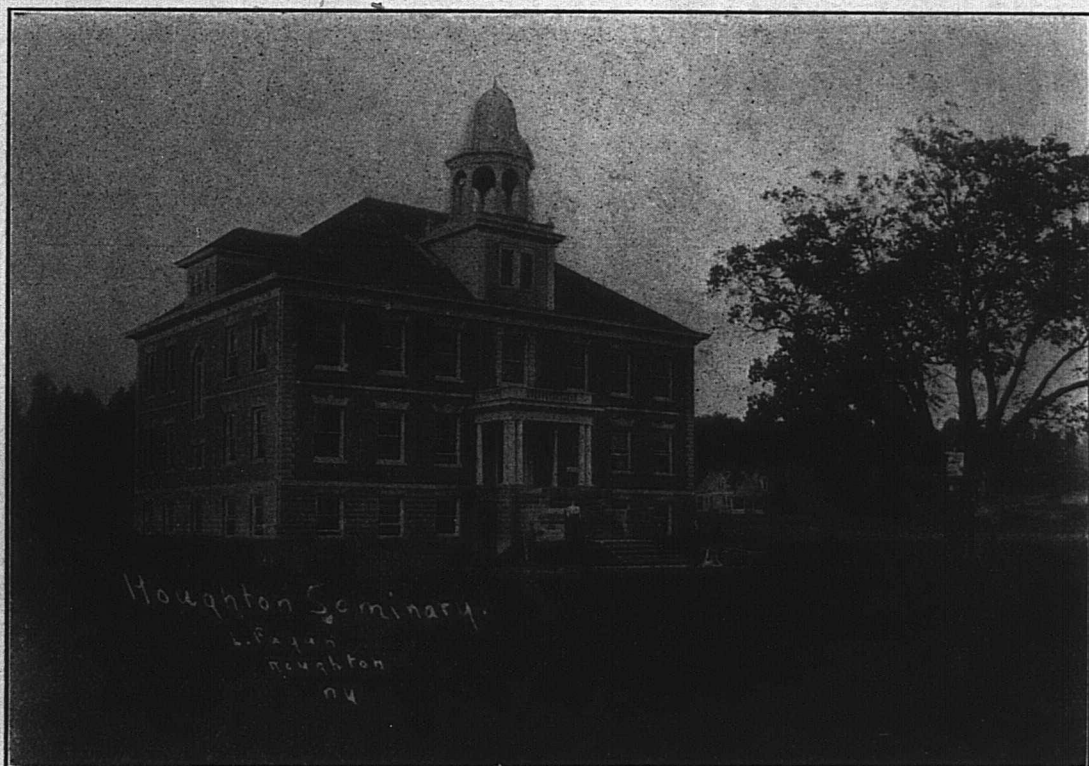


Prof. Hatcher,

The Houghton Star

January - 1915

Volume VII • • Number 1



1883- Houghton Seminary -1915

Beautiful and Healthful Surroundings

High and Practical Scholarship

Equal Regard for Rich and Poor

Good Christian Environment

Minimum Expense

The average expenditures of a student in Houghton Seminary according to statistics produced by the students themselves is \$170.00. The average estimate of the men of Houghton of the money needed for a year's work here is \$60.50 in addition to what can be earned during the summer and during the school year. Many boys can earn their whole way.

DEPARTMENTS: Preparatory, Advanced (College Equivalent,) Theological, Musical, Oratorical.

Second Semester opens January 25. For catalog send to James S. Luckey, President.



1883- Houghton Seminary -1915

Beautiful and Healthful Surroundings

High and Practical Scholarship

Equal Regard for Rich and Poor

Good Christian Environment

Minimum Expense

The average expenditures of a student in Houghton Seminary according to statistics produced by the students themselves is \$170.00. The average estimate of the men of Houghton of the money needed for a year's work here is \$60.50 in addition to what can be earned during the summer and during the school year. Many boys can earn their whole way.

DEPARTMENTS: Preparatory, Advanced (College Equivalent,) Theological, Musical, Oratorical.

Second Semester opens January 25. For catalog send to James S. Luckey, President.

Table of Contents

Reminiscences, C. Belle Russell	1
The Dying Year	3
Houghton at Christmas Time	3
The Spirit of Hospitality in Miltonvale College as Seen by the Representative from Houghton	4
An Incident of the Burning of Louvain	4
Bells of the Year	6
Houghton's Ideals	6
I. P. A. Contest	7
Editorial	8
Organizations	10
Exchanges	11
Campus	12
Alumni	14
Odds and Ends	14



The Houghton Star

Vol. VII

January 1915

No. 4

Reminiscences

C. Belle Russell



AM asked to relate a few of my experiences at Ann Arbor, but the wind blows no inspiration my way and no kind editor drops in to say, "You may be excused from the task assigned you." And so, with burdened heart and an afflicting sense of duty, I will describe my first experience which was very sad and painful.

I reached that illustrious town about 3:17 a. m. eastern time, and was joyfully greeted by no one. I was feeling beautifully refreshed after a journey of eighteen hours, minus sleep, following a night of packing that had also been sans sleep. For ballast I had two suitcases which I had not dared to check—one because of its fragility, the other because it was weighted with glass jars of fruit. I took a taxi to the Allenel. It was crammed full of students. We drove further. The Whitney was willing to run the risk and there I slept a while. I started to track down a rooming place by means of a list sent me by Dean Jordan. The first place seemed to be far distant and not knowing the way back any better than I knew the way there, it seemed safer and more companionable to be attended by my suitcases. They had grown weary and had dropped into a heavy sleep which steadily grew heavier.

I lost my way and rambled for many blocks as gaily as any hundred-pound

girl ever did with two hundred-pound suitcases.

My thoughts went back to the time, many centuries ago, when I had been a gay and happy child as blithe as the zephyrs that toyed with my merry locks.

To spare the reader anguish, I will omit further description of my initial experience and simply remark that in a few years I arrived at Packard Street and secured a room which proved a great source of comfort and happiness ever after.

The second experience is also doleful and lugubrious. A group of girls asked me to go canoeing on the Huron to search for violets. The day looked rainy, but nobody cared. Most of us didn't care enough even to equip ourselves with raincoats and rubbers. We strolled leisurely away from the campus for a mile, secured the canoes, and paddled off, a girl on each end and one on the bottom between. It was very nice to be the middle girl and enjoy the beautiful trees and cattails growing upon the shore, while the end girls did the work. It was interesting to gaze far away toward the bare slope where grew three lonely trees which a brilliant professor had said reminded him of Herpicide, for they were like the last three hairs upon a bald head. A large moist drop sank gently into my eye, another into my ear. A few oozed down my neck. It was beginning to rain—one of those tantalizing drizzles that beat languidly into your face and only aggravate, while you are wishing it would either stop or do something definite. If we

wished the latter, our desire was gratified, for it began to descend in no uncertain fashion. Big drops rolled through our eyebrows and off our chins and noses falling with a splash into our laps. It was no longer a joy to be the middle girl and sit in the bottom of the canoe, for the cushions were already soaked, the carpet was running red into the pillows, and the puddle was rising around us. We looked at each other and wondered who looked the worst and the straight-haired girls carried off the palm. Our hair hung in drabbed strings and we were soaked, as to our raiment—an inspiring sight for the dry cleaners who have a flourishing business in Ann Arbor.

Should we go ahead or return? We were wet as we could be, therefore, we would go ahead. We proceeded a half mile or so and landed. Several quarts of water not yet absorbed by us lay in the canoes. We turned them bottom side up and spilled it out, then descended upon the violets.

They were growing in purple profusion upon the bank and turned their wet little noses toward us in a friendly way. We picked all we wanted, encouraged by the refreshing showers that ever came down, and then we made our way to the power house where a pitying man let us warm ourselves and eat the swimming provisions one girl found in her pocket. We went home on the car and everybody grinned at us in a very exasperating and impertinent way, probably puzzling whether we were products of the school for Defectives at Perry, or of M. And one stout girl who looked about the worst was a Phi Beta Kappa, too. She had rheumatism for a week afterward, too.

One awful morning I woke to realize that I was broke and that my room rent was due the next day. My brother had already been sent a touching appeal for alms, but, would it arrive in time? The case looked desperate and then I thought of the Y. W. C. A., which runs an employment bureau for Professors' wives, who employ the broken. I arrived there very soon. They were sympathetic to the extent of several addresses and a twenty-cent task making sandwiches. I embarked for the first address on Geddes Heights, and after a time found the home of Professor Hobbes, head of the geology department, and one of the world's one hundred greatest scientists. I rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Hobbes. She came and the following laconic conversation ensued:

"Can you give me work?"

"What can you do?"

"Housework."

"Can you wash windows?"

"Yes."

"When do you want to begin?"

"Now."

"Come in. Begin with the library."

In five minutes I was at work and that afternoon I earned forty-five cents, besides securing the promise of three or four hours work for the next morning, washing the dining room and conservatory windows. Then after I finished work next day, Mrs. Hobbes invited me to take luncheon with her. She talked to me of her husband's work, of the books he had written and their stays in Europe. I am sure I appreciated the pleasant glimpse into the homelife of a great scientist fully as much as the buoyancy of spirit that came from knowing I had earned my room rent.

No account of this year could be complete without some account of the Michigan-Pennsylvania football game. This was the last and most eagerly awaited game of the season. Hill Auditorium had been the scene of a tremendous rally meeting the night before. Football heroes of other years had come from east and west to fire our blood with stirring tales of Michigan's past glories. Moving pictures of Michigan's recent victory over Cornell were thrown upon the screen. The Varsity team and coach Fielding Yost were thrown on, one by one, and cheered. "Hurry up!" Yost made a brief speech followed by prolonged cheering. Michigan songs and Michigan yells were freely interspersed. Enthusiasm and college spirit were rampant. The air seemed charged with electric currents. The speakers hit hard on the point that victory on the morrow depended as much on the support and school spirit of the student body as upon the skill and training of Craig and Hughett and the rest of the Varsity eleven. Many of us stood in line in front of Barbour gym for four hours to exchange our athletic book coupons for reserved seat tickets, and by that time they were beginning to go to the game. At eleven or twelve they began to go and for two or three hours excited crowds poured through the gate upon Ferry Field. Small boys secured posts for reconnoitering by shinnying to the tops of high trees overlooking the gridiron. From the moment the band began to play "Varsity," through the preliminary cheering for the home team and the visiting team,

till Jimmie Craig tore through the lines for a last touchdown, every moment was rife with emotion. It was a great game. The visitors were a strong and gallant team but on that day our Varsity eleven would have plunged through bars of iron to victory, and so it was that the men in the M formation beheld upon their scoreboard M: 13 : : P: 0, at the end of that glorious game.

I chanced to be down on Main Street that night. I shall never forget it. Hundreds of students were in the streets. They had been buying out the tinware departments of the Five and Ten's. Automobiles sped through the streets banging against the paving stones dishpans, frying pans, and milk pans. Students inside tooted on tin horns, shook rattles, and beat drums. Others tramped up and down beating tambourines and singing.

Now a group would congregate in front of Mack's to give the locomotive, now before Woolworth's lustily shouting:

"U. of M. Rah! Rah!
U. of M. Rah! Rah!
Hoo! Rah! Hoo! Rah!
Mich-i-gan
Rah! Rah!"

And now it is time to slip away from the deafening sounds of riotous glee and hie away to Packard Street.

■■■■

The Dying Year

At midnight hour, there was a death,
A death most strange and queer;
There was no gasp for fleeting breath,
No shrink from pain or fear.

'Twas like the sleep of those most blest,
The peace that comes of Truth;
An aged mortal sank to rest
And 'woke a spirit youth.

The soul, it passed without a sigh,
No mortal viewed the bier;
No corpse was there for human eye,
Nor sound for mortal ear.

There was no sob for no one wept,
No mourners gathered 'round;
A lonely daughter, vigil kept,
When Death its victim found.

Without a murmur of dissent,
The spirit thither fled;
With grimmest guide, in haste it went,
To dwell among the dead.

No mortal heard that rapid flight;
No mortal viewed the pall;
Away they sped at dead of night,
Unseen, unheard by all.

The spirit has forever flown,
Its captor holds it fast;
'Twill ne'er again to us be known,
When lost within the past.

And thus she died, why mourn her more?

All, each must sometime die,
And follow after those before—
Just so must you and I.

The Old Year died; she lived her time;
The daughter yet is here,
Let us but make our lives sublime,
In this the Glad New Year.

S. D. Babbitt.

■■■■

Houghton at Christmas Time

Students cast aside their papers and pencils and their countenances beamed forth with a new light.

Professors forsook their books and laid by their mantles of learning once more appearing as friends to all mankind.

Even the old school bell recognized the new epoch in the course of events and hung in utter silence, patiently awaiting a future day when once again her merry chimes should summon Houghton's loyal sons to duty.

The last train pulled out of the station and was soon lost in the night. Behind were left a few rather crest-fallen students to tell of Houghton at Christmas time. As they left the station, there appeared before them a veritable deserted village and as they passed down the street a feeling of lonesomeness laid hold of them. Their spirits were somewhat chilled while to themselves they wondered how they could pass the time.

They peered into the future but the coming days promised but little, whereby their paths might be illuminated. With this conception and anticipation, of what might be termed a vacuum in the course of events vacation began. As they sat by their firesides the second evening the same feeling still pervaded the atmosphere and the same burden weighed upon them. Without the snow was fastly falling while occasional gusts of wind made their hearts throb in sympathy for "Old Santa" for it was Christmas eve.

The following morning, while the village was still wrapt in harmless slumber, the angelic voices of students broke the silence and announced the approach of Christmas day, by caroling anthems beneath Professors' windows.

Later in the day those same students, who left the station a short time ago, gathered at the dormitory. They however were scarcely recognizable now for they had come to realize that even with vacation "Things are not always what they seem." In the dining room with abundance beyond their needs the tide of former aspects began to turn and somewhat secretly they felt that Christmas in Houghton might be worse.

After doing justice to the Faculty dinner they entered the reception room where a delightful musical program furnished entertainment. Following this each student was presented with a gift from the Christmas tree which stood in the room, and which merely represented the tree of love and kindness, which springs from the great heart of the Faculty for the students under their tutorship.

As they left the dormitory thoughts of Christmas filled their minds. To themselves they wondered why men's behavior at this season of the year differed so radically from that of other times. What hidden cause induced the hearts of men to yield to universal generosity? Why, at Christmas time, should men forget their own interests and desires and, if ever, do now to their neighbors, as they would have their neighbors do to them.

As their minds thus run and various thoughts presented themselves they finally recalled the birth of One, who later gave to the world the spirit which has ever stirred the hearts of men to the banishment of selfishness. A spirit, which led men then and still leads them to deeds of sacrifice in order to gladden the hearts of their fellows. The life of Him of whom we spoke was indeed itself an example of the great truth that "It is more blessed to give than receive."

Thus passed Christmas and the succeeding days followed with incredible rapidity. At the time of this present writing as "Nights' shades are falling and softly gathering round us" we must acknowledge that vacation is nearly past. Every day has come and gone like a glimmer of the moon while from it all we have realized the great principle of giving once more verified and would say to him who

would be happy—"Make yours the spirit which is manifested in Houghton at Christmas time.



The Spirit of Hospitality in Miltonvale Wesleyan College as seen by the representative from Houghton

It having been my privilege to be the first Houghton Student to visit our sister school, (direct from Houghton,) and returning at once to the Historic banks of the Genesee as fast as steam could carry me; it is altogether fitting and proper that I should give a brief account of my visit.

It is not necessary to give the details of my trip to this thriving young school, in a busy bustling town of the "wild and wooly west", suffice to say that I arrived on Jan. 2, and that all during my stay I was royally entertained by the members of the Faculty and Student-body, especially was it pleasant to compare notes with W. F. McConn the enterprising Manager of the Miltonvale Monitor, because we have many things in common, among which the management of our school papers is one.

In all the stay in Miltonvale nothing was too good for the "only live specimen ever seen in captivity" and they know in Miltonvale how "to do things" right.

With all the pleasant and profitable times and associations in the town, the culmination of all was the reception given the night preceding my departure from them, and I am sure that the memory of my stay in Miltonvale will never be forgotten.

With all the interest of the students of Houghton for those of Miltonvale, and with their interest for us, I for one, am looking forward to a closer and more personal relation of the two schools, than ever can be found on the printed page. Walter F. Lewis.



An Incident of the Burning of Louvain

It is evening in the city of Louvain. All day long the gray legions of the German Emperor have poured through the quiet streets. The vast tide of invasion, which is about to devastate all Belgium, is sweeping on. No sound

is heard except the steady tramp, tramp of the advancing hosts. Over in the valley yonder, a fitful red glare lights up the gathering darkness. It flares up whenever the dull roar of the heavy artillery is heard, and then dies away.

Suddenly, a few scattering shots are heard in the streets of the city. Several of the men in gray fall. A volley blazes out from their ranks, and is answered by a continuous fire from the neighboring houses. In one of these, far up in the center of the town, a tiny red flame appears; it licks the air hungrily and then disappears. Another tongue of fire darts forth, and another, till the whole building is one mass of flames. It spreads to the other houses, and soon the whole town is at the mercy of the fire-demon.

Walls totter and fall. The art galleries with their priceless paintings are consumed in a few moments. The habitants of the doomed city run back and forth in the streets. They flee aimlessly, anywhere to escape the flames which are devouring their homes. Some of the fugitives are old, others are young. Many are trying to rescue their dearest treasures from remains of their homes; a few are helping their sick relatives or their aged parents. Old men on crutches are hobbling down the street. A young man, whose haggard face shows that he is a marked victim of the great white plague, staggers out of a burning hotel. He is leaning heavily on his cane. His foot catches and he falls. A few seconds later the walls of the hotel totter. A crash is heard, and the young consumptive lies buried under the huge pile of burning debris.

Those fortunate enough to own horses are driving madly down the streets, trying to escape from the seething furnace within. They are lashing their horses, and trampling down young and old who crowd terror-stricken into the streets. A few Prussian soldiers try to stop the flames, but it is too late. A few hours pass, and the beautiful city of Louvain lies smoking in ruins. Now the rear of the German army marches out of the city after plundering for any remaining valuables. Behind the army lie the ruins of Louvain; before them the country stands in arms, roused by the news of the ruthless invaders, brought by their trusty scouts.

One of these, mounted on his powerful steed, is watching the advancing host from a grassy knoll directly in front of them. He waits until he sees the town in flames, and then vanishes.

He draws rein at a little cottage by the roadside while a young woman comes out to meet him. It is his wife. She sees with astonishment that his steed is flecked with dust and foam.

"What is the matter, Albert?" she asks hastily.

"The Germans are coming," he answers. "They have sacked Louvain, and it lies in ashes. Look on the ridge yonder! The Uhlans will be here in a few minutes." Following the direction in which his hand points, she can see thousands of mounted horsemen, with their long lances silhouetted against the evening sky. They are pouring down into the valley.

"Come, Marie!" he calls, "we must flee at once."

"But how?"

"Rollo can carry us both," says the soldier, looking at his charger proudly. "Quick, we must lose no time. Hark! Listen to their footsteps. They are upon us."

As he speaks, he lifts Marie swiftly but gently into the saddle. A second later leaps on, himself, and with a cheery word to his wife, they dash away into the night.

Behind them, the sound of clattering hoofs rings clearer. Looking back, the fugitives can see shadowy forms looming up in the darkness. Now their mount, powerful as he is, is panting hard under his double burden, while their pursuers are almost up to them. A harsh foreign voice calls out to them. It is a command to stop, but they do not answer, and a moment later a rifle shot rings out. The gallant steed staggers, yet he recovers and races on. Ahead, the fugitives see an occasional flash of light followed by the crash of heavy guns. It marks the line of the allied forces, and the shells, screaming far above their heads, are meant for the German forces entrenched a few miles from Louvain. If they reach that line of fire they are safe. The noise of galloping hoofs sounds nearer. Once more the call from behind them, and again the rifle balls whistle past. Now a dark form appears before them, just as their noble charger, struck by an ill-omened bullet, drops dead. Their foes are rushing upon them, just as a welcome English voice rings out in front. It is the stern challenge of the sentinel: "Who goes there?"

"Friends!" the Belgian answers as he extricates himself and his wife from their fallen horse. They stagger inside the friendly lines of the allied forces pursued by the Prussian cavalry. "The Uhlans are here," they

shout warningly. A shot from the sentry brings down the nearest foe and the rest retreat. The danger is past.

"A pretty close call," remarks the sentinel, "you are fortunate indeed."

"Fortunate?" says the Belgian sadly, looking first at his steed, then at the red glare in the east where the fires of Louvain were still burning, "This is war. Louvain lies in ashes. No one in Belgium is fortunate to-day."

W. V. Russell.



Bells of the Years

Ring out all the bells, the sweet olden bells,

Ring out while the North wind is sighing.

Ring out the world-sorrow, debasement and woe,

The byways of evil, the sordid and low.

Ring out the dark memories that haunt us with tears,

The skies often clouded with doubt-ings and fears,

For the Old Year is dying—is dying.

Ring in all the bells—the joyous new bells,

Ring in while the glad morn is breaking!

Ring in all that's lovely and noble and true,

Sweet labor for others 'neath skies ever blue.

Ring in the straight pathways that we should have trod,

And a heart-real belief in the dear Son of God,

For the New Year is waking—is waking.

O. L. G., 1913.



Houghton's Ideals

Ideals are mental conceptions considered as standards of perfection. Hence they are, in themselves, abstract and oftentimes seem to be far beyond all possibility of attainment. Yet it is these very ideals which continually spur us on to higher and nobler plains of living, keep alive our hope when all about us is discouraging, and ever lead us onward and upward.

Houghton Seminary is the outgrowth of certain worthy ideals and principles which gripped the hearts of noble men and led them to found a

school for the working out of those ideals. Hence Houghton has, and will continue to stand for a thorough intellectual development under a most wholesome spiritual atmosphere.

Houghton ideals in intellectual development are well worth striving for. Not merely a good, but the best standard is held up before the students. It is often said, at Houghton, that the good is the enemy of the best. Hence the faculty continually inspire the students to higher and more thorough attainments, to the best scholarship. It is certain that the only way to reach these ideals, is by work. And in Houghton, every student is expected to learn how to work, and do so systematically. So Houghton students, who have really caught the true spirit of the school, when entering upon life's realities, go out prepared to meet and overcome all obstacles, to do good work, and to still hold up the ideals and standards of the school.

Houghton was established as a school where the Bible should be given its rightful place. Along with the gaining of an education, the spiritual life is not overlooked. Houghton believes in personal salvation, and the religious needs of the students are carefully looked after.

In many of the leading universities of the land there is a reckless regard for the essentials of Christianity. They are looked upon as being old, and out of date. A disregard for God's claims as clearly emphasized in His Word is fostered. All such tendencies of thought are emphatically discouraged at Houghton, and there is an ever increasing appreciation for the old path wherein is the good way that brings the best adjustment of all man's moral relations. With this complete adjustment to right and holiness there are the evidences of divine favor and manifestations of the supernatural, bringing most perfect rest and triumph over sin and weakness.

There is constantly in the thought of the Faculty, the fact that the students of Houghton Seminary will soon go out to form centers of influence that will operate over many sections of the country. If these centers of influence speak for righteousness and the ideals maintained in the founding of the Seminary, the work of Houghton and her constituency, though attended with much sacrifice and toil, will not have been in vain. X. Y. Z.

The I. P. A. Contest

"There is no new thing under the heavens," saith proverbial wisdom. We feel loath to deny the truth of this statement, but nevertheless there hath transpired at Houghton Seminary an event novel, original, splendid. In our humble opinion, the precedent established is worthy of perpetuation and should be followed annually. The contest between the literary societies was worthy to be classed with the oratorical contests and the May Festival.

The contest idea was the fruit of the versatile mind of Walter Lewis. Mr. Lewis is an enthusiastic I. P. A. man, as is evidenced by the fact that he is the president of the Houghton prohibition league, as well as president of the New York state I. P. A. organization. As all prohibition people should know, there was held from December 29, 1914 to January 1, 1915, a National I. P. A. Convention at Topeka, Kan. Now Mr. Lewis was especially desirous of sending a Houghton representative to Topeka to uphold our prohibition reputation and most of all to acquire practical knowledge with which to wage war against the liquor traffic. After much agitation and consultation, the I. P. A. league finally decided to send Mr. Lewis to Topeka as their representative and planned the contest between the societies as a means of defraying his expenses. Programs were printed and distributed and everything was arranged for an interesting and profitable time.

Accordingly, on Friday night Dec. 18, 1914, the three societies, took their respective places in the seminary chapel, confident of winning victory and fame. Each society had three numbers on the program, two of which were literary in character and one musical. The Athenian orator was Claude Ries, their reader was Edna Hester, and their musical representative was George Hubbard. The Ionian readers were Edith Warburton and Mildred Hart, their musical number was a piano duet by Carrie Coleman and Hazel Hudson. The Neosophics selected for their orators Glen McKinley and Della Morris. The quartette furnished their musical number.

George Hubbard opened the contest with a splendid violin solo entitled, "Hungarian Dance, No 5." Leona Lily accompanied him. He received a hearty encore and delighted the audience with a second number. Mr. Hubbard is a born violinist and although he has only entered the Athenian

ranks this semester, all felt that Athenian honor was safe in his keeping.

The second number on the program was a reading, "At the Sign of the Cross," given by Edith Warburton. Marcus, a young Roman lad is madly in love with a beautiful Christian girl, Mercia by name. By accident, he discovers her in a dungeon of the Coliseum calmly awaiting her turn to be torn into pieces by Nero's savage lions. He promises her her freedom, if she will only give up her despised religion. She refuses and pleads with him to give himself to the lowly Nazarene. Melted by her purity and holiness, he at last yields his will and is converted to the Christian faith. While rejoicing together in their newly found happiness, the jailer comes to deliver Mercia to her fate. Marcus refuses to be separated from her and they meet their death together on the bloody sands of the Roman amphitheatre.

Glen McKinley next delivered an oration which enlightened the hearers in regard to "Our Duties to the Republic." Mr. McKinley's exhortation was decidedly appropriate, for we cannot hear too many of just such orations.

"Where Ignorance is bliss" was the star number of the evening, judging from a humorous standpoint. Edna Hester read this poem of Howard Fielding's and we feel quite certain that Miss Hester has had personal experience with mustard plasters, for she could surely not have acted the part of Mr. Field's unfortunate sufferers to such good advantage if such were not the case.

The second musical number was furnished by the Neosophic Quartette. The members of the quartette are Howard Barnett, Guy Miller, Glen McKinley, and Robert Becker. The Neosophs have acquired some glory by their work, but we fear they were rash to attempt to seize the musical honors at the contest. They sang well however and were enthusiastically encored.

The second Neosophic orator, Della Morris delivered "The Call to Arms" from Patrick Henry. Mr. Morris has had some experience as a public speaker, having been the star debater against Chesbrough Seminary in our last debate. Perhaps it might be permitted to us to say that one thing seems incongruous in the two situations. Last year Mr. Morris declaring that Germany could not secure the

Continued on page 9.



THE HOUGHTON STAR

HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—Ruth Worbois—'18

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—Glen Barnett—'15

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

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

Advertising Manager	Elmer S. Davidson, Theo.—'17
Circulation Manager	Amos O. Barker, Theo.—'17
Assistant Manager	Nathan Capen

A BLUE cross in this space signi-
 fies that your subscription HAS ex-
 pired.



A RED cross signifies that your sub-
 scription expires with THIS issue.

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

To you, our reader friends we ex-
 tend our best wishes for a happy New
 Year. Has 1914 been good to you?
 If so, congratulations. If not, forget
 it, for it could have been worse.

1915 looks good. Here are our best
 wishes that it will be good for you. If
 there is anything we can do to help
 make it so, call on us.

We are never of a more serious or meditative frame of mind than at that season of the year when we, realizing that Father Time has garnered another year into his storehouse of Eternity, turn in retrospection of that year, in order to see what the year has meant to us.

Again we have come to that time, and as we bid farewell to the old year, there is a feeling of sadness that comes stealing over us, as we behold him, worn and spent, snatched away into the Eternity of the Past. Ah me, how he is bent beneath the burden he is bearing away with him! Joys, we fain would have last forever, and from which, with reluctant hands, we slowly loosed our hold. Sorrows, that have torn our hearts, till it seemed that our very life blood was being poured forth in the tears we shed. Failures, ah, some so ignominious that we blush with shame to think of our cowardice and weakness, and we long for an opportunity of making reparation for these defeats, or at least for an opportunity of engaging in other conflicts in order to prove that in our natures, there is a little of the brave and noble after all. All these and countless other treasures, stored deep in the recesses of memory, known only to our own souls and God, are borne away by the passing year.

As we span the past and look back to the time when this dying year was being ushered in, we find that since then changes have been wrought in each of our individual lives. To the carefree spirit of the child has been added some of the responsibility of youth; the face of the youth has put on the gravity of one who realizes the sternness and reality of life; the furrows in the face have become a little deeper, the hair a little whiter with that one who is engaged in the heat of the battle of life, while the steps of the aged have become more feeble and tottering, the eyes more dim and the voice more faltering. How softly, yet how distinctly all these whisper to us that some of these changes have taken place in each of our lives, and that we are being silently borne toward that great and inevitable change, when we, like the dying year, shall be ushered into the Eternity of the Past.

But we do not entirely brood over the out-going year and what he is taking from us, for a hope and satisfaction that are as keen as the sorrow caused by the departing year, are yielded us, as we realize that a New

Year with its pure, spotless pages, is entrusted to us. We hesitate to cross its threshold, lest we, by some error, mar and pollute its purity and beauty.

Yet what possibilities are concealed in the approaching year! Possibilities of reaching hereto unattainable heights, of overcoming that seemed unsurmountable; in a word, of being far better and stronger men and women than we have ever been in the past because of having profited by the mistakes of the past, and because of having added the refining and strengthening qualities to our characters which the experiences and memories of the past have wrought in them.

Beyond these possibilities and the experiences which are more or less clearly portrayed before us, we try to draw aside the curtain and peer into the future in order to catch a shadow of the unknown which is awaiting us. Yet how kindly, how wisely, Providence has hidden this from us, and bids us be content with life as it is daily presented to us, and do well the duties of each passing day.

How inconsistent we mortals are, to be looking back and longing for that which is gone, or reaching ahead for the unseen and the unknown of the future, and letting the golden opportunities of the present, the best and grandest of all, slip away, only to be sighed and longed for on the morrow. We should not have so many failures of the past to lament, nor should we find time to long for the future, if we would but learn the secret of being content with the present and of discovering the opportunities that are daily unfolding to us. There is but one path to real happy living, to making the best of every opportunity, and that is, to live in the present. To meditate on the past only enough to profit by its experiences, to dream of the future only enough to be inspired by its mysteries, but to be absorbed in making every day the best day of the whole year, is the secret of making this new year the happiest and most successful year of our whole lives.



I. P. A. Contest

Continued from Page 7

money with which to go to war. To-day, he is issuing an urgent call to arms, but then, variety is the spice of life.

Mildred Hart has absolutely no use for "The Man Who Quits". A certain

diminutive junior however is confident that she feels somewhat differently about "The Man Who Suits," for thus the program originally read. Miss Hart's presentation of Riley's comic poem "Almost Beyond Endurance" was much appreciated.

The last oration was given by Claude Ries, who is also a youthful Athenian. We have frequently heard of his prowess as an orator, but his oration entitled, "The Price of Victory," certainly surpassed the expectations of the most optimistic. By the way Mr. Ries has won a gold medal and a silver medal in W. C. T. U. oratorical contests.

The final number of the contest was a piano duet by Carrie Coleman and Hazel Hudson. Their excellent performance was rewarded with a vigorous encore. Inasmuch as we are not especially learned in musical matters, we will declare that the piano duet was an admirable performance from every viewpoint.

While the audience was awaiting the announcement of the decision of

the judges, the band made its appearance and played two selections which were much enjoyed. Clare Beverly as leader of the ushers now announced the decisions. Claude Ries and Edna Hester carried off first and second honors respectively in the orations and readings. The first honors in music were given to George Hubbard and the second place to the Neosophic Quartette.

Other miscellaneous facts may be of interest to the reader. The Athenian colors were brown and gold. Those of the Ionian were black and gold. The Neosophics wore red and white ribbons. The Athenian cheerleader was Carroll Daniels, the Neosophic was Carroll Dazell, while Mabel Parker conducted the vocal exercises of the Ionians. It was generally conceded that she should receive the palm for her services. While this is being written, Mr. Lewis is in Kansas and reporting good work. Now we have exhausted all our information concerning the contest and we bid you all a fond farewell. A LOYAL ATHENIAN



Gertrude Graves '16, Editor

Athenian Society

I believe, it is unanimously agreed that the program given December 11, 1914, was the star number, thus far presented to the Society this season. The musical parts deserve especial mention, although our musical numbers are usually equal to the literary parts. The program was opened with two songs by the Neosophic Quartette. They were well received and we wish them much additional glory and fame. Perhaps the best literary production in respect to thought and expression was a "Brief Review of the Present War" by Wilford Kaufmann. It was a detailed narrative of the titanic war and was decidedly instructive as well as interesting. An instrumental quartette, from the Athenian ranks, made their first appearance and were vigorously encored. Clare Dart lived up

to his reputation, as the aerial authority of Houghton, in his talk on "Methods of Communication in the Present War." This number was followed by a vocal solo by Clare Beverly. He certainly upheld his reputation as a singer of more than common ability. Arlie Dreyer's interesting paper entitled, "The History of War Implements" closed the program. Auf wiedersehen.
R. J. K.

Ionian Society

The Ionian Society held a meeting on Friday night, Dec. 4, in the reception room of the dormitory. The first half of the meeting was taken up by devotionals and business. Then the members of the society were divided, one side under the leadership of Pearl Schouten, and the other side lead by Carrie Cole-

man. A spelling match in which all participated was then held, which caused considerable merriment and rivalry.

Several weeks ago a contest for the increase of membership was started, Miss Peck was chosen leader of one side and Miss Shore of the other. As Miss Peck's was the winning side, they enjoyed an evening's entertainment at the home of Prof. McDowell, given by the opposing side. The evening was spent in games and stunts after which apples pop corn and peanuts were served. There were a large number present, and everybody spent a pleasant evening.

A. T.

The Neosophic Society

We have had two very good meetings since the last report. At the first of these which was held in the vocal studio, Prof. Fancher gave a very interesting and instructive talk on Life in Germany, and Mr. Harold Luckey gave a violin solo. Later short speeches were given on the lives of noted Americans. At the close of the meeting an amendment to the By-laws was passed.

At the next meeting the election of officers was held, Mr. Morris being elected president, Mr. Miller secretary, and Mr. Reed attorney. It was also voted to give ten dollars to the New Gym.

A Neo.

The Senior Y. M. W. B.

Our last meeting was postponed one week so there is no regular meeting to report. However, the work that is being done in our missionary meetings is very satisfactory. Miss Thurston was to give us a report of the Convention at Geneva and will do so at some subsequent meeting. Do not fail to hear it! At our next meeting, however, Edward Elliott and his wife, who have just returned from Africa will speak to us on their work in that place. This is something which will be very interesting and instructive to us all.

At our last mission study class Miss Thurston gave us the report from the convention concerning Mission Study. Her report was very helpful and it showed in different ways how our class could be brought more into prominence and made attractive to others.

Do not forget to pray for our work!

G. L. S.

The German Club

Since its organization the Club has not missed a regular meeting. The attendance varies, but there seems to be a something in the Club which is always new and even to a person who cannot understand German, the very air seems full of suppressed excitement and he finds himself watching and wondering what the outcome of the game will be.

At the last meeting before vacation, we sang Christmas songs, Professor Frazier read the beautiful story of Christmas as described in the Bible, and Professor Fancher told us how Christmas is celebrated in Germany. Then our leader asked us to tell what we wished for Christmas. Our wishes varied from hats and hair to skates and dogs.

The beginning of the New Year seems to be a time for the making of resolutions and the Club did not escape the custom. Our leader told us if we had not made any resolutions, to make one "schnell" and tell it. Often we do not care to make public such personal things as resolutions but—we had no choice. Then we translated an English game into German. Did you ever play "it"? If you have not, you should.

Moege die deutsche. Verein immer Glueck haben!

Exchanges

Lelia June Coleman '18, Editor

The Vista may well be proud of the appearance of its Christmas number. A beautiful picture of the Madonna of the Olive Branch—Barabina, is the distinguishing feature.

In The Langarian we greet the first issue of what promises to be a splendid school magazine. The cover, quality of paper and many pictures add to the appearance. Come again!

The Clipper lives up to its name. Your Christmas number contains some splendid stories. Others who read the exchanges say "The Clipper is one of our very best."

Miltonvale College Monitor—Your "Who's Who at M. W. C.", is a splendid idea. A similar feature is seen in the "College Directory" of the Albright Bulletin.

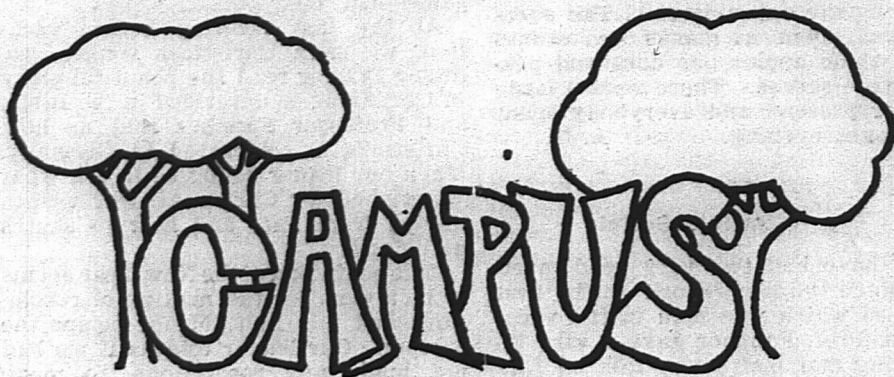
The Cascade—Your Christmas number contained some interesting stories. Your cuts were in keeping with the Christmas spirit.

The Star acknowledges, with thanks, the following exchanges:—

The Middlebury Campus—Middlebury, Vermont.
 College World—Adrian, Michigan.
 The Ramble—New York Military Academy.
 The Awgwan—Nebraska University.
 The Chronicle—Niagara Falls High School.
 The Walking Leaf—Cook Academy.
 The Rosemary Question Mark—

Rosemary Hall.

The Athenian—Athens High School.
 The Echo—Gouverneur High School.
 The Windmill—Manlius Schools.
 The Rosemary Question Mark says of the Star:—Article on "The Book Lover" extremely well written. A few more short stories, however, would make your paper more entertaining. Thanks for your kindly suggestion.



Wilford Kaufman '17, Editor

COLLEGE LOCALS

Christmas vacation has slipped away and we find our college students once more wandering about our halls of learning and roaming up and down the campus. It is needless to enumerate the numerous students who spent their Christmas vacation at home.

Miss Edna Hester spent Christmas in Houghton this year.

Mr. Clarence Barnett spent a part of the holidays with a friend in Washington Penn.

Miss Mary Hubbard, Messrs Tremaine McDowell and Shirley Babbitt, former college students, have returned to Ann Arbor after spending their vacation at their homes in Houghton. Also Messrs Ward Bowen and Jesse Frazier have returned to Oberlin.

As the college students return, to once more take up their work, we find only ONE missing. Miss Vera Lawrence, on account of the illness of her father has as yet been unable to return.

Mr. Ray Calhoun remained in Houghton during the holidays.

Mr. Willard Ballard spent the latter part of his vacation with friends in Casnovia.

Mr. Leo Raub spent part of his vacation with Mr. Wallace Hanford at Appleton.

Miss Aurilla Jones, a former college student, spent the holidays with Rev.

Dean Bedford at Appleton.

College students wake up! If you are performing any stunts worth mentioning, let the reporter know so your name may appear in the STAR.

E. A. A.

Music Notes

We regret to say that Miss Marie Graves does not expect to return to school. She will be missed very much in the music department as well as in college.

The Chorus made its debut in Chapel, Christmas week, with a very fine selection. It certainly gives evidence of splendid training by Miss Fitts.

Friday evening, Jan. 22 in chapel, is the alleged time and scene of a concert to be given by the members of the Music and Oratory departments. A fine program has been prepared and an enjoyable evening will be passed by all who attend. The concert is for the benefit of the Library.

Miss Fitts has organized the Girl's Glee Club for 1915. The girls will make their first appearance at the concert.

R. F. R.

Preparatory Notes

Many of the Preparatory students spent a pleasant holiday vacation at their homes and are now back prepared to take up their work with new interest.

We regret that Miss Margaret Middleton will not return to school on account of her sister's ill health.

During the Christmas vacation Myrtle Bryan stayed in the Dormitory where she had charge of the cooking.

The last night of the old year a watch party was held at the home of Miss Carrie Coleman where a number of students spent a delightful evening.

Misses Mary and Edith Warburton spent the holidays with their uncle. Their father and mother expect to make their home in Houghton for the remainder of the year.

Miss Nellie Bedford received a visit from her mother, brother and sister recently.

Those of the students who remained in Houghton for the holidays spent some time in skating and coasting and they report an excellent vacation.

M. E. F.

Theological Notes

We are pleased to note the unity of spirit, of aim, and of effort which pervades the theological department. This is due, in a great measure, to our theological instructor who is willing to get under the burden, and like the priest in the Jewish economy, to bear, upon his heart before the Lord, the spiritual welfare of the members of his different classes. The remainder of the responsibility rests with the theological students who gladly cooperate with him in making this department of the school a success under the blessing of the Lord.

Many from this department spent the holiday season at home or elsewhere, yet the pleasure of meeting loved ones, and of enjoying the festivities of that season have in no way lessened the zeal for pursuing the busy routine of student life.

We are sorry to record the absence of two of our number. Miss Thurston, who is on the sick list, has been compelled to relax her effort and to drop her studies. We miss her thorough research in Church History. Our sympathies are extended to her while we unite our prayers for her speedy recovery.

Miss Louise Middleton, of Ohio, who returned home during the holidays, is the other absentee.

Mr. W. F. Lewis, who spent the vacation period at the I. P. A. Convention, held at Topeka, has returned, bringing greetings from our sister college at Miltonvale.

Oh Yes, you may talk about your talk-about, people who make such rapid strides and marked progress from an intellectual standpoint, but our department can boast of one whose development has been so rapid, and whose knowledge has become so weighty that even the chairs are refusing to bear the burden. Do you believe it? If not, ask M— S—. Which of the other departments can outdistance us here? None to be sure.

We are thankful for the progress we have made, thankful for the spirit of unity and harmony that has prevailed among us thus far, and we are encouraged to look forward with hope, trusting that the leavening influence of the gospel of the Son of God may so mold our lives, and beautify our characters that we shall reflect the image of our Master. For the Lord taketh pleasure in His people. He will beautify the meek with salvation. Psalm 149: 4. Respectfully submitted

One of Them.

Faculty Notes

The Faculty with the aid of their families entertained the non-resident students on Christmas day. A bountiful dinner was served in the Dining Hall after which presents were distributed and a program given by the "faculty kids."

Miss Thurston has been on the sick list for the past few weeks, and it is feared she will be compelled to give up part of her school duties. We hope she will soon recover.

President Luckey gave an illustrated lecture at Levant, New York, on some of the places he visited while in Palestine.

Professor Coleman attended quarterly meeting at Bradford, Penn. and a Holiness Convention near Jamestown, N. Y. during vacation.

Misses Fitts and Reggall spent their vacation at their homes near Syracuse, New York.

According to Professor Fancher's usual custom he spent Christmas with his parents near Cattaraugus, N. Y. Mrs. Fancher accompanied him and they report a fine time.

In addition to his school work, Professor H. C. Bedford has accepted the pastorate of the Fillmore Wesleyan church, for the remainder of the conference year, the former pastor Rev. Cookson having resigned to engage in revival work.

Professor McDowell and family spent their vacation at their home in Houghton, entertaining relatives.

Miss Russell spent her vacation at her home in Hadley, New York. She returned before most of the students came back. We wonder why.

Mrs. Bowen was much delighted to

have her son home from Oberlin, for his vacation.

Miss Hillpot spent her vacation at her home in New Jersey.

Professor Frazier was ill a few days during vacation, but he was able to begin his school duties at the opening of school.

ALUMNI

Edna Hester, '16 Editor.

News this month is very scarce

Hardly 'nough to make a showing.

But if you have more to give

It will well be worth the knowing.

Sarah Davidson '13 is located near Plattsville N. Y. as a district school mam. Emma Agnew '13 also teaches near West Chazey, N. Y.

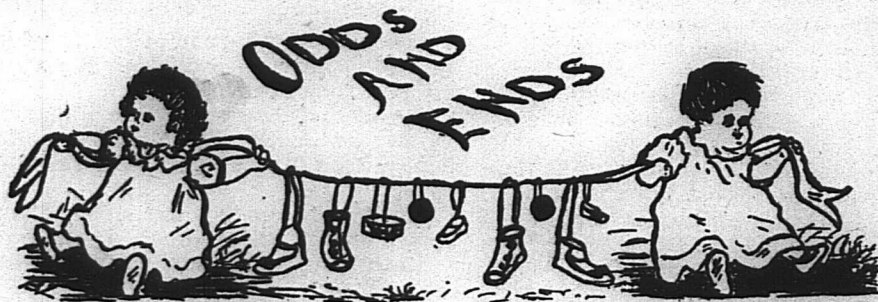
Carl Aylor was not permitted to return to school this year on account of pressing work at home. But we hope he can come again next year.

Lena Fawcett of former Houghton days is now Lena McCarty. She resides with her husband and two children on a farm at Elkland, Pa.

Hazel Hart is now Hazel Hottenstein and is near neighbor to Lena.

Mr. and Mrs. Everette Overton have moved to Ellicottville, N. Y. where they are serving the M. E. church.

Several of the Houghton students who are away at College or teaching spent Xmas here.



Bethel J. Babbitt '16, Editor

William V. Russell, First Assistant.

Advice to Young Men who

are Going Courting

Young men should be very careful while courting, but if they carefully observe the following rules, we believe that the danger will soon be past:

1. Talk all the time while visiting your sweetheart. Women admire a brilliant conversationalist, and even if they can't crowd in a word edgewise,

it doesn't matter, they'll make up later. Tell her all about your last attack of rheumatism, how you nearly cut off your big toe while chopping wood last week, or about your aunt's attack of heart trouble. Tell her your family genealogy. If you can trace it as far back as Methuselah, so much the better.

2. Always make it a point to make your calls two or three hours long.

3. When leaving, stop and talk an hour or more, on the dormitory porch. If you happen to be wearing a heavy

overcoat, you may be able to stay an hour longer before it becomes so cold that you have to go home.

4. When out walking, pick out a nice rainy day, and then put on your hip-boots so that you can both wade through the mud safely.

5. When passing a confectionery shop or an ice cream parlor, look longingly inside and sigh deeply. If she does not take the hint, ask her to lend you a quarter; while she is waiting outside, go in and have a couple good big dishes of ice cream. If you have a cent left you might buy her a stick of candy. She will surely appreciate this token of your undying affection for her.

These rules have never been known to fail in bringing results. Young men who have tried these never complain of troubles with the gentle sex. For further particulars ask Editor Lewis.

Favorite Occupations of Houghton Students

Wallace Hanford—Smashing dishes.
Ray Calhoun—Worrying about the skating rink.

Del Morris and George Hubbard—Tipping over any persons reckless enough to try coasting with them.

Kip Babbitt—Hunting up some unfortunate wretch to write jokes.

Virgil Hale—Studying French.

Lelia Coleman—Looking after her ward.

Notice

We have decided to say nothing about Ballard and his telegraphing to Michigan to stop a missent letter. Our reason for omitting to say anything about this is, that it has not yet been confirmed beyond the possibility of a doubt. Ask Ballard for details, and confirmation of this escapade.

Teacher—"Johnny, give me an example of a sentence containing the word bitter."

Johnny—"The little puppy chased our cat all around the room, and just as she was going out of the door, he bit'er tail."

Prof. X—"Jehosophat, did you ever see an elephant's skin?"

Jehosophat—"Yes."

Prof. X—"Where?"

Jehosophat—"On the elephant."

Aspiring young poet (to an over-worked editor)—"Have you ever seen my Descent Into Hades?"

Worn out editor—"No, but I'd like to."

Lumberman—"Did you ever see a mill race, a river drive or hear a tree bark?"

Jailbird—"No, but I've seen a brick walk, a bank roll and a prison cell."

Seen in a western newspaper—"Will the finder of an umbrella of a young lady with an ivory top piece and whalebone ribs, please return it to her."

Overheard in a meat market—"Jones, after you finish cutting a slice from Mr. Smith's shoulder and breaking Mr. White's chops, will you saw off Mrs. Murphy's leg!"

JUST AN INCIDENTAL

"Lives of great men all remind us,

We can make our lives sublime;

And departing leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time."

We, no doubt, have all heard the expression "Some men are born great some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." This is apparently true, for some by birth are entitled to wear a crown; others, especially poets, achieve fame by hard study and deep meditation, while little incidental occasions add to the renown of some who are particularly favored.

With this thought in view we wish you would call to mind the poets who have spent years over some small production of literary merit, and then direct your careful attention and unprejudiced judgment to the following twenty minute composition of two would-be (if time and occasion permit) poets of Houghton Seminary.

Inquisitive student—

You are a darling, that I know;

But where, oh where is your dear?

Has something sad befallen her

That I do not see her here?

The alternate's reply—

Don't you see that I, just now,

Am very sad and drear?

Why do you not some effort make

My little heart to cheer?

First student—

Cheer up my boy and do not be

So very sad and lonely;

Do you not know that sweet M—

Loves you, and you only?

Second student's reply—

My friend, you've cheered my drooping heart,

And that beyond compare;

To O—I soon would go

If you'd only pay my fare.

Poet's Laurels-to-get.

Prof. Luckey—Why in the world did you drop this letter in the excuse box?

Mr. C.—Why-er-uh-to have it mailed, of course.

Prof. Luckey—Well I must inspect everything that goes in that box.

Mr. C. (half an hour later)—I think I shall take my letters to the post office after this.

We wonder if some of the Psychology class were trying to perform an illusion or an hallucination on Mrs. Bowen when they recently induced her to sign an excuse for "Adam, Eve and the Baby."

With apologies to "It's a Long Way to Tipperary.)—

It's a long way to go skating,

It's a long way to the cove;

But not a long way to go skating

With the sweetest girl you know.

Good bye, seminary,

Farewell faculty,

It's a long way to go skating,

But I want to be there.

First man—My dog died last night.

Second man—By inches, as usual, I suppose.

First man—No, he went around back of the house and died by the yard.

First student—How dry I am.

Archie—Well, I'm Dreyer.

Miss Russell—Eng. VIII—I'd have no other companion in life but you, Mr. Hughes.

Wanted—5 or 6 head of young Registered Holstein Cows, also a few feeders. Please state what you have to offer. B. K. Williams, W. Webster, N. Y.

Rensselaer Established 1824
Polytechnic Troy, N. Y.

Engineering and Science Institute

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories. For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

We Make a Special Effort on the Following Goods.

Ladies' Fine Shoes

"Queen Quality"

"E. P. Reed & Co."

House Furnishings.

**Rugs, Carpets,
Linoleums
Lace Curtains
and Draperies**

John H. Howden,

FILLMORE, N. Y.

L. E. WILES

Dentist

FILLMORE, N. Y.

Barbering

Glen McKinley

4:00—8:00 P. M. Wednesday.

8:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M. Saturdays.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Shop in room over the store.

Dr. M. Emmet House

Specialist

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Genesee St., Cuba, N. Y.

Blacksmithing

and

General Repair Work.

R. B. Estabrook, Houghton, N. Y.

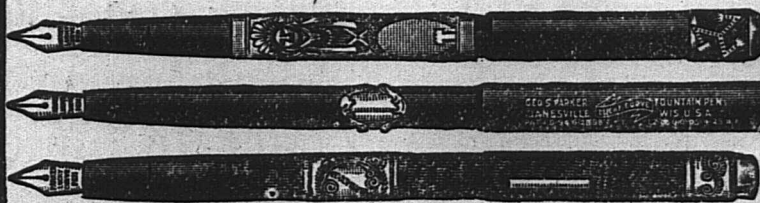
I saw your ad in the Star

The pen that's trouble-proof

If you need a new fountain pen or are not exactly satisfied with the one you are carrying, you'll make no mistake in choosing a Parker. Always clean, because it has the wonderful Lucky Curve. Always on the job. Get a Parker Lucky Curve Pen now and enjoy real fountain pen satisfaction.

The Lucky Curve

keeps Parker Pens clean by harnessing Nature's law of capillary attraction.



PARKER LUCKY CURVE Fountain Pen

Sold by

L. G. Raub, Houghton, N. Y.

First Class Dressmaking

Terms Reasonable

Mrs. Sutter, Houghton, N. Y.

I have a full line of

Fall and Winter Hats

both trimmed and untrimmed, for women and children. Call and look them over.

Elizabeth M. Ricker, Fillmore, N. Y.

Take Notice

THE FILLMORE CLOTHING STORE

Is again a success, with a full line of real, up-to-date men's and boys' clothing and furnishings.

The prices will be cheaper than in the city.

HARRY COHEN, Prop.

Like a Crutch to

Lame Kidneys

A. D. S. Kidney Pills (Special)

at this store. Take them every day for 10 days. The medicine helps remove the load of urinous acid waste. The kidneys and bladder grow less irritated day by day. Soon nature takes up her work and all the old troubles that distressed you vanish.

50c at this Co-operative A. D. S. Drug Store.

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

I saw your ad in the Star

Save Your Eyes

If they pain you while reading or studying this size type, you need glasses

A. E. MOSES, :: Optometrist,
Houghton, N. Y.

Quality
and
Satisfaction



COMBINED makes clear the reason why
SPALDING'S
are outfitters to champions, whose implements must be invariably right. The Spalding Trade-Mark represents years of leadership in the manufacture of athletic equipment. Write for free illustrated catalog.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
126-128 Nassau St. 520 Fifth Avenue
New York City.

Pine Ridge Farm
Pure Guernsey milk
Clover leaf Butter
Rich country cream
and buttermilk
Molyneaux & Son

Clarkson College of Technology

Potsdam, N. Y.

A College of Engineering for
the Training of Men

Courses in

**Chemical, Civil, Electrical and
Mechanical Engineering.**

**Small Classes—Thorough In-
struction.**

Catalogue on Application.

JOHN P. BROOKS, President,

Potsdam, N. Y.

I saw your ad in the Star

For best quality

**Cement,
Wall Plaster,
Hard, Smith and
Soft Coal,
Sewer Pipe and
Drain Tile, and
Reinforced
Concrete Sluice
Pipe**

Inquire of

L. S. Gelser & Son
Fillmore N. Y.

City Steam Laundry,
Cuba, N. Y.

"The Home of Good
Laundry Work."

L. A. WEBSTER, Prop.

*The apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neat linen is a happy introduction.*

*We do high grade Shirt and collar
work. We respectfully ask for your
patronage as we feel sure that we can
do more satisfactory work than you
find elsewhere in this section. We
have an agency in Houghton.*

Save Your Eyes

If they pain you while reading or studying this size type, you need glasses

A. E. MOSES, :: Optometrist,
Houghton, N. Y.

Quality
and
Satisfaction



COMBINED makes clear the reason why
SPALDING'S
are outfitters to champions, whose implements
must be invariably right. The Spalding Trade-
Mark represents years of leadership in the man-
ufacture of athletic equipment. Write for free
illustrated catalog.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
126-128 Nassau St., 520 Fifth Avenue
New York City.

Pine Ridge Farm
Pure Guernsey milk
Clover leaf Butter
Rich country cream
and buttermilk
Molyneaux & Son

Clarkson College
of Technology
Potsdam, N. Y.

A College of Engineering for -
the Training of Men

Courses in

Chemical, Civil, Electrical and
Mechanical Engineering.

Small Classes—Thorough In-
struction.

Catalogue on Application.

JOHN P. BROOKS, President,

Potsdam, N. Y.

I saw your ad in the Star

For best quality

Cement,
Wall Plaster,
Hard, Smith and
Soft Coal,
Sewer Pipe and
Drain Tile, and
Reinforced
Concrete Sluice
Pipe

Inquire of

L. S. Gelser & Son
Fillmore N. Y.

City Steam Laundry,
Cuba, N. Y.

"The Home of Good
Laundry Work."

L. A. WEBSTER, Prop.

The apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neat linen is a happy introduction.

We do high grade Shirt and collar
work. We respectfully ask for your
patronage as we feel sure that we can
do more satisfactory work than you
find elsewhere in this section. We
have an agency in Houghton.

Quayle

**Steel Engravers and Man-
ufacturing Jewelers**

to

American Universities

New York—25 W. 42nd St.,

Albany—19 Chapel St.,

Chicago—64 W. Randolph St.,

Samples of Wedding Stationery upon
request

Correct Forms

Moderate Cost



THE

Universal

A Perfect Duplicator at
a Reasonable Price

is a combination of the good qualities found in all other Duplicators. It contains no glue or gelatine, so will not melt nor freeze, copies are clean and dry and do not curl. You can print or reproduce 50 perfect copies in ten minutes from one that you make of letters, music, maps, drawings, menus, programs, lessons, etc., and you can use it as often as you wish. You cut no stencils, simply make one original on paper. This one placed on Duplicator produces a negative. Blank sheets of paper placed on the negative reproduces perfect copies. No experience necessary. Will last for years without expense. Letter size costs \$3.25. Write for free booklet describing all sizes.

S. Reeves Duplicator Company, Manufacturers,
419-420 Park Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A New Year's Resolution

Isn't Good for Anything

Unless Kept!

Promises to subscribe to the
Star are worthless unless you
DO subscribe.

The Houghton Star is a failure unless it serves humanity, informs the old students, and advertises Houghton Seminary.

To be at our best we need the co-operation of all students, past, present and prospective, this is a personal appeal to all, **LOOK** for the cross in the square on the editorial page and follow instructions.

THANKS!!

Walter F. Lewis, Business
Manager, Box 117, Houghton
N. Y.

I saw your ad in the Star

Look Here!

Cranberries, Fresh Figs, Sweet
Potatoes, New English Walnuts

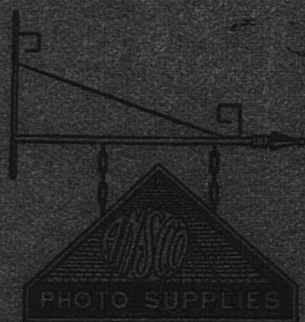
Drugs

Special Price on Hot Water Bottles
and Fountain Syringes

Shoes

The Douglas line for Price and Quality
is Unsurpassed

Houghton Corporation,
Houghton, New York.



A complete line of **Photo Supplies**

Call and examine the stock
Prices right. Also a complete line of school supplies and pennants

Leo G. Raub, Houghton, N. Y.

WHEN IN NEED OF

Musical Goods

WRITE

The Chas. Willard
Music House,
Olean, N. Y.

We are home furnishers of
Good Pianos, Victrolas, Records, Small Instruments of every description.

Sheet Music and Music books

Popular Sheet Music, 11c per copy,
postpaid

I saw your ad in the Star