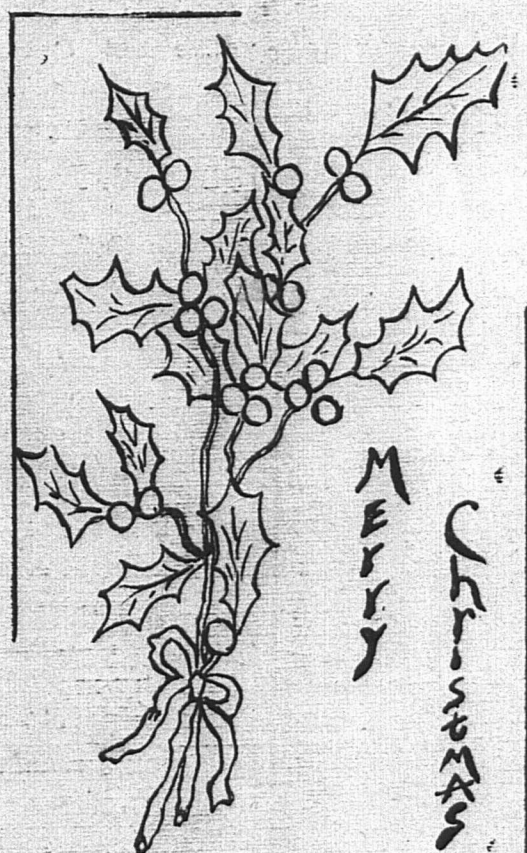


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The Houghton Star



Christmas Number

Volume VII

Number 3

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Observer Press, Fillmore, N. Y.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT

IN SENATE,
January 10, 1901.
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE
LAND OFFICE,
IN RESPONSE TO A
RESOLUTION PASSED
BY THE SENATE,
MAY 1, 1899,
RELATIVE TO THE
LANDS BELONGING
TO THE STATE.

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The Little Blue Ribbon

"Little lassie, how much would you take for one of those curls, tied with that little blue ribbon you have on your hair—this?" And the speaker, a gentleman of wealth and refinement held up a shining half dollar to the little match girl who stood on the corner of the street

The quiet, sad, little face was lifted, and the large brown eyes looked reproachfully into the kind face above her, "Ah sir, I suppose I could sell a curl, or all of them for that, but I'd never sell that blue ribbon, so long as there is a scrap of it left, not for the biggest piece of money in your pocket. I only wear it on special days."

"And why is that so valuable? You could buy dozens like it for this."

A big tear came tumbling over the sad little face, down, onto the cheap, worn dress. "That ribbon is my only Christmas present last year. It's the last present my father gave me. It tells me all about that last, sad Christmas day, when I lost everything I had, and this was all I got to pay for it. It's all I have left now," and she touched it gently and tenderly, as if she were caressing a treasure.

"Did you say you only wore it on special days? And why is today a special day?"

"Oh, today is mother's birthday. The first one we ever spent away from each other." There was a quiver

in the low voice of the child. "I hope it's the last one, for it's been awful lonesome today. Did you want me to tell you about that Christmas, sir, when I get this ribbon? You look so kind to me and when you smile your eyes look like father's used to look." I b'lieve I'd like to tell you about it if you want to hear it, sir."

The gentleman tried hard to smile, but he couldn't answer her, so he merely nodded at the little one.

"Well, you see, we lived in the town of Heslin. Father, mother, the baby and me. We used to be so happy, in our nice home, father, he worked, mother sewed and tended the home and I went to school some and used to be at home with her and the baby some of the time. But after a while, the war came. I can't tell you about it much, only that they burned most of the good homes in the town, and broke and destroyed most everything, but we were so thankful not to get killed that we didn't mind losing the home so much. Then mother, the baby and I lived in a little shanty in one end of the ruined city, and father had to go to war to fight for the king. Of course we cried when he went away, and didn't want him to go, and he didn't want to leave us, but he had to go, so he was brave and said he'd come back as soon as he could, and then he waved at us as he disappeared round the corner with the other soldiers.

So we got along, and then winter came, and we used to get cold and hungry sometimes, and mother was

sick some too, and at last it came Christmas morning. As I stood looking at mother as she lay asleep on the cot, I was just wishing I could get her a good cup of tea and some soup, when she roused up. When I asked her how she felt and if she was cold and didn't want something to eat, she looked at me and smiled, oh, so sweet and said, "Oh, I'm not so very cold, and I don't get hungry any more. If I can only keep the baby warm and if you can have enough to eat, little woman, I can get along. Did you know today is Christmas?"

I'm afraid I was sort of impatient then, and said, "Yes, but it don't seem like it used to, other times when father was home."

But mother was so kind and sweet just the same, you know my mother always talked so sweet like and never got cross nor fretted, and she says, "No dear, it doesn't seem much like it used to, but little woman, I guess we can't have any presents this year. But just be brave and when father comes home, then we will have our Christmas, won't we?"

I tried to be brave then, and so we just talked about the nice times we had on other Christmas days, and I tried to tell mother how glad I was I had her and the baby to love, but a big lump kept coming up in my throat, so I told her I guess I'd run out and see if I couldn't find some wood to make a fire with, because you know I didn't want her to see me cry.

I found a little basket of wood and then I ran to see if there was a letter from father, there wasn't any letter but a package for mother. Then I ran home and built the fire and while she was getting warm, I gave her the package to surprise her, for I thought somebody must have sent her a Christmas present after all. She took it, undid it, and there was a pair of warm socks for the baby, and we were so glad for them because his little feet did get so cold sometimes, and there was this blue ribbon for me," and again she touched it reverently, "and some money." I was so happy for them, but when mother read the letter she cried. You know mothers cry sometimes when they are happy, and I thought that was why she was crying then, so I didn't say much but put the socks on the baby and held him by

the fire to get him warm.

Bye and bye I said, "Who are these from, mother?"

"Your father," but she said it so low I could hardly hear her," and here the voice of the child melted into a soft whisper. "Then she told me, I can't remember how she said it, for she was crying, but she told me father was dead, that he was hurt in battle, that he had these things ready to send us and the nurse sent them to us for him—but he died—brave and good. This ribbon he had bought for me for my Christmas present before he was hurt. After she told me that, mother lay back and closed her eyes for a long while, so I sat and tended baby and cried some too when I thought about father until, after a long time, she opened them, and had me get the dress she wore when she married father. That was about the only thing she saved when we left our home. Then I put it on her and fixed her hair all nice, and then she said to me, 'When I get cold and stiff, don't be afraid, for I am going to spend my Christmas with your father. Take care of baby. Ask Grandpa to come and take care of me and to take this money and send you to Aunt Kate's in America. Be a good, brave, little woman,' and then she kissed baby and me, and folded her pretty white hands on her breast and after that"—here the soft voice lapsed into a whisper again, "When I spoke to her again she didn't answer, so I put my face down to kiss her, but she was cold, but oh, so beautiful and sweet in her face, and I knew she was with father again!"

I told Grandfather what she said, and he came and took her away on the sled, and then in a day or two, the baby—he wanted her so, that he went to live with her and father again, and he wore the cunning socks that father had sent him. It took all the money to get to America, so you see sir, this little blue ribbon is all I have left to tell me about that Christmas day. I get awful lonesome for them, for I want the baby to love and mother and father to smile and be kind to me again, and sometimes—I cry for them, but then I know they're all happy together now, so I just try to be brave and love the little ribbon that tells me about them, and I think pretty soon I can go and live with them again and then you know, I won't

never have to be away from them any more."

A tear glistened in the eye of the stranger as she finished speaking, "Take this," he said and he put the shining coin in her hand, "but keep the ribbon and the curls, you brave little woman."

R. W.



Christmas Vacation at the "Dorm."

Florence B. Kelly, '18

As the Christmas season, that glorious climax of the year approaches the very air is pervaded with a sense of mysteriousness, hilarity, and joyful anticipation. How hard it is for the students to settle down to the prosaic, commonplace, humdrum task of preparing the daily lesson! How frequently the calendar is consulted and the days counted off one by one. It seems sometimes as if they never passed so slowly.

However there are some jolly good times enjoyed just now. There is the students' reception held during the last week. Then there is the Christmas service held the last Sabbath that all are together; and thus with pleasant memories in due time the final day arrives.

For some the anticipation has not been so keen as with others. We who cannot spend this season at home; but who for the first time must remain in Houghton for the holidays, perhaps have a lurking foreboding of homesickness and loneliness; and this foreboding increases hourly as we watch the hurried packing of suitcases, hear the exclamations of delight and attend our schoolmates to the depot for a final "goodby." Somehow, as we wave the hand for the last time and watch the train disappearing in the distance, our eyes become misty and with longing hearts and heavy feet we retrace our steps up the Seminary Hill. As we enter the dormitory, the noise of our own footsteps resounds through the vacant halls, the sound of our own voices re-echoes in a solitary manner. But away with these feelings! We will not allow circumstances to throw such a chill over our spirits very long. We go down to the dining-hall for supper and soon are chatting happily with

those who share our fate. We appreciate them now more than ever before. After supper we are free to do as we will and that sense of freedom from restraint and duty somewhat soothes our spirits. We pop corn, make candy, play games, perhaps go coasting, or in some equally pleasant manner pass the evening hours. Before we are aware of it bedtime is at hand and we retire with the delicious thought that tomorrow morning we shall not have to be up about four to con over some lesson or even at six-thirty to get ready for that early breakfast.

Thus the first few hours of the holidays pass by and having adjusted our minds to the inevitable we begin to enjoy ourselves once more. Ah! now is the time that we have an opportunity of learning how thoughtful of our interests are our foster fathers and mothers commonly known as the Faculty. They haven't forgotten that a few of us are still here and are apt to be lonely so they set to work to, as far as possible, fill the places of our own fathers and mothers. There may be a Christmas tree held at some one of their homes for our special benefit.

One of the pleasant memories in the mind of the writer, who was also a new student last year, is that of Christmas Eve spent, together with about thirty other young people, at the home of one of the professors. The Christmas tree was gayly lighted and it was decorated with gifts for each done up in miscellaneous packages, such as baking powder cans, breakfast food boxes and other laughter-provoking devices. After unloading the tree and meanwhile loading our stomachs with apples, candy, and other good things, we played games until the hour for retiring; and went home feeling that it was not so hard after all to enjoy Christmas in Houghton.

About four o'clock the next morning the sleeping inmates of the "dorm" were awakened by a gentle tap on the door of each room. Hastily rousing ourselves, we scrambled into our clothes and hastened down to the reception hall where were assembled a few of the energetic young men; and together with candles (and the dean,) in the cold darkness of the early morning we set forth. From house to house of the different members of the Faculty went our little party, and at each stood for a few minutes just outside,

while joyfully carolling some Christmas hymns and wishing them a Merry Christmas. Having made the rounds, we returned in the first gray dawning of light to our starting place with happy hearts and a new appreciation of the true Christmas spirit.

During the forenoon the ladies of the Faculty early assembled in the dormitory kitchen, and judging from the many baskets that came with them and from the agreeable odors that pervaded the atmosphere, another treat was in store for us. Nor were we mistaken, for in due time those industrious ladies announced dinner and then amid sounds of merry voices and laughter we proceeded to try to see who could eat the most or at least it seemed that way. After we had eaten until we could hold no more, we were invited to the reception room and there the so-called "Faculty Kids" entertained us during the remainder of the afternoon with exhibitions of their musical and oratorical abilities. It was indeed with a sigh of contented bliss that we saw the close of the day and thought of the joys it had brought.

It would take too long to tell of the other happy events but suffice it to say that the days passed all too quickly; the holidays came to a close; the students returned from home; and once more the daily routine of work was resumed.



The True Christmas Spirit

In the bleak month of December,
When the hills are crowned in white,
And the wind goes whistling o'er them
Howling, screeching all the night,
Comes a day when earth rejoices,
O'er the birth in Bethlehem,
Of a babe so pure and holy
Who should bear the sins of men.

In the night when all were sleeping,
But the shepherds their flocks were
keeping

On the plains near Bethlehem
There the Lord appeared to them.
Up in heaven bells were ringing,
And the angel chorus singing,

"Glory and Honor to the child
whose birth
Brings joy and gladness to the mil-
lions of earth."

Surely were those shepherds honor-
ed,

As they kept their flocks by night,
For God deigned to send them
notice

Where to find the Prince of Light.
They were frightened beyond all
measure

When the angel appeared to them,
Till he spoke this joyful message
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Still God will this honor extend
To all who will attention lend,
As the shepherds, he tells you how
You may find this Jesus now.
But when Christ appears to you
Fear not, He will lead you thru,
Regardless of what your past has
been

He says "Peace, good will to men."

Perhaps you think it's almost useless
To try to do the thing that's right.
You have often in your own strength
Tried and tried with all your might
But if on the coming Christmas
You've failed to find the Prince of
Light,

Do as also did the shepherds,
Go by faith and not by sight.

Years have passed but still the story,
How he left His home in glory,
How the One devoid of sin
Came to be as man with men,
Grows more sweet each time repeated
Cheers the heart that's been defeat-
ed,

Heals the soul bowed down with sor-
row,
Giving cheer for each to-morrow.

Sometimes cares and trials press
heavy,

On some sad, despondent souls,
Some are laying away their loved
ones,

As the country church-bells tolls;
Some by friends have been forsaken,
Leaving naught but grief and pain.
But as Christmas draweth nearer,
All these cares aside are lain.

And on Christmas morn awaking
All the cares of earth forsaking,
Life seems like a blissful dream,
Peace and love are made supreme
When we comprehend the meaning
Of Christ's coming to earth redeem-
ing

All the fallen ones of earth.
Thus, let's celebrate His birth.

A. O. Barker.

The Shepherd's Vision

Once, several years ago I sat in my office in one of the large cities, the day before Christmas. As I looked out over the busy thoroughfare I thought of the meaning of Christmas, of the many people who kept Christmas and wondered whether man approached it in the right spirit. I thought of the joy, of the sorrow, of life and of death which Christmas would mean to many, and then I thanked God for the Christ. As I thus sat thinking, the city as seen from my window slowly faded from my gaze and another picture took its place, so changed, so different, that I felt myself in another land.

It was a little valley nestling between two high hills. Through this valley flowed a ribbon of silvery water, wandering here and there across the beautiful picture as if seeking a place to stop and rest in this quiet spot. The sun was just setting in the west, but it threw out, here and there, great sunbeams which looked like giant arrows. Some of these arrows were thrown across the sky as though to drive back the darkness already gathering in the east, others lighted up the green valley like the goodnight kiss of the departing day, while, here and there, a fleecy cloud could be seen hastening across the azure sky as if seeking a place of safety before the departing sun left them to the forces of darkness which were gathering to make their assault upon the day. Here and there, upon the blanket of grassy green which clothed the hills to the very crest, could be seen patches of white, where the gentle sheep were grazing under the care of their watchful shepherd. A narrow road ran along the base of the largest hill, and after bending this way and that, disappeared between two distant mountains.

Along this path a young woman was hastening toward a group of small cottages which nestled together at the lower end of the valley. She was clad in a white flowing tunic of rather fine wool, trimmed with bits of gold braid. Upon her head was a small turban, which shaded a face of remarkable beauty and loveliness although now somewhat drawn by a look of extreme anxiety. She turned in at one of the

gates and hurried toward the cottage. As she approached the door it was thrown open from within, and a man stood framed in the doorway. He was a man of six feet, two or three inches in height, straight as an arrow and, although he must have been fifty years old, his body gave promise of great strength. He was clad in a tunic of much the same material as that of the girl, but his came only to his knees, as if he were prepared for traveling. His face was somber with piercing black eyes and an iron grey beard that reached nearly to his waist.

"What news bringest thou from the Governor, Rebekah?" said the man to the girl.

"Bad news, father; the Roman Governor says that he can do nothing because the Roman law must supersede our Jewish law, and that since Marcus is a Roman and bought the land, giving you the money for it, it is his," replied the girl.

"Yes, but did you tell him that I gave Marcus to understand that the land must be returned to me in the year of Jubilee, according to the Jewish law, and also that he agreed to it, paying me only for the use of the land for five years?"

"Yes father, but he said Marcus denied it and claims you sold it to him for good and all, and now you wish to defraud him of his money."

"But surely the Governor knows of the law of our nation which forbids me to sell the land which must be passed on from generation to generation."

"So I suggested father, but he only laughed at me, as did all of the men around him, and said he had heard before how such things had been tried by our people to gain a little money."

The old man's face grew terrible in his anger and his voice trembled with passion as he said. "Listen Rebekah, I have obeyed the laws of Rome ever since she came into this part of the world. I have payed large taxes. I have supported her and held the people back when they would have stoned the tax-gatherers but"—and here the old man clinched his hand, "rob me of my land they never shall while I can defend it. Tomorrow I will go to see Marcus and if he will return the land to me, well and good, if not, he shall surely die, after which I will gather around me some of the people

whom the oppression of Rome has driven to madness and fight to save our homes as long as one of us shall live."

"O father! You won't do that!" cried the girl throwing her arms around the neck of her father. "What do you care for the land? You can live on what you still own without resorting to crime."

"Yes but how long think you they will be satisfied with leaving me this if I tamely submit to this injustice? No! We must show the haughty Roman that the worm will turn if driven too far."

"But father what can you hope to gain? A little handful against the might and power of Rome. Remember the crosses we saw at Jerusalem last passover, on which, as we were going by, the Roman soldiers were nailing two men? How their cry of terrible agony rent the air as the nails were driven into their hands and feet! Do you remember how they shrieked and shrieked as the crosses were set up and the weight of their bodies came upon the nails in their hands? How they moaned as the bottom of the crosses were dropped into the holes! Such is the fate of those who defy Rome. And I, even I, father will be sold as a slave in the marts of Rome to become all that that name, slave, implies. Think, father, think!"

"Peace Rebekah, I have thought and I have made up my mind. Tonight I go to guard the sheep with John and Reuben. James desired to go up to Jerusalem. He will be gone a week, so I promised to help care for the sheep while he was gone. Therefore I will watch on the hill tonight, and tomorrow I shall go to see Marcus. What I have said that will I do unless he gives back the land which he is trying to steal from me," and turning from the pleading girl he strode away with a face full of anger.

The girl entered the house, moaning and wringing her hands with anguish. She fell on her knees near the door and gazing up at the stars which were beginning to twinkle in the sky, and said, "O, if thou wert only here mother, I have done my best to save my father from the result of his unholy anger against the Roman. I wonder if you can hear me and if you are watching over me. Won't you intercede with the Heavenly Father that He turn father's anger

away from this project he has set himself upon? Ask Him to have pity on a poor Jewish girl who may soon be sent to a Roman slave market and whose father may soon be nailed to a Roman cross." Thus the weeping girl knelt through the night, praying that her father might be turned away from his purpose, dreading the light of day when it would come, bringing in its joys or its sorrows.

At last the dawn appeared in the east and the girl rising from where she had sunk on the floor, bathed her eyes and turned them toward the south where she expected to see her father soon appear. As she looked she saw her father approaching with his long, swinging stride. At the same time she saw the Roman, Marcus approaching from the other direction. She saw they must meet near her and hastening toward her father she thought to make one last appeal before he met the Roman. As she reached her father she threw her arms around his neck exclaiming, "Please father, for my sake and the sake of the love you bore for my dead mother, forgive this man. Remember how you stood at the side of my dying mother, and as I stood there with you, she died; how you took me in your arms and promised to be both father and mother to me. How, oh father! will you keep your promise if you are hunted by the Roman soldiers through the hills, while your daughter is standing before a curious crowd of idlers, a slave in chains, to be sold to the highest bidder? Stop, father stop, while there is time." but her father gently loosed her hold from his neck, and she fell to her knees with a cry of anguish, bowing her head in her hands. Her father stood above her and as the Roman came on, waited with folded arms, she knew not what, but as the man came near, she expected every instant that her father would leave her side. She could only pray. But what are these words she hears her father speak as his enemy comes near, "Peace be unto you."

Can it be? Her ears must have played her false and heard only the words which her heart desired, but no, again she hears the words, "Peace be unto you."

Looking up at her father, Rebekah saw that a change had taken place in him since she last saw him. The

Roman passed them with a sneer which had often caused the face of her father to become convulsed with hate, but now, a pleasant smile curved his lip as he said the third time, "Peace be unto you." The Roman started, bowed his head and passed on. Rebekah's father turned and as he clasped the form of his daughter in his arms he said: "Are you surprised dear child to see me greet with a smile the man who done me a great wrong? Listen, and I will tell you the story of a strange experience that befell me on the mountain last night. After I left you I went with John and Reuben driving the sheep nearly to the top of yonder hill. My heart was filled with bitterness and hate at the man who had wronged me so cruelly. We fell to talking about the wrongs inflicted on us by the Romans, wondering how long the High Priest would advise us to put up with the plundering and also planning how I would escape, should I visit vengeance on Marcus today. When suddenly, there shone around us a soft light which seemed to fill the whole earth. Startled, we looked up and saw a large star which seemed to be passing slowly over us. At the same time there came to our ears the grandest and sweetest music mortal man ever heard. It permeated the whole earth and sky. It sounded as though heavenly hosts were singing, "Hozana, Hozana, Glory to God in the Highest." We fell on our faces nearly dead from fright, when we heard these words spoken, "Why art thou afraid?" We looked up and saw an angel in white garments, whose face shone with a holy light and whose voice set every fiber of my being singing with joy. We were about to cast ourselves on the ground before him when he said, "Hold! Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign, Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." As he finished speaking he ascended into the sky and again came the sound of singing. It seemed as though a vast host of wonderful voices were singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

The star passed on and as it passed the singing grew fainter and faint-

er until all was still. I started at once for Bethlehem taking John with me, leaving Reuben to take care of the sheep. When we drew near the city we saw the star, which appeared to be only a short distance above the earth, was stationary, directly over a stable. Around the stable we found quite a number of people who had gone up to Bethlehem to pay their taxes. They filled all the places so that it was necessary for some to sleep in the stable. We pushed our way through the crowd into the building and there we saw, reposing in a manger beside his mother, a new born babe of such surpassing loveliness as the world had never seen before. Above and around him shone that peculiar light I had seen before on the face of the angel. As I looked at him he turned his head and gazed up at me. When he did that I felt a shock run through me. It seemed as though I was another man; the old self, the old thoughts of revenge left me at once and my heart filled with love and joy. Life appeared to me a wonderful thing in which service was the only end worth striving for. I thought those eyes were sorting out of my life the evil, leaving only the good. The old thoughts, the old desires seemed far, far, away. But at last I thought I heard a voice say "Bethrapha return to your people and tell them what you have seen." Then I turned away. After leaving the Christ, for such I believe him to be, I hastened home to quiet your fear, forgive my enemy and follow the instruction I had received. All the way home my heart sang with peans of joy and gladness. I fancied I heard the angels singing "Glory, Glory, Glory."

As the old man uttered these words his voice pulsed with gladness. At the same instant the sun appeared peeping above the eastern hill, throwing a ray which fell on the head of the old man. The girl thought as she looked at her father's face she could see something of the holy flight described in his story, reflected from the features of the old man.

C. Beverley.

Christmas in Many Lands

If we visit the countries of the civilized world at Christmas time, we may observe many pretty customs and superstitions. And if we examine the most interesting and characteristic of these, we will see in what different ways this happy season is celebrated the world over.

Germany, the historic home of the Christmas tree, is a good country from which to start on such a trip. Here we see everybody buying Pfeffer Kuchen, or pepper cakes, the great delicacy of Christmas-tide. They are a sort of hard spicecake, sometimes filled with nuts, and are made in all sorts of odd shapes. No family or person in all the land think the holiday season complete without them. When Christmas Eve comes, German children expect a visit from Knave Ruprecht and the Christ Child, who, closely muffled, come knocking at each door. As they enter they ask the parents how the children have behaved since the last visit, and if the answers are satisfactory, Knave Ruprecht scatters apples and nuts with a lavish hand from a bag he carries on his shoulder. He also leaves a bundle of rods in case they might be needed before his next visit. Then, while the children are scrambling for the nuts and apples, he and the Christ Child disappear.

In France they tell us of a curious custom of almsgiving, which is of very ancient origin. When the country people go to midnight mass, the opening mass of Christmas Day, they all carry lanterns to light them on their way. On arriving at the church they give their lanterns to the poor old women of the parish, who are waiting for them. When mass is ended, and they are starting home, they get their lanterns from the women, and, in return, give them as large a sum of money as they are able.

Christmas Day in Armenia is devoted by the men to visiting and by their families to receiving. The Christmas salutation is always the same: "The gracious birth and baptism of Christ." And the reply is: "Blessed be His birth and baptism." After this greeting, sweetmeats in all sorts of dainty forms are offered the guests. As a rule, the Armenians do not give very many Christ-

mas gifts. The richer ones, however, take a great deal of pleasure in ministering to the poor at this time, believing that they are in this way giving to Christ.

Let us make our next visit to the little country of Belgium. We hear of many odd superstitions here, but strangest of all is one that the cooks firmly believe. They say that, if a boy carrying a gift is the first person to enter the kitchen on Christmas Day, they will be favored by fortune that year. So early Christmas morning boys equip themselves with boxes filled with wafers of bread, hurry to the nearest house, and rush to the kitchen. The cook beams as she sees the boy for she knows his errand. He gives her a wafer and she, in turn, urges him to take a small gift of money. He then runs off and tries to be first in other kitchens. The cook puts the wafer over one of the kitchen doors, along with those of other years. We can tell by counting them how many years she has been cook in that house.

In Sweden we find one of the prettiest customs to be the birds' Christmas. Mr. W. H. Thomas, a former minister to Sweden describes it in this way: "One winter day at Christmas time I had been skating on a pretty lake, Daljen, three miles from Gottenberg. On my way home I noticed that, at every farmer's house we passed, there was erected in the middle of the dooryard a pole, to the top of which was bound a full sheaf of grain. 'Why is this?' I asked my comrade. 'Oh, that is for the birds, the little wild birds,' he said. 'They must have a Christmas too, you know. There is not a peasant in all Sweden who will sit down with his children to a Christmas dinner until he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little birds that live in the cold and snow outside.'"

Much as we admire this, as well as other Swedish customs we must continue our journey. Denmark is the next country we are to visit. As soon as we arrive, we hear everyone talking about the Jule-nissen. They tell us that he is a little, old, bent elf with a pointed, red night cap and a long gray beard, who is supposed to watch over every house at Christmas time. Before the family sit down to Christmas Eve dinner, a bowl of rice and milk must be taken up to the attic, where they say he lives with the

martin and her young. From this secluded place he keeps an eye on the house to see that everything runs smoothly. Blowing in the Yule from the grim old tower that has stood eight hundred years against the blasts of the North Sea, is another Danish custom. At sunrise, while the people are still at breakfast, the town band climbs the many steep ladders to the top of the tower, and up there, in fair weather or foul, they play four old hymns, one to each corner of the compass. They always begin with Luther's grand old challenge, "A mighty fortress is our God," while below the people listen devoutly. When the last strain dies away, the big bells, with their deep voices, that sing far out over land and sea, are sounded, and the Yule in Denmark is really under way.

We come last of all to England, and in no country is Christmas so joyfully welcomed as here. It is customary on Christmas Eve to light large candles and throw on the hearth a huge log called the Yule Log or Christmas Block. At court and in the houses of the wealthy, an officer, named the Lord of Misrule, is appointed to superintend the revels. His reign begins on All-Hallow Eve and lasts until Candlemas Day. The favorite pastimes over which he presides are games, music, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, and blind-man's buff. Not all the Christmas season, however, is given over to fun and merry-making. Many beautiful and fitting religious ceremonies are observed. No one thinks, though, of taking just Christmas Day for his festivities and devotions. Not until the New Year has been welcomed with chimes fog-horns, tin-trumpets, and whistles does the English Christmas come to an end.

And now our journey is over. I wonder if it has shown us that ours is not the only land that really celebrates Christmas. Perhaps we have been selfish enough to think so before. But in all the countries we have visited, the true Christmas spirit is seen, the spirit of rejoicing and giving. People everywhere, in all the Christian nations of the earth are so filled with gladness over the coming of the Christ Child into the world, that they try, by gifts great and small, to make others rejoice also. For as VanDyke says
'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate
Or the fondle of silk and fur.

'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,

As the gifts of the Wise Ones were;
And we are not told whose gift was gold,

Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

A. M. G.



Attention Students!

Citizens! Friends!

Use Red Cross Seals and Use them Now

In these war times all hearts are touched with pity for the suffering, the dying, and the mourning. In the general desire to help, the RED CROSS has offered a welcome means.



The RED CROSS has gone with its ministry of healing and relief to these war stricken lands; with their thousands upon thousands of sufferers. But it is not only in Europe that the RED CROSS is serving. Here at home it is giving healing to thousands among us wounded by a disease which is more cruel than any armed enemy.

Ten million soldiers from the great nations abroad are in mortal conflict; but only a part of them will be killed. We are told that ten million persons in our one great nation are only a part of our people against whom the Great White Plague is arrayed in battle; and all the ten million will be killed if the present death rate of tuberculosis keeps up. But the death rate from tuberculosis is falling—and especially fast in New York state. The RED CROSS ASS'N has, thro' its sanitary

methods of prevention and treatment, through its instruction and education, dealt a most effective blow to the White Plague. But this work in our own land, in our own state, and the relief work in European countries cannot be carried on without means.

Thousands of dollars have been raised annually for this cause by the sale of the Red Cross Christmas Seals. These are on sale in almost every city, town and village. We all have an opportunity to help. We have a chance to share with the Red Cross Ass'n in its great work. If you could help save the life of one person out of every three who die in New York state in the years between childhood and the prime of life, wouldn't you do it? You CAN; and also help lessen untold suffering, misery and disease. In our country, they tell us, one-third of all who die between fifteen and fifty years of age are victims of tuberculosis; and yet it is preventable.

You will help in proportion to the Red Cross Christmas Seals you buy. Students in the Seminary and residents of Houghton will be glad to know that these seals are on sale at the Post Office and Store. These cheery Christmas stamps, so useful in correspondence at this season, are sold at One Cent Each and we believe you will take pleasure in purchasing them.

Francene A. McMillan.

This space given by courtesy of "Houghton Star" to help in this worthy enterprise.



Prof. Frazier's Lecture

At the meeting of the Intercollegiate Association held in the Seminary Chapel Thursday afternoon, November 12 the members present were given what was truly an intellectual treat. Dean Frazier lectured on the interesting subject, "The Psychology of the Drink Habit." Some of the facts learned from his address are as follows:

There are four reasons, or excuses which men have given for drinking.

First—Men want to be bad. Now, it was not always considered wrong to drink. In the early days of our country it was the exception rather than the rule to find a man who did not drink. To-day, men deplore the

fact that they are drunkards. Reasonably good men drink. Therefore, this reason seems, and indeed is very foolish.

Second—Alcohol is a food. Men desire it, the same as ice cream. Only excessive drinkers are intemperate. BUT, as far as we know, there is absolutely no food value in alcohol. Scientists everywhere have pronounced the death verdict upon this foolish excuse for drinking. The mere taste-craving is not sufficient to make a man drink. Then, if only a food, why drink to an excessive degree?

Third—There is an inner psychological craving for alcohol. This reason seems more reasonable and nearer the truth than any of the previous ones. But the craving is unnatural. The theory that alcoholism is inherited is untrue. Alcoholism is not really inherited; the degenerated physical body IS inherited from the drinking parent, and this body is unable to resist the effects coming from drinking if the descendant from a drinking parent ever does drink.

Fourth—Imagination is a large factor in causing men to drink. It is not really the taste for it. The opium, or tobacco may be substituted for alcohol, but alcohol cannot be substituted for either the opium or the tobacco habit. Men are reaching for differences of feelings—psychological, not physiological.

There are two classes of drinkers: Men who drink always alone, and men who drink always with someone. The solitary drinker, and the social drinker.

There are two effects of alcohol: an elevating influence, a feeling of inflation (connected with which comes the "gift of gab"); and later comes the narcotic effect. Both alcohol and religion are intoxicating. If many young men would take the religion of Jesus Christ into their lives they would never crave for alcohol; they would already have the influence which fills them with "joy unspeakable." The inflation, the elevation, the intoxication would already be in their lives.

Ordinarily, women care more for opium and laudinum than alcohol. There is a marked difference between men and women in this respect. A man is given to big experiences and long for that inflated feeling which enables them to tell fluently of their experiences. Women do not long for this inflation.

Men and women of age want ease of pain, both physical and psychological. They know they can never be the men and women they used to be.

Some, then, drink for inflation; some for the narcotic effect; and some drink for both.

The Professor's lecture was listened to with interest by all, and the idea that the real reasons for drinking, are not physical, but psychological was firmly fixed upon the minds of many.
E. S. B.



THE HOUGHTON STAR

HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—Ruth Worbois—'18

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—Glen Barnett—'15

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Alumni	Edna Hester—'16
Campus	Wilford Kaufman—'17
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A BLUE cross in this space signifies that your subscription HAS expired.

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

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

We have scarcely picked the last bone of the turkey or eaten the last piece of the pumpkin pie of our Thanksgiving feast, before we are confronted with the fact that December is upon us and almost anon Christmas will be here. Yes, the first flurries of snow, the short days and the wind whistling round the corner as we sit by the fire at night, are all the welcome harbingers of the happiest and sweetest season of the whole year. For now it is that the heart of the student or that one engaged in the activities of life away from home, begins to reckon the days when he can return to the home again, while those hearts at home are beating anxiously, and the hands are laboring very deftly, preparing for the home-coming of those who are separated from them.

Ere we have pondered long over the thought of Christmas, there rises in the mind the idea of giving, one of the customs characteristic of the day. It is an interesting fact that in almost every land where this holiday is observed, the occasion is characterized to a greater or less degree, by the giving of presents. Whether it be like our custom of friends exchanging gifts, or of administering to the needs of the poor, or whether it be like that fine old custom of the Norwegians, who place sheaves of grain on the barns for the birds, we find them all symbolical of the first Christmas in the little town of Bethlehem almost two thousand years ago, when God gave, for the redemption of the world, His only Son, the first and greatest Christmas present.

But this cannot be made a season of happiness to us on account of the many and costly gifts our friends may bestow upon us, but a deeper and truer joy may be realized in giving than in receiving, that is, if the giving is done in the spirit of giving as taught by the Master Giver. One of the first requisites of true giving is that it should be accompanied with a sacrifice on the part of the giver. When we give because it is convenient for us to do so, does not draw deeply on our affections, but when we must sacrifice some long cherished ambition or some long desired luxury in order to give a gift for the sake of making some one happy, then it is that a part of our very selves is given with it. The poet expresses this so beautifully in the Vision of Sir Launfal, as the Christ in the guise of the beggar exclaims. "Not that which we give, but that which we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

On the other hand it is certain that a gift which is given because custom demands it, or for any other reason than to express the affections of a true and sincere heart, is nothing except a hollow mockery.

Another essential is that we entirely forget our own selves, our own comfort and pleasure and think only of the happiness and joy of others. No person who is constantly thinking of himself and looking after his personal interests first, can realize the true satisfaction there is in making others happy, for he can neither be unselfish nor make a true sacrifice. But when Ego is lost sight of, and when all the personal energy and thought is poured into administering to others, then it is that the most may be accomplished by giving. Little did the master Beethoven realize that he was making an immortal gift to the world when he, hearing the strains of music as he passed down the street, entered the humble home of the blind girl, and forgetting his own greatness and all except his intense desire to bring joy into the life of the poor girl, brought forth his Moonlight Sonata and all the richness and sublimity portrayed in it. How sweet satisfaction flows like a deep quiet river, through the heart of that one who has learned this secret of giving, and how the heart of the recipient is melted with gratitude and love, when such a spirit characterizes giving!

But the giving which best typifies the spirit of the great Giver when He made the first Christmas for us, is to give to those who can not reciprocate our gifts. We may find ample room to exercise this spirit by giving to those who are suffering because of the lack of the bare necessities of life. As we use our means and energy in bringing cheer into the homes and lives of such, then it is that we turn the key that opens the door, giving us admittance to a Merry Christmas. Though our hearths may not be piled with rich and costly gifts, yet we will have happy hearts and a warm place in the hearts of our fellow men.



ORGANIZATIONS

Gertrude Graves '16, Editor

The Senior Missionary Band

"The thought that the church at home is praying is a tower of strength to the missionary in distant lands. Whatever else is neglected let not the church forget to pray; and what time more fit and more hallowed than the monthly concert, when those at home and their brethren and sisters abroad bend around one common mercy seat."

Especially at this time do we realize the necessity of prayer for our missionaries who are laboring under great difficulties on account of the present war.

We are glad to note the missionary spirit and enthusiasm that prevails in our monthly missionary meetings. We have been adding new members to our list, but still have room for more.

At our last meeting Miss Thurston was elected as delegate to the Twelfth Annual Conference of the Student Volunteer Union, held at Geneva, N. Y. A very interesting program was rendered which consisted of an excellent paper on "The Relation of Paying and Praying in Behalf of our Missionaries" by Mr. McKinley. This was followed by a discussion by Miss Campbell. She brought to us some of the conditions as they really exist there and some of the incidents of her own personal experience in Africa. Mr. Whitaker gave us an interesting talk on "The Relation of Missionary Work to the Spiritual Condition of the Home Church." We were also favored by a duet by George Whitaker and Robert Woods, and a solo by Miss Thurston.

The Mission Study Class is still at work. We have just finished the study of two of our great missionaries. The one, David Livingstone, who labored among the black people in Africa, the other George Leslie

Mackay, whose work was among the Chinese. Everyone who is interested is invited to attend this class.

G. L. S.

THE GERMAN CLUB

By no means does the German Club hold an insignificant place among the school organizations. More genuine interest and enthusiasm are found there than in many of the older organizations. The club meets twice a month. Anyone interested in German may have the privilege of attending. During the hour no English is allowed to be spoken. At the first meeting he first offender was threatened with the penalty of wearing a huge dunce cap.

Professor Fancher appoints someone for each meeting to provide instructive entertainment and in fact, to be "der General." The club has learned several of the old German songs: "Die Wacht am Rhein," "Die Lorelei," "Die Heilige Nacht." We have laughed at the jokes—yes really jokes, and even if we did not always understand what was meant to be the point. The stories told and poems recited have been as interesting as the rest. And we have played games too which were far more fun than any English games.

The leader shows partiality, perhaps, toward the members who come from the first year classes, but he sometimes makes up for it when he questions the others and makes them think as deeply in German as some people do in English.

The influence of the club is in evidence everywhere on the campus, where, it is probable, German is heard more frequently in general conversation than before the Club was organized.

"Habe die deutsche Verein immer Gluck."

Ionian Society

The Ionian Society met Nov. 6th. At the beginning of the meeting a half hour was devoted to a parliamentary law drill conducted by Miss Thurston. After this an original story was read by Leda Stevens, which showed much thought and careful preparation. The new officers were then initiated. At the second meeting a Thanksgiving program was given. Our contest for new members is bringing the desired results. Several names for new members have already been presented.

A Member.

The Neosophic Society

Since the last report the Neosophic quartette composed of Messrs. McKinley, Becker, Barnett and Miller have made their first appearance and have given several selections very creditably. At the last meeting Mr. Markell gave a report of what is going on in Europe and being a loyal Canadian, he brought out clearly Great Britain's side.

A Neo.

Athenian Society

The Athenian Society have had two especially good meetings since the last report. The first was a study of the life and works of the popular negro poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Robert Kaufmann gave an oral sketch of his life in which the more youthful days of the poet were particularly emphasized. Ruth Readett's interpretation of a typical southern scene was very good. Splendid dialect readings were given by Bertha Stahl and Carrol Daniels. The program was completed by favorite quotations from Dunbar by Claude Ries and Ralph Kaufmann.

Bret Harte was the subject of the second program. Pierce Woolsey's detailed account of Mr. Harte's rise from the position of a printer's boy to that of a popular serial magazine contributor and novelist was instructive. Harriet Meeker presented a true to-life picture of California life in the gold regions in '49. Florence Kelly and Edna Hester delighted the society with humorous readings from Mr. Harte. Marcie Graves' reading was especially selected to show the novelist's descriptive power. R. J. K.



PLAN BOOST ALL TOGETHER!

On to Topeka, Kansas
Dec. 29-Jan. 1

National Convention

The Students and Faculty Members are working to
help send a delegate to
represent us at the National Convention.

Exchanges

Lelia June Coleman '18, Editor

Another month has brought a good collection of exchanges. There has been the spirit of Thanksgiving with its many blessings manifest in many of them. All have been pleasant to read as they breathe forth the dominant character of their respective schools, and the ever joyous spirit of youth and vigor.

The Star has received the following exchanges since the last issue.

The Athenian—Your mention of class averages was unique. It must lend enthusiasm in attaining higher standards.

The Rosemary Hall Question Mark, The unmistakable stamp of woman's personality is seen all through your paper.

The Dart—We like your new form Your stories are interesting.

The Miltonvale College Monitor—

We are always glad to receive you and see what our sister school is doing.

The Rambler—You are always welcome. The editorial on loyalty to the School was especially good.

The Windmill—The cuts add much to your attractiveness. Some literary productions would greatly improve your paper.

The Chronicle—Your short stories are good.

The Congress—Olean, New York.

The Albright Bulletin—A most wholesome atmosphere throughout! The articles on "The Geometry of Life" and "The Higher Plane" were especially helpful. The College Directory is a splendid feature.

The Walking Leaf—Cook Academy.

The Picayune—Batavia High School.

The Vista—Your annual "Hikes" must indeed be happy occasions.

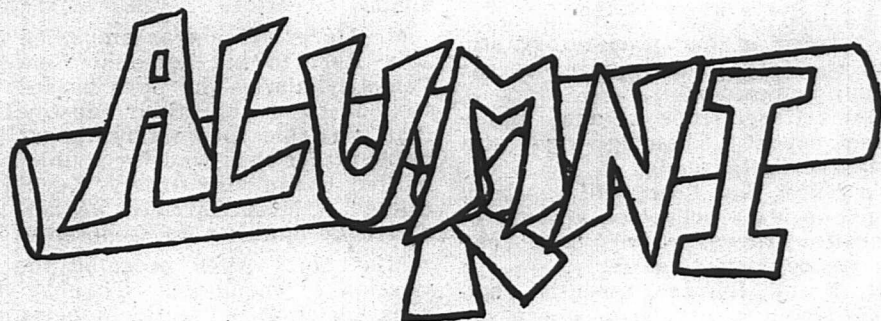
The College World—Adrian, Michigan.

The Echo—A live school paper.

The Cascade—Seattle, Washington.

The Awgwan—Some of your cuts are not the best.

The Middlebury Campus—Your "Open to All" column might serve as a suggestion to other school papers.



Edna Hester '16, Editor

Married—Tuesday, Nov. 24—Ransomville, N. Y. A pretty wedding occurred at the above place when Miss Ava Curtis and Mr. Wallace Pomeroy were united in marriage. Ava was a great favorite among the students while she was in Houghton and we are sure she holds that place wherever she goes. Miss Don McCarty acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Leo Curtis as best man. The bridal gown was of white satin with allover lace trimming and an overskirt of white chiffon. A bridal veil trimmed with orange blossoms and a hand bouquet of white roses completed the costume. Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy have gone on

a wedding trip to Mass. and Conn., where they will visit his relatives. Their permanent home will be in Ransomville. The Star extends hearty congratulations and best wishes.

Floribell Dietritch wishes she were in Houghton but contents herself with home duties in Marathon, N. Y.

Glen Sheldon is attending an Agricultural School in Canton, N. Y.

Florence Judd has charge of the history and geography classes of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades in Riblake High School, Wis. Riblake is a lumber town and no doubt Miss Judd could tell us of many experien-

ces that would make our blood tingle.

The Wesleyan church at Grand Rapids, Mich., is supplied by Rev. Ray Selman and his wife, Edna Smith Selman. Florence Selman is with them and attends a business school in the city. We are very glad to learn that her health is much improved.

Ethel Hayes favors the idea of being a trained nurse. Consequently she is working for a friend in Buffalo until an opportunity comes for learning her chosen profession.

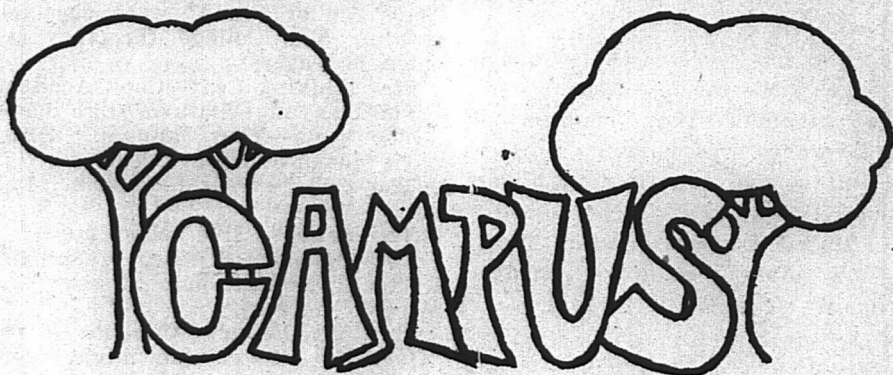
Louella Crosby teaches music in

South Dakota.

Word comes from Oberlin that the boys are getting along fine. Owen Walton is on the list of seniors and they sure have a jolly bunch from Old Houghton.

Kathlyne Banker is at her home in Plattsburg, N. Y.

Hannah Greenberg and New Mexico agree very well. Horseback rides from seventeen to twenty miles in length, cart rides over the plains and duties as schoolmam keep her quite busy. Freda also enjoys similar treats.



Wilford Kaufman '17, Editor

Preparatory Notes

A number of our preparatory students spent the Thanksgiving recess at their homes.

Misses Hazel Hudson and Mable Parker spent Thanksgiving with friends in Cattaraugus.

We regret that Pearl Hill has been obliged to leave school on account of ill health. However, we hope she may return next semester.

Mr. Frank Johnson recently visited his sister in Syracuse, where she is attending school.

Mabel Acher has lately received a visit from her mother and sister.

Miss Don McCarty spent Thanksgiving with the Misses Mildred Hart and Nettie Bremigen.

M. E. F.

COLLEGE LOCALS

Thanksgiving was celebrated in various ways by our College Students this year. Mr. Robert Woods, Miss Frances Woods, Mr. Robert Chamberlain, Mr. Earl Barrett and the Misses Gertrude and Marie Graves spent their vacation at their respective homes.

Miss Ruth Worbois accompanied by Miss Florence Kelly left for her home at North Chili, Wednesday

night.

Mr. Harry Meeker accompanied Mr. Max Reid to his home at Genesee, Pennsylvania. The boys became so anxious to reach their destination that it is told they walked about ten miles rather than wait for a slow locomotive bound for the "Key-Stone State." Miss Harriett Meeker left Thursday morning for Genesee.

Miss Mary Allen accepted the invitation to spend her Thanksgiving vacation at Miss Ruth Robertson's, Belmont.

A small crowd left for Cattaraugus Wednesday noon. Miss Vera Lawrence to spend a few days with "a friend," Mr. Lee, to pass his time at home.

Miss Edna Hester visited Miss Blanche Eastwood at Short Tract during vacation.

A short time ago there was an "Ohio Chicken Spread" at the Dormitory. Miss Mary Allen was hostess, the chicken was from Ohio and the guests were from Ohio, thence the name.

Mr. Dale Calhoun spent a few days with his brother Ray, recently.

Mr. Clarence Barnett spent Thanksgiving in Lockport

Mr. Willard Ballard has been an invalid for several days. However, he is improving and since his visit at Olean Thanksgiving, he has been slowly improving.

Mr. Robert Woods has been making a speciality of quarterly meetings and conventions of late, especially those held at Hinsdale.

Puzzle: Did Leo Raub spend Thanksgiving at his home in Hinsdale or in Johnsonburg? Kindly send answer to the Star office.

On November 21st, a typical Arabian Night, a crowd of our young college students gave a dinner party. A four course dinner was served. Act I.—This scene was laid at the "House of Many Rooms." At the "Appointed Time" the crowd gathered and were served at a table by the "Jello" girl and "Cream of Wheat" Boy. The young people first had "A Sip of the Red Sea" seasoned with "Briny Bars" and "Pegs o'my heart." The crowd now separated to meet again at the "Castle on the Cliff." In the meantime, the little "Jello" girl and "Cream of Wheat" Boy had preceded the crowd and were ready to serve them with their second course.

Act II.—First came "Chips from the Old Block" followed by "Animal a la mode" and "Golden Glow." Then "Buds from the Staff" with "Fruit of the Vine" were served. Here Professor Bedford starred with a brilliant speech to the crowd.

Act III.—Leaving the "House on the Cliff," these stragglers made their way to the "Wayside Inn," where they were served with "Bitter Sweet Conglomerate" mixed with "Sunshine and Shadow." After the Grand March, the Curtain was drawn upon this scene and the crowd sought the "Wanderers Retreat." Here "A bit of the dark Region" was served with "Captured Clouds." Then came "Distilled Night" which melted all the clouds away. The play was at an end but an imprint of an exceedingly pleasant evening was left stamped upon Memories Gallery. Some of the members of this party called the Dinner a "Self and Sane" Dinner. However each person must judge for himself, for one of our brilliant young "Trig" students who attended the party was heard to say when sleep, "a" soup equals "Cosine A." Whether this was the result of over-eating or the result of a troubled brain over the coming Monday's "Trig" lesson or both, the reader must guess!

Students! Should any of you feel slighted in that your name does not appear in the College Locals "Wake up" and let the reporter know what you are doing!
E. A. A.

Faculty Notes

Thanksgiving with its pleasures now lingers only in the pleasant memories of the past. Not a few of the students were either permitted to visit their homes, or, with some of their classmates in their homes. The deans, Miss Thurston and Prof. Frazier, faithfully remained on duty, and in earnestly seeking to make the best of the short vacation. All who remained at Houghton report a season of special pleasure and satisfaction.

Professor Bedford and family spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Rev. S. Bedford at Odessa, N. Y., making the trip in his new Ford. Professor, we are glad you are back. (Hereafter refrain from any extra stunts.)

Misses Fitts and Reggal ate Thanksgiving turkey with their parents near Syracuse.

Pof. Smith superintended the reconstruction of the sewer system in the suburbs of Seminary Hill.

Mrs. Bowen very abruptly left our little city without informing this scribe whither she was going or when she would return. But we found her here again at the ringing of the first bell ready to greet her students with a smile.

President Luckey and the entire Luckey family visited with a Luckey brother and his Luckey family over the vacation. Woe to Luckey's unluckey turkey.

Miss Russel visited a former school-mate at Wiscoy a few weeks ago and acted as assistant dean during vacation.

Prof. Fancher is surely one of the home guards and is faithfully fulfilling his promise to never leave or forsake his Frauline. So all we can say for him is that he remained at home during vacation.

Miss Hillpot enjoyed a pleasant Thanksgiving with Miss Vivian Sanders one of her former students.

C. N. C.

Miscellaneous

During the past month nothing of importance has transpired which we could justly, as in the previous issue, term the oil of gladness.

Consequently we have our eyes turned toward the future which brings all

things to him who waits. As we peer in that direction, Jan. 11 catches our eye and stands out in bold type. Why? What's doin' Jan. 11? Let me explain. On the evening of this date Mr. Fred Eugene Baker is to deliver a lecture as the second number of our lecture

course.

Mr. Baker is a specialist on myths and legends, a fact which leads us all to anticipate entertainment, instruction and knowledge of something we never knew before.



Bethel J. Babbitt '16, Editor

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,"

And consequently we have not been able to capture any of the numerous jokes which were strolling around here last month. Thanksgiving has passed away, after claiming about the usual number of victims. The mourning mothers gazing out with looks of unutterable sadness, look upon their little boys who ate too much turkey or mince pie, as they are being carried away in the ambulance. Only the doctors and the undertakers are wearing a broader smile than usual. The students are wearing long faces as they go back to delve again into the mysteries of science or the marvels of calculus. They plod patiently along their weary way, only interrupted now and then by a pleasant surprise in the way of an important test, which assumes the proportions of a huge mountain to their unsophisticated eyes; working always with the gigantic spectre of failure looming up before them, and longing for the final holiday at Christmas and the visit home. Perhaps these same students are even looking for jokes in this department, but how can we find anything funny to say under such circumstances?

College life is going on as usual, but nothing special happening. The "Lost" notices on the bulletin board are still increasing. Rubbers, books and other transportable objects are rapidly disappearing. Only one great event has happened—the building of a new skating rink. Here the boys and girls of the future generations

may skin their shins or raise huge bumps on their heads whenever they please; meanwhile, thinking gratefully of us as the founders of that noble institution.

It is rumored that a fine of two cents is to be assessed upon any person who deliberately insists on making holes in the ice—with his head or any other instrument of warfare. This rule applies especially to the hard-headed youngsters. (Girls are excluded as we judged them incapable of committing such a crime.) Of course this decree will not be enforced in case no water is placed in the aforesaid rink.

Owing to the deficiency in this department, Manager Lewis says that he will be in great danger of being lynched; in case the jokes are missing or if they are borrowed from the exchanges, as was done by an editor of late date. We would ask that you kindly spare him and leave him for future punishment.

Dustin Hardtax.



President Wilson Commends Red Cross Seal Sale

Will Use Seals on All of His Mail—
115,000,000 Now Distributed

Washington, D. C., Dec. 1, 1914:—

"May I not particularly express my interest in the Red Cross Christmas Seal," says President Wilson in a let-

ter to The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, made public today. Beginning today, every letter going out of the White House for the next four weeks and from many of the government offices bears the Red Cross Seal.

As an expression of his interest in the anti-tuberculosis campaign, President Wilson writes to Dr. Charles J. Hatfield, Executive Secretary of The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis:

"May I not take this occasion to express to you my deep interest in the work of the National Anti-Tuberculosis Association and my hope that its work is growing in efficiency and extent from year to year? May I not particularly express my interest in the Red Cross Christmas Seal whose sale has been the means of raising funds for the work? It seems to me that this is a particularly interesting and sensible way of enabling the people of the country to give this great work their support."

Over 115,000,000 Red Cross Seals are on sale today in every state in the Union, except Nevada, and even in Hawaii, the Canal Zone and Vera Cruz.

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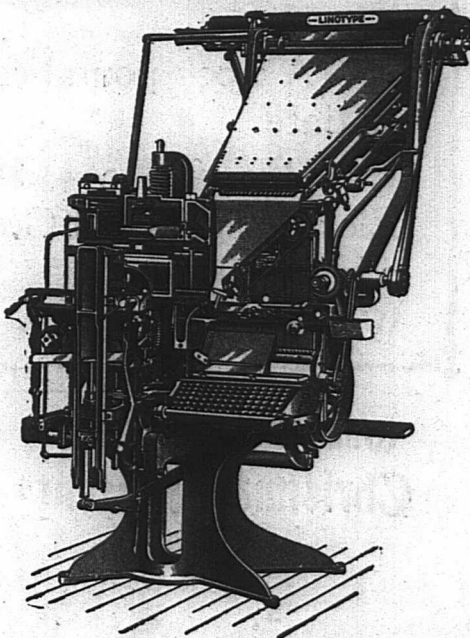
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Vol. II, No. 3, Nov., 1909

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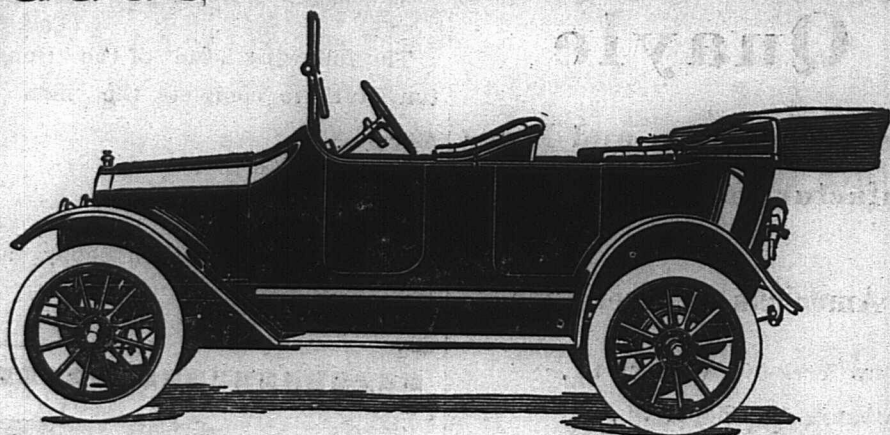


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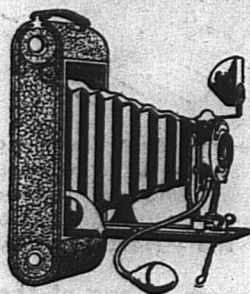


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*than a good camera? I have
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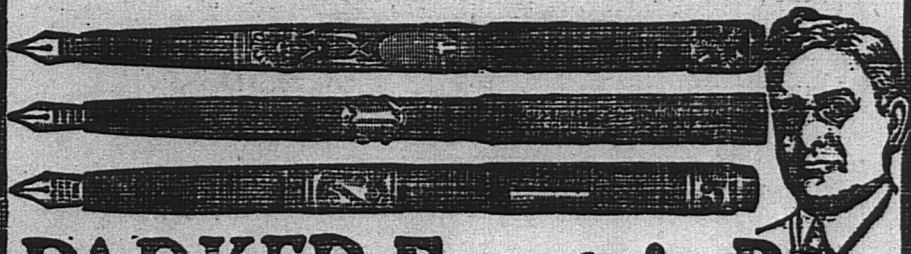
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