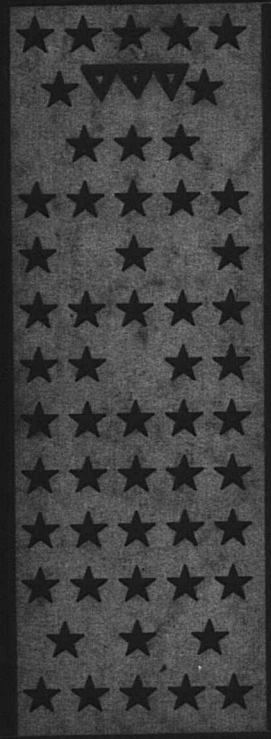


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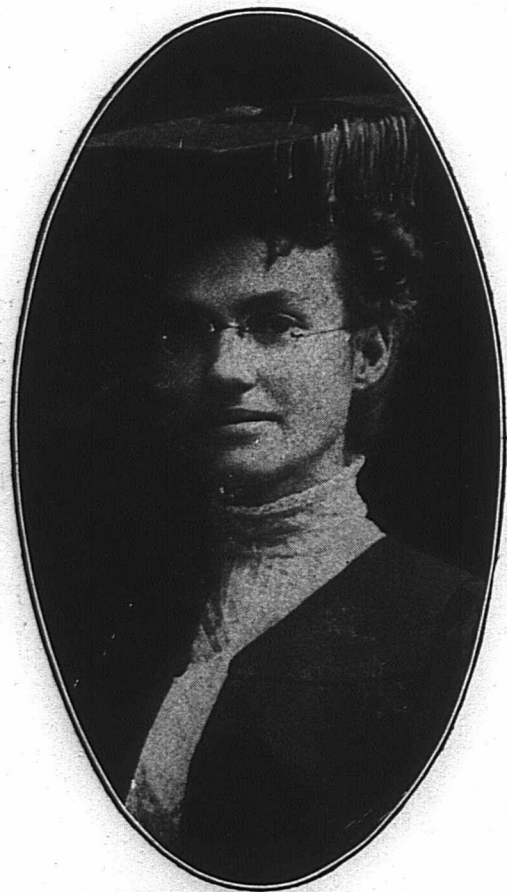
Miss Hilpot

The Houghton Star



This final issue, we respectfully dedicate to one whose loving disposition, benign Christian character, and spirit of sacrifice has endeared her to us all; to the dean of women---

Miss Gertrude B. Thurston



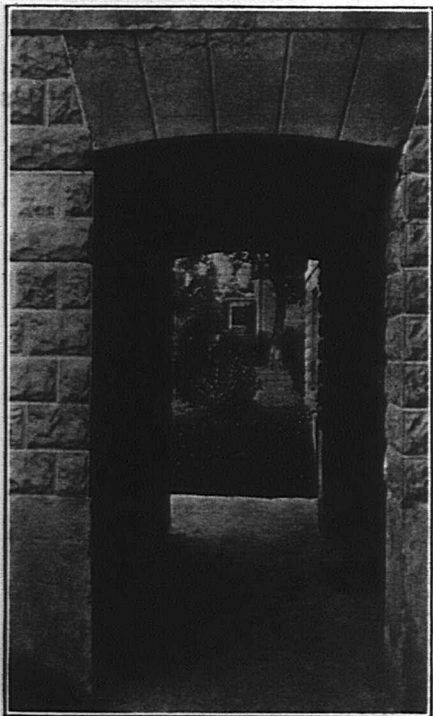
Miss Gertrude B. Thurston

Contents

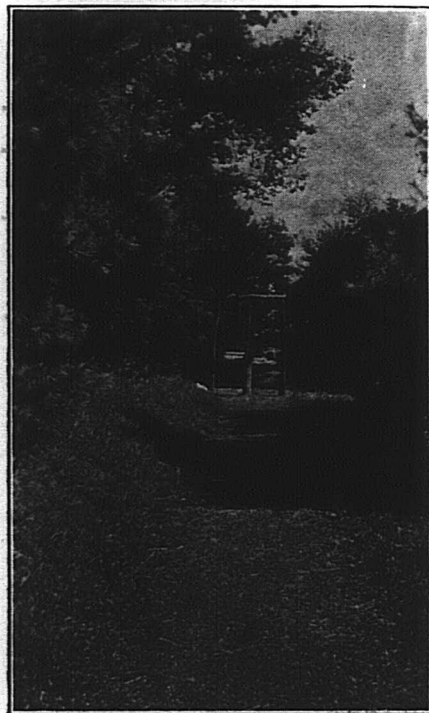
Dedication	1
Miss Gertrude B. Thurston	2
An Engraving	
Views of Houghton	4
An Engraving	
Literary	
The Girls' Dormitory	6
An Engraving	
Helen Keller	7
First Prize Essay	
"They That Sow in Tears"	10
Second Prize Essay	
Lift Him Up	12
First Prize Poem	
The Dying Soldier	14
Second Prize Poem	
Faithful to the Last	15
First Prize Story	
Afraid of the Dark	18
Second Prize Story	
Editorial	
The Star Staff	20
Group Picture	
Fulfilment	21

T H R E E

Soul-Aspirations	22
"Heart Throbs Outwear Brain Flashes"	23
Views of the Campus	24
An Engraving	
Graduates	
Our College Seniors	26
Engravings and Sketches	
Our Theological Graduates	28
Engravings and Sketches	
Our Preparatory Trio	30
Engravings and Sketches	
Campus	
A Few Snaps	34
An Engraving	
Forty Weeks on the Campus	35
Societies	
A Few Snaps	38
Organizations	39
Athletics	40
Commencement Week	41
The Parting Hour	42
The Outlook	43
Jolting Breezes	44



To the Sem



To the Campground

LITERARY



The Girls' Dormitory

Helen Keller

First Prize Essay

Winnifred Fero, Prep. '18



THOSE who have the blessed privilege of sight and hearing cannot appreciate what the awful silence and perpetual darkness of the blind and deaf is like. Think how it would be to have all the light and music taken out of your life. The continual groping in the dark! The constant listening for a sound--a noise of any kind, to relieve the awful silence! It is too disagreeable a thing, yet that is just what happened to little Helen Keller.

Helen Keller had the great good fortune of spending her childhood among the beauties of an Alabama plantation. Their small home, near the homestead, was so completely covered with vines, climbing roses, and honey suckles that from a distance it appeared like an arbor. The little porch, which was hidden from view by a screen of yellow roses and Southern smil-x, made a favorite haunt for humming-birds. The large garden of flowers surrounding the house was full of violets, lilies, trailing clematis, drooping jessamine and various kinds of climbing roses. This garden was Helen's delight, and from the time she could walk, when a year old, she spent most of her waking hours

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in it, even after the fever which racked her little body when she was nineteen months old had left her without sight or hearing.

Of course Helen was too young to realize why it was always night to her. As soon as her strength permitted, she began accustoming herself to the constant darkness by clinging to her mother's dress as she went about, feeling of every object near her and observing every motion. But, although she learned many things in this way, as she became older she found that the simple signs which she used to communicate with those around her were not sufficient for her to express her thoughts. Often, after unsuccessfully trying to make her friends understand her, she would get angry and throwing herself on the floor would scream and cry for a long time.

It was not until Helen was seven years old that Mr. and Mrs. Keller discovered that blind children could be taught. A teacher was secured for her immediately. Miss Sullivan began her work the day of her arrival by presenting Helen with a doll, then spelling the word d-o-l-l slowly into her hand. This had to be done over many times before Helen began to understand its significance. From then on there was not an hour of the day that Miss Sullivan did not find something to teach her.

A serious draw-back in teaching Helen was her

quick temper and her wilfulness. As no one had ever attempted to govern her, it was a problem to Miss Sullivan how to get control of her and win her love at the same time.

One of the first battles came at breakfast soon after Miss Sullivan's arrival. Helen was in the habit of putting her hands on the different plates and helping herself, or when the dishes were passed she would grab whatever she wanted from them. Miss Sullivan refused to let Helen's hand be on her plate, and a contest of wills followed. The family were much disturbed, and left the room. Miss Sullivan tells the incident thus, "I locked the dining-room door and proceeded to eat my breakfast, though the food almost choked me. Helen was lying on the floor kicking and screaming and trying to pull my chair from under me. She kept this up for half an hour, then got up to see what I was doing. I let her see that I was eating, but refused to let her put her hand on my plate. She pinched me, and I slapped her hand every time she did it. Then going around the table to see who was there and finding only me she seemed bewildered. After a few minutes she came back to her place and began to eat her breakfast." Helen was very angry, however, and would not be friends with Miss Sullivan for several hours. Helen either would do a thing, or she would not do it. Because of this it was hard to

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instruct her until she came to love and obey her teacher. It took Miss Sullivan several weeks to teach Helen she must obey, but when the lesson had been learned they began to make rapid headway with others one. Helen was quick to learn and eager, too, when she understood what it would mean to her. Thus they studied together many years.

One day Helen declared to a group of friends with whom she was visiting in Wellesby that some day she was going to college. From this day she began to prepare herself for it. Up until the time of this occasion Helen had had no regular hours for study-- she and her teacher studied all the time, Miss Sullivan explaining things she saw or heard to Helen--but from now on their work went on more regularly. When about twenty years old Helen Keller entered Cambridge School for young Ladies, to prepare for Radcliffe College. Miss Sullivan, who always accompanied Helen, accompanied her to class and spelling into her hand all the instructors said. This was a very difficult way to get a lesson, but Helen refused to become discouraged, and finished the first year with credit. A few weeks after commencing the second year's work the president of the school refused to let her go on with the heavy schedule she had taken up and Helen left school. Mr. Keith was secured to tutor her and with his aid Helen prepared herself to take the final exam-

inations for Radcliffe. Thus a blind and deaf girl, surmounting the difficulties in her way was able to enter college.

Helen Keller says of this time, "My friends tried to persuade me not to attempt college because they feared the obstacles in the way would prove too much for me. But I was eager to overcome them. I had taken to heart the words of the wise Roman who said, 'To be banished from Rome is but to live outside Rome.' Debarred from the great highways to knowledge, I was compelled to go by the unfrequented roads--that was all." The difficulty on the road was greater than she had imagined but she had a determination to accomplish the task she had set for herself and she succeeded. She was the first blind woman to receive a college education.

During the first years of Helen's life she was unable to talk. Her friends did not believe she could learn how to speak, but Helen could not give up the hope of doing it. Finally Miss Fuller of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf, undertook to teach her. Helen would feel the throat and mouth of her teacher, then by imitating the motions, she would make the same sounds, Later she and Miss Sullivan practised

them for hours--Miss Sullivan correcting mistakes and showing her how to improve. Sometime afterwards Dr. Humason of New York tried to improve the tone of her voice by giving her vocal lessons. Helen became able to speak better than most deaf people for her voice was low and sweet and some of her notes were most musical and charming. The principal thing that was lacking was sentence accent. Helen pronounced each word like a child reads when it has to pick out each word. Even this degree of success had cost constant drill--tedious and many times discouraging.

Helen Keller's example means much to her fellowmen, especially to other unfortunates. It has proved the possibility of overcoming the severe handicaps which blindness and deafness place on one. Her untiring struggles toward the goal of her ambition should serve to inspire all to greater endeavor---should cause them to strive for the things worth while in spite of discouragement. Her writings and talks--like her life--call for the noble, true things in the lives of others, who are so fortunate as to hear of them. Thus she is striving to fill her place and be of use to her fellowmen.

"They That Sow in Tears"

Second Prize Essay

G. Beverly Shultz, Theo. '18



HE yesterdays of eternity have paid their toll of pain and toil that our todays might be resplendent with the sound and intellectual advantages which we enjoy. Thus also will the liberty and freedom of tomorrow be bought by the sacrifice and death of us today. The beneficent legacy which any nation or race may inherit is made possible only by bloodshed and martyrdom. There is in nature a pervasive principle which demands that nothing will be given until it is paid for --- not in gold but in life's energy and blood. Nature very wisely, tho mercilessly, demands life for life for no cheap bargains are ever made.

Not only do we pay dearly for the best in life but we pay for it in terms of continuous effort. Progress is not produced by one effort alone --- for then the rebound from inactivity would be failure --- but it is made by patient, well-directed industry. From him who does not use shall be taken that mite which he has. Using is having, not using is losing. "On, on ad-infinitum" must be the dominant spirit that troubles the heart of the master. To such a conquer-

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N ing genius as Phillip of Macedon, the Orantes must suggest the Euphrates, and the Euphrates must suggest the Indus. Each achieved victory demands another struggle, which is repeated by the hero, from the dawn of existence to the last breath. For very blessed indeed is the man, "the last twang of whose bow-string is as sharp as any that went before, sending its arrow as surely to the mark."

In all the spheres of thot and life this vicarious element remains inflexibly true to the wise old teacher --- the nature of things. In order that we may have ripened harvest fields which bend with food for the life of the nation, the sun is burning itself up. To ripen the golden sheaf costs the sun thousands of tons of carbon. From whence then do the alluvial plains in the balmy tropical zones receive their fertility? The heavy rains pour down upon the mountains; the mountain torrent rushes madly into the low-lands below, carrying the sediment that it took from the mountain which is to make rich the soil in the valley. The mountain is denuded that the plain may be fertile. The golden corn and the fragrant hay are made possible by the gift of the hillside's abounding verdure. The islands upon which people build their homes and till their fields were formed by myriads of living creatures who by their death made a place for man to live.

What literatures do we have composed from six and twenty letters of the alphabet! Yet these poems and songs did not come except as the authors gave their life-blood. Milton closed his eyes to earth's beauteous scenes that he might see with unclouded vision the celestial hills of Paradise. John Locke tightens his apron-strings in lieu of a dinner; he endures the bitter cold of an old Dutch garret that the world might have "The Human Understanding." Pascal, whose elevated thots so fascinated the minds of those athirst for knowledge, bought his divine ideas by consuming his brain.

What has made our social life as pure and far-reaching as it is today? Why may travelers visit the South Sea Islands without fear of molestation? The answer is simple. Someone paved the way for this upward step in the stairway of civilization. These Islanders, who a century ago were so fiendishly cannibalistic, are today friendly and amiable. Mr. Patterson, a brilliant young scholar in Eaton College, gave up glittering prospects in England that he might go to labor among the savages of the Pacific. While there

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he was compelled to twice jump into the waters amid eager sharks, swarming devil-fish, and stinging jellies, to escape the flight of the poisoned arrows whose slightest touch meant a horrible death. As he was engaged in such noble service the very hands to whom he had so often ministered took his life. The memory of the deed however, did so smite the consciences of his murderers that they placed him in an open boat with his hands crossed and a branch on his breast as if in prayer, then sent him to float over the deep-blue waves; there in the "white light, he now lies, immortal forever."

What is the price of individual freedom? The world is giving liberally of its best and choicest manhood, that by their life the world may be freed from autocratic tyranny and the loathsome sore of war. This willingness on the part of humanity to die for others does not lead to real death. For death is only a greater birth, a closing of these inconvenient limitations, so that we may gaze with unclouded vision upon the unwithering realities on the sapphire seas of eternity. Life will be given to death and death will bring forth Freedom.

Lift Him Up

First Prize Poem

John D. Wilcox. Theo. '22

There is something mighty curious
In this wide old world of ours;
Its full of thorns and briars
But it's just as full of flowers.
Life's a great deal what we make it,
Yet there's something goes to show
That it's not all picking daisies
On an easy howing row.

Be as good as and as true as---
Well, as good as you can be---
And there's always something chasing
And you have to climb a tree.

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There's a streak in every fellow,
And it's got to give some vent
To his growing inclinations
And to show just how he's bent.
If he isn't bent just like you are
That's no sign he's going wrong
And you shouldn't try to shun him
As he's struggling along.

You just watch him when you know him
And you rub your shoulders too,
There is always something in him
And there's got to be some blue.

God has made all men now living,
And the dirt was just the same,
I don't care if you doubt it;
What's the difference 'bout his name?
Names don't make the man, you know it,
With the talents the Lord gave him,
When the battle was begun.

If he's used and muliplied them
And he's made them more and more,
You can,t say he isn't trying
And he may be doing more.

If he isn't just as perfect
As you'd like to have him be,
There may be something in him
Something you're too blind to see.
You don't know just what's the matter,
May be he's just facing up
With the dark and bitter shadows
In the bottom of his cup.

You can talk about your graces
And your loving charity
But a better place to show it
You may never come to see.

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Christ was always helping fellows
When he lived here round about.
And the cock will soon be crowing
And we'll be going out
To weep about our duty
And to wish we'd helped him up
When he writhed and fought and struggled
In the bitter of His cup.

Stepping on and kicking
The poor fellow that is down,
Is no way for any fellow
To be shining up a crown.

The Dying Soldier

Second Prize Poem

Ethelmay Kelly, College '19

He lay on his deathbed in calm repose
In the old familiar ward;
His life was ebbing to its close;
Ah death! now sheathed his sword.

At the battles front thru shot and shell
He bravely stood his post;
When suddenly! he heard them shout
Stand back! or you'll be lost!

He heeds the cry---but ah! too late---
The fatal ball is fired!
And comrades all about him lay,
Wounded, and weary, and tired.

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He longs for one last look outside,
On the bright and beautiful world:
Which now he is to leave behind,
Where he so gladly toiled.

The birds were singing their notes of praise
To the Almighty--who loves us all,
But he who slowly dying lays,
Must leave all at His call.

The bells have tolled! 'tis Sabbath morn;
His end is drawing near;
His hands clasped in prayer, he asks for One
Whose voice he is soon to hear.

'Father in heaven! my hour has come.'
He smiles and nods his head;
His eyes are closed---he sees not one---
Our Soldier Boy is dead.

Faithful to the Last

First Prize Story

Freda M. Freeman, College, '21



S I sat there on the bench by the fountain in the sunny park that warm June afternoon it seemed almost impossible that I was really free for awhile to spend my time as I chose. Back to my mind came the long tiresome days of service at the big hospital in the suburbs; the long months of hard work, scrubbing, cleaning, cooking, all a necessary preliminary step which must be taken before one could enter the real field of service. Then I remembered with a thrill my first patient, and from that time onward the endless line of patients who had been intrusted to my care. How I had enjoyed the work, and how I had loved the battle with disease and pain! Indeed the drudgery of the work seemed to disappear before the inspiring joy of service. But suddenly without warning had come the fierce onset of fever. I shuddered as I thought of the long hours in which I tossed to and fro racked by the ever increasing pain of the disease. But even that had at last worn itself away and here I was at length, with a whole month's leave in which to rest and gain. How good it seemed to sit there in the

warm sunshine, idly watching the squirrels scampering about or gazing into the bright rainbow arch of the fountain.

I had almost lost myself in the peaceful quiet of the surroundings when the sound of approaching footsteps came to my ear. I turned my head. Down the path was coming a young uniformed nurse girl complacently trundling a large, luxurious go-cart in which sat a sunny haired youngster of perhaps two summers. About the carriage backward and forward frisked a white puppy oddly marked over one eye with a crescent of tan. The girl wheeled the wagon to the further side of the fountain, unloaded her charge, arranged his little linen coat and bow tie and then sat down on a near-by bench to watch him at his play. Soon a young, good looking policeman sauntered up the path. She rose and they walked up and down the mossy walk deeply engaged in a laughing conversation. The little fellow in her charge seemed not at all disturbed by the desertion of his protector. He scuffed about in the grass, now and then plucking a dandelion or violet, or ran after the dog which tirelessly dashed about here and there chasing the nimble squirrels. Now and then he paused at the fountain to watch the little fishes darting about in the clear pool. At last, tired completely out by his play he sat down upon the grass. The dog approached questioningly and lay down at his feet

For a time they remained in the same position, then the little fellow's head began to nod, he sank slowly forward until his head was pillowed upon his companion, and slept peacefully until the girl returned, loaded him into the carriage and wheeled him away.

After that I came to the bench by the fountain in the sunny park and seldom did I miss the yellow head of the child, and his faithful companion. Sometimes he came to lean against my knee and look questioningly up into my face. Once I caught him up and drew him into my lap.

"What is your name?" I queried.

"John 'Enry," he answered.

"John Henry what?" I inquired.

"John 'Enry Jonthes," he replied lispingly.

"Where do you live?" I asked again.

"Over there thomewhere," he answered pointing down the path.

But he was not to be held captive for long. Soon he began to wriggle about in my arms. "I want to thee the fish," he explained and in spite of my persuasions, he slid down from my lap and went back to the fountain. A few minutes later I pulled him bodily out of the pool into which he had toppled while trying to poke the fish with a stick. His cries brought the nurse girl from her daily conversation with the policeman. She stripped off his small coat, all the

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time laughing over his plight, and handed it to me saying, "See if you can wring the water out of it. I'm afraid he'll catch cold if he stays in these wet things long." All the time she was trying to rub the water from his clothing with a carriage quilt, but all efforts were vain, and soon the young gentleman was wheeled swiftly away attired in the fur carriage robe, his dog companion as usual gamboling about him.

I never tired of studying the sunny haired child or of watching him at his play. Always his friend the dog was near him, playing about him as he slept, for the girl's conversations with the policemen were long and the child soon tired himself out by his exertions. Usually when I left the park in the afternoon I carried with me a mental picture of the little fellow peacefully sleeping on the green turf while his faithful companion lay stretched out by his side guarding his slumber. I grew to watch for the daily appearance of the little company and I missed the boy and dog sadly after my month of leave was over and I was back again on duty at the hospital. I never saw them again, but for months I remembered those bright days in the park and the sunny haired boy and his dog.

* * * * *

Years had passed by, years which seemed only as days in the gripping service of the work in which I was engaged. But now the scene had changed. No more

did I enjoy the peace of my own country, for the world was plunged in cruel, relentless war, and I had been on duty for a week in a field hospital "somewhere in France." It was an evening of a long, hot, sickening day, and I at last had a few moments rest. I stepped out of one of the side doors of the barnlike structure into the open. Off to the right I could hear the dull roar of guns, far away, but near enough so that their bloody toll in ghastly piles continually poured into our wards. I could see the distant star shells as they cut a flaming arc high in the air. I even imagined that I could hear the plop-plop as they left the pistols. Having no other place to go, I wandered down the path to the little hospital cemetery with its countless number of moulds and crosses. "How much better for them to be here than filling some of those white cots in the ward," I thought, shuddering as I remembered the long row of beds in the gas ward, the long row of red gas balloons rising and falling as each labored breath of the tortured bodies. Yes, better that they should be here, for now their troubles were over. I walked on down the path between a row of crosses, reading the name on each, perhaps thinking to find a familiar one. Over at the end of the line in the dim light an oddly shaped mound loomed up before me. I approached it curiously. A newly filled grave with

the usual cross, but stretched out on the mound the motionless body of a dog. I touched it with my foot. The animal was stiff and dead, its body emaciated, its lips drawn back disclosing almost toothless jaws. "Probably some peasant boy whose dog had refused to leave him." I stepped around in front of the cross and turned my flashlight upon it, for the light was fast leaving. In the white circle I read these words:

John Henry Jones

Aged 19

Instantly my mind went back to a sunny park bench and a yellow haired boy playing about the fountain with a white dog. I turned the light on the body of the animal stretched out on the mound. The coat ragged and thin was still white, and over one eye was an odd crescent of tan. I turned and hastened back to the hospital.

"Yes," said the surgeon in answer to my questions, "he was brought here last week about gone, torn to pieces by a shell. The dog followed him into the hospital. We couldn't keep him out. You say he's on the grave dead? I'll have some of the boys bury him tomorrrw. Poor beast, he was faithful to the last."

"Yes, faithful to the last," I repeated.

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Afraid of the Dark

Second Prize Story

Freda M. Freeman, College '21.



Of a person who is timid, of the darkness, few things are more tortuous than to be compelled to stay alone for any length of time after evening has fallen, or more still, to be obliged to walk alone along some dark, desolate highway. A few such experiences are usually amply sufficient to furnish the individual with food for thought during the rest of his natural life time.

Well do I remember an occurrence in my own experience. I had spent the afternoon with one of my grown-up childhood friends, and forgetful of the present in talking over the scenes of the past, I had forgotten the walk of half a mile or so which I must take in returning home. Suddenly I glanced at the clock. It was almost eight o'clock and the early October twilight had already enveloped the earth in a thick, heavy blanket of mist. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "I hadn't noticed that it was getting so late. I'll have to go at once or mother will be wondering why I'm so late home." I put on my wraps and stepped out into the little side porch.

"Won't you be afraid?" asked Alice. "I'd go half way with you only I can't leave the baby so long."

"Oh, no," I answered, I won't be afraid. I'll walk fast and be at home in ten minutes."

We said goodbye, and I turned into the shadowy highway. "It does look a trifle dark," I admitted after a few steps. "Well, I'll be a little more careful next time perhaps and not get caught like this again."

By this time the house was quite out of sight in the darkness, and I was experiencing the unpleasant realization that I was alone, after dark, on that lonely road. The stone wall on either side of me loomed up gloomily, a perfect screen for some lurking danger, some ragged tramp who might have halted there to spend the night. All at once a soft pad-pad of feet on the other side of the wall brought me to a standstill. A dark form leaped over the wall and bounded toward me. To say that I was startled would be stating the case mildly, but I was not left long in doubt as to the identity of the object of my fright. The animal, for such it was, reached me in a moment, rubbed affectionately against me, frisked along by my side for a few steps, and then trotted back along the roadway. It was one of the dogs belonging to a neighboring farmer.

The episode, however, had scattered the most of my courage to the winds. As I continued my journey, I glanced warily from side to side of the road, fearful that some real foe might appear next. My heart thumped unpleasantly and I was exceedingly shaky. I walked more swiftly. Have you ever experienced the feeling that something was stalking your foot-steps

creeping along behind you ready to pounce upon you at any moment. That is exactly what I felt just then. Something seemed to be pulling at me to make me turn my head. Surely, it was creeping along there just a few steps behind; now it was slowly drawing near, I could catch the sound of its stealthy touch. I turned around and walked backward for awhile but that only brought about the fear of bumping directly into the thing which had in some wonderful manner gotten around me and threatened me from the other side. I turned around again and began to run. What a noise my feet made when they hit the ground; noise enough to summon a horde of villainous highwaymen. This would never do; I must walk more quietly. There really was nothing to harm me, I would just forget it was dark and go on my way as if I were taking an afternoon stroll.

What was that ahead, just behind that little thicket? A man standing there concealed by the shadow, probably some evil-doer lying in wait to purloin the purse of some solitary passerby. It certainly was a man, I could see the lower half of his legs through the bare branches of the bushes. Should I turn and run back over the road? No, he would catch me before I had gone ten rods, I looked more closely at the thicket. The man didn't move; he was perfectly motionless. It couldn't be a man at all. I walked gingerly forward; nothing happening I peeked around the

thicket and saw -- two fence posts propped up against the bushes.

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Looking ahead I could discern my home on a slight hill, outlined against the sky. I plucked up what courage remained to me, and hurried forward but stopped as I entered the yard. How dark the house looked, no light inside and I should have to go clear through to the kitchen for a match. Why hadn't my people thought to leave a lamp turned low for me? Mother knew how I hated to enter a dark house. I opened the door and went softly in. The place was as still as death and dark with the inky blackness of an underground cave. How I wished that someone might be awake and hearing me, speak, ask the time, or even scold me for staying so late. But I must go very quietly: father didn't like to be awakened from a sound sleep. I started across the room, banged into a table, and fell headlong over a chair left carelessly in my way. Well, father would have to be annoyed if people would leave chairs strung around like that. Just then I heard my mother's voice.

"Is that you, Mary?"

"Yes," I answered, "it's I."

"What kept you so late?"

"Oh, I just didn't notice the time and visited too long."

"Weren't you afraid coming so far alone?"

"O no. I just enjoyed myself all the way."



The Houghton Star

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Editorial

Fulfilment

As if forced to pause and comprehend the most startling scenario flashed on the screen of history, civilization stares aghast at the spectacle of the modern world. Every nation a gladiator armed to the teeth, rushing on in a mad epoch of international slaughter, no hazard too awful, only that triumph shall crown the cataclysmic effort. The Hun is at our gates; Freedom hangs in the balance; this is enlightenment's darkest hour. In breathless eagerness we await the tidings of what turn the wheel of fate has taken since we heard last. Everything is so incomprehensible, so terrible! but what next?

The end cannot be seen from the present situation. The mob says we are fighting to conquer and crush. But there are a few, a super-minority who have kept the trust, who are looking for the contrast of what the mob anticipates, who say we are fighting for peace. Theirs is the vision, not of narrow individualism, but of democracy's work in international reconstruction. There is an intuitive consciousness that God is just and will not fail to satiate the heart hunger of the world. And he who can look past the black headlines of the the dailies, past the consternation of Europe and America, he who can look beyond the despair of tonight to a coming sunrise of peace and free-

dom is a hero in a far greater sense than that in which militarism defines the term. Civilization needs such heroes, men and women whose vision nothing can dim, even when the black clouds of war enshroud the land we love dearer than our lives.

Underneath the stubborn forces working in intense opposition to the realization of an international ideal, there is still a greater force, a power whose glory is not spoils of conquest after the War of the Nations ends, whose ambition is not earthly gain as the reward of the great conflict, but a loftier purpose, a brighter dream, a more enduring goal. The heart cry of humanity is not: "Give us back the days that were before the War," but "Give us a new era, a world reconstructed out of the havoc of the devastator, a world whose memory of the terrible yesterdays shall be a safeguard against even the suggestion of another international struggle."

Out of the dust of today must rise this new world, and new freedom to herald the advent in the wake of the past. Will this not be the new mission of Christianity? And the new era of a reconstructed emancipation will come, because in the darkest hours of crisis the ideal was not lost sight of. Fulfilment will come to its own.

"For the Vision is yet for an appointed time."

L. K. H.

Soul-Aspirations

The longings of the soul are varied and numerous and correspond to the thot-life of individuals. If the individual be painfully visionless the glittering, yet nugatory sense-objects attract him away from those ideals which would lead to more sublime elevations in the thot-world. It may be that the unwithering realities of life have never been revealed to him, which if this be the case, he is not blamable.

It is, however, the object of this final editorial to put forth those high spiritual aspirations which alone are the entities that endure. The noblest ideals and those which endure, when everything pertaining to the sensuous is falling and crumbling away, are always dispassionate. They are never moved or induced by the seductive influence of strong emotion or fiery passion. These ideals stand in their sapphiric splendor, infinitely above the realm of emotion, far in the hinterlands of the world-garden from which immortal men and ministering angels are produced. This is the place in which the true soul revels for this sphere is "crammed with purpose, packed with thot" and is a white path in which people walk in forming lofty characters.

Soul-aspirations, unmixed with the baser elements of life, made it possible for a Homer to chant his sphere-melody, or a Shakespeare to hold up to the

soul a mirror in which mankind of all ages could gaze. Why does a Mozart walk out on a starry night and conclude that the stars are so many stops in the great world-harmony, so he smites the keys of the universe until billows of symphonies burst forth, now softly and tenderly in subdued refrain, now in majestic crashes of triumph only to die away into pianissimo trills which again will thunder forth with fortissimo crashes rolling ceaselessly in time and reverberating among the jasper cliffs of eternity--- if his soul is not longing to be released from the garment of clay that he may give unrestricted expression to his soul. These are the immortal virtues which souls possess who make life fairer, sweeter and richer, and these are the soul-aspirations that must ever be maintained from the glow of morning to the cool of day, from the inception of life to the "Death Head" tremor if we are able to say, "I have fought a good fight."

G. B. S.

"Heart Throbs Outwear Brain Flashes"

Knowledge may come and wisdom graciously linger but if love fails to come to distressed and comfortless hearts the "wheels of being" will soon slow down, and then stop. The true standard of a man's greatness is not his gigantic intellectual Alps, nor the accretion of uncounted millions, but it is the measure

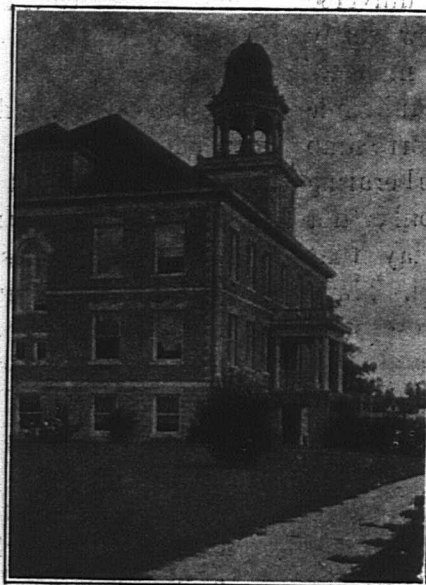
of inspiration which he imparts; his ability to whisper sympathetic heart-throbs. Whether threnody or symphony his reserve of "heart power" quickly accommodates itself to the existing conditions and a mysterious magnetism breathes forth "unuttered and unsung." Knowledge soon becomes fossilized only as it is continuously mingled with the mellowing influence of tender love.

Before us stand the golden Greek triumvirate--- Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. They seem to be "intellectual bandits," pitching their tents everywhere, and making their dens in the brain of man. Yet the greatest thing about these men is not their learning or thought-systems but that songful something which Professor James calls "the tune at the back of their brains." Infinity broods about them, their thoughts are full of "shadows, lights, and whispers" yet their souls pace to and fro among the seven stars or fly with Cygnus as he drives his racing dogs over the zenith in a leash of sidereal fire. Their souls infinitely outshine their intellects for the soul is a jewel which shines by its own brightness. Knowledge will fail and vanish but "love never faileth."

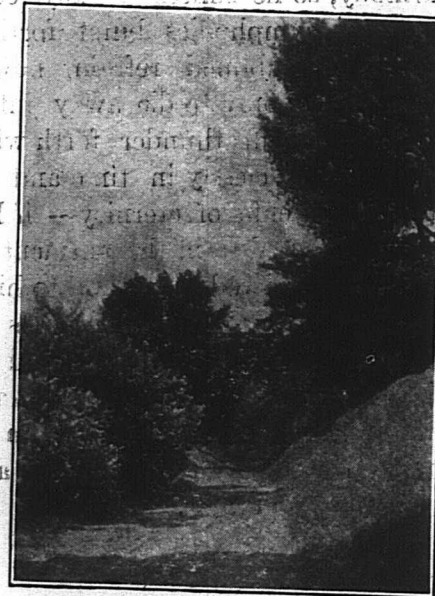
G. B. S.



Students' Delight

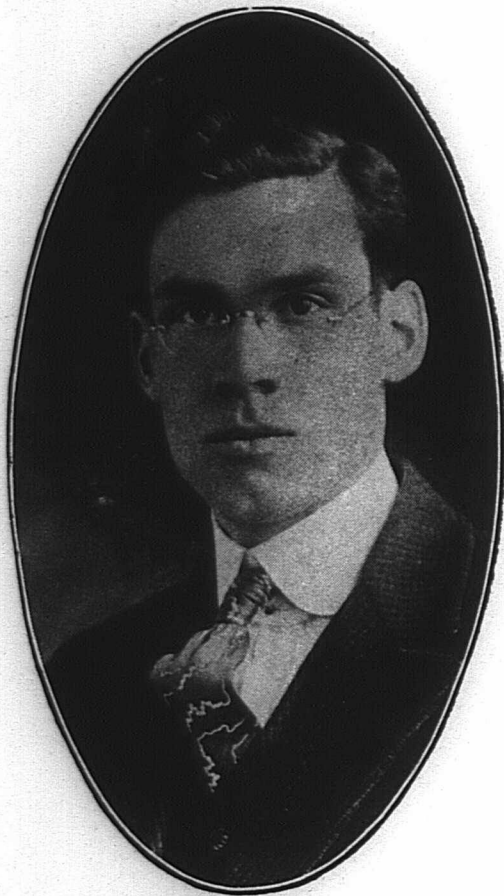


Seminary



Sem Hill

Graduates



Harold J. Lee



Claude A. Ries

Our College Seniors

Somebody is always faithful to Houghton, even if that faithfulness does mean sacrifice. A loyal few always remain and honor our school by completing Senior year here while the rest have gone to other universities for their graduation and degrees. This year they may be called the Loyal Two. Houghton College gives graduating honors to Claude Ries and Harold Lee. Each of them has been in our college department four years and June 15 sees their Commencement.

We were able to obtain short accounts of their lives and a few of their many achievements, and while the "Star" is extending most sincere congratulations, we will attempt to share these with our readers. Harold Jennings Lee was born at Buena Vista, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1895. His childhood was full of sunshine and happiness, his eyes blue and hair so golden and curly that once he asked his mother why his ribbons were only for little girls. When seven years old he entered school at Varick, N. Y., learning very rapidly. When his parents moved to Haskenville, George Sprague became his teacher.

In 1907 he started school at Cattaraugus, N. Y. in the sixth grade where he continued until his graduation from High School in 1913. Since at Houghton

he has surely won a place in the hearts of everyone who knows him. His sympathetic nature and Christian character makes him one Houghton is proud to send out as her own. He has held many college offices of distinction, always faithful in every responsibility.

Claude A. Ries is our other College Senior. The "Star" needs no introduction to him. Last year and previously he spent many days, yes many midnight hours, making our school paper the reality it is. His has been a remarkable young life full of devotion, in Christian service and unselfishness for the sake of others. In Akron, Ohio he was born Sept. 13, 1893. His parents have always been justly proud of him. His father tells of the time in his early school days when Claude learned to make useful articles of furniture, and after spending hours upon these would give them to friends. His chief delight has always been to make somebody else happy. His school days at Akron, Ohio, were marked with real heroism and toil which resulted in high scholarship attainment. In the autumn of 1914 he entered College at Houghton, and his career has been spectacular. We are sure to find him at his post always a leader in thought and student activity.

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Francee . B Markell



George B. Shultz

Our Theological Graduates

Under the zealous and efficient ministry of his own mother, Brother Shultz early imbibed high ideals of Christian life and doctrine, and was led to accept Christ, and later to recognize his call to the Christian ministry. He feels the force of Godly influences which have ever surrounded him, and is a ready witness to the restraining and constraining influence of prayer.

He entered the Theological department of Houghton Seminary in the Fall of 1915, and evinced more than ordinary ability as a student, with power to grasp the more intricate problems that confront students of modern thought. In the revival conducted by Evangelist Shea during his second year in school, he came into the experience of "the second blessing, properly so called," and has since maintained a more even and zealous devotion to Christ and the work to which he is called. He promises to be a champion of the faith so dear to the Church in which he has found life and training.

He will probably continue his college studies in Houghton, and thus continue his preparation for the arduous duties of the ministry. He enjoys the duties of student life, and is ever contributing his full share to build up the interests of our School. His work as Editor of the Houghton Star speaks well for his ability and zeal in this respect, and we expect a good report from his work in the fields of active toil for Christ and the Church.

J. J. C.

Brother Markell came to Houghton in January 1912; and has maintained a most amiable Christian character, throughout the entire period of his work in the school.

He was converted under the ministry of Rev. J. R. Pitt, at Winchester, Ontario, in March 1909. Soon after being converted he experienced pentecostal purity, and in the clear light of his experience acknowledged his conscious call to the work of the ministry. With a high ideal of its importance, he has felt the need not only of a close walk with God, but also, of a thorough mental training, and will never regret his years of study in Houghton Seminary. For various causes a memory of the Scriptures is not as common among Christian young people as it was in former years. But Brother Markell is an exception to what is common in this respect, and possesses a ready memory of much of the Word of God. This will prove a valuable asset in his ministry. It is the essential weapon for aggressive warfare against the forces of wickedness. Aided by the Holy Spirit in "rightly dividing the truth" his ministry will prove a great blessing to the Church he will represent in the field of conflict. Having successfully supplied the church at Machias during a part of last year, he has been accepted by the Lockport Conference and appointed to the East Leon charge where his active pastoral labors will begin immediately after Commencement.

J. J. C.



Eleanor E. Farmer



Marion G. McMillan



Winifred E. Fero

Our Preparatory Trio

Here they are, Houghton's three girl graduates of 1918. Of course they do not comprise a large class this year, nevertheless the fact that it is such a happy and interesting class, makes up for all the rest. Quiet and dignified are the Seniors of this year, yet they have filled their places in a way that has left a lasting impression and a wise precept for future graduating classes. For that reason Star readers are more than interested in a short account of their lives.

Winifred E. Fero has been with us for two years. Houghtonites cannot help loving her for her demure ways and pleasant disposition. She was born in Dixonville, Pa. Apr. 29, 1898, tho her first school days were spent at Sandy Lake, N. Y. where she began to go to school before six years of age. When only a little girl she learned housekeeping and sewing. From her earliest girlhood she has admired athletics. When but twelve her brothers would often remark, "She can throw a ball as well as any boy." Her High School career began at Sandy Lake. We see that Winifred is to be congratulated on her persistent effort in reaching the graduating goal, especially in view of the fact that her studies have been interrupted by attending three different High Schools, where her parents have

lived. But she has won just as she always does. This year sees her name engraved on the Barnet Silver Cup for a beautiful, prize winning essay. Her sympathetic heart feels drawn to help in the world's great need. Anywhere her Master can use her best she desires to be.

Next comes our happy-hearted "Dorm girl" Senior, Eleanor Farmer. She has also been with us two years. Suffice it to say that everybody knows Eleanor, for during her stay with us she has won her way into the hearts of all Houghton folks. Her home is in Morley, N. Y. where she was born Oct. 16, 1898 and attended school until she came to Houghton Seminary. Among the particular characteristics of her childhood was her great love for home and her dislike of going away. However she has loved the school beside the Genesee supremely. Eleanor has a soul-thrilling delight in adventure and everything that means life and activity along with the fact that she has always kept her school work up to the standard. She is talented in music, both instrumental and vocal. Her lovely contralto solo at the May Concert was indeed worthy of admiration. She has always been a great favorite among her companions, jolly and fun loving, yet always ready to make earnest work count for the most.

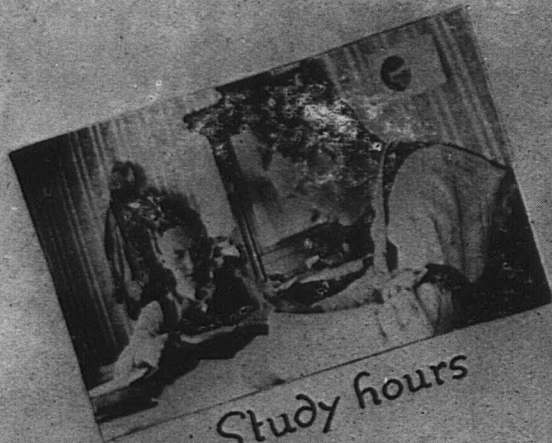
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Marion G. McMillan is the next one of the graduating trio. She is one of the youngest who have completed the Preparatory Department at Houghton. She was born Aug. 21, 1901 at the home of her grandparents in Fargo, Ohio. The first year of her life was spent in West View, Ohio where her father had a pastorate. She began her school career in Central, Ohio when but five years old, where she attended school until she was nine. Marion is genuinely a Houghton girl, having spent many years here, and possesses much whole hearted devotion for her Alma Mater. Her life has always been strenuous and filled with heavy duties, but it is typical of her to see the cheery outlook with real optimism. She ranks very high in scholarship, always ambitious, always helpful. We shall miss her among our numbers next year.

Hats off to our three girl graduates. They are their own best argument. Houghton in unison says so.

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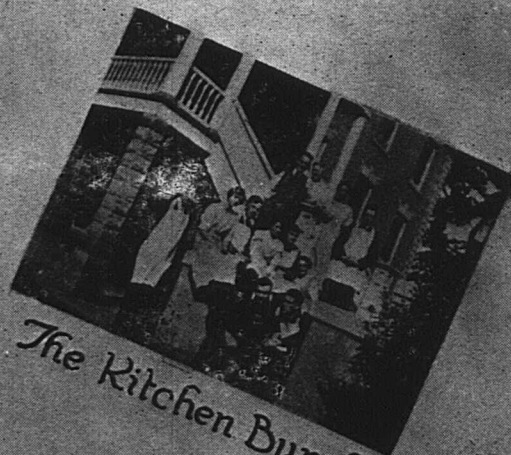
Campus



Study hours



Co-education



The Kitchen Bunch



Fish from
the Genesee



Irresistibly fascinating!



A dorm spread

Forty Weeks on the Campus

Beulah Williams

How many things can be crowded into forty short weeks! We look back over the past school year with a feeling of satisfaction in the fact that while we have truly enjoyed ourselves, we have accomplished a great deal and received much profit from our work. The social element is never lacking altho it cannot be said to predominate to such a degree that more weighty matters suffer.

Our lecture course this year deserves much mention. Dr. Miles' lecture, "Tallow Dips," and the address on the subject of the far North by MacMillan, the Arctic explorer, were exceptionally interesting and instructive. Owing to war conditions, several changes became necessary in the schedule but on the whole these added to rather than detracted from the course. Aside from our regular lectures, we have had several other treats of simliar nature, not the least of which was the privilege of listening to a dramatic interpretation of "Evangeline" by a New York artist.

The local I. P. A. organization is still in the field fighting old King Alcohol. During the winter months, as a means of forwarding the campaign for new members, an enthusiastic rally was held in chapel. Altho the I. P. A.'s do not spend much energy in trying to

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be noticed, when they do come to the front, they exhibit pep and life. In the annual contest the honors this year were carried off by one of the co-eds, who later took second place in the State Convention at Syracuse. Long live the I. P. A.

One of the noteworthy events of the year is connected with the missionary work of the school. Upon hearing of the death of Miss Day and Mrs. Sprague upon the African mission field, the students were moved to establish a fund in memorial of our martyred missionaries. This money is to be used for the support of a missionary upon the field. Our representative this year is Miss Clara Campbell. This movement not only gives expression to the missionary spirit already pervading the institution but also serves to increase it.

The Neosophic and Athenian Literary societies have added their share to the activities of the school. Because of their larger numbers, the Neo's have evinced a little more enthusiasm than their elders but both societies have given excellent programs. Very recently the Athenians presented a mock trial. Semi-annual debates form another of the attractions.

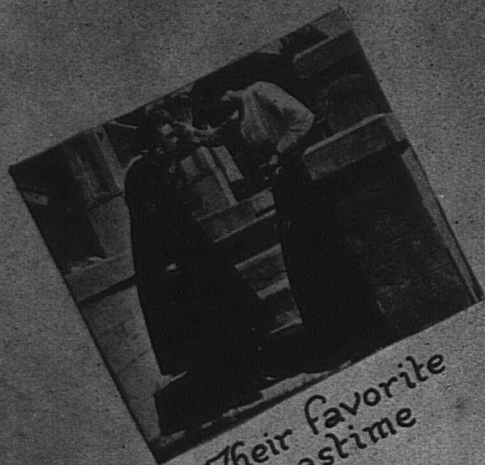
The retrospect would be incomplete without some mention of the religious element in the school. The student prayer meetings on Tuesday evening and the prayer circle every first and third Friday in the month

have proven a source of strength and inspiration to many. During the past semester the girls have attended a Mission Study class under the direction of Miss Hillpot and Mrs. McDowell. Recently the Senate adopted resolutions providing for noon prayer meetings to be held every day for all who wish to attend. Aside from these the regular services at the church have been largely attended by the students.

A feeling of relief mingled with sadness comes over us as we realize that we are at the close of another year ---relief that we shall have a respite from study, but sadness at the thought that we must leave this spot which has grown so dear to us, some of us never to return again. If, however we never come back we shall retain as a precious treasure the memory of the happy days spent here.

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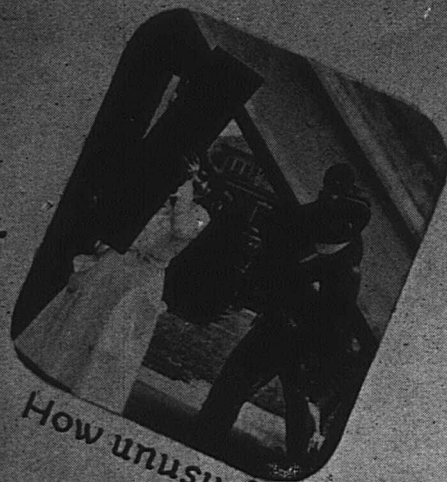
Societies



Their favorite
pastime



President's new
farm help



How unusual!



Syracuse
Delegates



A hike



Our Pastor



Yum! Yum!

Organizations

The year 1917-18 has passed swiftly. Indeed it seems only a short time ago that the different organizations met for their first meeting of the school year. In many respects it has been one of the most successful years for the societies.

The Senior Y. M. W. B. has been studying the book "Glimpses into African Mission Life," and have gained much help and inspiration from the work. Through the efforts of the Band several of our returned missionaries have visited Houghton and lent much to our zeal for the mission work.

Under the leadership of Miss Hillpot, the girls' Mission Study Class has completed the study of the book "India Awakening" as outlined by the North-field program.

The I. P. A. has had an enthusiastic worker in Miss Head. Besides doing lecture work for the state association she gained for Houghton second place in the state oratorical contest.

The College literary society has enjoyed many splendid programs. Perhaps one of the most interest-

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ing programs was a mock trial in which Paul LaVere was tried for larceny. Rev. Sicard was judge; Harold Lee, District Attorney; John Wilcox, lawyer for the defendant. In spite of the evidence of witnesses who saw him commit the crime, the jury acquitted him. It was through the aid of Rev. Sicard, who is no mean lawyer himself, that the trial was such a success.

It is very probable that many of our students this year will not return next year. We who have that good fortune to return must enter into the work of the organizations with even greater zeal than has been manifested this year and so keep up the standard we have set this year.

This has been a year of accomplishment in the Neosophic Society. Our new Constitution on which we had labored for many long hours during the preceding two years has been a guide and inspiration throughout the year. The officers have been interested and conscientious in their duties. The program committees have planned well. The members have on the whole performed well their parts. But the old Neosophic looks forward to next year. Everybody ready for the first session next fall.

Athletics

Field Day

Friday June 14, 1918 found the Purple and Gold opposing each other in the field day exercises. We had been reticent about entering too enthusiastically into the various games for we knew that other activities were more consistent at this hour of the world's heart-ache.

We, however, selected captains for each team and had things looking good for a week. We had an ideal day for the sports and a big crowd also for many visitors were here for commencement.

McKinney was the captain for the Purple and Meeker for the Gold. Professor G. T. McDowell was the manager. The Purple enjoyed the honor of winning both the first and last events with much in between. The first, a bag race, was cleverly won by Virgil Hale

F and Professor Fancher a close second. Carl Butterfield **O** won the summersault race for the purples. The Gold **R** won the girls' wheel-barrow race for truly it was be- **T** **Y**ginning to be about time for them to win something.

"Jim" Coggin made the record in broad jumping. This was another counter for the gold. After these minor things were over, we marched to the ball diamond. Here was the most "pep" and excitement of the day. The purple took their "outs" and the gold scored one the first inning. In the second half of the first the purple tied the score. For five innings everything was a goose egg. Then the gold ran in five runs. In the last of the sixth the purple tied the score and and in the last of the seventh added five more making a total of 11 runs. When the game ended the score was 11 to 6 in favor of the purple.

When all events had been completed and tabulated the score for the day stood: Purple, 29; Gold, 15.

Commencement Week

The annual series of events began Thursday evening June 13, with our June Oratorical Contest. Interest was particularly accented by the Girls' Chorus marching and singing Houghton songs on the campus during the early part of the evening. Five contestants were present and each oration was praiseworthy. Elsie Hanford won first prize for the oration "The True Perspective," and Ethel Kelly second prize for "Woman Suffrage as a War Measure." A special feature was the unique little song "Our Orators" by the vocal trio, Miss Bullock, Miss Sicard and Miss Coleman.

Final Chapel of Friday P. M. was very interesting. We appreciated speeches by the lady members as well as by students and visiting friends. Miss Thurston's solo can never be forgotten. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to Field Day. Friday evening a special musical and oratorical program was presented. Everyone did his best, much to the satisfaction of Miss Butler and Miss Hillpot whose efforts were greatly complimented by the success of the evening.

Saturday was Commencement Day, and a more beautiful graduating exercise could not be asked for. Eleanor Farmer, Winifred Ferro and Marion McMillan were the Preparatory graduates. Assisted by the

F Juniors who gave us the Class Day members, they carried out every detail splendidly. The color scheme of green and gold made a pretty stage setting. The orations were very well delivered.

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E Following the Preparatory Graduation came the Alumni Dinner which comprised the entire student body this year. The yells and songs were truly inspirational. Many visiting friends were present, including President McDowell of Miltonvale and President Bedford of Central and Rev. Frazier one of our former professors. Especially appreciated was the speech of Rev. Sarah Shultz, pastor of the Barberton Wesleyan charge on "What Houghton should mean to the Church." The Alumni Banquet closed with a business session in the interests of the school.

College and Theological Commencement Exercises came on Saturday evening. A splendid program was offered, the college graduates' orations being "After the War What?" by Harold J. Lee and "Heart Power" by Claude A. Ries. The orations of our Theological graduates were "Unexplored Reminders" by George B. Shultz and "Success" by Francis B. Markell. The music of the evening was very beautiful, "In the Time of Roses" a special feature by the vocal trio. The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached Sunday

morning by the Rev. Wm. Frazier. A re e r
including many visitors from out of town, attended.
The closing services of the Commencement Week were
Sunday evening, open air gospel song service on the
campus, followed by the Annual Missionary Meeting
conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Harvey, recently returned
missionaries from India. The need of the foreign har-
vest field and God's call to service was the keynote of
the addresses. Thus closed the Commencement Week
of 1918, long to be remembered in the hearts of Hough-
ton students.

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The Parting Hour

Still eventide has come once more,
The west is all aflame;
Today resigns her sovereignty
To surer nighttime's claim.
With a brighter constellation far,
Than that in yonder sky.
The hour of parting hours has come---
Dear Houghton Star, Good Bye.

If thru some sincere sacrifice,
Or thru some effort spent,
The sum of all has gone to make
Your cheer more radiant,
And if that radiance, Oh Star.
In wiser Providence
Has made the world a brighter place
That shall be recompense.

But till life's mysteries all are solved,
We'll leave the rest to One
Who sets his Mispah over all,
When every day is done.
When other suns and stars are set
And other dreams come true,
We'll not forget the parting hour,
The yesterdays and you.

L.K.H.

The Outlook

The present year has closed very beautifully indeed. Now is the time to think about the coming days and the Houghton that is to be. Our students are scattered over many counties and many states, and we all will spend a long summer somewhere. Hours are what we make of them, colossal in eventfulness or mediocre in insignificance. We are going to have minutes that ought to be put into aggressive usefulness for the school we left behind us. You are going to meet people every day, new people every week. They're going to ask you where you have been spending your school year and how you liked it. A great opportunity with a great responsibility is presented. Every day of coming months will be a challenge to put your shoulder to the wheel and give a smile and a good word for the sake of Houghton.

Matters in general are looking very good for next year. Athletics are waking up, new students and live-reinforcements to the faculty are coming. As exemplified by the way our throats ache from singing and yelling for Houghton during Commencement Week, the spirit of things has undergone a revision for the better and more inspirational.

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New bulletins and catalogs look good, and judged by the intense work constantly going on in the office, President Luckey has some interesting surprises awaiting us. Yet, students, it is our place to play our own part in a way that will have surprises in store for him. We can help back President Luckey's work every week of the coming summer. Many students live at home near Wesleyan charges. Let your pastors know about the Life Support Union and consequently urge a service devoted to Wesleyan educational work in your home church. See all the young people in your neighborhood, particularly Wesleyan homes, and convince them that their footsteps should turn in the direction of the Genesee next autumn. Get a line on High School graduates who want to go away to school. (And if you find an old student get his subscription to the Star.) You can fairly radiate Houghtonism if you want to, and that is the one big thing that will count. Your school has given you a great deal of what you are and what you expect to be. How much are you willing to give her in return? A little time that will result in sending a new student. Why not?

A very good motto for the coming months is: "Be what you have learned at Houghton."

ALBANY LAW SCHOOL

This course of study leading to the degree of L. L. B. extends over a period of three years. Students who have pursued one or two years in a law office may enter the second year class as a candidate for a diploma but not a degree.

The high standard of the school and the facilities which the city affords with its legislature, courts and library, offer unequalled opportunity for a thorough and practical training.

J. NEWTON FIERO, Dean.

ALBANY, N. Y.

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Help YOUR Government by investing in the Liberty Loan Bonds. Best security in the World to-day, and a good rate of interest.

The State Bank of Fillmore will be glad to assist you in securing your bond.

Do your "bit" and send in your application for a Liberty Bond.

Jolting Breezes

Almeda (racing into the reception room) "Goodness! Girls, there's the cutest man downstairs."

Mr. McKinney "Why I haven't been down there for quite a while."

Miss Moses—"What is the juice in the stomach that aids in digestion?"

Student -- "Hydrogallic."

Miss Sicard (with great vehemence) "Gent!"

Miss Thurston -- "That's what I'm after."

Teacher in Freshman English -- "Will some one give me a short description of the Deserted Village?"

Freshie -- "Nobody home."

U. S. has its National Colors, National song and other National emblems, and now its National perfume -- gasoline. Ex

Professor Coleman -- "How many sects are there in the church?"

"Doc" -- "Why there are two of course, male and female."

Wife (with newspaper) "It says here that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains."

Hub. "Exactly! And woman have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins."

During a girl's sing-- "See if you can't sing it this time without the words."

When you think of your troubles, just think what an awful change it is for the iceman when he dies.

Meeker-- "I came to college to get educated but I've got mostly co-education."

The Editor and his associates were having a Star consultation.

Said L. K. H.: "Halleck and Drake were editors of a paper much like our own."

Shultz replied: "Drake died and Halleck wrote a poetical tribute. Which of us do you suppose will die first?"

And L. K. H. answered quickly: "You'll have to if there's anybody left to write poetry."

WE ARE READY WITH A
BEAUTIFUL ARRAY OF
NEW SPRING GARMENTS

The Latest Styles In
Ladies'

New Spring Coats, Suits, Dresses,
Waists, Shoes, Hosiery, Corsets,
Neckwear, Underwear, etc.

A COMPLETE LINE OF
The Newest Styles In
Gents'

Hats, Caps, Suits, Dress Shirts,
Shoes, Hosiery, Neckwear, Underwear, etc.

THE JENNINGS CO.
BELFAST, N. Y.

Olean's Big Department Store
The store with a syndicate purchasing power

**We are now
Showing Everything**
that is New in Coats, Suits,
Dresses, Skirts, and Blouses for
Women and Misses
at Moderate Prices
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