

R. Lynde,

The Houghton Star.

FRESHMAN NUMBER

VOLUME IX

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NUMBER 7

The Quest

Harbor ahead and crown ahead,
Naught but the gale behind,
Smile of the day dawn with melody wed—
On where the sea paths wind!
Out of oblivion flashing away,
Yesterday ceases to be;
On mid the dashing of Neptune's spray,
All's well e'en though all is sea!

Morning ahead and life ahead,
Nothing but all to gain,
Springing from day dreams long lost and
long dead
Nothing arises in vain!
Onward still onward! O quest of all quests
Did battle smoke ever daunt thee?
What dares while the hand of Omnipotence
rests
On the helm of a destiny?

Knight of tomorrows, nineteen seventeen,
Thou meteor crowned champion of right,
Thy rays of fulfillment and peace intervene
On an ocean of sunrise-hued light;
Radiance from nightshade, calm from the
gale,
Triumph from onslaught and strife;
Hailing the lure of the sea and the sail
All's well e'en though all is Life!

Leona K. Head.

Our Verdant Star.

As in the days when the world was new,
Atlas, overburdened with the weight of
the world, decided to put it upon the
shoulders of Hercules for a time, so today
our Verdant Star may be considered the
result of a similar procedure.

Even if the idea at first seemed odd,
our Verdant Star staff has accomplished
one feat, at least. It has given the regular
staff a short vacation, and never forget
they THINK during "vacations" and
the semester Star will prove the fact.

Also, as in days of yore, Atlas, while
the weight of the world was on the shoulders
of Hercules, lost not the opportunity
to enjoy his liberty by the company of
the Fair Ones in Hesperides, so our honored
regular editor has again resumed the
role of inspecting music studios.

Yes, along with hitching their wagons
to a Star, the Freshman Class of Houghton
Seminary have hitched a star to their
wagon—for one issue. In the past our
Star has been brilliant, today it is verdant.
"Verdure means pep." That's
one of our mottos. Even if it does almost
dazzle you, remember there are no

yellow streaks in genuine green. Besides,
you know, a Verdant Star may be considered
an omen of oncoming spring. Can't
you fairly hear the robins and see the
sunshine? Be happy! Spring is coming
and our Verdant Star is here.

South America Today.

Students Hear Rev. Allen.

Houghton was favored Tuesday with a
visit from Rev. Geo. Allen, returned missionary
from the Indians of Bolivia, S. A. He spoke
in chapel in the morning on the progress of
the Protestant mission work in that country,
and in the evening gave us a vivid description
of his personal work and experiences among
the Indians with whom he labored for several
years.

His work was among the mountains.
There the natives build their huts in order
to be protected from the merciless greed of
the other caste who travel the beaten paths
in the valley. It is because of this and
because they pasture their flocks during the
day farther up the mountain that is so difficult
to reach them. They have their opportunity
to work with them when they return with
their flocks and gather in the main room
of their hut to talk over their work of the
day.

Mr. Allen said it was impossible to help
the people spiritually until they had first
gained their confidence. They must have
suffered great suspense while waiting two
years for the time to ripen for them to
hold public services. But now when they
desired them to hold these public services
the attendance was large, prejudice had
been overcome and their hearts were open
to the truth. The power of Catholicism
as great as it is makes it difficult to teach
them but they have the greatest appreciation
for the men and means whereby they are
delivered from their bondage. He spoke of
individuals who would rise in the morning
at four o'clock in order to read their
Bibles before beginning the work of the day.

One of the worst evils against which
they have to contend is the witch doctors.
The people have no idea as to the treatment
of their sick and have no medical
opportunities whatever. When one is

sick with the fever they think the witch
doctor is punishing them—"tying their
souls into a knot"—because of some wrong
they have done. Many people, even the
strong men, die from fear of these doctors
who seem to have a supernatural power
over them.

Mr. Allen showed a very fine spirit and
is certainly a man who has the work on
his heart. He trusts God for his support
and provision of all the agencies whereby
the work is carried on. He is now at
work translating the New Testament into
the native language and when this work
is completed he hopes to return to his
work among these Indians.

C. N. C.

The Orchestra Tour for Ho'ton.

At the solicitation of Pastor Dean Bedford
of Appleton, N. Y. the Houghton Seminary
Orchestra accompanied by Professor and Mrs.
Hester spent January 6 to 8 exhibiting a
bit of Houghton Spirit in the vicinity of
Lockport, N. Y. The occasion had been
looked forward to for several weeks by all
concerned, preparation had been made, and
disappointment was a stranger.

The trip itself was not without its zest.
An excellent start was gotten by the Hesters'
successful flank movement in heading off
the train. In the change at Portageville a
swollen Genesee deprived Miss Thurston
of her coveted ferry-boat ride and all had
to walk a bridge-in-the-making. You ought
to see the snapshot Mfs. Hester got of
"Luck" on the streets of Buffalo with the
"traps" on his back.

Enroute from Buffalo five voracious
mouths made short work of George's precious
lunch. At Lockport Hubbard and Luckey
called out in one voice "Skinny-wah" and
Carroll joined us forthwith. Newfane was
our stopping place and ere long Rev. D. S.
Bedford by means of auto and surrey had us
all at Hess Roads Wesleyan Church where
was to be the first performance. Just in the
nick of time our "Deacon" showed up and
we knew the cornet end of things was safe.

So Saturday night had come. Brother
Bedford had left no stone unturned to insure
a pleasant house and a good audience, and
the church was almost filled.

Houghton Orchestra was at its best, and appreciation was not wanting. Who could not but appreciate our Orchestra's atmospheric rendering of "Narcissus" and "King Sol," or Miss Thurston's original piano solos, or Messrs. Hubbard and Luckey's violin duet in Ebann's "Serenade," or Mrs. Hester's "Dry Those Tears" or Mr. Barnett's classic poise in Dierig's "On Guard" cornet solo. Mr. Daniel's inimitable readings, both humorous and thought provoking, gave proper balance.

Sunday was a busy day, albeit a happy, gracious one. Brother Bedford had it planned to make the fullest use of all. At the Hess Roads morning service the orchestra led in song and rendered fitting music. Professor Hester spoke on "The Heritage of Houghton," Mr. Hubbard presented the Life-Support Union, and Pastor Bedford seconded the efforts and proposed to wage a follow-up campaign during the ensuing ten days till every one had done his duty. The afternoon service at the Union Chapel Ridge Church met with much appreciation, so much so that the Orchestra was solicited and persuaded to give a special program there on Monday evening. Sunday evening we held service at Brother Bedford's missionary appointment in Appleton. Every service was well attended. A number of old Houghton students live on the Hess Roads work. Several are now attending Houghton. If the interest and enthusiasm are indicative of anything there will be still more to follow.

All this little experience points an inference or two. First, there is no advertisement of Houghton Seminary equal to the exhibition of the actual work of the students in community and church centers. Would Houghton double her student body? Here is a method worth considering and acting upon. Second, if the Wesleyan church is to grow, as she must if she is really to live, it is imperative that she have pastors who are sympathetically aggressive, who are in touch with world conditions, who are students of every phase of life in the communities where they live and labor, who will not hesitate to make use of every legitimate means of forwarding the truth, pastors who are real leaders in community betterment, not simply for the sake of a church organization, but for the sake of the kingdom of God. It is a hopeful sign that the number of such pastors is increasing. Among them is Pastor Bedford. Not a few of us can take lessons from him with profit. In three years the Sunday School has increased over 500 per cent. The

church attendance has likewise increased and vital godliness has deepened. Not content to hug a single appointment he has gone into surrounding neighborhoods and added others, and is on the lookout for more. How is it all accomplished? By no sacrifice of principle indeed, but by sympathetic aggressiveness, careful study, cooperative work, and large faith. God give the world more such.

H. H. H.

Christmas Travel.

How it snows! and the ground is covered with four inches of slush. Just my luck, it always rains or snows when I want to go anywhere. What's that—the train whistle? Why, no wonder, my watch has stopped, and I shall surely miss that train. Oh dear, this suitcase weighs a ton, and then—my rubber has come off. I haven't time to put it back on or I'll be late, so I'll carry it in my hand. The umbrella doesn't do a bit of good, and it's an awful nuisance. There's no use talking, I'll kill myself if I run another step—and I can't catch the thing anyway. Well if this doesn't beat all, it's a freight. I knew I'd have to wait at least an hour. One could almost catch last night's train by hurrying a little in the morning. Now if I haven't done it! sunk in water above my ankle—the boot without the rubber on, too. Guess I may as well put the rubber on now, it won't any more than keep the water.

Hey there, are you the station agent? Is the train late? What—thirty minutes, and here I've run about a mile just to be on time! That leaves only twenty minutes to make connections at Portage. I suppose I may as well take it easy though.

Oh horrors! if I haven't forgotten my pocketbook! Or is it in my suitcase? Dear me, I shall surely be dead if this keeps up! Just look at those clothes spill out on the dirty station floor—that clean lace too. Yes, now I remember, I put my money at the very bottom of the whole business. What! you don't mean to say the train is coming already? For goodness sakes, somebody help me stuff these things back in! Here agent, give me a ticket to Portage, quick!

There, at last I'm started home. Perhaps I can get a little nap while I'm riding—don't believe I've slept three winks in the last two days. How this old car jolts! It's enough to drive one mad. Hey conductor, can't you make this car run smoother? A lumber wagon would be perfection itself beside this instrument

of torture. Be calm, did you say? I've a good mind to call a policeman this minute and have you in the lockup where you belong, for once. Oh, what a bump! It's a wonder I didn't have both eyes put out on that hatpin sticking about a rod out of that old frazzled hat in the next seat!

Oh, the train has stopped, has it? Well, why didn't you say so before instead of standing there like a grinning monkey just freed from its senses? These conductors—but what's that stage driver saying? I can't get across the river to make connections with the Erie? I declare if it wouldn't be a blessing if all these fool men were drowned! And to think of having to pay fifty cents for a room to rest in, in that stuffy old hotel! I shall surely go crazy one of these days!

Ray Russell.

A Bird's-Eye Sketch of Ho'ton.

Dietrich Knickerbocker, Resurrected.

[This article cannot be identified except for the following facts: Last week sometime, to the astonishment of the Freshman Star staff a stranger, dressed in an old, weather-beaten coat and a cocked hat, wearily made his way to the campus, securing lodging at an out-of-the-way old cabin in this vicinity. Aside from an occasional meandering trip just about twilight and noontimes at the boarding hall, nobody ever saw him. His appearance was all the more unusual by his carrying a bundle tied in a red bandana handkerchief.

After a three days pilgrimage here he departed for regions unknown as mysteriously as he came. The next morning the following article was found attached by a shoestring to the door knob of the Star office. With it was a note merely stating that proceeds from this manuscript might go to make up the deficit on his already overdue board bill.]

The city of Houghton, with its broad boulevards, beautiful parks, restaurants department stores called corporations electric cars and taxicab service, is located on a meandering planet of the Solar System called Earth. Perhaps to the mortals who are wont to dwell on its domain, its unusualities are scarcely noticeable; but this can hardly be said of one, as myself, who makes a happenstantial visit.

Said city of Houghton is the metropolis and Mecca of those who wish to develop mental astonishment by educational intellectuality. It is the seat of a university where brains and reason are obtained on the installment plan by a system of

assignments and teachers.

Also I casually noticed that a new structure was in the process of erection. It seemed strange that arbitrarily the inhabitants of the city of Houghton should call this structure "Jim" even before its christening and dedication. But such proved to be the case and there are many cases in the city of Houghton, with court cases galore. Some cases are made to hold matches. Other cases are so fragile that they break easily and pieces therefrom derived are "swapped" with other pieces of like circumstance, and so the endless chain goes.

Perhaps next it is wise to tell the form of government. I decided it was theocratic and democratic with considerable Prohibition added. The judicial, legislative and executive bodies are one, namely a parliament whose sessions meet once a week in the President's office.

This parliament makes laws governing the court house which has its sessions Saturday nights in the parlor of the ladies' dormitory. I was rather surprised when I discovered that their law books were Sears and Roebuck catalogs, but I discovered that these were necessary for looking up values for the Matchmaking Association, Ltd., which occasionally becomes time worn and needs upper story repairs. Also I noticed to the great satisfaction of my sense of propriety that the Supreme Court judge whose name was Deene always carried with her a thermometer with which she gaged speed and accuracy limits at half mile rates, also intermittently served generous and just desserts, dates and peaches.

Although aristocracy was never very much in evidence, still the population fell into certain sets. There was a musica set in whom were concentrated joviality and whose heart interest affairs sometimes were complicated, sometimes simple. Nevertheless there were always heart interest affairs in the musical set. Next there was a literary set, considerably more serious, though their chief occupation was playing with Stars. Ordinarily to them heart interest affairs were decidedly in the background. Besides these there was a scientific set and a prohibition set, each possessing its own idiosyncrasies. And too, there was a set who worked while another set dreamed, a set who bossed, a set who obeyed and a set who refused to obey naught but conscience and school ruling.

While at the city of Houghton, I learned that several things which had promised to be remarkable suddenly lost their

identity. Among these was a certain Song Contest which disappeared. Some say that one young nobleman, who had bravely agitated it, was so bitterly disappointed in its disappearance that he went to Kentucky to find it, but was unsuccessful. Others say, and this opinion seems to me most plausible, that said Song Contest eloped with one of the girls of the College Senior Class, Miss Non-entity.

But to conclude my account of the city of Houghton, I would state that it should be ex hilariously glad for everything. It should be glad for its unusualities, its parliament, glad that it is typical humanity in a nutshell. It should be glad its abode is on a meandering planet of the Solar System called Earth.

Yours devotedly,

Detrich Knickerbocker, Resurrected.

P. S. [I left for the South Pole yesterday, but should you seek further particulars, address me in Mars.]

Just before this Star went to Press, we received the following wireless telegram in fiery haste:

Mars, Jan. 13. '17.

Hail Houghtonites;

The planet of Mars is very much agitated over an eclipse on the sun. It's fearful! With my telescope I searched earth and found that the reason is the pinkish green headgear worn by a certain set on Earth at Houghton. I have noticed that certain colleges compel under classmen to reveal their indignity thus prominently by class hats and I have concluded that this is the case. Sounds of this set raving their resentment in disgust come to my ears. Mars is very much agitated and I pity them.

D. Knickerbocker, your Friend.

The National Convention of the I.P.A.

Never in the history of the Prohibition movement has there been such a demonstration of anti-liquor inthusiasism as was shown at the National Convention of the I.P.A. at Lexington, Kentucky, Dec. 28-31. Here 700 of the cream of college men and women from twenty-five states in the Union met to discuss this all important question - the destruction of the liquor traffic. It was the privilege of Houghton Seminary to be represented at this great convention by four of her sons - Claude Ries, Clarence Barnett, Harold Luckey, and George Hubbard.

To listen to such inspiring messages as

those by Wm. Jennings Bryan. Ex-Gov. Foss, Dr. Ira Landriths George Irving, Prof. Charles Scanlon and many other prominent men, who are in the fight for National Prohibition, was a privilege indeed. To make the trip to Lexington and enjoy the pleasant weather of the Southland for a while was a pleasure not soon to be forgotten by any who attended the convention. For indeed it was a pleasant surprise to leave a land covered with snow and to wake up in a country which, to all appearances, had the appearance of late autumn.

The theme of the convention was: "Answering the Challenge of the National Prohibition Movement". It was answered from the Economic and Scientific sides by such men as Dr. Winfield Scott. Hall, of the Northwestern Medical School, Ex-Gov Foss, of Mass., and a paper by Charles Stelzle, Consulting Sociologist of New York. The answer of the city to the great challenge was ably represented by "Fighting Parson" Williams of Chicago. Virgil Hinshaw, National chairman of the Prohibition party, gave the answer of this party. In fact every phase of American life and industry brought its answer to this challenge. No more inspiring speeches have ever been made on this vital problem of the liquor traffic than were made at this great Student convention. Time and space will not permit us to go into details. Be it sufficient to say that it stands out preeminently the greatest and best of its kind ever held in America.

We must not overlook the Oratorical Contest in which orators from every part of the United States took part. Each had won his local, State and Inter-State contest and it was the survival of the fittest that held us spellbound for over two hours while we listened to such oratory as as we had never heard before. The enthusiasm of the convention reached its highest point on this night. College yells, songs, whistling concerts, in which the north answered the challenge of "Dixie" with "Yankee Doodle", in fact everything that could be classed under the name of "pep" was in evidence.

Our trip home was very interesting. At Ashley and Africa, Ohio, we held two meetings in the interests of our school in which we raised over fifty dollars in contributions and pledges to the L. S. U. Of course we had some amusing experiences, such as when one of our number, in selecting his food at a Cafeteria, spied a large, round, delicious looking article. "Give me one of those buns," he ordered

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Associate Editor Ray Russell, '20
Organizations Fidelia Warburton, '20
Exchanges Harold Luckey, '20
Athletics Everett Lapham, '20
Campus June Bolles, '20
In Lighter Vein Helen Sicard, '20
Business Manager Warren Jones, '20

Editorial

Houghtonism

The New Year has descended upon a world of marvel and confusion, a world in a crisis different than time in its cycle of centuries has ever before witnessed. The fifteen days nine een seventeen has held sway has been long enough to discover that underneath the mask earth wears is actuality gallant, yet unthinkable.

All Europe, from the Russo-Rumanian front to the scene of Verdun hostilities, is apparently haughty and awe-inspiring; battle line upon battle line, attack and counter attack, millions implicitly submissive to the mockery of fate. But in reality Europe is tired of the game, heart broken, shattered by bombs and machine guns, impelled by hate and domineered by thirst for revenge. War is tyrant of Europe and war is killing Europe.

On the other side of the globe from us is a tropical land blest with the richest of God's natural blessings, wealth of native resources great enough to make it the Utopia of the world if—if ignorance did not domineer, if heathen night did not reign. Superstition is monarch of India and superstition is killing India. In like manner Africa, Syria, China, Japan, Korea, South America and even hundreds in our own homeland are pitifully calling for the gospel and the emancipation proclamation of salvation. But the darkness is great and the torch bearers few.

The world is needy, desolate, dissatis-

fied. Each throb of the heart of humanity would reveal an aching void that is of itself insatiable. They would fly to the One who said, "Come unto Me," if they knew the way, if they were not blinded by self and sin, if somebody cared enough to tell them there's a Christ who cares.

But out of the darkness of world terror there flashes a light of hope, it grows and reveals the portent of an illuminated "city set on a hill." It cannot be hid. And from its pinnacle a torch bearer comes with sure footstep over craig and marshland, over land and sea, until at last the shore line of Africa appears. But see! In the wake of the first two more come and India is their destination. A short time passes. Another torch bearer, still another, three more and still they come! Exultantly they answer the cry of sin fettered earth, bravely they fight the good fight and they conquer if conquering means death.

"Tell me," you say, "whence come the torch bearers? What illumined citadel sends them forth?" Listen. There's an anthem pealing forth from that stronghold.

"Honored lives for thee have fallen,
 Hearts that broke and bled,
 Have been wrung thy Cause to prosper
 And thy Light to shed."

"Houghton!" you whisper, "Our own Houghton!" Then realization comes that all is true, that the glory of Houghton's citadel has been torch bearing, that her mission has been taking the Light and sending the Light.

Has been? But this is a New Year, this is the eternal NOW. Shall the citadel send forth no more torch bearers? The world is desolate, dissatisfied, dying. Has the certainty that the past has done its duty shifted the responsibility of the present? And the Houghton of nineteen seventeen answers that her missionary spirit still exists, that the old land marks shall not be moved, that the standard shall be held just as high as those before us have held it. Houghton Seminary has given more than others who have given millions. She has given youth, vitality, character; she still has noble young manhood and substantial young womanhood as eager to become a part of Houghton's gift as were our predecessors. We cannot achieve as much as did they unless we achieve more, for we do not have the same trail to blaze as did they, and their experience points out the race track for us to follow and the goal, that with eagle eye they marked, for us to win.

We must play the great part of a great

school whether we choose to do so or not. We are being watched, we are being imitated. As we go, so go others who will make their decision by our precept and will pattern their future by the governing force of our counsel. Educate for service, prepare for the evange age; no matter what your station in life may be, carry the banner of Houghton to the world. Out of it all a new word will be coined. On the horizon of New Years to come "Houghtonism" will appear blazoned for time and eternity.

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

1. That if everybody in Houghton were just like YOU our school would be different (to say the least)?
 2. That half of Houghton can't make out why the other half has the blues?
 3. That the person you're making fun of is more than likely making fun of you?
 4. That gossip and truth never keep company very long?
 5. That every time you go to sleep in church you lose something worth while?
 6. That somebody is looking to YOU and the fate of somebody's eternity perhaps depends on you?
- How about it? Did you ever stop to think?

Do We Appreciate Them?

How hard it is for us to fully appreciate the benefits to which we are accustomed! Yet, were we deprived of these benefits we would soon realize the extent of our indebtedness to others for our advantages.

Let us consider a few concrete examples in Houghton. Think of our school deprived of President Luckey. Could anyone quite fill the gap which would be caused by his withdrawal from service? Hardly, if we consider the old students who have learned to know him. And how should we get along without the Matron in the Dormitory? It is possible that, after a long search, someone might be found who could equal her efficiency; but what can ever take the place of her interest in and solitious care for those under her supervision? "Others" has been Miss Grange's motto, we would guess.

Suppose we enter the school some morning, and it is as cold inside as out. How we wish for our brave little janitor! His gentle cheerfulness has served us in a thousand ways. Without Mr. Elliott—well, let us pass on.

Our library is indispensable. Where else would we get our news and information on all topics? As we study in the li-

brary, we feel a sense of security, just because we see so much knowledge about us within hand's reach.

Can we learn to appreciate them? Then let's do it.

R. R.

Prayer Circles.

For some time back the college girls' circle has been studying the lives of early Christians. Its value has been the new insight into the great sufferings that were undergone for Christ and Christianity. The meeting of Friday, Jan. 2, proved one of the most interesting of the year since the girls became quite enthusiastic over discussing questions from the anticipated question box.

In other circles discussion fully as interesting was carried on. A systematic schedule and preparation beforehand helps make the circles vitally worth while to the young people who attend.

Seniors Are Entertained.

Even as of old the Pilgrims journeyed to their Mecca, so Saturday evening, January 6, the Prep. Seniors traveled to the home of Suessa Dart. Their object was to cultivate the social grace which we are told by the "Powers that Be" among our Faculty, tends to make us more accomplished men and women.

Forgetting for the evening their dignity, the grave and revered Seniors romped like children. They played games—goodness yes!—and made taffy. Then out in the clear moonlight under the sparkling stars they gave Senior yells with much enthusiasm and display of lung power.

Urged homeward by the unbreakable and unquenchable commands of their chaperon, Mrs. Bowen, the class all agreed that never before had an evening been so jolly and that if the rest of the school would see something interesting and worth while, they would watch the Seniors of Seventeen.

V. E. S.

What Next for Athletics?

When a college or university has as large a percentage as half of its students in some form of outdoor sports, it has done a great deal toward overcoming the usually present difficulty of having only a handful of men engaging in major sports and the rest of the student body taking no kind of physical exercise. That is what Houghton has done during the past semester, and in the near future, with its

gymnasium as a center for outdoor athletics rather than a place for indoor drill, further steps will be taken toward accomplishing the worthy aim of "athletics for every student enrolled."

Keeping a large number of students engaged in some form of regular exercise has always been a problem for most of our universities. In American Colleges it appears that athletics are utilized by a very small proportion of the students, those who are in the football, track and baseball squads or in competition for some other regular team.

The late Doctor Crane once expressed himself as follows with regard to school life at Houghton, "A spectacle such as I have never seen; a whole school at open air play, not forced gymnastics but spontaneous movement for the joy of movement. The sunny plain, the woods and the hillsides seemed alive with people, old and young, youths and maidens, each group with its appropriate part to play, each person with all his facilities engaged."

Houghton has awakened to the opportunity for year round sports and in the planning for her new gymnasium, displayed her new policy. The plans call for more than ample facilities for shower and locker rooms for the convenience of all students "at play" on the campus.

Such athletics have a broader significance than perhaps at first is evident. They go to make up a vital part of well balanced education, how to walk properly, how to care for our physical beings, even how to sleep, how to eat and how to take advantage of the value of the one constant aim to get the student into the fresh air.

It is very possible that if the "gym" classes are formed this winter that next spring they will be drilled on the campus instead of in the gym. So let everybody exercise daily and be in the fresh air as much as possible.

Everett Lapham, '20.

Organizations

At the Athenian.

Musical Number.

The meeting of the Athenian Friday evening, January 5, proved to be very pleasing and instructive to all who were in attendance.

Mrs. Hester sang two beautiful solos, an "Indian Cradle Song," and "I Wonder if Ever the Rose."

Miss Carrie Coleman told us of the ear-

ly life of Ludwig van Beethoven and of his life long devotion to his work, which resulted in his giving to the world his wonderful sonatas.

The life and work of Anton Rubinstein was ably presented by Miss Rosa Crosby. He was of Jewish descent. He spent much of his effort in trying to raise the standard of Russian music.

Miss Grayce Steese told us of Cecile Chaminde. Of her it was said, "This is not a woman who composes but a composer who happens to be a woman." Her songs are the productions that have made her famous, although she has composed many beautiful piano and orchestral pieces as well.

At the close of the program, the following officers were elected for the next semester: President, Harold Lee; Vice-President, Warren Jones; Secretary, Carrie Coleman; Treasurer, Earl Barrett.

Neosophic Notes.

Was the Neosophic society meeting of Jan. 5 interesting? Well, I guess so! Everyone seemed to be still enjoying the holiday spirit.

Miss Bryner favored us with the instrumental solo, "To a Wild Rose." This was, of course, fine.

Several of the boys made short speeches on "The Most Interesting Feature of My Vacation."

Mr. Wilcox said the feature that seemed most interesting to him was when he, with the aid of Robert Haynes, cut down a large coon tree. Sad to relate, it contained no coon.

Mr. Long recited the interesting events connected with his and Mr. Hubbard's journey to some Christmas program which was let out just as they arrived. But he stated that these were superficial, the thing of real interest was the series of revival meetings he conducted.

Mr. Miner seemed impressed by the good time he had at the Faculty Kid's entertainment and the Faculty's Christmas dinner.

Upon urgent request Mr. Hill told how very much he enjoyed his vacation. I almost think it was at Horseheads.

Mr. Walrath, too, mentioned the second most important feature to him, the New Year's Turkey. "You know the first," he said.

Miss Butterfield read a recipe for a Happy New Year, which would benefit everyone, if followed.

L. E. B., Prep, '17.

Important Announcement.

The next issue of The Star will be the special magazine issue which we have announced as appearing at the close of the semester. Plans are now well under way. But owing to the large extra cost of this number we cannot afford to send it to any whose subscriptions have expired. To all who receive a renewal blank in this issue we would say, if you wish to receive a copy of this fine number your renewal must reach us by January 31.

WE MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT ON
THE FOLLOWING GOODS

Ladies' Fine SHOES

"Queen Quality"

House Furnishings

Rugs
Carpets
Linoleums
Lace Curtains
and Draperies

JOHN H. HOWDEN

FILLMORE, N. Y.

Continued from page 3.

in a loud voice, pointing toward the desired food. "But they aren't buns," retorted the waiter, "they're dumplings!" It was also our pleasure to see the opening sessions of both houses of the Ohio legislature! But lo, no sooner had we entered than they adjourned!

I am sure that I express the sentiment of every one who made the trip when I say that our trip to Lexington was one of the most enjoyable Christmas vacations we have ever spent.

George Hubbard, '18.

Our Freshman Class.

If verdure means ardor
And greenness means grit,
Then Freshmen mean business—
We'll say that's just it.

Ching, Chang, Chick
Rika, Sticka, Rill,
Booma whack, Jap-a-lack.
Tricka Licka Trill!
On their heads or on their feet
College Freshmen can't be beat!
Hear them! Cheer them! Who? Who?
Then!
Nineteen Twenty! Houghton Sem!
Bickaricka, Chickaricka, Bang! Bang!
Bang!
Houghton Seminary Freshman Gang!
Bingo! Bangity! Pep and pepper plenty!
Houghton! Houghton! Nineteen twenty!

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You Can

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Locals

Miss Dorothy Peck spent a part of her vacation in Eagle Harbor as the guest of Miss Ruth Readett. Miss Readett returned with her and spent several days visiting friends here in town.

Guy Miller was the guest of friends in Canada during vacation.

We are glad to welcome Miss Beulah Orrell, of Akron, Ohio, to Houghton Seminary. Miss Orrell is a sister-in-law of Rev. Ford McLeister.

Miss Norah Riggall, our elocution teacher, is ill, having undergone a very serious operation during vacation and is not expected back for several weeks. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

We are told that Mr. Markell was disappointed, upon reaching home, to find that his brother would not join the ranks with him. But what would Houghton do without Mr. Markell?

Miss Mary Polahar spent vacation with friends in Forestville.

Mr. Lawrence Hill was at Horseheads for Christmas.

Miss Gratia Bullock visited in Cattaraugus during vacation.

The people who remained on the campus for Christmas and vacation report a scrumptious time at a party given them by the "Faculty Kids", at the close of school.

Mr. Robert Kaufman was the guest of Mr. Lawrence Woods, Christmas.

Surely the smiling faces of our delegates, just returned from Lexington are more than pay for the small effort we put forth to help send them. We are confident of a good report of the convention and we think they have proved their ability to help themselves, especially when the Dean accompanies them.

From recent reports from Miss Victoria Post, she will soon be with us again.

Many of the student body spent their vacation at home and each one has brought back a most pleasing report of a jolly time.

Miss Grange spent part of her vacation in Buffalo, N. Y. and part in Wheaton, Ill. with her five brothers. She reports that she had a most delightful visit.

Mr. Harry Meeker has not yet returned from his vacation. From the report we have heard it appears that his vacation did not contain all joy as he underwent an operation. We hope to see his smiling face in our midst before long.

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When in Need Come and See Us. We will Please You

The birthday party held at Rev. Coleman's home the evening of January 2 was enjoyed immensely by all the young people present. It was the occasion of a double birthday of two of our Freshman College students, Miss Carrie Coleman and Mr. Warren Jones.

Mr. Clair Dart, who is now a student in Oberlin College, spent Christmas vacation with his parents at Houghton.

Mr. Earl Barrett visited Cuba and Friendship during vacation.

Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Fero, of Falconer, N. Y., have moved to Houghton. We are glad to welcome them in our midst.

Mr. Charles Burgess spent a few days in Houghton. He has just returned to Indiana where he will continue his work of surveying.

Mr. Floyd Washborn spent Christmas at Levant, N. Y. at the home of Rev. Chas. Sicard.

J. R. B.

Exchanges

The Houghton Star very gladly acknowledges the following exchanges: "The Dynamo," Newton Technical H. S.; Newtonville, Mass.; "The Everett High Clarion," Everett H. S., Everett, Mass.; "The Normal Leader," Fredonia Normal and H. S., Fredonia, N. Y.; "M. H. S. Life," Montrose H. S., Montrose, Pa.; "The Voice," Lawrence H. S., Falmouth, Mass.; "Wesleyan Methodist," Syracuse, N. Y.; "Cloyne Magazine," Cloyne H. S., Newport, R. I.; "Central Literary Data," Huntington College, Ubee, Ind.; "Northern Allegany Observer," Fillmore, N. Y.; "The Cuba Patriot," Cuba, N. Y.; "The Apokeepsian," Poughkeepsie H. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; "The Vista," Greenville College, Greenville, Ill.; "The Student," Rochester Catholic H. S., Rochester, N. Y.; "Echoes," Practical Bible Training School Bible School Park, N. Y.; "Our Dumb Animals," Boston, Mass.; "Awgwan," University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.; "The Pioneer," Reading H. S., Reading, Mass.; "Heart and Life Bulletin," Chicago Evangelistic Institute, Chicago, Ill.; "College Monitor," Miltonvale Wesleyan College, Miltonvale, Kansas; "The Cazenovian," Cazenovia Seminary, Cazenovia, N. Y.; "Wheaton College Record," Student Publishing Association, Wheaton, Ill.

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In Lighter Vein

Junie had a little lamb,
Meek and gentle too;
And everything that Junie bade
The lamb was sure to do.

What makes the lamb mind Junie so,
And sing each pretty tune?
Obedience is easy on
A rare, fair day with June!

Why some students drop out of school:
The Senior—Long lessons, no bed;
Brain fever—he's dead.

The Junior—Love smitten, hope fled;
Heart broken—he's dead.

The Soph—Conceited, swell head;
Burst cranium—he's dead.

The Freshie—Milk famine, not fed;
Starvation—he's dead.

Douglass (in Ancient History) talking
of solar and lunar years—"Why don't we
add one more day on to February and
have thirty days in the month?"

Harvey Miner—"No! That would never
do! We wouldn't have any leap year
then."

Prof. H.—"How does the moon look to
you?"

Mr. Warburton—"There's quite a difference
in the way the moon looks to me
now from what it used to."

Athenian—"Have you a minute to
spare?"

Neosoph—"I guess so."

Athenian—"Tell me all you know."

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