton, N. Y. Houghton graduates know how to work and get others to do the same.

'11 March 27, 1915 was a glad day in a beautiful country home near Haskinsville, N. Y. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bowen. The little fellow's name is Earle Churchill Bowen. May his life be long and happy.

(Old Students.)

Eva Huntsman is at home in Canandaigua, N. Y.

Charlie Newton works on a farm near Copenhagen, N. Y.

Thursday March 18, a pretty wedding was celebrated at the bride's home in Delaware, Ohio. Miss Ruth Woolsey is now the wife of a civil engineer, Mr. Walter James. A piece of the wedding cake found its way to N. Y. stopping at the little town of Houghton, where Mrs. James' brother, Pierce, is attending school. The Star extends congratulations to the new couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Everette Overton are the happy parents of a fine boy, master Richard Sloan Overton.

Maud Woodbridge is making good in Allendale, New Jersey, where she teaches the fifth and sixth grades in the grammar school.

Florence Eyster is married and living on a farm near Cataragus, N. Y., but we are unable to give her present name.

Miss Nettie Rowe has resigned her position as teacher in the grammar grade in Forest Dale, Vt., and consequently her name has been changed. The Star extends best wishes and hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Covey. May the one pupil she has undertaken to teach be an apt one.

* * *

Athletics

Carrol Daniels '17, Editor

At last something has happened worthy of mention. The boys have decided to have a field meet this spring. Willard Ballard and Bethel Babbit have been chosen as captains, and they expect to divide the men as nearly even as possible. Every fellow with any ambition and school spirit will certainly enter for at least one event. Of course broken bones, old age and rheumatism will be considered as good excuses for not entering.

We are hoping to have some base ball news to report by the next issue. All our old stars are in fine trim, so we may expect some very exciting games.

Exchanges

Lelia Coleman, '18 Editor.

The Houghton Star acknowledges with thanks the following Exchanges for this month:

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

Middlebury Campus—Middlebury College.

The College World—Adrian, Michigan.

High School Buzz—Hutchinson H. S.

Hutchinson, Kansas

The Cascade—Seattle, Washington.

The Miltonvale College Monitor—Miltonvale, Kansas.

The Albright Bulletin—Albright College, Myerstown, Pennsylvania.

The Wissahickon—Chestnut Hill Academy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Awgwan—University of Nebraska Lincoln, Nebraska.

The Windmill—Manlius Schools, Manlius, N. Y.

The Clipper—DuBois H. S. DuBois, Pa.

The Walking Leaf—Cook Academy, Montour, Falls, N. Y.

The Wissahickon is certainly in a class by itself and a most favored class too—there is not a single advertisement! You are an interesting school paper.

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The Cascade again appears in a different garb. Indeed variety is the spice of life. The last cover and paper were very beautiful.

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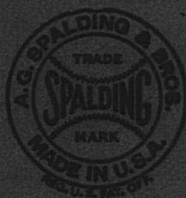
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