

E. Stephens

The Houghton Star

April, 1916



Volume VIII

Number 7

"A Voice From Prison"

By RAYMOND VOGEL.

As I sit here alone, in my chamber of stone,
Of the bygone days I think;
When hearts were true, and sorrows were few,
And I knew not the taste of drink.

Now, forsaken by all, due to my downfall
From the paths of righteousness;
I stop and think, how the curse of drink,
Has marred all my happiness.

Could I picture to you, with words that are true,
The misery I have seen here;
Sorrows and tears, the weeping and fears,
Caused by a drunkard's career.

Homes unjustly slighted, lives wrongfully blighted,
Children have suffered the pain;
Goodness vanished, and morals banished,
And all self-respect has been slain.

A way must be paved, and the wayward saved;
The fight has just begun.
Ah! think of the cost, and the millions lost,
Upon the bad ship, "Rum."

Won't you extend a hand, and aid free our land,
Of this curse, lurking about?
If we all work together, we'll soon free the fetters,
And drive the poison out.

[Received by one of the staff from Dannemora Prison.]

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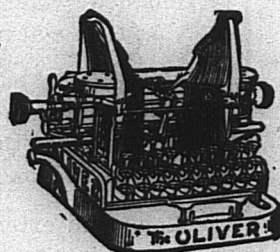
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A Solution

(First Prize Oration.)

Carroll C. Daniels.

There are two great questions that confront us today when we start to do Prohibition work: "Why do we want Prohibition?" and "How are we to obtain it?"

We want Prohibition because, as a Christian nation, we are interested in better morals, in human lives and in human souls. It is not necessary to tell of the degradation, sin and degeneration of which liquor is the parent; it can be seen on every side; life is full of examples. Then we want Prohibition because, as an intellectual and progressive nation, we see the great economic loss to our country both in money and in the loss of efficiency in our citizens. Look for a moment at government statistics, use your power of reasoning, and you cannot help but be convinced. In the last place, we want Prohibition because, as American citizens, we wish to stand by the constitution and the principles on which our nation was founded. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," says the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness—that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter it or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its

powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness." If the government is instituted to secure the rights of Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness to its people has it a right to allow the saloon to destroy these very rights? Does not liquor destroy Life? Does not the White Slave Trade destroy Liberty? Do not these, together with broken homes, defective children and blighted lives, destroy Happiness? If liquor in any way interferes with the rights of Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness, we are, as a nation, in honor bound to either kill it or destroy our ideas and the standards which our country raised at its birth.

It is unnecessary to go farther into this question of "why we want Prohibition." To the man who studies and thinks on this question and even to the casual observer the answer is too self-evident. It would be superficial to tell of the horrors of liquor, of the broken hearts, of the blasted homes and of the ruined lives. We have heard such things until our minds and hearts were in a fever to do something, and then the questions would come, "How is this thing to be settled?" "What course of action is right?" or "How are we to obtain Prohibition?"

We thought a few years ago that we could fight alcoholism with religion, we thought we could fight it with education; today we have seen our mistake. The liquor business is not entrenched in our schools and churches, and so religion and education can be used only as long-range guns in its destruction. If we would wage a decisive war which will drive it forever from our land, we must strike it where it is entrenched, and that place is in politics.

In dealing with this as a political question it is necessary first to decide whether this is a question for the states or for the nation. In his message to congress on July 4, 1861, Lincoln says: "Whatever concerns the whole, should be confined to the whole—to the general government. Whatever concerns only the state, should be left exclusively to the state." Now if this question does not concern the United States as a whole, nothing does. We must have one standard of morals for the entire country. Lottery, Polygamy and Slavery had to be settled by the nation as a whole, and certainly the liquor problem is of as much national importance as any of these. Then, too, State Prohibition is not very satisfactory when considered from the national point of view, although it is fine for the state. With 75% of the territory of the United States and 50% of its people under prohibition law, the total consumption of liquor in 1914 was the greatest it has ever been in the history of the country, and for 1915 it was but little less. We tell how we are making the map all white, while in reality we are only whitewashing it. Considered from the standpoint of offering a real solution of the problem, that is, decreasing the consumption of liquor, diminishing its corrupting power and separating it from our politics and government, anything less than National Prohibition is a failure.

Now if we resolve this question into a national issue, there are two great ways of procedure open.

1. Constitutional Amendment.
2. Administration and Statutory Enactment.

In order to amend the constitution it is first necessary to introduce a resolution into one or both houses of the legislature; it must pass both houses by a two-thirds majority. This means that sixty-four senators and two hundred and ninety-three representatives must vote for it, while the liquor interests need to control only thirty-three senatorial votes or one hundred forty-seven votes of representatives to defeat it. These could easily be obtained in the slum districts of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities and in the unenlightened rural districts. Then it must obtain the ratification of three-fourths of the

state legislatures, or thirty-six states must ratify, while thirteen states can defeat it. Out of over seventeen hundred proposed amendments since 1796, only seventeen have been adopted. The first ten were adopted with the constitution itself; the eleventh and twelfth met no opposition; the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth were adopted only after opposition had been stamped out by the Civil war. The sixteenth and seventeenth alone met opposition, and that only feeble and unorganized, but even then sufficient to prevent their passage for almost forty years, and until they had been endorsed in the platform of every national political party. In fact National Prohibition by constitutional amendment is, if not impossible, at least highly improbable.

Prohibition by Administration and Statutory Enactment must then be the solution. Now it is not feasible to reform the parties now in power. The Democratic, Progressive, and Republican parties are all backed by liquor men. A great amount of the campaign funds of each of these parties is furnished by the liquor interests. It is clear that a party which is partly supported by liquor men cannot very well declare for Prohibition. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." A party torn by dissension is not to be feared as a political unit. It is equally clear that a man who is elected to office by one of these parties is in honor bound to serve his party and he cannot turn upon the liquor men. "No man can serve two masters." He will either be for Prohibition or he is against it. There is only one real solution; it is National Prohibition by and through a party pledged to the overthrow of this traffic.

Why should we lend our support to these old parties? What great reform have any of them championed in the last fifty years? What have they done? Quibbled over the tariff, made a couple of amendments to the constitution and passed a few laws. These are all well enough, but there are greater questions which need to be settled: National Prohibition, Woman Suffrage, better marriage and divorce laws, the Labor Question and Prison Reform are some of the questions that need an answer. Must we



THE ORATORICAL CONTESTANTS.

Standing—Clark A. Warburton, Edith H. Warburton, Carroll C. Daniels.
Sitting—George E. Hubbard, Lawrence Spencer, Nimrod K. Long.

always cling to a party for the good it has done? The Republican party was formed on the slavery issue and was the instrument, in God's hands, of abolishing slavery, but it has passed the useful state now and is simply living on its reputation. American efficiency demands that when a party has ceased to serve its country it shall be supplanted by a party that will serve it.

The Prohibition Party today is the only political party that dares to stand for National Prohibition. It has for years been misunderstood. It stands for free government, for the federal constitution; it is not a church party nor does it seek to reform the church. Catholic, Protestant and Jew meet on exactly the same ground. The Prohibition Party is simply a political party pledged to abolish the liquor business; not necessarily because of "hate" for the traffic, not necessarily because of the right or wrong of the

question, but because it is necessary for the best interests of the country.

On this ground every American citizen who stands for the progress of his country can join and fight in the common cause, not because of emotion, of political prejudice, of personal motives, but fighting because they are Americans, and being Americans they are interested in better government, cleaner politics, more economic relations, conservation of human life and mentality, and in the general advancement of their country.

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Never to tire; never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always—this is duty.

Lincoln, Liquor and Liberty

(Second Prize Oration.)

Clark A. Warburton.

Freedom is the keynote of the world's progress. The stages of the world's development are its victories in the eternal struggle for liberty. Emancipation is the great central theme of history. Every race and every age has its slavery which it must conquer and destroy. America has been no exception to these principles. In fact, she has had one supreme conflict in the cause of liberty for each century of her history. The seventeenth century witnessed the achievement of religious freedom—the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience. The eighteenth century ushered in political freedom—the right of self-government. The nineteenth century brought forth social freedom—the abolition of human slavery.

The twentieth century, likewise, has a slavery to overcome, a battle to fight in this never-ending warfare. That slavery is the liquor traffic; that battle is in behalf of moral freedom. The battle cry for this struggle was sounded fifty years ago by the greatest man that our country has produced, by the one who led to victory the forces against human slavery, by the greatest statesman of America, Abraham Lincoln. On April 14, 1865, Lincoln said: "Slavery is abolished. After reconstruction, the next great problem will be the overthrow and suppression of the legalized liquor traffic, and you know my head and my heart, my hand and my purse, will go into this conflict for victory. In 1842, less than a quarter of a century ago, I predicted that the day would come when there would be neither a slave nor a drunkard in the land. I have lived to see one prediction fulfilled. I hope to live to see the other." That very evening Lincoln was struck by the assassin's bullet; that night the liquor forces gained a victory that they still enjoy. After half a century, that which Lincoln hoped to see has not yet come to pass.

This audience does not need to be told that the liquor traffic is wrong.

You know that it is a nefarious business, that it is a stigma on our civilization and our country. You know the misery and suffering that it brings, the sorrows and heartaches that it causes, the crimes and murders that it incites, and the multitude of lives into which it injects degradation and impurity. You know that it changes loving fathers into brutes, that it changes young men into fiends and murderers, that it changes pure, beautiful girls into shameful wretches. Call before you in review those who have been vitally injured by liquor during the past year. Lying here you see the bodies of a hundred thousand men who have gone down to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. Here, ready to take their places under the lash of the merciless taskmaster, see a hundred thousand boys and young men who a year ago were noble and upright, but now are on the way to ruin and debauchery. A little farther on behold seventy-five thousand inmates of insane asylums. Look—if you can bear the sight—into their wildly rolling eyes, the light of reason gone forever. Over yonder see the despair, the furtive looks, the misery in the faces of three hundred thousand inmates of our jails and penitentiaries, placed there for the crimes which drink led them to commit. And then turn your eyes to an almost innumerable multitude, fifteen million confirmed drinkers, with their happiness destroyed, their wills weakened and their efficiency reduced. These constitute one-seventh of our population. Think of it! One person out of every seven in this enlightened republic of ours a slave to drink! Instead of being of mutual benefit to the rest of the people, these fifteen millions are largely dependent upon them for support and tend to drag others down to their own level.

Is not such a condition as this the blackest slavery? Is it not worse than religious persecution, more baneful than political bondage, more pernicious than negro slavery? The galling fetters of these bound only the body, but this liquor monster binds the body, shatters the conscience and the will, and damns the soul. Today the liquor traffic is condemned by all departments of life. It is condemned by morality and by sociology. It is condemned by science and by the

medical world. It is condemned by the commercial and industrial world. It has been condemned by statesmanship and by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Why, then, has not this traffic been suppressed? Why has it not been exterminated? Because the politicians and leaders of the government have refused to oppose it; because the people have never demanded that it be utterly eradicated. For over half a century, the liquor traffic, through its perfect organization, has controlled politics and the government. During this time prohibition sentiment and prohibition territory have advanced, but yet the liquor traffic has enlarged its business three times as fast as the population has increased. This extension and the strengthening of the forces on both sides are unmistakable signs of a struggle which will come in the near future. In 1858 Lincoln said, "This nation cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. It will become all one thing or all the other." Today the liquor traffic sustains the same relation to the government that negro slavery did at that time. Tonight the cry is, "This nation cannot endure half wet and half dry; 'It will become all one thing or all the other.'" A mighty strife in the cause of prohibition is at hand. It is inevitable and it is imminent. Very soon the nation will be in the throes of a conflict that will mean either the total destruction of the liquor traffic or a new lease of life for another generation or another century.

Which will it be? What will be the result of the encounter? That depends on the present generation. It depends on you. What are you going to do in this affray? Do you want another generation of murdered sons? Of disgraced daughters? Of broken families? If you are true men and women, if you are lovers of humanity, strike this destroyer of home, of manhood and of womanhood! If you are patriots, strike this monster that is defaming our flag, staining the Stars and Stripes, and robbing us of our liberty! Awake from your sleep! Arouse from your dreams! Go forth to kill this demon that is enslaving our men, our women and our children! Go forth to win this battle, the most terrific of all

onslaughts in the cause of freedom:

But, you ask, how shall we strike this business? What methods and weapons shall we use? I answer, A political party. Slavery was abolished by a political party. In America all reforms come through political parties. "What we want," said Lincoln, "is for the men who think slavery wrong to quit voting with those who think it right." What we want today is for the men who think the liquor traffic wrong to quit voting with those who think it right. "Squatter sovereignty" failed to solve the slavery question. "Local option" has failed to solve the liquor question. National prohibition, administered and enforced by a national prohibition party, is the only solution of the problem.

And if the men of the present generation do not fail, if you are faithful in this engagement, victory will be yours and this land will be free from the demon of rum that has so long controlled it. In hope and in faith I can see the end of the conflict. Then will be the time of which Lincoln spoke when he said, "When the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on earth—how proud the title of that land, which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people who have planted, and nurtured to maturity, both the political and moral freedom of their species!" And then, after the smoke and dust and carnage of the combat is cleared away, the people will see the men who have won the battle, and will understand that they were victorious because they believed with Lincoln "that right makes might," and resolved with him "that this nation under God should have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth."

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The end crowns all;
And that old common arbiter, Time,
Will one day end it.

Life at Oberlin

On the assumption that all readers of the Star are first readers of the Wesleyan—which may stand in the minds of some as a fitting symbol of the mutual relation of our educational and church interests—I shall be spared the necessity of making any apology or explanation for this article. Our reporter, Mr. Hester, has told you in the Wesleyan of February 16 of our forming a Houghton club here, consisting of about 18 members, and of our purpose in so doing. He thought that you might be interested in a short report of the doings and life of Little Houghton in Greater Oberlin.

Perhaps I had first better divulge to you our real reason for organizing such a club, which did not appear in the more formal statement of our purpose, for obvious causes. Confidentially, it was like this: we had once been Houghton students together, and—well, perhaps you will understand why this expresses our true feelings better than any formal statement when you have moved up another notch. A moving spirit, of course, was necessary to start us, and old Houghton Alumni need not be informed that such a spirit could have been no other than Mr. Hester himself. With "Prof." Rindfusz acting as our president and enlivening our presence with apt epigram and witty anecdote, it would not require any impossible stretch of the imagination to believe ourselves back once more in the classrooms of the little brick building overlooking the Genesee!

With the arrival of Miss Lily the second semester as a Conservatory student, we now have representatives in every department of the college, including the Seminary. It seems almost impossible to get all of us together at the same time so that we can count ourselves; but it goes without saying that we have the largest aggregation that has ever been here at any one time. Things that go without saying are generally better left unsaid; but my point is that we hope future records will totally eclipse those we have set. For it goes without saying again, now that the trail has been blazed and the precedent es-

tablished, that no Houghton student who has finished his Freshman college year will ever rest satisfied until he has reached the very topmost rung of the ladder. We believe that our degrees are invaluable, even if we could never realize a cent on them, because of what they represent; and we are all agreed that Oberlin is the best place to go for them, at least the first year out of Houghton. There is not one of us but loves Oberlin; we have somehow seemed at home here from the very start. The only regret seems to be that we could not have been here longer. In fact, we do not feel that it is disloyal to Houghton, but would ultimately be to her advantage, for us to recommend that students come here from Houghton for their Junior and Senior years, instead of only the latter. We find it almost impossible to get the work we want and come in contact with the strongest men, and to get into the Oberlin spirit in only one short year. We would be very glad to correspond with anyone contemplating coming here next year or in the near future, and give them the benefit of our experience.

My head is full of nothing but the Raymond Robbins meetings during the week of prayer which has just closed. One of the great disadvantages of the indiscriminate and lavish praise of second-rate men is that one has nothing left to say when a man of first-rate importance comes along. Perhaps it does not seem to matter much, for such an event is extremely rare, but just now I would give anything if I could only make you feel in a small measure what I feel so unspeakably. You have never before heard of the name of Raymond Robbins probably—and neither had I—but that does not signify. It is the man himself that always counts, and would it mean anything to you at all if I said that he was the most remarkable man I have ever heard—one of the very few living men I have placed among my list of youthful heroes and would follow blindly upon a forlorn hope, and one whose influence can never be forgotten? This is a personal reaction, but would it mean any more if I said that coldly critical, exacting Oberlin, accustomed to hearing the greatest speakers in the land, from faculty to

students, has not been so swayed and stirred for years?

Mr. Robbins holds a profound belief and conviction that the religion of Jesus Christ is the only basis for the complete solution of all problems of the world as well as of the individual. He preaches a virile, heroic type of religion that strongly appeals to real living, red-blooded men, and that challenges their highest manhood and deepest thought—an appeal and a challenge that is powerfully reinforced by a dynamic, supremely masterful personality. As he stands before you, a man among men, virile, powerful, magnetic, with the jaw and physical proportions of a born fighter and with manly strength and character writ upon every line of his face; and, as you hear those fiery, god-like words fall so eloquently from his lips and mark his compelling gestures and kindling eye, he fills your heart with an overpowering admiration almost amounting to awe, and begets within your soul the firm conviction that Jesus is the master fact of history and that Christianity is really a living vital force in the world after nineteen centuries. He unhesitatingly attributes his own success and power to an unfaltering faith and belief in God and the Bible. His interpretation of the Scriptures is vital and original. Twice he preached to a crowded chapel with tremendous power and inspiration, while one of his evening talks to men on "Mastery and Power" was well-nigh irresistible. Yet he is not a preacher, strictly speaking; he is rather an example of an intensely practical Christian in action, of a busy church member with many interests taking his part in the world's work and the festival of life even as the Master did. He belongs to the Church Militant, along with St. Paul; and believes in saving men in this world rather than out of it. He does all he can to dispel any false glamour that may surround himself, and to show that his success and power is founded on hard work and indomitable will, and the other elements I have mentioned. He is conscious of his own power and vital manhood; and yet he is absolutely sincere and without conceit. He possesses a marvelous keen mind, and one of the sanest, most perfectly balanced judgments I

have ever met, with a tremendous grasp on the fundamentals of life in this highly complex age, and a wonderful faculty for sifting essentials from non-essentials. One cannot help but feel that his work this year in the colleges of our land is an event of highest significance.

In conclusion, I would like to voice the sentiment on which we are unanimously agreed, that Oberlin is the best place on earth—except home and Houghton.

R. W. HAZELETT,
Oberlin, Ohio.

ELLEN

"A POEM OF THE WILD."
(Concluded)

Robert S. Chamberlain

So passed the weeks, and once again
the storm
Broke out in all its rage upon the sea.
All night the angry breakers lashed
the rocks,
And when the morning came there
was a ship
New-cast upon the shore. The sailors left
In groups to search the island, and
behold,
A curl of smoke above a wooded hill.
They swam the river, wandered
through the wood,
And came at last upon the cottage hid
Beneath its sheltering crown of forest
trees
And sought admittance at the door.
The maid,
Long unfamiliar with the ways of men,
Started and cried, to hear another's lips
Voicing the phrase of her own native
land,
And opened tremblingly. In the door
The seamen stood, amazed as much as
she,
But soon recovered and spoke words
of cheer,
And made them places down beside
the fire.

The maiden now recovered confidence
And said, "Whence, worthy strangers,
are you come?
Come you from England? Bring you
news from home?
Oh, tell me of the land across the sea!"
And they made haste to answer, tell-
ing how

The King was dead, and a new king
 had come,
 And tales of war and strife and tales
 of home
 And how they cast their lot upon the
 sea
 To reach a distant port, and how the
 storm
 Had beaten them and tossed them on
 the shore.
 "But get us food, I pray thee, for we
 faint
 With cold and hunger. There are ten
 beside
 Upon the isle. We mean no injury,
 And if you will but give us warmth
 and food
 The ship shall be repaired, and, with
 us, thou
 Shalt have free passage to that dis-
 tant land."
 She turned and stirred the logs upon
 the fire,
 And soon the air was laden with the
 scent
 Of venison and ears of new-parched
 corn
 Grown from a kernel washed up from
 the wreck
 In which the child had come.
 And they forgot their sorrow in their
 cheer
 And ate and drank 'till they were sat-
 isfied.

Soft broke the morn upon a quiet sea,
 When from the isle, with sails new set,
 the ship
 Turned her prow eastward o'er the
 ocean foam.
 Onward they sailed; ten days and
 nights were passed
 Upon the silent deep. The maid and
 child
 Oft turned their faces toward the East,
 where lay
 The haven of their hopes, and thought
 of all
 The days had brought, and what the
 days might bring.

But at an eventide the boy fell ill,
 And, burning in his fever, whispered
 much
 Of happy days of old and of the land
 So wonderful and bright across the
 sea,
 And tenderly did Ellen give him care;
 But all in vain, for with the morn he
 died.
 So carefully they bound him in a sail

And buried him beneath the silent sea.
 Long sat the maid alone upon the
 deck,
 Her heart too sad for weeping. To
 her mind
 Came flocks of memories intertwined
 with love
 Of child, and woods, and all created
 things
 Which God calls beautiful. She was
 at home
 Amid her flowers. Again she seemed
 to hear
 The rushing of the cataract—the birds
 Singing in harmony upon the isle.
 The morning of another day revealed
 The shadowy outlines of a distant
 shore,
 The ship drew on, and anchored, and
 its load
 Was taken off, and passengers and
 crew.
 The captain of the ship, with tender
 heart,
 Took Ellen to his cottage by the sea,
 And showed her every kindness. He
 had known
 The pangs of sorrow. Once he had
 been blessed
 With wife and child, but when he
 sailed away
 Far out to sea, a fire broke in the town,
 And both alike had perished in the
 flames.
 So now he lived alone. His house
 was known
 By all the lads around; and oft they
 came
 To sit around the fire, and hear his
 tales
 Of strange adventures met in distant
 lands,
 And storms and perils on the raging
 sea.
 The captain loved the maiden, and
 though rude
 And rough of speech, he tried to show
 his love
 By acts of kindness from an honest
 heart.
 And she made answer to his kindly
 words,
 And with a heart of gratitude she gave
 A quiet assent when he asked her
 love,
 And so upon a holiday they sought
 The country church, and there the
 rector spoke
 The words that joined them one. But
 Ellen's heart

Was far away, where winds and waters played.
 And Ellen walked no more with springy step
 Along the flowery fields. Sadly she missed
 The inarticulate murmur of the wild
 And all the fancies she had known of old.
 The roses faded in her cheeks—the gold
 Began to dim and vanish from her hair—and all
 That once had made her beautiful seemed gone.

One day the captain paused beside the bed
 And took her hand and asked her why she mourned
 And seemed to lose e'en her desire to live.
 And thus she answered: "You have been to me
 More than a brother. 'Twould indeed be joy
 To live if by my living I could give
 New joy to you. But in the wilderness
 Of yonder lonely isle I left my heart.
 Here in the busy country I have lost
 The voice of Nature, and the friends I loved
 Have gone beneath the sea—save only thou.
 I trust that God has not forgotten me,
 And that I shall upon a distant shore
 Renew again the joys that now are gone.
 Sometimes when in my dream I hear a voice
 Call "Ellen," I am all astir to go,
 But then the morning, with his cheery breath
 Woos me again to earth, and I have gone
 Thus far upon life's journey. But the hour
 Is drawing very near when we must part
 And one request I long to make of thee.
 When I am gone, carry me to the wild,
 And there amid the rude and voiceless things
 Lay me to rest. For now my love is twined
 About them and I know that they will come
 And whisper in the air above my tomb.
 And if one ask why I am gone, reply

That Nature stole my heart and I must die."
 She paused, and quietly again arose
 And gazed about her, catching on the hills
 A blush of dying sunlight. In the breeze
 The kiss of heaven fell upon her cheek
 And made it almost beautiful—a smile
 Flitted across her face and she was gone.
 But on her face the smile remained, to bless
 And beautify the dreary room of death.

Along the road that leads beyond the town
 A sad procession wound its quiet way
 To where the shades were deepest.
 There upon
 The borders of a stream they made the grave
 And laid to rest the heart that Nature loved,
 A friend of Nature and of Nature's God.
 And then they laid a boulder on the tomb
 And wrote upon it, "Here lies one who died
 Because she tired of living. She was called
 The child of Nature. She was fond of all
 Created things. And died amidst the glow
 Of dying sunset, as she wished to die."
 The brook flowed on its way with merry song,
 The birds sang ever as they did before
 Around the grave. The hoary maples dropped
 Their fairest leaves upon it, and at last
 From out the mound a tiny violet grew
 And softly nestled in the forest shade.

★ ★ ★

Paradise.

A shaded room
 An open fire
 A cozy nook,
 And my heart's desire.

Purgatory.

The self-same room
 With lights a few,
 The self-same nook
 But with ma there too.—Ex.



THE HOUGHTON STAR

HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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We are living in a day of wars and rumors of wars. Each setting sun brings forth more pungent criticism upon the heads of those who frame our present policies. Whether the ostrich, which hides his head in the sand, or the unthinking horse, which rushes blindly into battle, has either taken a justifiable course is at least questionable. Whether a nation's honor or the countless lives of its most noble sons is of more consequence to future humanity is a question of tremendous moment. Oh! that He who holds the nations in His hand might tip the balance! Indeed, preparedness is a question of vital interest today, but the ancient philosophy of "Know thyself" can be studied by both soldier and pacifist to advantage.

The great study of social science holds forth a principle and reveals an enemy within our present borders, working daily destruction greater than armies and navies can repair. Intemperance, affecting every phase of American life from politics to the public pulpit, constitutes a greater evil than

an external foe. Prudence calls for protection against that which may destroy our nation, but wisdom demands provision against a drastic foe, which, unbridled and ungoverned, will push to inevitable destruction both our nation and our nation's honor. Perhaps the greatest provision which can ever be made toward the abolition of an obnoxious evil, is bringing to bear upon that evil, the discountenance of public sentiment.

When the people of our nation are made to see that intemperance is wrong, pre-eminently because it offers nothing good, then the plea of political corruption can no longer avail. The tavern will give place to the public school, and the brewery to an industrial shop. In place of battleships will appear physical manhood of which the former can never take the place. It is indeed an amazing phenomenon that the liquor traffic, which impairs the individual, destroys the home and overthrows a nation, should still offer an opposing force to the tide of advancing civilization in the present century.

ANNUAL CONTEST

Houghton Intercollegiate Prohibition Ass'n

Friday Evening March 17, 1916

Program

Orchestra

Oration Lincoln, Liquor, and Liberty
Clark A. Warburton

Oration Heroines of Obscurity
Edith H. Warburton

Oration The Ultimatum
George E. Hubbard

Quartet
Messrs Scott, McKinley, Woods, Johnson

Oration The Skeleton in Armor
Lawrence H. Spencer

Oration A Solution
Carroll C. Daniels

Oration Prohibition Progression
Nimrod K. Long

Orchestra

Judges' Decision

ANNUAL CONTEST

Houghton Intercollegiate Prohibition Ass'n

11. Friday Evening March 12, 1910

Program

Orchestra

Oration
Clerk A. Warburton
Lincoln, Liberty, and Labor

Oration
Edith H. Warburton
Heroes of Conscience

Oration
George H. Hubbard
The Ultimatum

Quartet
Messrs Scott, McKinley, Woods, Johnson

Oration
Lawrence H. Spencer
The Skeleton in Armor

Oration
Garroll C. Daniels
A Solution

Oration
Nimrod K. Long
Prohibition Progression

Orchestra

Judges' Decision

No extensive research is necessitated to reveal the fact that alcoholic intemperance is objectionable from the individualistic standpoint. That which deranges the mind, wrecks the physical and kills the kind and generous feelings of the soul, cannot be commended by a rational being. When statistics tell us that the vast majority of men applying for admission to our military and marine service are turned away because of incapacitation by the usage of drink, methinks the very stones would cry out for the destruction of this monster to the shame of civilized man. Religion condemns intemperance because it destroys in the individual that upon which religion rests. The drunkard permits of little differentiation from the brute. His ethical conceptions suffer revolution to the extent that morality loses its significance. His mind becomes inaccurate; his hand unsteady, and the industrial world brands him as an outcast because of his inefficiency.

Intemperance destroys the home. It knocks at the door of a mansion. Once over the threshold, the flower of domestic happiness, which makes the home the most sacred of social institutions, withers and dies. Holy vows and urgent pleas are mocked and scorned by this unwelcome guest. Liberty is bound in chains; respect becomes suspicion; love turns to hatred. The mansion becomes a hovel, and heaven turns to hell. Sad the picture, and more sad still the fact that this picture becomes a reality by legal sanction, and indeed too often by the approbation of public sentiment.

Intemperance overthrows the nation. It stands outside its mighty portals and begs for admittance. When once the drawbridge of a lower standard of living is lowered across the moat of resulting inefficiency and crime, it crosses the border and thrusts its slimy fingers into every phase of national life. As a parasite it saps the very spring of life, and a nation's power dwindles to a mere name. The lofty spires and domes of massive cathedrals are lowered by its polluting hand, while a nation's honor turns to corruption and shame. The wheels of industry rattle from sad neglect, and ultimately stop. The great trade routes no longer teem with merchant vessels, for commerce now has ceased.

Devastation exists where once was reaped a golden harvest, while a degraded people strive in vain to save their nation from destruction.

Destroy the individual and the home loses its charm. Destroy the home and the foundations of a nation quake and tremble. Intemperance does both. It emptied the coffers of Rome and trampled her glory in the dust and will do the same with America unless driven from the field, as the arch fiend opposing all progress and achievement. On the other hand, when once the physical manhood of our land and the American home stand on a firm foundation, we can float the Stars and Stripes on the morning breeze and rest secure behind a nation's bulwark of patriotism and devotion. To this end we welcome the advance of a sure and mighty movement, undaunted by defeat, animated by victory, irresistible in progression and sure of its end. Its name is Prohibition. At the sound of this name the widow rejoices and the fatherless clap their hands. But the drunkard cowers in his crime and intemperance hides its wretched countenance. Indeed, it is an encouraging thought that when the demon of intemperance is buried beneath a load of prohibitive legislation and the denunciation of public sentiment that the present college world can rise to claim so large a portion of the spoils. When we read that it were as feasible to attempt to dam the Niagara River with toothpicks as to stem the tide of the present prohibition movement, we feel encouraged to believe that our nation is taking a long stride toward national preparedness. Let every American who respects manhood, his home and nation join hands with this mighty force which has for its end a higher and nobler plane of living for the American people and for all humanity.

★ ★ ★

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the following numbers of the Star. We have substituted a Faculty Number for the usual Alumni Number, and are awaiting something great. Our final number, the June issue, promises to be far the best of the present volume. We hereby urge all our readers to keep their subscriptions up to date, in order to secure the final issue.

★ ★ ★ Campus Notes ★ ★ ★

David Bunville, Theo. '18, Editor

Cartoonist At Houghton.

Mrs. Marion Ballou Fisk, the cartoonist and lecturer, drew an appreciative audience Wednesday evening, March 15. Her talk was humorous, but the greatest interest was attached to her art work, which was nothing short of wonderful. Beautiful views were drawn as by magic, the audience was held in worshipful awe. Mrs. Fisk possesses great natural ability in drawing, and while her talk is quickly forgotten, her drawing will still remain fresh in the memory of the Sem. Now just one more number on the Course—the big May festival.

★ ★ ★

COLLEGE LOCALS.

There were some merry hearts and cheerful countenances in spite of cold ears and noses on the evening of February 26, when the Freshman and Sophomore classes made their sleigh load expeditions to Belfast.

Claude Ries enjoyed a visit of over a week from his brothers Clarence and William. A spread in honor of them at Hubbard's was concluded with a toast program.

Some of the prominent men of the college department in company with some of their preparatory brethren spent an enjoyable evening at Prof. McDowell's recently. Sad to relate, one of the Sophomores got somewhat "stuck up."

Miss Russell is bound to "Romanize" the College Latin class, if possible. She has given each of the members a Latin name and she compels them to speak that language in class. Horribile dictu!

Mr. Barrett's "Star" want ad did the business. Why don't the rest of you fellows try one?

Miss Ethel Kelly gave a spread in the Dean's room on the evening of March 1 in honor of Lucy Newton and her visiting friend, Mr. Thisse.

P. E. W.

★ ★ ★

FACULTY NOTES.

Prof. Fall's mother has been ill for some time. She is now recovering.

Miss Russell spent an enjoyable

evening with Miss Paddock, Saturday, March 4, at the Ladies' Hall.

President Luckey and Prof. McDowell attended a Sunday School convention at Wellsville, N. Y., Tuesday, March 14.

Prof. McDowell left Houghton Wednesday, March 15, to attend the Allegheny conference at Dixonville, Pa.

Miss Paddock's students gave a most entertaining recital, Friday afternoon March 17.

Prof. Fancher has moved to the Stebbins farm, below town.

E. M. K.

★ ★ ★

MUSIC NOTES.

There have been two excellent piano recitals recently. The first of these was open to but few, but the piano students certainly outdid themselves. The second of these recitals included some selections by members of the Oratory Department. We heartily approve of these recitals. First, because of the benefit to those who take part. Second, because of the interest aroused among the students, along musical lines. We earnestly hope that they will still continue.

Have you noticed any improvement in the Orchestra?

We have noticed several of our vocal students wearing a peculiar emblem about their necks. We wonder whether a rag around your throat signifies that you belong to the Vocal Department.

Why is it that there are fewer absences from chapel when the orchestra plays? Ans.—"Bum-Diddle-de-Um-Bum," that's it.

We are informed that some time during the year Messrs. Lee, Bowen, Capen and Hopkins will delight us with some entirely new vocal accomplishments. We are sure that there never has been nor ever will be anything like it! Everybody help!

Miss Pearl Osborne has recently purchased a new violin outfit. The Orchestra may find in her a valuable addition.

Is the Orchestra worth while?

G. H.

THEOLOGICAL NOTES.

The Ideal Character.

"The law of the worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife." To create an unattainable ideal, and then to pursue it with relentless vigilance, is, to receive from life much that is noble in character, and a hundred virtues the idler never knows.

The character of an individual is manifested by the "active tendencies and interests" he has in respect to certain ends. He is open and warm to some ends, but hard and callous to others. These tend to habitually make him favorable to certain consequences, while he is vigorously opposed to others. Having shown very feebly the external evidences of a character as we see them, we shall proceed to look at the interior.

Man is a "spirit or soul," not an organism, that is, strictly speaking. For we only know "reality" in itself, in so far as we ourselves are real, or in so far as it is like ourselves—spirits. We know better what we mean when we speak of persons or personal relations, than we do when we speak of organic relations. Thus we are essentially spiritual. Characterization of this spirit entity gives intellect, sensibility which combine to produce personality, qualifying sensibility—I mean the emotive nature, affections and appetites.

Now, as we have a conception of the real self, it may not be time ill spent to

look at the ideal self.

First of all the requisites this character must possess is a perfect knowledge of the law. He must not only obey it perfectly, but must never permit an infraction thereof. An infallible intellect is necessary, for he must have immediate cognition of the good as good, and the bad as bad. Also, there must be an acute sensitiveness to the slightest approach of evil, and an instinctive repugnance to it.

This ideal only loves and covets those things which are right and lawful, and which are in entire consistency to other attributes. It desires to do all it ought to do, but declines to do anything it ought not to do.

It has a deep sense of the "sacredness of the individual," and for all sentient beings. It feels that man has a value which cannot be measured—except by God. It reverences the personality, and acknowledges the rights and privileges of others. The supreme fact of the ideal character is the supreme love for God. Without this love these other attainments are meaningless and empty, if not incapable of attainment. The "Man of Galilee" is the only example we have ever had who has fully measured up to this standard. Let us, then, not be content with any ideal other than Jesus.

"Long I followed happy guides.
I could never reach their sides."
G. BEVERLY SHULTZ.



Organizations



Mary Allyn, '18, Editor

ATHENIAN.

In the last month we have had two extremely interesting society meetings. Our first program was based upon the historic relations of the Genesee valley. The second was about prisons and prison conditions. Mr. Howard, who spoke to us lately, left the names of a few of the convicts of Auburn and Dannemora prisons, and several of our members have corresponded with them. The letters from these men were read and we learned a great deal about their conditions from the prisoners themselves. The main parts of our programs were:

Genesee Program—"Life of Van Campen," Ralph Kaufmann; "Historic Associations of the Genesee," Ira Bowen; poem on the Genesee, Robert Chamberlain; song, "Athenian," Mixed Quartet; "Reminiscences of Portage," George Hubbard; piano solo, Dorothy Jennings;

Prison Program—"Haword's Life Behind the Gray Walls," Claude Ries; prison letters; poems by prisoners, Grayce Steese; "Prison Reforms," Clark Warburton; piano solo, Miss Paddock.

★ ★ ★

NEOSOPHIC NOTES.

At the regular meeting of the society, Friday evening, February 25, the

following members appeared on the program.

Essay, "Little Things," Miss Campbell; biographical sketch of Abraham Lincoln, Miss Chapin; piano duet, Misses Bennet and Bryner; oration, Harvey Miner; "Somebody's Taking Your Measure," Francis Markell.

The society again convened March 3, 1916. After a brief business meeting the participants on the program took their respective places on the platform, rendering the following:

Biographical sketch, President Wilson, Miss Sawyer; essay, "Spare Moments," Mr. Miller; duet, "Witches' Flight," Misses Luckey and Peck; reading, "Rebecca's Ride," Miss Hale; original story, "Big Dennie and Little Ted," Mr. Wilcox; oration, Mr. Ricketts; critic's report, Miss Warburton.

The meeting of the society held March 10 was a great success. After an exciting and prolonged business meeting, the following program was given:

Original story, Miss Bennett; oration, "Wit and Humor," Mr. Hill; poem, "Farm Life," Mr. McIvor; oration, Mr. Gearheart; critic's report, Mr. R. Russell.

Our society is doing fine work this

term. The members manifest an interest and are working faithfully on their assigned parts. We heartily thank the Neos who so loyally push ahead in this good work.

F. B. and M. S.

★ ★ ★

I. P. A. NOTES.

At the last regular meeting of the I. P. A., March 15, the selection of officers for the year beginning April 1, 1916, took place. The list now reads as follows:

State President	-	-	Walter F. Lewis
Local President	-	-	Claude A. Ries
Vice President	-	-	William Kaufmann
Secretary	-	-	Clark Warburton
Assistant Secretary	-	-	Clarence Barnett
Treasurer	-	-	O. Glenn McKinley
Reporter	-	-	Earl Barrett

Delegates were also elected for the State Convention to be held at N. Chili April 6th and 7th. They are as follows:

First Delegate	-	-	Claude Ries
Second Delegate	-	-	George Hubbard
Third Delegate	-	-	Clarence Barnett
Fourth Delegate	-	-	Carroll Daniels
First Alternate	-	-	Earl Barrett
Second Alternate	-	-	Fred Overton
Third Alternate	-	-	Pierce Woolsey
Fourth Alternate	-	-	Arthur Bernhoff

P. E. W.



Alumni Notes



Lelia Coleman, '18, Editor.

Houghton people were greatly favored in having a visit from Rev. J. S. Willet, Tuesday March 15. Mr. Willet has the distinction of being the first graduate from the College Department of Houghton Seminary. After leaving school he served as a pastor, before becoming Office Editor of The Wesleyan Methodist. Now he is our Connectional Agent, and he has proved himself to be a most excellent business manager. We are looking forward with happy anticipation for the completion of the new building here, since we expect him to boost it in the Spring Conferences. Mr. Willet gave a very helpful talk in chapel, and preached in the chapel that evening.

A bit of news from Lisbon, New York, brings tidings from several former Houghton students. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keyes, their

elder daughter, Shirley May, and Lowell John Thompson, were united in marriage by Rev. Alban H. McKnight, Tuesday evening, February 29, 1916. The bridal party entered the parlor to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Mr. Carrol Dezell. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson proceeded to Biggar, Sask., where the groom has rented a wheat ranch. The bride was for several years a student of Houghton.

Rev. Alban McKnight was a former student of Houghton Seminary. He is now pastor of a Baptist church in Naples, New York.

Mr. Carrol Dezell was a member of the Seminary band while in school here. He is attending High School in Ogdensburg this year, and good reports come of his work.

Exchanges

Florence Kelly, '18 Editor

We have a splendid array of exchanges this month, several of which are new ones that we heartily welcome. We have decided to divide them into two classes—the best and second best. Those considered among the ranks of the first are:

The Congress	Olean, N. Y.
The Dynamo	Newton, Mass.
Chaos	Detroit, Mich.
The Pharos	Mendota, Ill.
Cloyne Magazine	Newport, R. I.
The Orange	White Plains, N. Y.
The Quincy High School	Quincy, Ill.
The Nor'easter	Kansas City, Mo.
College Monitor	Miltonvale, Kan.
The Collegian	Waynesburg, Pa.
The Chronicle	Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Montgomery Bell Bulletin	Nashville, Tenn.
The Student	Rochester, N. Y.
High School Recorder	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
The Red and Black	Reading, Pa.
The Roman	Rome, Ga.
The Tatler	Ithaca, N. Y.
The Oracle	Bangor, Me.
Brown and White	Catasauqua, Pa.
The Voice	Falmouth, Mass.

Those exchanges which merit second rank are:

The Sayrenade	Sayre, Pa.
The Hemnica	Red Wing, Mich.
The Rambler	Cornwall, N. Y.
The Archon	South Byfield, Mass.
Wissahickon	Chestnut Hill, Pa.
High School Panorama	Binghamton, N. Y.
M. H. S. Life	Montrose, Pa.
On Bounds	Montclair, N. J.
Otterbein Aegis	Westerville, O.
The Everett High Clarion	Everett, Mass.
The College World	Adrian, Mich.
Papyrus	Pendleton, Ind.
Aletheia	University Park, Iowa.
The Stuyvesant Stag	Warrenton, Pa.
High School Record	Osborne, N. Y.
Vista	Greenville, Ill.
Coburn Clarion	Waterville, Me.
Wheaton College Record	Wheaton, Ill.

Newspapers and miscellaneous:

Heart and Life Bulletin	Chicago, Ill.
The Voice of Triumph	Hastings, Mich.

Wesleyan Methodist	Syracuse, N. Y.
Echoes	Park, N. Y.
Cuba Patriot	Cuba, N. Y.
The Backbone	Utica, N. Y.
Northern Allegany Observer	Fillmore, N. Y.
		F. B. K.

Wise and Otherwise

William V. Russell, '18, Editor.

"Bunny," Assistant Editor

FATE.

Strict are the rules of Houghton Sem;
All rules are wise, but this is a gem:
"Listen, ye maidens, give heed ye men:
Sleigh rides shall end at half-past ten."

Clear is the night at half-past five,
When each Houghton class goes out
for a drive.

Long is the road, and blocked with the
snow,

Weary the horses that onward go—

Late is the hour and see, alas,
What mocking fate brought to pass;
Belated the loads come creeping past,
Midnight, and over—and Miss Thurs-
ton last.

Broken are plans of mice and men,
Broken the rule about "half-past ten,"
And now in history we sadly delve,
For the dean came home at half-past
twelve.

★ ★ ★

WISE SAYINGS.

From Abroad.

There is more than one road to
Washington.—T. R.

I don't know where I'm going, but
I'm on my way.—Villa.

Send 'em another note.—Wilson.

Very sorry. Let's arbitrate.—Der
Kaiser.

A little more grape juice, please.—
Bryan.

From Home.

Why, boys, this is as clear as a
string and as straight as a bell—Presi-
dent Luckey.

Just one more.—G. Hubbard.

"Squats wha hae wi Wallace bled.—
Miss C. Belle Russell.

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Is the Best Store for You

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