

Ray Hazlett

# The Houghton Star.

I. P. A. ISSUE

VOLUME IX

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NUMBER 9

## ORATORICAL CONTEST IS CLOSE SIX STRONG ORATIONS

### MCKINLEY WINS FIRST PLACE; CHAMBERLAIN SECOND

For the ninth consecutive time the Houghton branch of the I. P. A. held its annual oratorical contest. This year, under favorable conditions, interest was exceptionally augmented, and February 2 came with the enthusiasm of the whole school at a healthy pitch. There were six orators, one of the other sex, as unofficial representatives of the college freshman, sophomore and junior classes. There had been previous judgment passed on the competitors' composition, leaving only the delivery percentage to be actually appraised.

The first prize of ten dollars was awarded Mr. Glen McKinley, '19, for his effort entitled "The Challenge to American Patriotism." The fact that he won is almost explanatory of the oration, and the winner is to be heartily congratulated. One thing is clearly shown by the result—that an oration must be primarily argumentative, must have more solidity than effusiveness. As winner in the local contest, Mr. McKinley will represent Houghton at the state contest at Cornell. The second prize of five dollars was won by Robert Chamberlain, '18, with his subject, "A National Danger." Superbly rhetorical and finely delivered, his speech was one of the most delightful of the evening.

It is not from lack of merit that we must consign the four other speakers to the "also ran" column without individual mention. They were all good, interesting and worth the strenuous labor expended thereon.

As to subject matter, the contest of the different orations varied scarcely so much in kind of material, as in amount. The Webb-Kenyon law was almost commonly mentioned and approved; the economic side displayed in its startling proportions; the social danger given its full fearful color, and on another issue there was unanimity of opinion—prohibition must be a strict party measure.

#### Prohibition's Comin'.

No longer is any one in doubt as to the success of Prohibition. Already has the public-mind with loud acclaim and with hand out stretched to heaven declared that Rum shall be no more. And why this extreme confidence?

First—Because of the world-sentiment against it;

Second—The legislative action taken by the governments and states;

Third—Because the right must win;

Not only have the belligerent nations adopted the no Rum propaganda, but other

nations are petitioning for its destruction. The world as a unit is awakening, and thinking twice, loses its desire to remain a dupe or to permit others.

This very moment we have twenty-four states who have voted "no liquor," and besides there is cold, bleak Alaska, and the "islands who lift their frowded palms in air" called Hawaiian. Then too, the District of Columbia has been voted dry by Congress. Congress has voted and passed many other bills favorable to the advancement of prohibition. The spirit of America free from Rum is impelling, the victory is sure.

The press is especially intolerant against it. Not many papers are open for the advertisements of the liquor interests. No, their fight is lost!

Alcoholism must go for it is right that it should go. The Supreme Court has decided the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon Bill. The people are saying prohibition is right, old John Barleycorn is wrong. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." The eternal heavens stand back of it. Righteousness will ever win. Booze will lose, is losing, nearly lost. And when she is once gone, her hope like Lucifer's will be no more. Then strike with a hand of fire! Believe as we act, for "to doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin."

G. Beverly Shultz.

#### Decision of Judges

Name of Judge		Sellers, Cranmer, Bishop						Binns, Bliss, Gott					
Orator	Name of Oration	Thought and Composition						Delivery					
		Grade Rank	Grade Rank	Grade Rank	Average T & C Grade	Sum of T & C Ranks	Grade Rank	Grade Rank	Grade Rank	Grade Rank	Sum of D. Ranks	Average D. Grade	Final Average Grade
Hubbard	"Our Duty"	85 6	94 2	90 3	89 3	1190 2	85 3	95 1	6	90	89 5-6	17 3	
McKinley	"The Challenge to American Patriotism"	91 1	96 1	100 1	95 3	3 88 3	4 84	85 4	11	85 3	90 3	14 1	
Barrett	"The Conflict of the Ages"	90 2	90 4	80 4	86 3	10 70 6	82 5	78 6	17	76 3	81 3	27 6	
Head	"Is My Flag Safe?"	86 5	85 6	70 6	80 3	17 72 5	87 1	93 2	8	84	82 3	25 4	
Bryan	"Prohibition and Preparedness"	87 4	93 3	75 5	85	12 80 4	80 6	80 5	15	80	82 3	27 5	
Chamberlain	"A National Danger"	88 3	87 5	95 2	90	10 94 1	86 2	90 3	6	90	90	16 2	

Directions—Final rank is determined from the total sum of all the rankings, the contestant having the lowest sum of all rankings is given first place, the one with sum of rankings next higher is given second place, and so on.



## The Challenge to American Patriotism.

### First Prize Oration

A nation's enemy is a challenge to its patriotism. Whatever destroys a nation's resources and endangers its liberties is that nation's enemy. The liquor traffic is our national enemy, for it misapplies our finances; it degrades the health of our citizens; it debases the morals of our society, and it lives by the corruption of our government. Therefore, it is a CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN PATRIOTISM, and the only successful response to that challenge, is a national prohibition, secured by a political party.

The liquor traffic misapplies our finances. For an annual drink-bill of two billion dollars, we receive a line of debauchery costing our government one billion and a half more. This is robbery on a colossal scale. Yet because of the governmental revenue, the robber is protected. Federal License absolves his crime, and the American flag is the emblem of his liberty. Is this good statesmanship? Do impoverished citizens form strong governmental constituency? This policy and the declaration of our statemen is paradoxical: preparedness—and the price of 100 dreadnaughts spent annually for alcohol; America efficient—with a liquor debauchery bill equal to our national debt; the conservation of our national resources and the destruction of sixty-six thousand wage earners every year. If partial prohibition gives Kansas unrivaled prosperity, what would absolute prohibition do for the nation? If prohibition deposits more money in Russian banks than the war can withdraw, what would it do for our nation? Why quibble about tariff when the financial difference involved would not pay our drink bill for sixteen days? If we would be consistent, if we would abolish our poverty, if we would increase national wealth, we must destroy this financial parasite.

Again, this enemy degrades the health of our citizens. Conservative statistics state that one fifth of our population use alcohol. Granting that only one fourth of these are seriously injured by liquor, we have an army of degenerates in this country, large enough to place a man, woman or child upon every rod of our national boundary line. The men, unfitted for any service or skilled labor; the woman disqualified for pure motherhood; the children, cursed before they are born. The best authority says that two hundred thousand

of these are murdered directly or indirectly by alcohol each year. Every five years there are approximately as many lives lost through this traffic as there were in the civil war. A Titanic sinks every 3 days; 32 will die during this contest. How long may we expect to thus poison our people and preserve our national life? May we expect to survive a physical drain which has proved so disastrous to France, England and Germany?

But this traffic does not cease with physical degradation. It debases the morals of our society. In Chicago, New York and our large cities the saloon lures one hundred thousand girls into the brothels, every year and we have a White Slave Traffic. In these same cities the saloon greets the uneducated foreigners and drags them into immorality and shame, before the school, the government and the church can save them, and we have an immigration problem. The liquor consumed in these same saloons, debases the morals of our men and women and sends them out to curse society. It transforms a loving father into a murderous beast; a dutiful son into an ungrateful wretch; a pure girl into a harlot; an honest man into a heartless criminal; an uneducated man into a worthless inebriate! It is the same worship of Bacchus, that has led in the destruction of nations. And it will destroy America if America does not destroy it.

Yet this enemy lives by the corruption of our government. It is the most completely organized traffic in the United States. Represented by the United States Brewers Association and kindred organizations it dominates political conventions, and nominates men who are favorable to this traffic. Supported by billions of dollars, it employs anti-temperance workmen, corrupts elections and thwarts popular will. Again it controls a marginal vote of sufficient strength and mobility to defeat any man or any party, who dares to oppose liquor. Why are great men apparently indifferently when privately, they admit the evils of drink? Why is Anti-slavery Republicanism silent? Why is Jeffersonian Democracy silent? Because this political dictator has delivered his ultimatum: Silence or Defeat! Is this American liberty? Does this course provide for the common defense and promote the general welfare of ourselves and our posterity? No. This is political tyranny! The tyrant remains unconquered, despite the efforts of a century's drink reform! His ill-gotten wealth resounds with the groans of his victims! The blood of murdered millions cries out from

the ground against him; the blackened characters of the fallen are witnesses against him; the corruption of our government is the result of his tyranny! He has merited the just wrath of our nation! This tyrant is the open Challenge to American Patriotism! How shall we respond to the challenge?

I submit to you this proposition: The only successful response to this challenge, is national prohibition secured by a political party pledged to its support.

Other methods are inadequate. Local option has failed. We have tried state legislation since 1851, yet our per capita consumption steadily increased until 1907, and it has decreased but three-fourths of one per cent in 1914. We rejoice that twenty-three states have outlawed liquor, that the Webb-Kenyon law is sustained. May these achievements be a means to an end. But, will state legislation succeed very soon in Massachusetts, Missouri or New York? I fear not. Did state legislation destroy slavery or polygamy? No, Yet slavery existed in only ten states—polygamy in only one state: but both were morally wrong—a menace to the nation, and the federal government destroyed them! The liquor traffic is national in scope; it is morally wrong; it is a menace to the nation; therefore, the federal government must destroy it. Another method is an amendment to the constitution. Will two-thirds of a liquor elected legislature vote for prohibition amendment? Will thirty-six state legislatures ratify such an amendment when only twenty-three states are dry, and some of them under wet administration? If an amendment should pass would it be enforced? The fourteenth amendment to our constitution has never been enforced in the South. Ohio had constitutional prohibition for sixty years but it never was enforced. The Kansas prohibition amendment was not effective until a prohibition administration was elected. Nor will a federal amendment be effective until a prohibition administration rules the nation.

To secure such an administration is the function of the political party. Our senators are elected for six years, our President for four years and our representatives for two years. Thus a system of checks and balances is formed to hinder injudicious or popular rule. The political party was founded to champion the vital issues of the nation and to elect an administration pledged to support these issues. The political party in its purity is the agent of reform. A notable birthright—a sacred heritage! What a contrast to



our present political organization! But whatever the corruption to which the party system has been subject, the principle accords with the philosophy of our government and it is the only adequate means of governmental reform. Therefore it is self-evident, that the political party method is the only adequate means of securing national prohibition. The Prohibition Party has believed in this method for forty years. The leaders of the Anti-Saloon League have openly sanctioned the party method. The church Temperance leagues have sanctioned it. William Jennings Bryan has sanctioned it. The public mind is open to the consideration of this question. Now is the time to strike! National Prohibition is within our reach! Do you want it?

Then sound forth the battle cry! Proclaim party prohibition to the Anti-Saloon League. Let the Five Million Movement continue to enroll prohibition voters. Let the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association hurl its trained forces into the field. Let every pulpit in the land decry the sin of voting for liquor parties. Let William Jennings Bryan purge his party; let him know that we are with him when his party declares for prohibition—but not before. Let the Prohibition ranks be strengthened; let party organizations be carried into every state, county and town in America. Let the Temperance organization awake to the need for party action; let them all unite upon this issue and elect a prohibition party in 1920. Then, the liquor traffic will be destroyed!

And I see the dawn of victory, The rising sun of prohibition has dispelled the night of debauchery! The fountain of life flows on unrivaled by the fountain of death! In all our broad land—not a saloon to degrade our brothers, to disgrace our sisters or to stain our flag! But the stars and stripes wave in triumph over a free and happy people, for AMERICAN PATRIOTISM HAS ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE!

O. Glen McKinley

### A National Danger.

#### Second Prize Oration

Night hangs over the mighty city of Babylon. Loud grows the merriment of the hour. The great eternal is forgotten—the holy vessels from the house of God are prostituted to the ends of selfish pleasure. Suddenly a hush comes over the assembly. Limbs tremble. Faces grow pale. A hand is writing upon the wall! "Mene, mene, God hath numbered thy

kingdom, and finished it. Tekel, Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. Peres, thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." Hark! there comes the tramp of armies upon the streets, and the shrieks of women and children in mortal terror! On rushes the advancing host, and Babylon falls, entered through gates that were left unguarded, while their defenders were rioting in drunkenness and shame!

The dangers that threaten cities and nations have not lessened with the march of ages. The world today is facing a crisis in her history. Europe struggles in mortal combat, and reels in the surging of that struggle. The ties that bind together the fabric of international life are snapping one by one. "The future holds uncertainty." The contest becomes more tense—it may be only a question of years, of months, of days, before America is into the vortex of that whirlpool! But great as the menace of that danger, she faces within her borders a curse more terrible than war, a foe more formidable than that of ancient Babylon—the organized Liquor Traffic!

Well may America tremble before that peril! It is sapping the foundations of her national life! It undermines the health of unborn generations, and sows a crop of degeneracy that is annually increasing. It substitutes the Bar for the Hearth and the Altar, and dedicates to Vice the realm of Devotion! It drags the electoral franchise in the dust, and gives political influence to men unworthy of the name of citizen! It drives women and children into our factories to lower the standard of wages! It gives in return for an annual tribute twice the national debt an army of criminal, debauched and insane to hang like a millstone upon the neck of society! From its Mongol pyramid of one hundred thousand American skulls it leers, "I am the friend of labor!" From its brothels, built upon the bleached bones of American virginity it raises its cry—"Temperance! morality! personal liberty!"

Is more proof desired? Let us call in eight witnesses.

"Great Britain, what do you think of intoxicating liquor?"

"It wastes our financial strength, shatters our moral strength, and imperils our infant life."

"Russia, what do you say?"

"With the war and without vodka, Russia is more prosperous than with vodka and without war."

"France, what do you say?"

"We have abolished absinthe, because

it is dangerous to the welfare of our nation."

Let us turn to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Highest court of our land, what have you to say?"

"Statistics show a greater amount of crime and misery arising from the saloon than from any other source."

"Science, what have you to say?"

"Alcohol is a protoplasmic poison."

"Industry, what have you to say?"

"We do not care to hire drinking men."

"Christian Church, what have you to say?"

"The liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin."

We will call one more witness, whose name stands above all the world.

"Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior what hast thou to say?"

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he be drowned in the depth of the sea."

What shall we do with a thing which is condemned by the courts, the church, and public opinion? Has it a moral right to exist? No. Does it help to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty"—has it a Constitutional right to exist? No. Has any legislature the right to "barter away the public morals"—has it a legal right to exist? No. No government can of right license a wrong; for governments are founded to conserve, not to destroy the interests of the people. There is only one answer—and I hear it echoing from every part of this vast republic—the liquor traffic must die!

The traffic is entrenched in government. It holds its position by the votes which it controls. If we would fight it effectively we must fight it on its own grounds and by its own weapons. It stands by the ballot—it must be destroyed by the ballot! It is rooted in government—in law, it must be eradicated from government—from law!

Nor will it suffice to stamp it from one locality. The experience of years of prohibitory legislation has taught us the futility of half-way methods. Neither local option, nor county option, nor state prohibition, however efficient within its own territory, can destroy the national menace. However jealous of local rights the American people may be, they are coming to realize that prohibition is a question affecting the nation as a whole, and as such, demands a national remedy. Will prohibition in Kan-



sas and Maine abolish our national drink bill? Will it divorce the national government from the liquor traffic? Will it stop the corruption of voters in New York city? There is only one answer, and that answer is—"No!" We cannot abolish the curse except by state prohibition in every state, or national prohibition. We cannot get state prohibition in every state so long as the liquor interests, by their concentration of wealth in large cities, are able to hold those states with a large percentage of urban population. The only remedy then, that is efficient now, is national prohibition.

It is not enough to outlaw the curse. The ban must be enforced. The liquor traffic is already outlawed by public sentiment. Courts and legislatures are deciding against it. They have denied it inherent rights. They have denied it the right of interstate commerce into dry territory. They will put upon it the ban of the law, when public sentiment becomes imperative. But is this enough? There is one more question the American citizen wants to see answered before he puts time and money into the campaign. Will it be effective in solving the national problem? He knows that local option will not solve it, he is coming to see that state prohibition will not solve it, and he will support a movement for national prohibition when we show him a means whereby it can be made effective. How shall it be made effective? How, but by putting behind it not only the law, but the executive power that stands behind the law? To win this executive power requires the conquest of the organization to which it owes allegiance—the political party. Will public sentiment destroy the liquor curse? Yes, when it controls a party that holds the reins of government. Will omni-partisan measures destroy it? Yes, when they are enforced by all the parties in power. Will a national amendment destroy it? Yes, when it is enforced by a national organization. These methods will destroy the traffic when, and only when they are enforced by a strong national party.

The political party is the chain which binds the legislative and executive branches of our government together. In its hands lies the enforcement of the law. It will not, and cannot consistently support an issue which it has barred from its platform to gain the support of a large element within it. The two great parties have never given prohibition a place in their national platforms. The attitude of their candidates is weak and evasive. They are bound hand and foot by the li-

quor interests. We cannot expect them to adopt prohibition as a party tenet until we can face them in practical politics with an organization more powerful than the liquor vote, and assure them that political integrity will not mean political suicide!

There is a party in the field that has declared itself for national prohibition. It makes no promises it does not mean to fulfil. Its platform is built on sound political principles. It does not seek to evade or befog the issue. Prohibition to the Prohibition Party means Prohibition nation-wide, Prohibition enforced, and Prohibition efficient! With this party as a nucleus let us organize, in every township, village, county, city and state—to put candidates into office—not for party name, but for the cause, refusing to join ourselves to any party that has not decisively declared itself for National Prohibition—efficiently enforced by legislative and executive power!

This is no time to haggle over petty differences! We are facing an evil before which minor questions sink into insignificance! This is no time for mutual recrimination! The foe is upon us! Shall we stand longer unguarded like Babylon of old before the national peril? Shall we spend our time in feasting, while the enemy is creeping through the gates? Shall we wait for the handwriting upon the wall? No! a thousand times no! Up with the banner of Christian and American patriotism! Consecrated to the service of a common country, let us lay personal and sectional prejudice upon the altar of that country's welfare, and united heart to heart and conscience to conscience into one national party, pledged to the abolition of the liquor traffic, let us strike the danger in our midst, and drive it from our land!

R. S. Chamberlain.

### Burns of the Mountains

"Here was a type of the true elder race And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."

It was of the greatest of this individual class that Lowell wrote these lines, yet, 60 years after, in a modern representative of the same sturdy men, Mr. Burns, we see some of those indomitable traits here eulogized. Mr. Burns as a lecturer is non-existent; as a speaker, a realist, and as a conveyer of "a message," we doubt if Houghton has previously seen his superior.

A remarkable thing in connection with

Mr. Burns, with his hour and half talk, is that he can maintain intense interest when his subject is so purely subjective. Yet perhaps, his own individualism is so vastly broad, when we weigh it, that we can see therein the protagonist of a whole people. To rescue an entire people from the barriers of illiteracy and the slavery of feudism, and more wonderful still, within a lapse of twenty-five years, is an accomplishment whose Herculean proportions could have only been achieved by the firm might of intellectual stability, coupled with the fervor of spiritual devotion.

Feudism, the bane of mountaineer progression, we learn, was an institution which even its supporters deplored. It was simply a natural sequence to the virtual isolation of a sturdy race, whose rifles were accurate, and whose hearts were as implacid as steel. These poor whites are the purest Anglo-Saxons living, needing only education to convert them to the most vigorous manhood we have. Mr. Burns, by establishing a school, obliterated the old Howard-Baker feud, which had already attained 150 victims,—and the school is still growing.

Something in the line of appreciation has already been told of Mr. Burns, yet it would hardly be fair to him to neglect the pleasing effect of the man himself. His Southern drawl with the sonorous rhythm of his solemn eloquence was truly unique and as fully enjoyed.

## Alumni Notes

### Class of 1912

We are glad to note in this issue that although the class of '12 was not large in numbers, its members are all either in college or filling important places in the educational world.

Miriam Day College '12 is teaching in our mission school at Kunso, Sierra Leone, West Africa.

Helen Kerr Prep '12 is teaching in the sixth grade A in Port Jervis, N. Y.

Rosa Crosby Prep '12 is a member of the Sophomore College Class of Houghton Seminary.

Esther Dieter Prep '12 is teaching near her home at Cattaraugus, N. Y.

Harold McMillan Prep '12 is principal of the High School at Chesterville, Ohio.

Bethel Babbitt Prep '12 is principal of a High School in Omaha, Nebraska.

Lura Miner Elliott Prep '12 is



Theological work and music in Houghton Seminary and is also tutoring in Spanish.

We are glad to have the following from Aurilla Jones Prep '12

"Dear Readers of the Star:

As a member of the Preparatory Class of 1912, it becomes my duty to send my share to the Star. Also I am thankful that the opportunity was given me to attend Houghton Seminary. This year I am teaching in the village of Newfane, Niagara county, N. Y. Newfane is a very pleasant village and splendidly located. Our school has all the grades and the first two years of High School work. We have the privilege of teaching in a building which has been in use only a little over a year. This is a satisfaction as every teacher knows. I have found the teaching profession a very interesting one and one of which to be proud.

Best wishes for success to Dear Old Houghton Sem,

Aurilla Jones."

W. L. Fancher A. B. who is principal of a High School at Altamont, N. Y. had the misfortune to break a leg while coasting last month. He says, "I am getting along as well as could be expected. I enjoy the Star very much and was pleased to see the work of my former pupil, Ray Russell, in a recent issue."

## Locals

One of the most fruitful and most blessed revivals that Houghton has ever seen is now in progress in the Wesleyan Church. Rev. A. J. Shea of Canada preaches the Word in its fulness. The students are responding to the claims of God. The constant volume of prayer and definite, positive preaching are the characteristics of the meeting. February 16, 17 and 18 will be held the Holiness Convention in which Rev. W. H. Marvin of Akron, O. will occupy the pulpit with Rev. Shea.

Under the direction of our efficient leader, Mr. G. Hubbard, the singing deserves a word of praise. All who have an interest in the sons and daughters of Houghton please pray for God's richest blessings upon our meetings.

We are glad to welcome Miss Riggall back in our midst again.

The students were greatly pleased to hear a chapel talk two weeks ago by our old Professor Clark Bedford. We appreciated your talk immensely, Professor. Come again.

## THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## Editorial

### Lives That Count

"What is life?" we ask ourselves sometimes. What does life mean to you and me?

Longfellow says: "Life is real, life is earnest."

Is it? If it is not, it stands to us to make it so.

In ourselves we are but drops of water in the great ocean of humanity. As says Omar Khyan—

"And fear not lest existence closing  
your

Account and mine, should see the like  
no more—

The Eternal Loki from his bowl has  
poured

Millions of bubbles like us, and will  
pour."

But when we begin to exert aright that mysterious power of influence which the creator has given, in greater or less measure, to every one of us—then we become a farce in the world. We become vibrant with the great heart of humanity. We put a tremor into the universe, which trembles into sound, until mankind, raised to a new level of thought and understanding, shakes off another of the shackles of a vanishing medievalism, and it becomes but an echo in the vaults of the eternal past.

Fifty years ago, a race of men were groaning beneath the burdens of our toil. They were counted as the beasts of the field. Their servitude was a blot—a stain upon the beauty of our western civilization. But hark! the hearts of patriots of the north tremble into sound. The movement grows—multitudes flock to its banner—a million men lay down their lives to blot out the curse—and the captive is free!

These men consented to become the slave of a conviction which overpowered them, and heated white hot in the great furnace of Divine justice, drove them against the foe!

Today we are fighting a battle for God and native land! Today we are facing the farflung lines of Vice entrenched, of iniquity rampant, of government-sheltered sin. We fight not with shrapnel and bayonets and death-dealing shells but with weapons no less deadly and powerful! We are fighting with the lives and efforts of those who have set apart themselves to be fettered by their convictions and hurled against the foe! And the fight is turning in favor of the defenders of liberty! Driven from every refuge the saloon, biting, kicking, fighting by every means within its power, is being blotted off the map of our country. A few more gigantic efforts, when muscles grow tense and the sweat begins to start, will drive this traffic out of its intrenchments and doom it forever to exist, if it exists at all, as a renegade and an outcast, not only in public sentiment, but in statute law; to exist as murderers and thieves exist—only so long as the law cannot catch and punish them.

But these efforts must be backed by men, men trained in heart and brain. The call to arms is a call to the colleges of America! It is a call to those whom Society is training to fight her future conflicts—the men and women upon whom her destiny largely depends, the class from which comes three-fourths of her leaders! The I. P. A. is proving that the call is not in vain! It is training and sending soldiers into the field, armed with weapons tempered and sharpened for the fight, to an intrenchment behind the retreating foe which he will never be able to break, and vindicate the I. P. A. motto—

"As go the colleges today, so goes the nation tomorrow." R. S. C.

We are sorry that a few of our subscribers did not receive the magazine issue on account of their subscriptions having expired. If you will RENEW at once, we will send you a copy.



## Eventide

The chapel bell is ringing; the twilight hour has come;  
 With sunset tints the west is all aflame.  
 Today is gone forever, and winging to the past  
 She yields her sway to sov'reign nighttime's claim.  
 'Tis just the time that brings such tranquil peace,  
 When, past the realm of yonder star deck'd sky,  
 Divinity in love its vigil keeps  
 To guard our Houghton with a sleepless eye.  
 But hark! There comes a voice so beautiful,  
 A magic whisper thru the evening still:  
 "Today is gone, 'twill nevermore return  
 For recompense or vengeance, good or ill.  
 But mourn it not! It was not lived in vain,  
 It cannot die! Unto eternity  
 No effort thou hast spent, no act sincere  
 Can e'er be lost, or void return to thee!"  
 Be strong! Yea true and dauntless push ahead  
 To face the challenge of an unblazed trail!  
 Be brave! Delay not! Ere the day dawn breaks  
 Thine eye upon the goal once more set sail!  
 Yea watch thy step; with shield and helmet bright  
 Go meet each foe in battle's stern array!  
 To conquer in tomorrow's glorious quest  
 More valiant and still braver than today!  
 L. E. H.—'20.

## Echoes from Miltonvale

It is a pleasure to respond to a request from the editor to write a short article for "The Houghton Star." It is only writing of a letter home. Having been for seventeen years a part of Houghton Seminary we shall always feel that we are still a part of it. Our good and kind neighbors, our lifetime friends, our closest companions in labor, the host of students that we learned to love, our highly esteemed brethren in the conference, all are included in the word "Houghton". We thank God for what it all means to us.

Yet here we are at Miltonvale, happy, busy, contented and at home, as if we had always been here. Not a lonely day since we came, not a homesick hour, not a sigh to go back. This is explained first by the fact of the consciousness that we have been divinely led to this field. Then the work and conditions are so much like those to which we are accustomed. The problems connected with the school are essentially the same as those at Houghton. The faculty is strong and most congenial. The student body in the one place is so much like that in the other that, could they mingle together, one could distinguish no difference. The people have been cordial and kind from the hour of

our arrival. Is it any wonder we like Miltonvale?

I note on the letter head of the "Star" this expression, "A Real Reflection of the School." This article would not properly reflect the school if it did not mention the religious life. We are deeply gratified with the spiritual tone of Miltonvale and with the very many evidences of the divine favor.

May I record here a constantly growing conviction that the special mission and the only hope for our Wesleyan Methodist schools lies in a pronounced testimony in favor of an inspired Bible, a divine Christ, a supernatural and complete salvation. To this end we must pay attention to what God declares rather than to what men say. We will do well to heed the warning Paul gave to the Corinthians, "But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your hearts should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." That old serpent, the devil, has lost none of his cunning. He knows how hard it is for young people to be considered behind the times, and, when they are eager to know, he slides in on them through philosophy or science "falsely so called" and before they are aware he has them in his slimy coils.

Space will permit me to specify in only one point and I can merely mention that. I refer to that sort of evolution which leaves no place for the divine Christ who has brought salvation through an atonement for sin. I recently talked with a man who lectures on science in one of our universities. He said he was a Christian and that he believes that man came by way of the monkey, "which," he said, "All scientists now believe". When asked about his attitude toward the duty of Christ he said we emphasize rather the divinity of man. Yet he said the scientists are usually good men and many of them Christians. I discovered during the con-

versation that the man is a Unitarian. I insist that a man who denies the diety of Jesus repudiates every cardinal doctrine of Christianity and has no more right to pose as a Christian than has the Hottentot in the wilds of Africa. May our young people be most carefully shielded from the insidious teaching of that class of scholarly men who lead clean, kind, attractive lives and yet would steal from our blessed doctrine of atonement through a divine Christ every element that can save men from sin. I am sure all our schools are a unit in this purpose to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints."

In behalf of Miltonvale I extend most cordial greetings to Houghton Seminary and to all readers of the "Star."

H. W. McDowell.

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**THE HOUGHTON INDEX**

January 1, 1888.

**STUDENT'S COLUMN**

EDITED BY

Miss Blanche Houghton  
Mr. J. S. Luckey, V. H. Sibley.

A considerable amount of railing about the railing that should be added to the railing up the Seminary walk is being indulged in. This railing will not cease until more railing is added.

### The Chronicles of Houghton Seminary.

## CHAPTER I.

It came to pass in the year 5886 that certain of the people said:—

Our children do greatly need to be instructed in the law of the land: therefore let us go now and build a school which shall bring honor upon our heads and great blessings upon our children.

Accordingly they said:—Let us send out spies into the land to seek a place to build our edifice.

Now there was a man who lived in the land of Alleghany, nigh unto the great river which borders on the Flats, whose name was Willard, a man of good report, and greatly beloved of his brethren; the same was chosen chief of the spies, and straightway he came into the land of Houghton, which is nigh to the great river, on the west side thereof; and he saw the land was fair to behold, and the people thereof were industrious and of good report among the tribe of Alleghany.

Therefore he said:—What need have I to search farther, for behold a land where our children may abide in peace and not suffer from the hands of Dram sellers? So he called together the chief men of the tribes, and said to them:—Behold the land which I have chosen, is it not good? And they said, It is good, but we will not build on the Flats, but let us go to the hill which is to the South over against the city, and there will we build our Seminary. And it was so.

Now the rest of the acts of Willard, do you not know how that he walked before the tribes and was counted worthy of being chief spy and be still rejourneying from place to place in all the land and is highly esteemed by all nations, both Jew and Gentile.

HOSEA, the Scribe

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B—reciting in Freshman English on "Coasting down Seminary Hill"—"There is great danger and harm to those engaged."

L—"How about those who are not engaged?"

Luckey in English—"Coasting is fine as judged from the rosy cheeks and hearty suppers eaten."

Prof. Smith—"Yes, I have seen folks trying to eat rosy cheeks."

Prof. Hester in Prep Bible—"How many James' were there?"

Stugart, in an undertone—"Two. Jesse and Frank."

A Voice from Slumberland—"Oh, girl, have you thought what a change there's going to be here next year? There'll be Dick and Hub and Bob gone! Why, girl, nobody will be left!"

Why does Miss Bolles prefer Houghton Seminary rather than other schools?

Because independent of which way she looks she sees Woods.

It was somewhat amusing to see the kind hearted girls bringing cushions from the Dorm to the poor tired boys of the English Grammar class. The girls believe, however, that by next week the boys will be rested enough to sit up without the aid of the cushions!

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