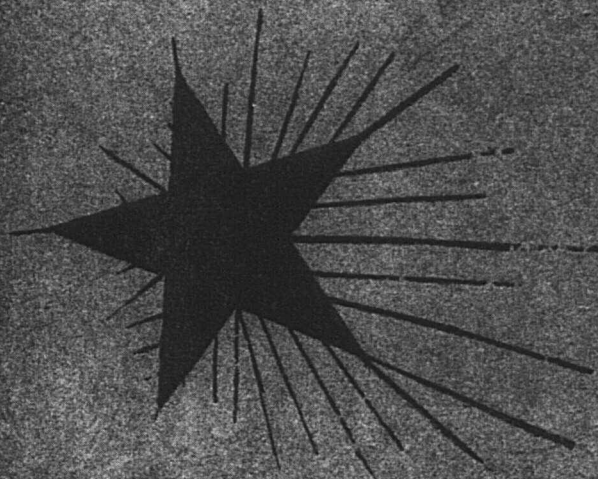


THE HOUGHTON STAR



CHRISTMAS

NUMBER

1 9 1 9

## A Scene



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## Christmas 'Tis A Happy Word

Christmas, 'tis a happy word:  
It speaks of happy times;  
Vacations, visits, play and fun,  
Of gifts and song and chimes.

Christmas, 'tis a happy word,  
It speaks of love and cheer,  
It speaks of more than fun and play,  
It brought the Savior here.

Christmas, 'tis a happy word;  
It speaks of Christ to men,  
A Father's love to us below  
—What if it had not been?

Christmas, 'tis a happy word:  
It speaks of Christ to men,  
It brought a savior to my soul  
—He makes me pure within.

Christmas, 'tis a happy word:  
It brought God's gifts to men  
—Oh let us all receive his gifts,  
And give them out again.



## A Joyous Christmas

Mrs. Cameron heard the jingle of sleigh-bells and ran to the window. The snow was falling in big feathery flakes and almost covered the branches of the big pine trees that stood as sentinels along the driveway. A sleigh was coming down the road and turned in the drive to the house.

"Dear Henry," she said to herself, "he is so lonesome for the children. It seems queer they have not been home for so long and we haven't even heard from them for two weeks." She wiped the tears from her eyes and went back to the kitchen, where she thought she smelled something burning. She lifted the cover off a kettle and the delicious odor of plum pudding filled the room. With a sad heart she busied herself getting dinner while her thoughts wandered to the years when her three children had been at home to share the joys of Christmas with her. But Helen was a nurse, doing good work in the city hospital; Mary had a home of her own and two of the dearest children, how this mother heart longed for her grandchildren. She had seen them but twice since they came to gladden Mary's heart and home. And dear Jack, her wayward boy, she had not heard from him for three years.

Mr. Cameron fairly burst in the door. "Hello, Susie. Got a letter for you. Guess its from Mary. Open it quick."

She opened it and read while Henry got a broom and vigorously swept the snow off his clothes.

"Oh, Henry, its from Mary. She's coming to-night."

"Won't that be fine," said Mr. Cameron as he hung his coat behind the door, "I hope she brings the kiddies, too."

"And Oh! she says she's bringing someone with her. Who could it be?"

"Perhaps Helen is coming too. You know she said she might, in her last letter, Susie. I must get that turkey cleaned."

Mr. Cameron hurried to the shed where a few minutes later he was whistling while he plucked the feathers from the turkey.

"I don't see how this bird ever stood on its legs, mother," he called, "make lots of dressing."

Mrs. Cameron busied herself about the housework, preparing dinner. Mr. Cameron came in with the turkey and together they stuffed it and he held its legs together while she

tied them. It was such a fat turkey, father chuckled to himself as he thought how his grandchildren would enjoy those drumsticks.

"Susie, dear," Mr. Cameron said as they sat at dinner. "we must get a tree. I have a notion we had better go to the store and get a few things to put on it this afternoon. Can't you come with me right after dinner?"

Manlike he didn't know she must bake more doughnuts and pies and do so many other things to get ready for her children's home-coming.

"You can go alone, I guess, Henry, for I have so many things to do. What can you get that Mary would like? Can't you get a little tin horse for Harold?"

They planned what they would get and grew as happy as children planning Christmas for their dear ones once again. Father said he would go to the woods and get a great big tree.

He acted like a boy when he came home from the woods with his sleigh loaded with evergreen. He shouted, "Merry Christmas" to his neighbor, Mr. Jones, whom he met at his gateway. Mr. Jones wondered what had happened to his friend Mr. Cameron who was generally so quiet and thoughtful.

After supper Mrs. Cameron lit the parlor lamp. Her husband brought in the big tree and put it in the corner. They hung pine and spruce boughs behind the pictures and in the archway between the dining room and parlor, until the house was pervaded with the smell of northern woods. Then they trimmed the tree. They had many presents to put on it and with the strings of popcorn and the oranges tied on the boughs the tree fairly groaned with its load. It was fun to this dear old couple to play Santa Claus again.

About eight o'clock they got into a double seated sleigh and drove to town. In days gone by they had used this sleigh to take their family to church but it had not been needed for a long time. The moon shone brightly and the snow sparkled in its light. The horses fairly flew along the road as the bells kept time to their pace.

The train came in and many tired, happy people alighted. Mrs. Cameron pressed through the crowd to her daughter who came forward eagerly and kissed her mother. Grandfather carried those dear babies off to the sleigh and tucked them in snugly. Mary went to the depot to see about her baggage.

When she came to the sleigh a man was with her. He walked briskly along and as he neared Mrs. Cameron Mary said, "Mother there's your Christmas present."

Mrs. Cameron jumped from the sleigh and fairly fell into Jack's arms. Her heart was too full for words. All Jack said was "Mother—I've been so homesick for you—and father. I—had to—come home."

The ride home was one long to be remembered. The sleigh glided swiftly over the sparkling snow. The sky was studded with stars but one seemed especially bright, perhaps like the Christmas Star of old that led the Wise Men of the East. That Jack was welcome did not need to be expressed in words. Mary told how he had come to her home yesterday and begged her to go home with him.

Father and Mother Cameron after they had their children safely tucked in bed filled two big stockings and two little ones. They laughed and played like children over these. Mother tried to get father to go to bed before she did for she said she wanted to do something. But Mr. Cameron just went into another room and she heard him rattling paper. She wondered what he could be doing so secretly.

Early Christmas morning little Barbara awoke and began to sing in a clear sweet voice,

Away in a manger,  
No crib for his bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down his sweet head;  
The stars from the heaven  
Looked down where he lay.  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep on the hay.

Jack heard her and listened intently. A great sense of loneliness seized him. Why should he be lonely at home? After some time as Barbara continued singing, in her childish voice, one sweet song after another, the voice of the Holy Child Jesus spoke to Jack's heart and he fell on his knees by his bedside. His heart went up in earnest pleading and in a few minutes he arose, his face all aglow. He ran to his mother's room. With tears of joy he told her of his new found Savior. The angels must have joined in the songs of praise that went up to the One who came to "save His people from their sins." Mary joined her parents and brother in their praises and

Christ must have been pleased to have the celebration of His birthday begun in this way.

Laughter was heard in the living room and they all went down-stairs. There by the fireside sat Harold and Barbara trying their best to empty their stockings and eat all the candy at the same time. Mr. Cameron tried to pull on his slippers but found them filled with nuts and a piece of coal in the toe of one. He looked at his wife and she dropped her eyes guiltily.

"Jack helped me do that," she said. "Did you find your stocking, dear," and Mr. Cameron ran into another room because he had forgotten to hang up the stocking he had filled for her. He brought her an old stocking and an orange was almost coming out of the hole in the toe he had it stuffed so full. A rap was heard at the door. Jack answered it.

"Helen, Merry Christmas, come right in," and Jack led in his sister. Mrs. Cameron's cup of joy was full to overflowing now and she ran to meet her daughter with tears in her eyes.

"I came on the early train," Helen explained. "I wanted to surprise you."

"Well you have," her father said, "and we are so glad."

Jack held a whispered consultation with Helen and then his mother heard him laboring into the parlor with some big load. She suspected something but the twinkle in her eyes did not say just what.

After dinner they took the gifts off the tree. Grandpa Cameron acted as Santa Claus. Little Harold sat on the floor with his thumb in his mouth. He clapped his hands in glee when his grandfather gave him a big shiny horse on wheels. Mrs. Cameron was presented with a beautiful Victrola by her children. The tag on it said this did not express half their love for her. She could not read what else it said for the tears that filled her eyes.

In the evening when they gathered around the fireside Jack held his nephew and niece on his lap. Harold's curly little head fell over on his arm and he lay peacefully there asleep with his thumb in his mouth.

"This has been the happiest day of my life, father," Jack said.

"For me, too, son."

"And father. I'm going to stay at home now and take care of you and mother."

Pauline B. Shea.

## The Vigil

Bright stars in yon azure, your glories I see,  
In mystery fraught with a magical love,  
How oft have I heard your sweet story before,  
But tell it again to the wide world and me.

You tell me that Christmas has come to the nations,  
That Victory reigns and the tempest is past,  
You tell me that War is a monster forgotten,  
And all we have fought for has triumphed at last—

But speak from the realm of Times wonder-swept sky,  
Fling your seraphic notes to the finite below,  
And answer the questions eternities know  
From the unanswered depths of a human heart cry!

And call ye this Peace, when a world thrice heart-broken  
Gropes on in the silence and blindness of sin,  
While Bethlehem's stranger stands lone at the portals,  
Unwelcomed, rejected: "No room in the Inn?"

Bright stars, gleaming Christmas from God's paradise,  
Your vigil of ages in sacredness keep,  
The King in the manger, unsought is asleep—  
Oh Church of the Infinite, wake and arise!

L. K. H.



## Ruth Aell's Christmas

It was a dull, gray day in December, in fact it was the twenty-fourth. The clouds had hung heavy all day but as night came on the large fluffy snowflakes began to float merrily through the air. In the pretty little city of Maplevue everyone was bustling to and fro in the usual Christmas spirit. Was not this Christmas, with the war over and every reason for merrymaking? So thought some of the inhabitants as they walked the familiar streets and searched their favorite stores for suitable gifts. Passing through the busy streets of this little city, one would never dream that some hearts in that very city were aching for those who had not yet returned, and some who never would.

Such was the condition in a cozy little home on one of the pleasant streets of the residential section where Ruth Bell lived in a new bungalow. As she sat before the fireplace, rocking a little basket cradle, her thoughts were far away—yes, even in France. She just couldn't help thinking about Carl. It did seem years since he had sailed away to France leaving her and little Marjorie behind. And he had thought he would be back by this Christmas sure. But Christmas eve was already here and she was still alone. Well, it wouldn't do any good to think about it, thought Ruth as she swallowed a lump in her throat and rocked the cradle harder.

Ruth was a cheerful, jolly girl and she never could afford to be dispondent very long at a time. So she braced herself and tried to be cheerful. She had invited her sister Jane for Christmas and perhaps they would have a good time anyway. Then there was the baby too.

"Really, now, I'm ashamed of myself for even thinking of being anything but happy. Why, suppose Carl had been killed in the war. When I think of poor little Mrs. Ames around the corner who is left all alone, I think I'm the most fortunate person in the world."

Just a little of this was all Ruth needed to make her appreciate the situation. She at once prepared her lunch and then she sat down to finish the little gifts she had started for the friends whom she had invited.



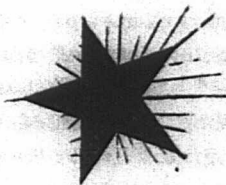
At exactly half past six on Christmas eve a transport ship landed in New York harbor. Among the boys in kakhi who disembarked was one who seemed particularly in haste as he made his way with all possible speed up to the Officers Quarters. The men were to be allowed to spend Christmas at home and so there was much hurring in all directions. At last this man was on the car which would take him to the little suburb of Maplevue only twenty-miles away. Was he impatient? Well, judge for yourself! He nearly upset a lady and forgot his suitcase in getting off the car at forty-seven Grove street anyway.

In spite of his haste and joy at being home Carl Bell could not resist the temptation to look in the library window. But when he saw Ruth sewing so quietly by the fireside and little Marjorie sleeping soundly in the cradle, he wanted for some reason or other, to be inside the house at once. He took such rapid strides toward the veranda that he forgot to knock and when he burst in upon Ruth it was hard to tell why she screamed—whether from joy or fright.

All that followed doesn't matter to us. Suffice it to say that there were no happier people to be found, even in all New York, than Ruth, Carl and the baby on Christmas day.

There were just heaps and heaps of things to talk about, and when the day was over Ruth safely declared that she knew she would never be unhappy again.

Nora Mattoon.



## Bethlehem-The Birthplace of Christ

Leaving Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, we descend into the Valley of Hinnom, and cross it at the upper end of the Sultan's Pool; then ascend the hill on the southwest side to the "Valley of the Giants." Before reaching the top of the long, gentle rise, the traveler will be shown a well, which is called the Well of the Magi, tradition stating that the Wise Men, after leaving the presence of Herod, knew not whither to go; and, being weary with their journey, stooped to draw water, when they saw the star reflected in the well, and under its guidance they followed till it stood over where the young Child was. Descending the hill, in about twenty minutes the Tomb of Rachel is reached. It is a small modern building with a dome. There can be no doubt that this site, which is revered by Christians and Moslems, as well as by the Jews, is near the scene of the touching story of Rachel's death. About a mile to the south-west of Rachel's Tomb is a village named Beit Jala. At this point there are two roads, that to the left going direct in about fifteen minutes to Bethlehem. The views of Bethlehem, as the ancient city is approached, are extremely picturesque, and will doubtless suggest many pictures to the mind's eye in connection with the stories of Ruth, David, and others.

### BETHLEHEM

Bethlehem (House of Bread), is situated six miles from Jerusalem on an elongated hill, well cultivated in terraces round the sides, and with fertile cornfields in the valley below. On the terraces, vines and fig-trees are in abundance. The town consists of at least two thousand houses, mostly substantial, and includes the fortress-like buildings of the Church of the Nativity and the three adjoining convents. The streets are narrow, steep and slippery. The population is about eight thousand. The inhabitants of Bethlehem have always been celebrated for their ruddy beauty, and also their fierce turbulence, inclined, like David, to be "men of war from their youth," and, it is said, always conspicuous in the frequent religious disturbances at Jerusalem. Bethlehem is the most Christian town in Southern Palestine.

### BIBLE ASSOCIATIONS

The allusions to Bethlehem in the Scriptures are numerous. The first mention of the place is when the favorite wife

Jacob died after giving birth to the child whom she named Ben-oni, but whom Jacob named Benjamin. The scenery of the pastoral story of Ruth is laid in Bethlehem and the surrounding fields. The return of desolate Naomi, the interview of Boaz and the fair Moabitess in the harvest-field, the quaint procedure in the city gate in fulfilment of Moasic law, all happened here. And here Ruth, became the wife of Boaz—the ancestress of Judah's kings and of the World's Redeemer. The next event of importance in connection with Bethlehem is the anointing of David by Samuel to be King of Israel (I Sam. XVI. 13) in the adjacent hill-country the shepherd boy, the great grandson of Ruth, had spent his youth in tending sheep; there he had encountered wild beasts (I Sam. XVII. 34) and composed his earliest Psalms. From Bethlehem he was sent for by Saul, to "minister to a mind diseased" with his melodious harpings (I Sam. XVI. 19). Returning from the courts of Saul to his native place (I Sam. XVII. 15), he thence goes forth to see his brothers with the army, and slays the giant champion of Philistia, as recorded in the same chapter. Well might the little town take as one of its titles the appellation of "the city of David" (Luke II. 4), for Bethlehem and its neighborhood was the scene of his earliest associations and exploits and spiritual exercises, and the home of his nearest kindred. And now there came to pass the wondrous events recorded in detail by the Evangelists Matthew and Luke, in the second chapters of their respective Gospels. These events make Bethlehem a household word wherever Christianity is professed, and cause the thoughts of millions to be turned towards this Judean village, as year by year Christmastide comes round. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler of Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting" (Micah V. 2).

#### THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY

The huge fortress-like pile of buildings at the eastern extremity of the village of Bethlehem comprises the Church of the Nativity, and the three contiguous convents belonging respectively to the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches. The Nave of the Church, which is the common property of all Christians, and wears a very desolate and neglected aspect is the "oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world." It is the Basilica erected here by Constantine, in 330 A. D. In this edifice Baldwin I. was crowned, and the roof was renewed by Edward IV. of England. This Church is still a fine

building. It contains four rows of marble columns, of the Corinthian order, each of a single stone. The crests of Crusaders are sketched on some of the shafts. On the south-crest is a mediaeval font, the inscription stating that it was given by those, "Whose names are known to the Lord." The mosaics on the walls date from 1169 A. D. The name of the artist was Ephrem, and they were presented by the Greek Emperor Manuel Comenos. They are mostly faded, but here and there are in good condition. The roof is formed of English oak. The Chapel or Grotto of the Nativity is a cave in the rock, over and around which the Church and Convent buildings are reared, and for the sake of which they exist. It is twenty feet below the floor of the choir, and is approached by two staircases. Descending by either of these staircases, the visitor enters a vault 33 feet by 11 feet, encased with Italian marble, and decorated with numerous lamps, figures of saints, embroidery and various other ornaments. On the east side of the grotto is a recess where a silver star on the pavement indicates the spot where our Saviour was born. Around is the inscription, "Hic De Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est."

#### SHEPHERD'S FIELD.

A short distance south of the Church of the Nativity is the Milk Grotto, the traditional scene of the seclusion of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus before the Flight into Egypt. A short distance east of the Milk Grotto is the so-called House of Joseph, and beyond this the village of Beit Sahur, where the Shepherds of Luke II are supposed to have resided. In about fifteen minutes the Shepherd's Field is reached. A fourth-century tradition makes this the spot where the shepherds were watching their flock by night, and received "the good tidings of great joy." "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, 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 Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a mangger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (Luke II. 8-14).

Compiled by J. S. Luckey.



## Our Best for God

There are a number of people who do not understand why there is such a difference in so many people who profess to be Christians. It is not so much in what God really requires of all His children, but the choice they make for themselves. While God has but one standard for His people, He has given us the power of choice and we may choose the good life, the better life, or the best life.

It is a sad fact that a great majority are satisfied with the good. They live good lives in their outward conduct, have charity for all about them, would put themselves out to do good to anyone who is in need, neither are disturbed or cause disturbance, go in with the idea of the popular people, try to keep on good terms with everybody, are very religious as far as the outward form and ceremony is concerned, would not harm saint or sinner, but just glide along with a mere existence and are contented. There seems to be no life, no power, no victory in their lives. There is no change in them from one year's end to another.

There is also a minority of those who have the better life. This is the greatest enemy to the best. They have some life, they stand for principle and doctrine, like to see great achievements in God's cause, they forsake the world and sin in its outward form, but yet there is a timidity about moving out and taking their definite stand. They lack the power that makes them bold to stand for their convictions that do not seem to be popular. Yet, at the same time they are pleased to see others press on to a greater life of victory.

Then, again, we have one out of myriads who goes in for the best. They do it in the face of persecution, when all the good folks go the other way, when they seemingly stand alone yes, when friends and all their loved ones forsake them, they persevere in the way. They have that something about them that is super-natural. They show to this world that they are really enjoying the way of the cross. Their lives put sinners under conviction. One feels as if in the presence of God when one of these people appears. It makes the heart of every cold professor of religion long for more of God.

Can we afford to take anything but God's best? The old saints had it and they came through victorious. Let us as young people follow in their train, and blaze our way through this old world regardless of anything that may oppose. This

is the day of great opportunity for young people. Will we be willing to pay the price and get the best. "to count everything but loss that we may win Christ?" — E. B. H.

## An Ex-Student's Ideal for Ho'ton

I am sitting in my ammunition factory (study) thinking; thinking, on this occasion, of some days that have passed. My mind wanders until it comes to the campus of the Old School on the Hill. Somehow I love Houghton. We all do, and I believe she has an interest in us. You say, "Why?" We love her for what she has done for us, and she loves us for what we have done or are doing for her. We went there "green and unlettered." We came away better fitted for life's battles. Some of us went there skeptical and came away better grounded in the great fundamentals of religion. Many of us, myself included, left before she had a fair chance to show what she could do for us.

This is one of the reasons why we have warm affection for Houghton; but the question for us to think of is, "Are we really 100 percent true to her?" Are we loyal as her supporters? Do we recommend her to the young people we meet? Are we looking out for the things that will help in securing the College Charter? Are we doing anything to improve her equipment? .

Let us take a look at the gymnasium. There it stands—a beautiful building, partly finished. There are no lockers, no baths. There is no lighting system, and some of the windows are still lacking. And what is it waiting for? It is waiting for the old students and Alumni to furnish the means for its completion, making it one of the finest gymnasiums of its size in the college world.

To-day I received the paper from the College near my home town. It records the gift from its friends and ex-students acknowledging a gift to the library of 150 volumes from one alumnus, and 70 from another. In fifteen years the College has more than doubled in size, and the work of its sons and daughters has been the secret of its success. A few years ago we gathered for the last chapel in the School of Agriculture of St. Lawrence University. The President's parting words were, "Young men go out and do your duty." Whenever I go up there now it seems to say to me, "Have you done your duty?" Houghton is asking the same question of us. The answer will be recorded not in our words, but in our deeds.

Rev. Arthur Northrup T. S. Ex. 21.



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### Editorial

## Christmas Greetings

"Merry Christmas!" What a thrill of joy the words bring! Our hearts beat faster with excitement at the thought of a few days vacation and a chance to see our loved ones again. The last few days of school pass so slowly that it seems as if they well never be gone. At last, however, the end comes, and we depart joyfully to our respective homes. It is unnecessary to ask why one is joyous

at christmas time. The spirit of Christmas fills the air. Does some one ask, "What is the spirit of Christmas?" So many people think of the holiday season merely as a time to give gifts and receive them in return. Today, however, we are coming to think more and more of the significance of Christmas as the anniversary of Christ's birth. If we consider it in that light we will no longer think of ourselves, but will devote our time to bringing joy and happiness to others. Only then will we find true happiness for ourselves.

We wish to extend to every one of our readers our best wishes for a happy Christmas.

"Merry, Merry Christmas unto you,  
And a happy, happy New Year, too.  
May the dear Lord bless you all life through,  
And we wish a Merry Christmas."



## Christmas Gifts

"The Night Before Christmas" defines itself in our recollections as the time when we gathered about the loaded Christmas Tree, bright with glittering tinsel or carefully hung our much too small stocking for Santa Claus to fill. Those youthful sensations were very pleasurable, and children who have never imagined a Santa Claus or seen a Christmas tree have missed an experience they should have.

To us older ones however, Christmas is more of a problem. This is gift-giving time; but what shall we give, and to whom? We think first, perhaps, of our relatives and immediate friends. We give to each one something that will be useful and by which we will be remembered. This custom also is commendable. But as Christmas day is the birthday of our Lord, ought we not to think of Him more than we do in our giving? There are many who through no fault of their own have no Christmas joys. A better gift, then is to carry Christmas cheer to a destitute family or the Christmas Story to someone who has never heard it. In so doing we make a gift to Christ.

Let Christmas be a time of appreciation, and of "good-will to all men." Give, and forget the gift. Give, and be glad.

## Athletics

Houghton athletics are still on the swing, with a little more practice and a little more playing, basket-ball will have gained much headway. After the holidays a series of games are to be scheduled between teams that have been picked from the student body. These teams are nearly equal according to weight and experience as they could be made. We are therefore expecting some good games when they meet.

The games played on Thanksgiving showed up remarkably well. The special way in which Miss Davis shot the "pill", however did not save the day for the Kings Daughter's. The Plus Ultras carried away the honors largely due the playing of miss Williams aided by Miss Crandall. As for the boys it can be said that while the game was fast and much good playing was seen there is a remarkable chance for improvement. This can be accomplished thru the practice that can now be devoted to the game.

The lineup of the teams was as follows:-

### GIRLS

Mary Williams F.	Miss Davis F.
Cladys Crandall F.	Nora Matton F.
Mildred Parmele C.	Hazel Rodgers C.
Anna Carsons G.	Mildred Ellingwood G.
Laura Steese G.	Edith Warburton G.

### Boys

C. E. Lapham F.	Wilbur Clark F.
Eric Bascom F.	Bond Fero F.
John Hester C.	Charles White C.
Erwin Enty G.	Daniel Castner G.
E.J. Lapham G.	Royal Woodhead G.

## Current News

A very pleasant day was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Will Lapham Dec. 5th when over fifty friends gathered at their home to help them celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. A fine dinner was served and a general good time was enjoyed by all.

Nellie Linebarger and Elvira Lawrence took Sunday dinner with Mrs. Van Buskirk.

Nina Lapham is assisting Mrs. Merrit Parker with her household duties.

A large number of people attended the concert at Fillmore Monday evening.

Genevieve Thayer started school this week at the Sem.

Lorvina Thayer is spending some time at home owing to her mother's ill health.

Curtis Woodhead visited his parents here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Woods and daughter of Rushford are located in Will Frances' house.

Georgia Van Buskirk was a recent guest of Julia Reddy.

Winifred Lynde visited friends in Rushford Tuesday evening and attended the entertainment.

Claude Ries '18 made an address in chapel recently. He is now working in Akron. His address: 289 W. South Street.

Mrs. Joe Casler of Minora, N. Y., formerly Lois Butterfield of this place is the proud mother of a baby daughter, Helen Lorraine, born November 30th.

Irvin Johnson while experimenting with  $HNO_3$  got his face well splotted by the acid, giving it a Chinese complexion.

A four-piece orchestra has made one appearance in chapel. Prof. Ray Hazelitt, visiting soloist, carried the violin part.

About \$25 was raised among the student body and faculty of Houghton during the recent Red Cross drive.

Miss Cloe Jeanette Lawrence of Cattaraugus spent a day with her sister, Elvira, here. They went to Rochester for Thanksgiving.



## Ginger Jar

Miss Lewis—"You needn't say anything about the English, I'm part English myself."

Doc—"Is that right, I've got just enough English about me to make me good and ignorant."

## In English Grammar

Mrs. Bowen—"Clifford give me your sentences."

Clifford—"I left them at home."

Mrs. B. (sarcastically)—"I hope your mother is enjoying them."

Prof.—"What does B. C. stand for?"

Chap.—"Before Christ."

Prof.—"And A. D."

Chap.—"After David."

Gracie had a little lad

Enamored of her so

That everywhere that Gracie went

The lad was fain to go.

He's faithful ever, there or here,

No matter, weal, or woe,

Or tho his studies interfere—

He's enamored of her so!

Tillman (indignantly)—"Why I was raised in court!"

Sympathetic guy—"Some court-plaster."

Billy G.—"Say prof, what sound do you give short a (alpha) in Greek?"

Prof.—"Why the same as long A only not quite so long."

Frank—"Why are women like street cars?"

Tubby—"I don't know, why?"

Frank—"If you miss one you can catch another."

Tubby—"Yes and sometimes there are two on the switch at the same time."

Johnson studied chemistry as everyone can see for what he thought was  $H_2O$  was REAL  $H N O_3$

## Too Many Tongues

Miss Kelly—(Discussing the latteo days) "Do you suppose that in the last days we will speak a universal language?"

John Hester—(In an undertone) "I am praying to that end."

Densmore—"Miss Eddy, are you going to teach music or voice?"

## Improvisation

Eddie S.—(In the hall) "He told me"—(A Prof, came suddenly around the corner) "not to be so boisterous!"

Eloise—"I don't know if I can wear my "tam" this year."

Fidelia—"Why? Is your head growing?"

Eloise—"No, I washed it and it shrunk."



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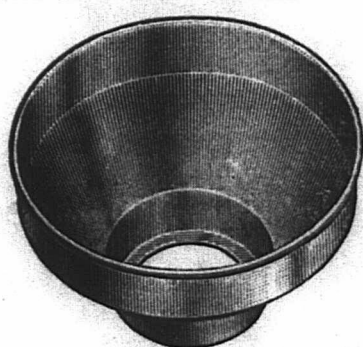
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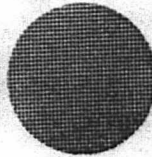
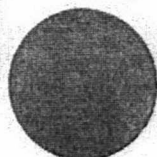
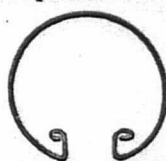
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