

THE HOUGHTON STAR



FRESHMAN COLLEGE NUMBER

1 9 2 0

Respectfully submitted by the Freshman College
Class, which class is doing its best to create a good
school spirit at Houghton.

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History of the Freshman Class

To write a general history of our class, particularly in a limited space, is an appalling undertaking. Out of the overwhelming mass of past events, I must discern the all-important and imperishable in the life of each member, and then flash it upon the page in language concise, graphic and comprehensive. We are all of wide learning, keen discernment, philo-ophic accuracy, therefore I must be absolutely impartial in the essentials. Events must be marshalled like an army. The mere enumeration of our work would be bewildering to everyone, even our class. Some of our work has been in the nature of the learning of high arts, such as sacred work, based on the Bible, studying the Romans and the cultured Greeks, the barbarous Germans of all ages, and the United States which is the most essential country of the world today.

Our class is a happy and progressive one, consisting of future farmers, doctors, lawyers and "whatknots." Speaking of farmers he, Archie Neal, a graduate of Rushford high school, has red hair and altho he gets balled up in his "Math" on his farm he is superlative and beyond comparison. Perhaps Nellie Linebarger who hails from the Sunny South has thought of these things before. Eleanor Farmer also likes red "ccmplected" people when she is at Marley, N. Y. This came from a very reliable source.

Another thing is that our class is very patricitic. Four members served their country during the last war. These men

are Edwin Ballinger better known by his last name. He is noted for what people say of him. It is said that people talk about that which they love, so you must mark how little Mr. Ballinger speaks of the girls, but talks of men like Ford, Lenine and Wilson. Our president, Mr. White, was also a member of Uncle Sam's army. He enlisted in June 1917 in the U. S. A. A. C. He was a foreman in a 155 M. M. gas shell factory. He was a graduate of the State Normal School at Edinbora, Pa. He learned how to be strict when he was principal of a high school for three years. Fenno Densmcre, better known as "Finny" or "Denzy" enlisted in the regular army in 1917 and saw service in England and France. Judging from the number of letters and postcards he gets from "over there" his trip must have been something of a "get acquainted affair." He has a good stand in with the faculty. He is a "musician" of some standing. Erwin Johnson, who hails from a suburb of Rushford, East Rushford, served our country in the time of trouble. He likes cheese; for this reason he worked in the cheese factory at Podonque.

Two of our class, Thomas Mountain and Robert Haynes, say they will be doctors. Both are "Rushfordikes." The former was a teacher and a mail carrier. He graduated in 1916 from Belfast high school and in 1917 graduated from Belfast Training Class. The latter is a quiet chap, worked on the farm and as a mail clerk. They both expect to attend a medical college after leaving here.

Oh, yes. There is one farmer whom I forgot, that is Charles Pocock. He keeps on the good side of a girl in Syra-

cuse; of course, we all know who she is.

There is another fellow who talks on politics, railroading and his home state, "Indiana" and that is all he talks. Just wait till he gets to handing out spoils of office, he is going to give an honorary position to Elvira Lawrence, the girl with the ambition to do something new and also tried hard to get to France. She is now trying to be secretary of the Equal Rights Association. She is very well equipped for these positions because she is a graduate of Cattaraugus Training Class of 1916. She learned new methods in teaching school two terms and, being a book-keeper at Little Valley for George W. Karn Razor Co.

Eloise Sherman comes to us from Troy, Pa. Silence and peacefulness are her characteristics. She is one of our number who is rocking the cradle of her brain in the Soph. English Class.

Two I have not mentioned yet but who speak for themselves are the most quiet people I ever saw, one is Gladys Grange, the smiling rosy-cheeked girl of the rolling prairie of Illinois. She went to High School two years in Wheaton, Ill., and two years in Houghton and graduated here last year. The other quiet member, Orange Hester, hails from North Branch, Kansas. He is a fellow who hangs around the "dean" quite a bit. He takes also to the same subjects, History, English and

Sociology. He went to school three years at the Friends Academy in North Branch and finished last year at Houghton his high school work.

Thus I could go on and write a small book about each member but time and space will not permit. but you'll hear from this Freshman College Class again in the future.

F. K. T.



Class Poem

How pleasant the conflict with learning,
When the spoils of the battle are ours!
We cherish our true H. C. ever,
We crown her with memory's flowers;
We laud her outshining the meteors,
A mystic light falls from her throne,
And illumines these fair halls of learning
We exultantly claim as our own.

Our old rose and silver we carry,
From this high standard, proudly surveys
Past victories, and toils of the present,
And hopes of our glad future days.
The verdant fields stretching before us
Our teachers, though human, we see,
Have aroused higher motives within us,
We love them, our class of 2-3.

Where is the inspiration in nectar,
Offered us from the hand of a God?
'Tis the encouraging smile in instruction,
To succeed in the paths we must trod.

In unison we'll seek for the kindliness
That shall lift the great human task
Into infinite, eternal significance,
And make earth the heaven we ask.

Then as from prophetic instruction
Success goes before us on wing,
We shall see in the distant ages,
The rewards that our service shall bring.
Twenty-three must be an emblem of triumph,
From her guiding star never must swerve,
But be loyal to her comrades, the laborers,
And benefactors of all who would serve

Class Song

Come now draw near

We will sing a song for freshmen

Let our hearts proclaim

The love we bear for the freshman class

T'is for honor we are longing

And if we cheer we cannot fail

So gather round and let resound

Three rousing cheers for the freshmen class

Rah, Rah, Rah; freshmen, freshmen, freshmen.

Within our ranks

There are loyal sons of Houghton

We will carry on

To reach the noble heights of fame

It is for this that we are cheering

That noble victors we will be

So come around and let us sound

Those rousing cheers for the freshman class

Rah, Rah, Rah; Rah, Rah, Rah;

Rah, Rah, Rah; freshmen, freshmen, freshmen.

Class Bells

Rah, Rah Rah, Rah, Rah Rah,

Zis! boom! Zee!

Watch the class of twenty-three.

Semper paratus, in the race.

College Freshmen set the pace.

Ricty russ, Ricty russ,

What in the world is the matter with us.

Nothing at all, nothing at all,

1923 hear our call.

What are we? what are we?

We are Freshmen of Houghton C.

F-r-e-s-h-m-a-n.

Freshman Sleigh Ride

Friday night, January 9th, witnessed the first social event of Houghton's College Freshman Class. Previous to this time the most the public has known of our existence has consisted of hearing notices of class meetings announced in chapel. Of course there are weighty matters which need the consideration of our mighty intellects, but after all, we are human and relish a little fun with the rest and best of humanity.

Not all of the class found it possible or convenient to be present but about two-thirds of our number stowed themselves in the sleigh-box and, with Prof. Fancher to hold the reins, drove merrily away from the Dorm.

The snow had been falling busily all the day, but notwithstanding this we drove to the distant town of Fillmore. In the way, the chief diversion was learning our class song, of which the author could remember only the first stanza. But we sang this again and again, with renewed zest. Someone suggested that we give our class yell. This remark was greeted by a chorus of voices demanding, "What is it?" And nobody knew.

Arriving at Fillmore we were refreshed with chocolate and kisses. These were doubly appreciated after several sugarless days at the Dorm. Then we started back singing over and over again the beginning of our song. By the time we reached Houghton this part was pretty thoroughly learned. And we entered the Dorm just too late to hear the last bell.

True Religion

There are many religions in this day and age, each of which purposes to recognize the existence of a God or Gods having power over the destiny of its religious adherents. I could go into detail with the term, Religion, but it is my intention to disregard all that is unreal for the real. The spirit of the age in which we are living, is prompting Isms which are endeavoring to tear down all the true, honorable and intellectual desires of a well balanced mind. Most any cunning personality of satan can establish a belief and many of our brightest young men and women fall in line with the crafty man of sin. Some argue that they want a more red blooded religion. Well, thank the Lord, if such haughty and proud persons will humble themselves, cast aside their selfrighteousness and unite with the trinity, they will find complete satisfaction in the religion of Jesus Christ. Here is an example of an Ism, a red blooded religion if you please, Dec. 17, '19, was the day prophesied when the world would come to an end. The editor of my daily paper made notice for all those believing in such prophecy to pay up their subscriptions before leaving earth, as he had no time to make collections in hell. It seems he knew just where to find these folks. He's right too, for they are of their father the devil and the devil is the father of lies. I wonder if the followers of this Ism will ever learn thru the folly of their leaders, the truth of God's word. "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels in

heaven."

In the face of so much opposition to the Christian religion, I am glad to testify that this religion is the only one that purposes to save men from their sins. "For the son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost." Still with all the great promises in the book we find such pronounced educators as Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard, in instructing the students of the Harvard Summer School of Theology said, "There will be no supernatural element; religion will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature. Prevention will be the watch-word and a skilled surgeon one of its members.

"This new religion will not teach that character can be changed quickly.

"It will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but with joy and life.

"God will be so immanent that no intermediary will be needed."

It is not strange that so many of our most talented people are falling in line with all these wild doctrines. Surely satan is appearing as an angel of light to deceive the very elect. If Eliot is right; religion will have no message for the lowly and poor in spirit; human intelligence trained in the abstract will triumph. Christ will have no place among men since no intermediary will be needed. Christ said, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the father but by me." Christ also tells us that, "heaven and earth shall pass away; but my word shall not pass away." Surely we cannot reject

these great promises. If the lost souls in that great day will cry for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them, what will be the destiny of the ungodly educators who lead these lost souls into perdition?

It is for us to choose now whom we will serve and it behooves us to be thorough in that choice. I like to read in Soul's conversion and life; how the power of God transformed this man of tremendous character and influence among men to a greater power and influence in the cause of Christianity. We are admonished to repent and believe the gospel lest we perish, also, "to repent of our wickedness and pray God that the thought of our hearts be forgiven us." Christ told Nicodemus, "We must be born again," and unless we can prove that Christ's word is untrue; we are most inconsistent to deny the power of Christ to cleanse us from all sin.

The writer has heard the standard of our Christian religion ridiculed because of the standing of many of its church members. The writer is also consistent enough to see the absurdity of such a statement, yet, I must admit that thousands of men and women are hiding behind church membership and even testimony that is as far out of harmony with the glory of God as the most vile sinner. Will the time ever come when nominal Christianity will be a thing of the past; when we will be careful that no bitterness spring up in our hearts which trouble us, thereby causing many to be defiled? God help us to consider that whatever is not faith, is sin, that because we are the temples of the Holy Ghost that that temple should not be defiled. It is, indeed, sad to note the idol worship of these temples of God, which worship is caused from unbelief

and disobedience leading the possessor out into that which is impure, thus defiling the conscience and mind. How many would like to cling to the world and God but fall from grace only to find it harder to be reinstated?

Then too, Christian religion is defiled through the attitude of churches. We find few churches now-a-days without sp t or wrinkle; pool tables, bowling allies, lunch parlor, movie screens, bazaar rooms and many more snares of satan. The writer would not want you to think he is upholding a doctrinal church; far from it. Christ set a standard on earth which we must measure up to, both individually and collectively. If your church and my church is keeping that standard, amen, if not lets get out of that crowd and get saved, for it is written, "separate yourselves from sin."

I am glad to have found some folks who have seen the folly of scattering abroad and are keeping Christ's religion undefiled. The narrow way to the transgressor seems hard, but how sweet to know as we onward go that this way is a way of pleasantness and peace. In the presence of this path is fullness and joy and pleasures forever more. This way is also a glorious one, not because of its few occupants, but because of the terminal city in which we find the wise, undefiled and the truthful whose names are written in the book of life. The word tells us that, "those who have not defiled their garments shall walk with Christ in white, for they are worthy." What a great reward, surely it pays to live the victorious life.

C. L. W.

Responsibilities of College Freshman

Our life is a period of continuously expanding and increasing responsibility. When we were small children we had no responsibilities whatever. As our experiences broadened and our powers of thought developed our personal responsibility became greater. Our world has been expanding and our opportunities and obligations have been increasing. Now we are college freshmen with many new responsibilities before us and with a new importance attached to others. Our life of personal responsibility is just now beginning in its fullest sense. Others have largely guided our course in the past; but beginning now, within the next four years all of the duties of life will be for us to take upon ourselves. With the future in view it is of the highest importance that we should learn how to regard more carefully our obligations to the world about us. If we waste our time and opportunities for development now, how can we expect to make a success of life later? Our habits of life will be largely formed by the time we have completed our college days.

We have all had a measure of responsibility in the past but most of us are just beginning to become acquainted with the more serious problems of life. Although the keen realities of life will not be pressed upon us so forcibly now as after our school days are over, yet, if we keep our minds alert we

will meet problems in our college days which will call forth all our manly qualities. Many and important will be the problems which will arise for us to meet. Let us not wait until we have been cast entirely upon our own resources to consider our obligations to other people. We must think about the world's needs and where our place shall be in the world. Our friends, our country and the world rightly demand that we should render some service.

The most important responsibility placed upon us is the development of our characters and minds. We certainly have no right to spend all of our time in the pursuit of pleasure, with just enough study to "get by." We will miss the true purpose in education if we aim for a life of ease and pleasure.

Colleges were not built for playhouses but as a place to work, a place where we may learn to live in the highest sense. Many and perplexing will be the issues which we will meet in our college days and we must be wide awake and at our post of duty or we will fail to reap the fullest benefits of an education. We as College freshmen do not need to wait until our school days are over to have ample tests of our character. We have abundant opportunities to show our "mettle" in the every-day life of the classroom and athletic field, or in our social relationships with students and classmates. If we would be real leaders in our school, we must respect the authority and position of our instructors, give fair play on the athletic grounds, and in fact be "square" at all times. To be a cheat is contemptible in any condition and has no place with students who would be successful.

He who would be great must serve. Cheerful service wherever there is need, is demanded of us in school life as well as in any other activity. The class organization is where we should always seek to maintain a spirit of cheerful co-operation and helpfulness. How unpleasant it is in any company of people to have a few members who will not cooperate. Classmates should have a strong feeling of friendship existing between them. Such a friendly spirit can only exist when everyone accepts his responsibility and does his or her full share when there is work to be done. If any one shirks it is certain to cause ill feeling, because it works an injustice upon those who are working hard to make things go. Contempt should rightly rest on any one who intentionally neglects his duty or refuses to work harmoniously with the class. If we all do our best to make our class functions successful, we will look back upon our freshman days, and remember with pleasure that we always did our duty faithfully. If at any time we have not done our part that fact will always cause us regret. Let us as Freshmen be cheerful boosters and not "kickers"; then, when our happy school days have ended we will have recollections which we will value more than wealth or fame.

Our responsibilities as a freshman do not end when we have fulfilled our duty to our classmates alone. We hold a vital relationship to the school as a whole. One of the reasons why freshmen are regarded somewhat contemptuously at times is the disrespect which so many often show toward the ideals and traditions of the college which they are attending. Too many times freshmen and others regard it as a mark of

intelligence if they can break rules, cause the faculty trouble, and then escape without punishment. Is it not our plain duty to respect the ideals of the institution which we are attending? We should feel that our success and the honor of the school depends upon our present conduct. For, truly every student is a part of the school which he is attending, and it is up to him individually to hold up the school's highest standards. Let us remember that others have labored and sacrificed or our present opportunities could not be. That we are dishonoring them when we fall below the standard that they have set, and that it is our place to raise that standard higher.

The world needs men and women of strong character as never before; men who stand for liberty and righteousness. The world's men are of broad sympathies and great minds.

If we help solve the world's momentous problems we must do each day's task well and shirk not from responsibility but meet it bravely. Let us as the freshman class of Hough on Seminary, 1919-20 accept the challenge of our responsibility. Then we will be an honor to our parents, to our school, and to the world. And, as we go out in life success will be ours.

W. O. H.

A Student's Room as Indicating Character

There seems to be a popularly-conceived notion that the condition of a student's room, at any moment one may happen to glance in, gives at once an accurate index to their character. If one stops only for a moment and considers the question, the absurdity of the notion will be evident.

Suppose for instance, that a student has some extra studying to be done, a theme to write, or supplementary reading to make up; everyday lessons must be prepared; every moment seems filled to overflowing; there is scarcely time for necessary sleep; something must be left undone. Oftentimes one's room is the victim. In the rush to reach classes on time, attend innumerable committee meetings, eat three meals a day, wait for the mail to be sorted, converse a little in the halls, etc., etc., who would wonder that beds are sometimes left to air all day and floors slighted till the weekly clearain'-up time comes?

Speaking of the latter, it would perhaps be well to say that these are universal. Everybody has them and usually the desire to clean descends on all simultaneously. Where, oh

then, are the brooms and dustpans, mops and pails? Sometimes it seems that our turn at them will never come, but at length every room is spic and span. If the matron would only come then! But that's not the way of life. She is much more apt to drop in before the remains of a spread have been taken care of, or when the contents of the dresser have been hauled out in hunting for something that, just as the bell rang, you discovered wasn't there.

Considering all these very good reasons as to how and why a room may often be found untidy when its occupants are not naturally so, would it not be more to the point to say that character may be judged from the contents of a room? If there are books, aside from texts, these are very apt to give a clue to character. Pictures also have a meaning. The domestic souls are apt to have fancy work scattered about, while the athlete shows her tendencies by displaying skates, tennis rackets, snowshoes, etc. If the different wardrobes were to be investigated, still greater diversities would present themselves, but we will stop here.

By a student.

What I Think College Should Mean

I believe that one of the primary functions of the college is intellectual development or in other words the training of the mind to think and reason well in all matters. A person, to be educated, must have more than mere knowledge. Of course knowledge is essential but if that is all we have it will not take us very far. Enlargement of the mind consists in our being able to "digest" the knowledge which we receive or to associate new facts and ideas with those we already know.

I do not believe that the college is a place for one to cover many different subjects poorly but to cover a few thoroughly; to delve into them and think out their hidden truths. Education does not consist merely in the accumulation of knowledge but in the power to think quickly and to pass intelligent judgement on all questions of importance.

Another function of the college should be the development of the moral nature. High standards of morality should be held up to the college student. Smoking, drinking, card-playing, dancing and other practices of this kind should be absolutely prohibited in institutions of learning. The purpose of the college is to bring out the best that is in a person but this will not be accomplished if such demoralizing habits are allowed. If these habits were prohibited many would be saved

them both by the laws of the college and the influence of from forming them for there are many who go to college who have never formed these habits. In coming in contact with those who are not immune from them they may be influenced to form these habits in college. On the other hand, those who have already formed the habits would be helped to overcome those who do not indulge.

Last, but not least, is the spiritual development. The college should be a splendid place where influence might be exerted for the cause of Jesus Christ. If every college student were rightly adjusted with God, the question of morality would take care of itself. I believe the college which does not lift up Him will fail in the greatest mission which it could perform, that of influencing men to Him who taketh away the sin of the world.

There are then, in my estimation, three main functions of the liberal college, namely: the development of the intellect, the development of the moral nature and the development of the spiritual nature, the latter being the most important.

C. H. P.

Dorm. Life

Dorm life is the real life??? Anyone who has ever lived in the Dorm will corroborate this statement, and anyone who has never lived in the Dorm, at least a part of the year, is really missing one of the best things Houghton has to offer.

What is Dorm life? Anyone who has never had the privilege of keeping quiet hour, study hour and many other restrictions; has missed the educational training in exercising self control. We Dorm girls know the necessity of such training, especially on some nights when we unintentionally gather in a room to bargain for exchanging dresses for the following day; or having a spread at the wrong time, and how much agility we use to gain the clothes press just in the nick of time, our hearts thumping wildly in fear that the Dean was just peeping in at the wrong time. How still we are, for a few minutes, but when all is quiet we return to our spread and our fun increases with having had time for reinforcements.

I am sure our Dean will overlook our slight mistakes in learning the systematic, systematized, efficient system of a schedule of bells, which are always together; but never have the same time. We get up by bells, eat by bells, attend school by bells, study by bells, sleep by bells and do various other things by bells. Does not this appear to every reader as being the acme of efficiency?

You will perhaps be glad to know a little of our routine. We have our meals at the appointed time, three times a day. We each have assigned places at the table, and woe be unto us if we exchange with someone else. We have jolly times, however, if we by chance are assigned to "Kelly's" table or any other, of course.

We are our own boss through the busy hours of the day, but just as soon as seven comes we are carefully guarded over by what is known as "noise proctors," whose awful duty it is to keep from raising the roof. Our friend's office is hard to fill as she has to keep her door open and listen for some "imaginary" noise. Such noise usually dies away when we are reprimanded by a rap on the wall or a tap on the radiator; sometimes we have to make a trip to the door to hear a voice crying, "Girls, you don't realize how much noise you are making; please be more quiet."

We each have a room of our own and can furnish it as we choose, except for driving tacks for hanging pictures. Because of the recent calsumining we were warned, under a fine of twenty-five cents to drive no tacks or abuse the walls by carelessly scratching matches. So, about the only article answering to our art gallery, is the small piece of sand paper used to strike a light.

In the basement of our hall, a laundry is provided where each girl can do her own washing if she so desires. Conveniences are not the best, but Miss Grange cheers our despondent hearts as we rub-a-tub-tub, by saying, "Oh well girls,

never mind we are hoping to have an electric washer next year, when electricity reaches Houghton."

Friday nights are our "big nights." They are the only nights we are free, so we act like birds out of a cage. Once in a while some of the fortunate ones have a caller, which is another occasion that goes by bells. The lights are lit in the reception room by the tick of the clock, that being 3:30???

Every four weeks we have a meeting in the reception room to learn if the cogs in the wheel of self government need greasing. The latest lubrication dealt with information as to the proper use of fire escapes. We received this oil of uncertainty, trembling, as "Dean Kelly" said, "Verily, verily I say unto you it must be done," and lo it is done most always.

Oh, yes, I must not forget the necessary luxuries of Houghton we are often deprived of, especially when preparing for an important event. For example, when we girls gathered around a lamp in the hall to make ready for our annual Halloween function. Our hall from 6:30 on, was a hustle and bustle in a wild rush for the essential H₂O which was then of very low pressure. Since then our water supply has been increased and the only complaint we now have, is that the temperature is never 212 or 232.

Such experiences and associations which I have mentioned unites "we Dorm girls" into such close bonds of friendship that we feel like members of one big family. In conclusion I would say that "Dorm life is the only life."

What is A Gentleman?

When the Grecian women sent their men to battle they said to them, "Come back victorious or upon your shields." When Mark Anthony stood over the body of Brutus he summed up the elements as they "mixed in him" and said, "that nature might stand up and say to all the world; this was a man." Sir Walter Scott produced his ideal of knighthood in the "Black Knight" and Ivanhoe as they championed the cause of Rebecca in lists of feudalism.

The term applied to the ones who possess the superior qualities of manhood has been changing with the ages. But yet, by "Gentleman" we mean a man who possesses those attributes which the Grecian women demanded of their warriors and that Anthony spoke of in Brutus and that Scott brings out in his victors of the tilt yard.

There are those who would undignify the term gentleman. Their idea of one is a red faced, big at the belt, lazy individual who lobbys all day in an upholstered chair sucking an old black cigar and engages a spittoon. When he speaks he says nothing and his life is a conglomeration of idleness and tobacco smoke. Oh yes! he lifts his hat to the ladies but his politeness is located in his hat and forearm. Such men must be endured, stepped around and pitied but they have no right to the title of gentleman. What is a gentleman? Surely we must look beneath the surface. His manners are not forms of conventionality but he is polite because his manners give

him joy within. For example, he lifts his hat to women because he has respect for woman-kind and wishes to show his reverence for his mother, his sisters, his wife or his sweetheart. Do him a favor and his thanks come from his heart and not from his lips. There are ways by which we may "pick out" a gentleman and there are also ways which we may decide what men are not gentlemen. Does he delight in "smutty" stories? Does he slander the women? Does he delight in throwing slurs at the Salvation Army soldiers? If he goes to church does he sit back and disturb the preacher by whispers and noise? If he does any of these things—mark him—he hasn't even the "ear marks" of a gentleman.

Dr. Frank Crane gives ten ways to test the superiority of a man. Try them on yourself. He most ably answers these questions; Wherein consists superiority? Who are the genuine upper ten? What kind of a person is the hundredth man? Or in other words, who rightly aspires to that title "gentleman?" You may know the superior ones by these marks:

1. He is spiritual. I do not mean he is saintly or disdains to work with his hands. I mean that his pleasures are more of the mind or spirit than of the body. Test yourself. What do you like best? Cigarettes, dancing or frivolities? Does it irritate you to be deprived of such things? Well the majority dislikes being deprived of these things and if you are like the majority you are just common and your standard of morals is too low for the title of gentleman. But the hope is that you are dissatisfied with yourself. Do you like Walter Peter's writing or prayer or a beautiful woodland so much that you

would forgo being introduced to an ambassador for the sake of enjoying them? Then rejoice; for you tread the narrow way—'few there be that find it'—and you are not common.

2. Superior men like simplicity, while the vulgar like finery. Do you enjoy jewelry, loud neckties and perfumery? Then you are common, every harlot has them. Every servant girl and stable boy in Christendom shares your tastes and so you are very common. The more real culture a woman has the more she abhors any hat or gown that renders her conspicuous.

3. Service, superior ones like to serve. It is the cheap soul who loves to be waited upon. Just any common boor enjoys having his feet washed. This desire of doing small things such as giving your seat to a lady in a street car or comforting a little child is one of the things which mark the hundredth man.

4. The superior person is above his pleasures. He has pleasures but none of them are bigger than he is. He uses them but is not a slave to them. Could you put away position, fame, money, love and even life itself for the sake of a high principle? If so then you are superior. You belong to the nobility.

5. Superior men not better. If you feel that you are a failure, that the world is going to the dogs, that all men are liars and there are no good women, it is all quite human, that is the tendency. It is the general slump of the cheap and ordinary mind. Maiterlinck says that to the hero there is not tragedy. So we do not pity Jesus on Calvary. We admire and wonder. Neither do we pity them at Marathon, nor those who charged

with "The Light Brigade" nor the "Yanks" in the woods of Belleau. Deep down in our breasts we wish we had been there or had been great enough to want to be there. When all things combine to crush and humiliate you, can you say?

'In the fell clutch of circumstance

I have not winced or cried aloud

Beneath the bludgeons of chance,

My head is bloody but not bowed.'

Then cheer up friend you are a thoroughbred. You have a seat in the house of Lords in this humanity.

6. The superior person is clean. He may get dirty but he does not like dirt. He may have to grim his hands in the factory, at the engine or behind the plow but at his first leisure he cleans up and it makes you feel clean to be with him.

7. The real aristocrat does not like to show off. Do you like to have people hold you to be wittier and more clever than you are? That is what the multitude want who throng the Broadway. The gentleman wants no such thing. He conceals his virtues as his nudity. When he is elected to a high place it sobers him. If he wins fame as an artist, a soldier, an engineer or writer it is hard for him to believe it is not largely due to luck. He escapes your praise even as your blame cannot swerve him.

8. The superior man is gentle. Gentleness is not the tribute of weakness but of strength. It is the man with weak character and defective vocabulary who swears. All noise waste. The genuine lady speaks low and no gentlemen blusters.

9. The superior ones are humble minded. Humility is

royal and walks free of fear and favor. So if you have any real childlikeness of heart you have at least some of the makings of a gentleman.

10. Superior men are those with whom familiarity does not breed contempt. Count over your friends and acquaintances. What proportion of them will stand the test of intimacy? How many of them are there with whom you would want to spend thirty consecutive days on a summer vacation? With how many would you want to take a trip to Europe? The central element then of a gentleman is the lasting quality. Does he last? Does he wear?

F. E. D.

Betty's College Education

The Christmas vacation as at hand. Betty and a girl from the same home town were preparing to leave the college campus for two weeks. Their talk was of train schedules, suitcases, tickets and, most interesting of all, what each was going to do when she had arrived home.

"When I get home, Marie, I am going to go straight to bed and sleep until I can sleep no more. That cramming until twelve o'clock every night last week for the examinations has made me long for my bed at home."

This speech was from Betty who, although she really desired an education, had neglected some of her studies shamefully during this, their first term in college. Marie answered that she would welcome the same chance.

The packing was soon finished. Train time came and the girls were soon speeding homeward. At the station they parted and with a "Goodnight" they hurried through the dusk to their homes.

As Betty approached the house which she had called home since childhood, she was wondering why her sister had not met her and if her mother had not received her card.

She was near home now. What was that? The familiar horse and sleigh of the family doctor stood before the door. Could mother be ill. Immediately her light heartedness was gone and she rushed up the steps to the door. In she hurried thinking to go at once to her mother's room. In the hall she was met by the old doctor.

"How do you do, Betty. I am glad you have come for your sister Ellen has been taken ill with pneumonia."

"Is she seriously ill?" she asked anxiously.

"She'll live if she has the proper care for the next two weeks. Your mother can tell you what to do."

With these words the doctor passed out, leaving Betty frightened and sober.

Within a week the sister was out of danger, due to the sustained efforts of Betty and her mother. During that time Betty had become familiar with the financial affairs of the family. Instead of having a fairly large amount of money as had been supposed, her father, just before his recent death had placed nearly all of his money in a bank which within six months had failed. The only money available was that earned by Ellen previous to her illness.

Betty now faced giving up her college career to support the family. She began searching the town for employment. The only position offered was a clerkship in a small store. She felt that she could not possibly bear to give up the college course and the chance for a good position to accept a small clerkship. Rebellion at the circumstances swept over her. It was only after a night of mental struggle that she could accept the position offered.

By the next fall Ellen, who was a college graduate, was fully recovered from her illness, and had returned to her old position as a teacher in the public high school. Betty, because

of her faithfulness and efforts to please, had received a substantial advance in salary. At the end of a year the girls not only had paid the doctor's bill but had put aside a sum of money which, they had planned, was to help pay for Betty's college education.

Betty, besides the good experience of learning how to work, had begun to see how much richer life is made by advanced education.

"How I wasted my time during my one semester in college!" Betty often thought to herself, "When my opportunity to go farther comes, I am going to prove myself worthy of it."

It was not long in the progress of time before the opportunity came and, true to her promise she was worthy of it.

G. Z. G.

Bolsivism

The very term "Bolsheviki" conveys to the mind something that is not pleasing. When we hear or see the word almost inevitably we associate the character of the people whom it designates with the phonetic harshness of the word. We have also gained an impression of the Bolshevik through the commonly known portrayals of the husky hungry Russian with the long whiskers and the longer hair, waving his blood-red flag of anarchy in the face of all those institutions that we hold dear. In the light that he has been revealed to us, we have become to believe that he stands for all that we abhor; that he loves to instigate wild schemes aimed at the destruction of all our present civilized governments, for the purpose of trying his theoretical plans of a government of brotherly-love.

But we must ascertain if he is really what we have thought him to be. We should find out why Russia is in her present condition. Then it is up to us to find what is our responsibility toward her, and to wisely follow those plans which are necessary for the improvement of her conditions.

To get the better view of the causes of the present situation, let us go back in Russian history to the times when the czar had absolute authority over the destinies of his subject peoples. In those times the people were backward and unprogressive because they were held down by the iron hand that rejoiced at their ignorance and superstition. Rejoiced because they were the more easily compelled to do his bidding,

for they believed that the ruler of all the Russia's received his commission directly from God. Therefore, it was theirs only to obey any command that the "Little Father" should issue to them.

Such absolute power thus exercised by one in authority would only as a natural consequence come to be misused. The "Little Father" of the Russia's was no exception to this rule. Many times has he sent whole armies to utter death and destruction, often unprepared, without provisions and without arms, simply to gratify some personal desire or an unnatural whim of some one of his associates. Many of the leaders of the Russian armies have sacrificed their heads because of failure to please their royal commander. But above all, who can number those munificent martyrs of old Russia who spent their last long bitter years in the awful dungeons of the far-famed exile prisons of Siberia? Many of these martyrs were women of noble birth who dared, with their lesser sympathizers, to speak out their convictions against the corrupt practices of the regime.

Yet in spite of the iron measures of suppression, Russian history glows with accounts of those heroes and heroines who worked so persistently that the power of the czar was slowly undermined. It is true that, owing to the desperation they were driven to, many became anarchists of the worst type. Thousands were led to believe that the only way to become free from the tyranny of their royal master was through widespread destruction of all things and all peoples pertaining to government. And who is there that will seriously condemn the

motives of a man who, realizing the awful conditions surrounding the throne, and the seeming uselessness of peaceful means to remedy those conditions, was led, in his extreme hopelessness to apply the bomb and torch?

Consequent upon the manner in which the masses of the Russians lived they were entirely devoid of knowledge of politics and government. They could not possess the initiative of those versed in the laws of freedom. When given the power to shape their course they could not be expected to establish good government. In their ignorance they were as clay in the potter's hands. Those who would promise them big things could have a following. So when the socialistic doctrines promising division of the landlord's possessions among the peasants, and the division of capital stocks among the workers, were advanced to them, they flocked to the socialistic standards.

The leaders of this movement were divided into two classes. The mensheviki who believed in the socialistic doctrines, and worked for them, were content to gain their point by peaceful means. The Bolsheviki, on the other hand, were not content to wait for a peaceful realization of their plans. They demanded the immediate overthrow of all things anti-socialistic if it required destruction and ruin to accomplish their ends. The people were in the proper mood to follow the path of slaughter. Lenine and Trotsky had no difficulty in carrying out their wishes. The revolution of the masses was complete. From the extremes of czarism the pendulum had swung to the extremes advocated by Lenine and Trotsky.

Although Russia seems now to be ruled by radicalism; although there seems to be little chance of a peaceful change in the near future. Although all seems to be war and turmoil, we have a great responsibility for the future state of Russia. What does Russia need? Education and a true religion. Who can bring these needful things to Russia? No nation is in a better shape to do so than America. Nothing will make Russia a peaceful and happy land, save the preaching and teaching of the Christian religion and all those things that go with Christianity. What a wonderful opportunity for those who are anxious to serve in the Master's Kingdom. What a glad day it will be when the vast domains of Russia are bound together in one civilized government based on the fundamentals of Christianity. Then and only then will the Russians enjoy the freedom for which they are now striving.

Edwin Ballinger.

Class Statistics

Name	Alias	Ambition	Characteristics	Common Saying	Favorite Song
Miss Linebarger	Nell	To major in domestic science	Sleeping	Law, Chile!	Beautiful Ohio
Mr. Johnson	Deac	Chemist	Noisy	Oh! you guy!	How can I leave thee
Miss Farmer	Farmer	To see school close	Cheerfulness	I swan	Dear old pal of mine
Mr. Tillman	Tilly	Congressman	Talking politics	ArticleX is rotten	Indiana
Miss Grange	Glad	Authoress	Modest and Reserved	I don't know	Illinois
Mr. Hester	Lemon	Orator	Laughing	Well--I don't know	Ireland must be heaven
Mr. Pocock	Poker	Mathematician	Rising early	Oh Yes! or Oh No!	Just awearyin' for you
Miss Lawrence	Joe	Congress representative	Unflinching loyalty	Honey	Where can I meet you tonight
Mr. Neal	Red	Conversationalist	Sleigh-riding	Don't teii me that	Wait till the sun shines Nellie
Mr. Ballinger	Bally	Statistician	Punctuality?	Where did you get that	I want to go back to Oregon
Miss Sherman	Eloise	To live 1000 years	To follow the line of least resistance	"I can't"	Oh how I hate to get up in the morning
Mr. Densmore	Finney	Evangelist			
Mr. Haynes	Bob	Scientist	Exactness	Music hath charms	My little grey home in the west
Mr. Mountain	Tom	Dr.	Silence	Not me	Sympathy
Mr. White	Len	Teacher	Talking	Whats that	Good night little girl good night
			Sobriety	Boys oh boys	Pretty baby

Jokes

Prof Fancher: explaining how to distinguish the masculine and feminine gender of the Greek word for bird.

Gearheart: Oh yes, I understand, you use the article when speaking of a fine female chicken.

To the victor belongs the spoils, but there is such a thing as spoiling the victory. Bryan has his hat in the ring.

If the Kaiser, five years ago, had seen what he sees as he saws now, what a pile of kindly wood and less trouble there might have been.

She dropped the money on the sidewalk which she was carrying home.

O. Hester's correction; She dropped the money which she was carrying home on the sidewalk

We wonder why Finny Densmore is able to carry on such an EDIFYING conversation of late?

Edith Warburton in Freshman Bible; I sometimes think I am some like Peter."

Freshman: "Look out for your ears."

Edith; Look out for your own ears if I'm Peter."

Mr. Ballinger: They run anyone for vice president so Tom Marshal of Indiana was chosen: Debs is another Hoosier example.

Mr. Tillman: Next time you slam my poor Indiana I'll throw you out.

Seems sugar ought to drop when everybody's raising Cain.

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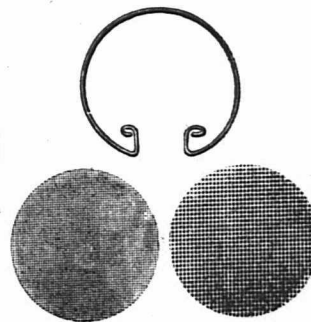
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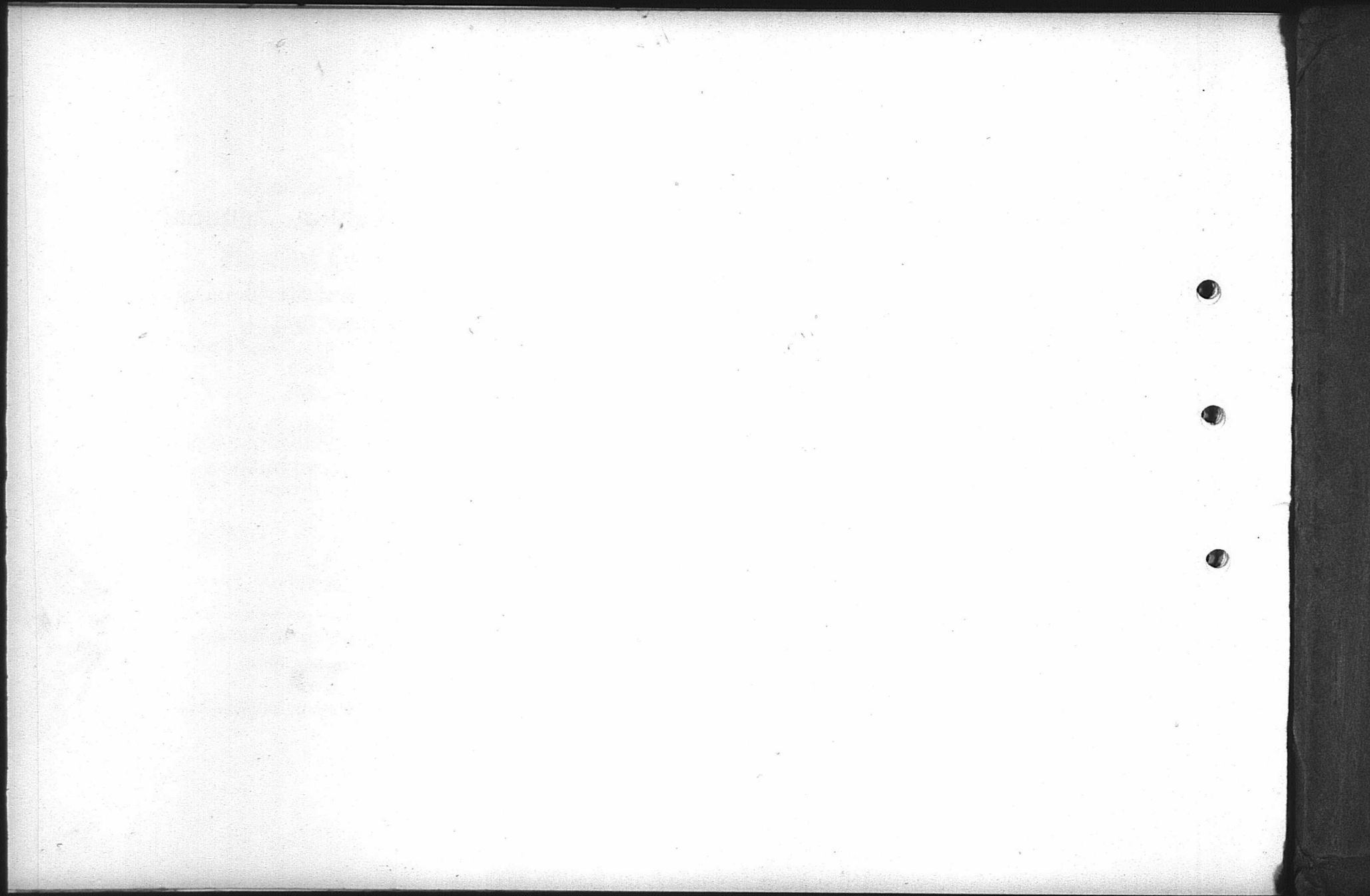
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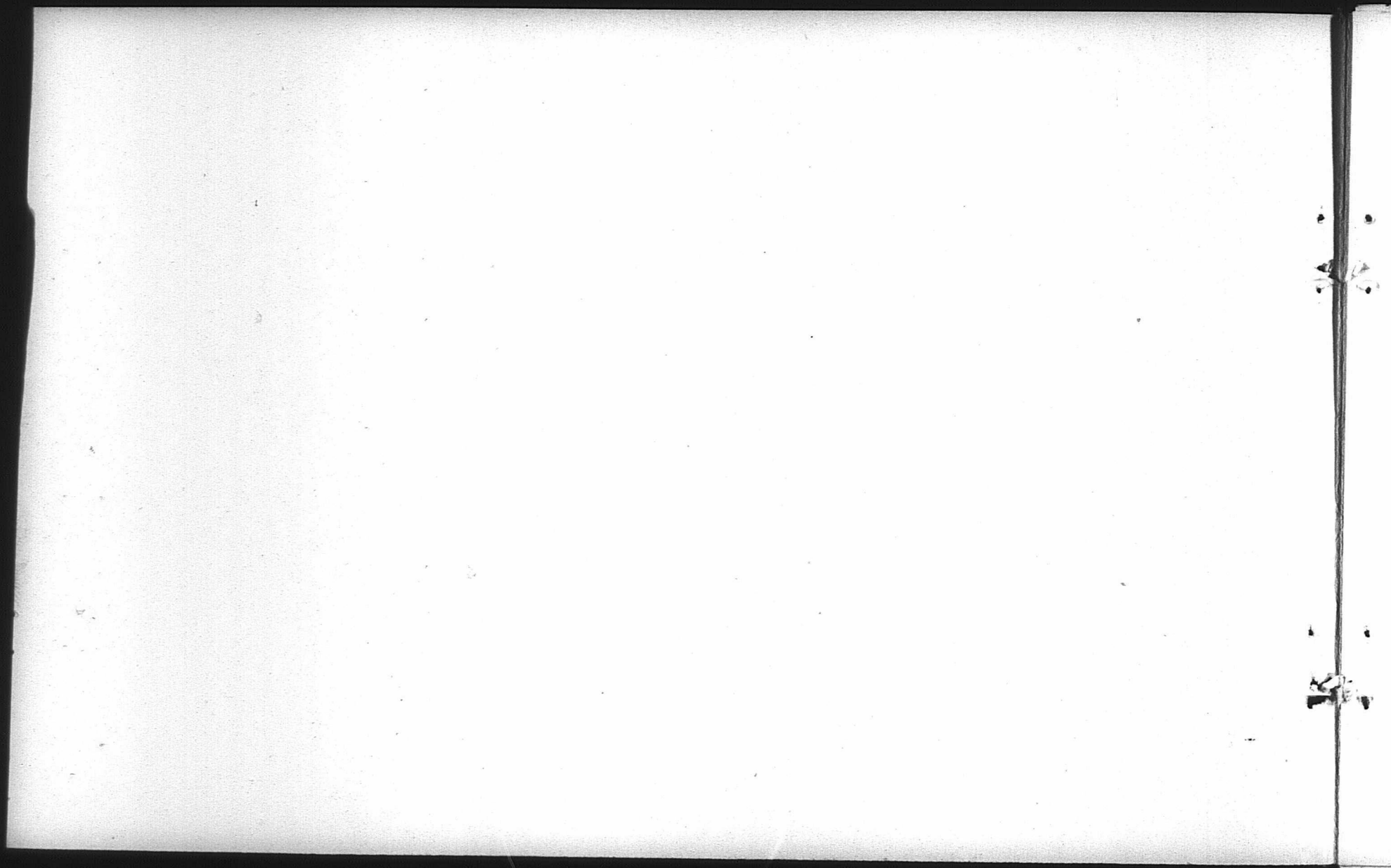
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Coleman, Bowen, B. Fancher, LaVay Fancher, Sprague, LeRoy Fancher
Eldredge, Paddock, Luckey, Kelly, Eddy

The American Negro

Graded First

John E. Hester, College '21

Of all the race problems that have sprung up as a result of our many distinct race elements, the problem of the negro is the oldest, most far-reaching and most baffling. "What the status of the colored man shall be" during the last fifty years has been the one overshadowing issue of the South. Not alone the South, however, is concerned. For the past quarter century a stream of ebony emigrants has been constantly flowing into our northern cities. But, whether he be in the North or in the South, the negro is a permanent element in American life and his failures and successes are our own.

In view of prevailing prejudices and the maze of contradictory matter that has been written, this question can scarcely be viewed without bias. No one need flatter himself that he has all the truth. Too few have been willing to accept truth that is unpalatable. We have thought and acted and written as Northerners or as Southerners and not as Americans.

The fate of the American negro has been a hard one.

Cruelly torn from his home and native land, he was made a slave. After "two hundred-fifty years of unrequited toil" he was freed. Then he was given the ballot, only by its use to alienate the one true friend he might otherwise have found in the Southerner. Thru all this strange, unique experience he has been the toy of fate, powerless to shape the course of affairs that was determining his destiny.

The greatest misfortune that ever came upon the negro was enfranchisement—as the fifteenth amendment brought it to him. He received the ballot without having earned it, without being prepared to use it. He was placed above his former master. He soon came to believe, and Northerners encouraged him in believing that all rights were inherently his. He became insolent and indolent. He was started at the top, but of necessity he soon fell to the bottom. For several years after the amendment was ratified the South was forced to submit to a Negro—Carpet-bag rule only less devastating than the war itself had been. But the freedman's "millenium" lasted scarcely a decade. As soon as the Northern bayonets were withdrawn in 1877, the South set about driving out the Northern Carpet-bag thieves and disfranchising the colored men. This was first done by ballot-box stuffing, false counts and intimidation. Later it was accomplished by legal means. "Grandfather clauses" were attached to the state constitutions, and discretionary powers were vested in election boards allowing

them to discriminate against negroes in applying the educational test. Throughout the South some negroes do vote, yet, as one Southerner put it, "There don't enough of them vote to do any harm."

But what grounds for hope do we find in the negro himself? What are his capacities? That he is inferior to the white, needs no proof, it is self-evident. That he was so created, was intended to be the doormat of society, and is incapable of better things, may be doubted. It is true the record of the negro, both within his native continent and out of it, is not at all lustrous. In the island republics of Jamaica, Haiti and Santo Domingo he, left to govern himself, has been a notorious failure. The United States has been compelled repeatedly to interfere to restore order and collect payment for the debts he knew how to make but not how to pay. Again, on the African continent one may travel about indefinitely looking for a single straight line, but finding only crooked paths and correspondingly crooked morals. The homeland of the negro is still, as it has been for untold centuries, the dark continent.

These facts, however, may be largely explained by isolation and unfavorable climate. All things have conspired against the black man. Tropical heat removed the necessity and destroyed the inclination to exertion. The barriers of the ocean and the Sahara desert prevented the stimulating contact with our peoples that the tribes of

Europe enjoyed. By the slow process of the centuries environment translated itself into heredity, causing him to be less responsive when fortune made him a freeman and a voter in the most progressive of republics. Thus if he is indolent, improvident, a born thief it is through no fault of his. If he is "the greatest liar on earth" it is because conditions in his homeland made it popular and profitable for him to be a clever liar.

But heredity yields to environment, and better conditions will eventually make inherent character better. We need not, however, wait for this slow process alone to transform the negro, for environment operates instantly to elevate the individual as well as slowly to improve the inherent character of the race. Suitable food, clothing and shelter, education and conditions that make work necessary and the struggle for existence sharp, operate immediately and continually to elevate any individual or any race despite the antecedents.

As we study into the problem we are confronted with this question, seemingly absurd, "Who are negroes?" There are American negroes of every shade—negroes with white skin, thin lips, blue eyes and golden hair. "One drop of colored blood makes a negro" says the Southerner. He prides himself on his ability to perceive that one drop yet he is frequently deceived. Thousands are so predominantly white as to be indistinguishable. Many, for the greater

privilege it brings them, have "gone over to white" and forsaken their colored relatives. Many more could do so if they wished.

Negroes carry in their veins blood of the best Southern families. They count legislators, judges, and governors among their ancestors. Inter-racial marriage is prohibited and concubinage is now discountenanced, yet the amalgamation process to considerable extent is still going on. Today there are probably not less than three million who are "visibly" mulattoes.

But whether pure blood or mixed, black or near white, the negro suffers all the hardships that have become the heritage of his race. No matter how intelligent, or how high his aspirations, fate is against him. In this situation there is an element of pathos. "How those negroes sing at their work," remarked Mr. Baker to a woman in Atlanta. "Yes," she replied, "but they don't sing like they used to." Professor Du Bois, in his "Souls of Black Folk," tells with what stinging keenness, in his school days at the North, he was made to realize that he was a negro and different. Contempt, then bitterness, then despair sprung up in his soul as he began to see that the pleasures and golden opportunities of his school-fellows were not for him. A great many of the more intelligent of the race feel just this way. Bitter and despairing they struggle on beneath the millstone of denied opportunity.

For many years the South, and more recently the North, has been disgraced by frequent appeals to lynch-law. There has been a yearly average of one hundred lynchings for the last thirty years. The victims, almost always negroes, are hung, shot to death, beaten to death, or burned. They may be guilty of a crime, or they may be only suspected, or they may even be merely disliked by someone. Statistics collected by the Chicago Tribune show that for the year 1907 the lynchings were for offences ranging from stealing seventy-five cents and talking to white girls over the telephone to rape and murder. Sometimes some of the best sort of people are mobbed and killed as in the Atlanta riot and its aftermath in 1906. It is asserted that negroes have a peculiar propensity to the crime of assault on women, and that as long as this crime is committed the criminals will deservedly be lynched. This assertion may be true, but it overlooks the fact that lynchings will never remove the cause nor effect a cure of the crime. Furthermore, most of the lynchings are for some other crime, or for no crime at all. It is the constant clashing between the baser elements of the two races that prepares the way for these fearful and degrading spectacles. They are the by-product of Caucasian hate and Ethiopian crime.

Many have advocated arbitrary solutions for the whole negro problem, but no formulas or patent cures will work.

"Annihilation" is unjust and preposterous. "Segregation" would only create other situations as difficult. "Deportation" would entail endless suffering. The black man has been growing into the fabric of American life for three hundred years, and he is now an essential part of it. He is an American. America is the land he loves, the only land he cares to know.

What, then, shall we do with our brother in black? Whether we like to accept the responsibility or not, he is on our hands for good or ill. We created the situation ourselves, for he himself was irresponsible and had no choice. He is our ward and his future lies with us even more than it does with him. This much is certain, hate and lynching will never check his criminal tendencies and make of him a worthy citizen. But education and decent living conditions will accomplish that result. Comparatively little has been done to educate the great body of the race either morally, intellectually, or industrially. School funds are spent chiefly on the schools for the whites. Also that absurd thing known as "race prejudice" makes teachers hard to secure for negro schools. To be sure the negro cannot bear the whole cost of his education, but we can very well afford to help him to an education merely for our own protection. Humanity takes a terrible revenge on the society that neglects it. We will have the "worthless negro" with us just as long as we have the ignorant negro. We need

many more such institutions as Hamilton and Tuskegee institutes where manual and industrial training are emphasized.

Despite disadvantages, inherent and imposed, the colored man has made progress in his half century of physical freedom. He operates one million farms, owning one fifth of them. His total land holdings would equal Ireland. He owns sixty-five banks and a half million homes, and publishes four hundred newspapers. Sixty-five thousand are in the professions, of which five hundred are authors, two thousand lawyers, and four thousand physicians and surgeons. One half million served in the navy and army, being given by the Germans the epithet of "Schwarze Teufels." A great many were awarded the Croix de Guerre or were cited for bravery.

Happy, emotional, deeply religious, the colored man will contribute his distinctive elements and add to the glory of America if we give him a chance. He is a human being, hating and loving, erring and aspiring, even as we. He desires to be rated at his intrinsic worth regardless of his pigment. Just as his white brother has, he wants to have the privilege of an open road to those things in life that men hold dear. The souls of ten million black folk plead for justice, for a fair fighting chance. Can we deny it them?

The Development of the Missionary Enterprise

Graded Second

Marietta Fancher, Music. Theological

"Easily gained things are easily lost;
That obtained without effort is worth what
it cost."

Are there any exceptions to the general maxim that attainments of value are reached by meeting and overcoming the difficulties in the way? Surely the successful achievements of the Missionary Movement have been attained after prayer, persistence, pains and patience. If progress has seemed slow perhaps it has been all the more certain; if not uniform yet possibly still gradual and constant. In truth, the Missionary Enterprise has not suddenly sprung into existence but its methods, organization and character have advanced by a slow progress, even at times of a seemingly negative type. From St. Paul's illustrious age to the present time there have been periods of special zeal, and others when the Church was absorbed in herself either converting and assimilating people within her own borders or debating some seemingly essential point of

doctrine. Almost invariably, however, there has been some undertaking in outside fields, yet often carried on by so few and in such an obscure manner as to be partially unknown. In fact, in the beginning we notice individual effort as an outstanding characteristic—not as we use the term today—but in the making of Missionary work a part of one's regular daily activity. Carey's statement seems to convey this sentiment when he says that his business is preaching the gospel and he mends shoes for a living.

Up to the time of the Reformation when Protestantism and Catholicism began to separate so widely the gospel was carried in one form as well as being one in essential character. Previous to this had been gradually growing up about the truth a system of observances which we term Roman Catholicism and it was against these as substituted for the real germ that Luther protested. As in any system there are points worthy of emulation and also those of lesser importance so in the foreign Missionary activity of this period we may find much to imitate and some to disregard. Almost universally we notice three outstanding methods used, namely effort with the young, attempt to force home church systems on the native people, and a combination of religious and political interests. We will at once agree that the first is very laudable if not made too exclusive. We can easily see this from the positive results obtained which we must attribute to this method alone for

the other two as carried out have had a tendency to hinder rather than to aid advance. As to the second feature we must remember that all things come to those who wait. The mission must let the natives choose and develop their own church system in so far as is possible, practicable and to the best interests of the whole, remembering that only very awkward attempts are better than no trials and we learn to do by doing. If the mission leaders can so win the confidence of the natives as to be able to "stand back and lead" they have gained their objective which is not any particular type or form of church but one "whose organization and character are in harmony with the peculiar needs and capabilities of the people," as we learn from Bliss. While we may be able to see some virtue in the idea of the third, uniting church and state, yet its lack of any permanent practical results either in remote history or at a later time brand the system as an idea only or as an ideal system not yet reduced to practicability. Judging from the territory reached we would conclude that they had accomplished great results as their work under different organization spread with the opening of new territory until they were represented in Asia, Africa and in each of the Americas. Their endeavor was in a way neutralized, however, by the inconsistent lives of Portugese traders in Africa whom the natives classed as Christian, but more especially in Asia and South America by the failure either to give the

Bible to the native in his own language or to found schools. In North America the chief hindrances to the Jesuit work are described as tribal wars combined with loyalty to the Indian faith and the essentially unstable character of nomadic tribes. Also there was the opposition of the English to the French combined with the Jesuit accommodation to native superstitions. Possibly these seem easily avoided but only a careful study of the struggles and devotion of these people reveal the real inspiration their trials and triumphs may afford us.

The beginning of any organization in the Protestant Missionary Movement began with Carey in 1792 in the formation of the Baptist Society. This was followed three years later by the London Missionary Society also reaching outside the home land. Almost immediately organizations followed at Glasgow and Edinburgh and in the same decade the Church Missionary Society of London with which students of the enterprise are so familiar. Others worthy of mention are "Society for Missions to Africa and the East," "The British and Foreign Society" and the "Wesleyan Missionary Society." In our own America the interest culminated in 1810 in the organization of the "American Board" as it is more familiarly known. These have been duplicated and revised until we have our present multiplied systems which in spite of their various natures and numerous multiplications are after all so efficient.

Three lines of work are recognized by the Protestant Missionary as conducive to the best success. That of essential importance is necessarily evangelization. However the prime purpose fails to insure lasting results unless backed up by other allied interests. Experience has proved that the most successful background for permanent character in this work can best be obtained by a wise use of evangelistic, medical, and educational methods to the chief end and a development as soon as it is possible into wise or-

ganization. This serves to suggest numberless problems which present themselves under each phase of the work and may give a faint idea of the immense scope of the Protestant Missionary Enterprise. Great as have been the victories of the past there are still obstacles in the way which, if properly met, can be made stepping stones to greater triumphs. If the slogan of world evangelization in this generation be universally adopted the challenge to face and conquer future foes will be accepted.



The Whisper of Spring

Graded First

Marietta Fancher. Music. Theological

When weary the heart of winter so wild,
Of icicles frozen and snowbanks high piled,
Comes the faintest suggestion of springtime so mild—
Just a whisper of spring in the air!
Perhaps 'tis a bluebird attempting a trill
Or faint hope of release to a long captive rill;
But with joy it suffices our bosoms to thrill
This whisper of spring in the air!
A warm breeze then wafted will add to our pleasure,
A sunbeam delight our glad hearts beyond measure;
Or a smile from a friend we will happier treasure
For this whisper of spring in the air!
O, 'tis then we grow weary and restless our looks,
And we long to forever say "farewell" to books,
And we dream of the outdoors of wakening nooks
At this whisper of spring in the air!
Then, gaily as children rejoicing in play,
We toss thoughts of care and sadness away;
For our hearts are as young and as joyous today
As the whisper of spring in the air!
The sugar camp lures us with magical spell,

We yield to its charms and enjoy them so well
That our voices re-echo o'er hill and in dell
With the whisper of spring in the air!
And then we return to our work with a zest
That assures us results of the highest and best;
And far better prepared are we now for each test
For this whisper of spring in the air!

The Forest

Graded Second

Lynn Russell, Prep.

The whisp'ring forest seems to me,
A place where zephyrs breathe,
A place of wondrous mystery,
Where life and nature weave.

The fresh cool woods, they call to me,
"Come forth to my abode."
The murm'ring trees, they seem to say,
"We will thy cares unload."

The forest is a balm to us,
Whose hearts are sore and sad.
The merry birds that flit about
Help make the forest glad.

The tall majestic forest stands
A work of God above,
The God who made all nature's art
And giveth peace and love.

Gleanings From the Oratorical Contest

Orations Were of Good Quality

Our contesting orators this year were: John Hester, Edith Warburton, Eric Bascom, Fenno Densmore, and Stanley Lawrence. Their productions were of real quality and the orators showed spendid ability. They all deserve our hearty congratulations. First prize was awarded John Hester, second prize to Edith Warburton and Eric Bascom received honorable mention. We wish we might give our readers the orations in full. We present Mr. Hester's in essay form in another article. From the others we have selected gleanings which will indicate something of their character. We can indicate but little of their quality, the judging of that would require the hearing of them as they were given from the platform.

The subject of Miss Warburton's oration was, "Our Future as a Church." We select from it's thoughts the following:

The slow growth of our church for the past seventy years has been due in part to our opposition to all forms of sin and vice. We must retain this attitude no matter how small our church remains. There has been much disagreement between co-laborers. The young people have not been given enough practical religious work to do. The great issues of the church have not been presented clearly to the people, and the articles of faith have been misunderstood. We need a better educated clergy. Until recently we had no satisfactory financial plan -- many workers went elsewhere because they could get better pay.

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The Finding of a Friend

Graded First

Eloise Sherman. College '23

It was a cold dreary day. Everything was covered with snow and the wind blew in terrific gusts. The snow was piled high. In places only the tops of the fences could be discerned. The passing landscape did not tend to add to one's blitheness, but rather thrust one who was already blue, farther into the depths of despondency. In fact, no one in the car seemed very happy. Everyone was quiet, many were taking those little seistas that one so enjoys on a tiresome journey and others were boredly reading the latest magazines.

The young woman in black near the rear of the car had scarcely moved for an hour. She sat half reclining on the cushions, her head propped in her hand, gazing at the dreary aspect of the outside world. This little woman, or should she be called girl? offered a topic for speculation. She was slight in appearance, yet on closer inspection showed a healthy strongness. Her chin was determined and her mouth strong and her nose had just a suggestion of an upward tilt. Her eyes were a dark gray and her hair

of that indefinable brownish shade which so many of our American girls have. Everything about her was scrupulously neat and her clothes were of good material and were well fitted. The close little hat was draped in a veil. Probably she was a daughter of the middle classes mourning for a husband whose life had been lost in his country's service.

Presently she turned and settled into a more comfortable position so that her face was in full view. It was startling to see the look of pain in the lovely eyes for they were really beautiful through their mist. The face would have been pretty, had it not been so white and drawn.

The train had perceptibly lessened its speed within the last hour and now it seemed to do nothing more than crawl.

The girl changed her position again and looked about her with a more anxious air. "Suppose the track should be drifted full and the train be obliged to remain here all night! Whatever should she do? She never could endure the suspense. Poor little boy!"

As if to confirm her fears, the genial old man across the aisle, who had been watching her, spoke, "Afraid the track is drifted pretty full. It would be a shame if we were held up here over night."

"Oh, you don't really think there is danger of it, do you?" An added look of anxiety and fear came into her

face.

"Oh, I presume we will get there all right. There is a dreadful stretch of a few miles which always drifts and this train has been stalled more than once. The wind has blown fearfully today, but we'll make it, I dare say," the man said, anxious to quiet the fears which he had aroused in her.

It had been growing dusk and presently the lights were switched on. The train was still slowing down but the man leaned reassuringly across the aisle.

"Only a mile or two more of this drifted territory, then we'll be all right. Stop at Drayton?"

"Yes," she answered.

"You've been traveling for some time?"

"Only since last night."

"I see, I see. Well! What's this now?"

The train had come to a stop.

"We're in for it, I guess."

After a few moments the brakeman came through the car announcing that the train would be stalled for some hours until the snow plow could reach them from Drayton.

"Pretty tough, now isn't it?" asked the old man before turning again to his newspapers.

The girl in black was overcome. She looked about her with a despairing glance and then dropped her head in her arms. The excitement of the past few days had proved

too much for Mary Grayham and she sobbed out all her feelings which had been pent up since her mother's telegram two days before. Poor Mary! She surely had had her trials. She and Robert had been so happy even if Robert's father had ignored them. The little flat had been so neat and little Bobbie so sweet and dear. Robert's wages had kept them in comfort if not in luxury. Then war was declared and Robert's had been one of the first regiments to go across. The breaking up of the little home and re-prayer and anxiety had been a strain on Mary and when turning to Drayton with little Bobbie, the long weeks of the long dreaded news came that Robert had died so heroically, Mary's poor tired nerves gave out. Then came the struggle to regain health and to live for Bobbie. Since that first true realization of what life would be without Robert, Mary's one thought had been of him. That was why she had left him with her mother in Drayton and gone back to the hospital. She must make as much money as she could now because some day Bobbie would no longer be a small romping boy but would go away to school and he must go as Robert Graham's son should go. Her mother mentioned Robert's father, but no! She would never go to him with any kind of plea. He should come to her for forgiveness. And now! Dear little Bobbie! He never should have been left. How could she have done it? Suppose he should—but no. He should get better, he must be better

now. Oh! if the train would only go on.

After Mary's quiet, jerky little sobs had nearly subsided the old man quietly sat down by her.

"There, there, my dear, can't you tell me all about it, just as if I were your father? I never had a daughter to confide in me."

"Oh my baby is sick, so sick and this train is stalled. If we only would go on."

"Poor child! Tell me about your baby. Is it a boy?"

"Yes, he is three years old, and if I only had not left him." Then Mary told the old gentleman how handsome and wonderful baby Bobbie was, how she had left him to work in the hospital, how lonesome she had been without him and how he now was sick and she was going home to him.

"And your husband?"

"Oh! Robert was killed at Chateau Thierry."

"My son was also."

"Your only son?"

As he nodded her eyes softened and she was drawn to him more because they had a common sorrow.

"Did he leave you no grandchildren? Nothing to help you?" she asked.

"Only a wife whom I have never seen. You see when he married I disowned him because I had a grudge against the girl's father."

"Oh!" Mary's exclamation was full of meaning. Could it be that this kind old man was Robert's father?

"I wish I knew where she is now. I have lost all my hard feelings and I want her to be my daughter." The old man's eyes were glistening.

"Sir, will you tell me your name?"

"Graham, Robert Graham."

"My name is Mary Graham. Your son was my husband."

"My dear girl can you ever forgive me? Will you, and may I have a share in Bobbie?"

"Father, I'll gladly forgive you, now let us pray that Bobbie may be better."

The train had begun to move again. The stories had lasted for some time and the plow had done its work.

Within an almost incredibly short time the train reached Drayton and Mr. Graham was calling Mary's mother. He left the telephone with shining eyes.

"She says he is better. The doctor says the crisis is passed."

As they passed out into the night, Mary observed the clear sky full of shining stars. The wind had died away and the air was crisp and bracing, her spirits were returning.

"If Robert only knows," she murmured.

"For Who Hath Despised the Day of Small Things

Graded Second

Royal Woodhead, Prep. '20

Mr. Morrison, bookkeeper for the First National Bank of Ashby, walked slowly down the street. He wore a pronounced frown, his jaws were set, his eyes were set on the ground and his shoulders drooped. Under his arm he carried a book. It was the day before New Years and that meant that the day after the next he must turn in the books balanced and ready to be filed. He had gained permission from the president of the bank to carry one of the books home, for it seemed that he could not get that book to balance. No matter what he did there was still a deficit of \$10,000.

At length he drew near to a street that led down a long hill. As he approached the end, he but vaguely saw the many children playing with their sleds. He was about to cross and pass down the other side when he was greeted by the smiling face of a little girl who looked up and said, "Mister wouldn't you like to ride down on my sled?"

Morrison's face hardened. He was about to spit out a

curt refusal with something in it about the impertinence of children now-a-days when the purity of the child's face made him say, "Why yes, little girl, I would like to ride with you."

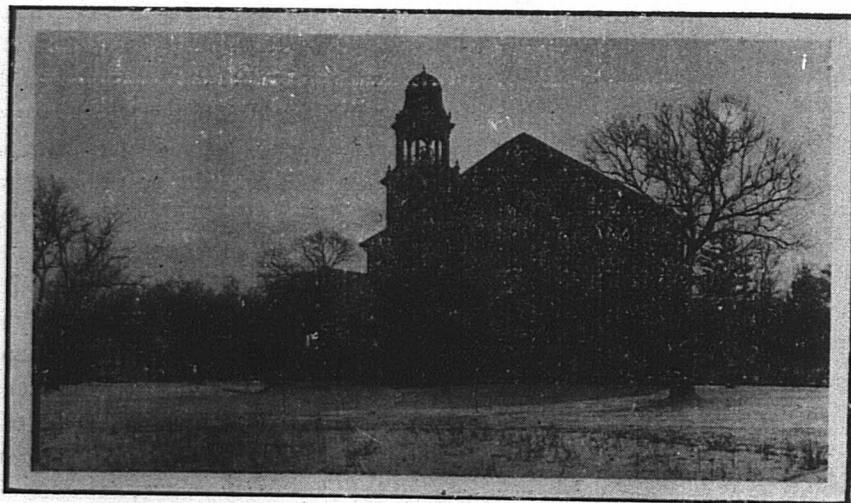
Then the big man oppressed with cares and borne down with over-work seated himself on the little sled and started for his first sled ride in years. Down the hill they went and as they sped the cares of the man seemed to be left behind. "I wish I could repay you for the good you have done me. I will ride with you again some day."

He left the little girl and walked into his own house with a smile on his face and began telling his wife some amusing incident in the day's work. The supper was soon over and he sat down to balance that fateful book. Did the figures ever add up so quickly? His pencil seemed to fly over the columns. At last his pencil rested on the \$10,000 column. There came the temptation to erase that figure. Oh what wouldn't it mean to him; it would give him back his home, (that seemed as good as gone) it would save him from being disgraced among his companions, and it would save his wife from hours of worry and work that would follow the disclosure of the \$10,000 deficit. But at last the right triumphed, for he seemed to see the purity in the child's face, and he didn't want his less pure, so he turned to his book once more. His pencil still rested on the \$10,000 column. He raised his pencil slowly. Then his eyes

had made a difference of \$10,000.

So at last his books were balanced and his home was safe, and who can say that it wasn't the smile of the little girl that saved him from disgrace, as well as a fly's leg that caused the trouble.

almost jumped from his head, the one in the column seemed to follow the end of the pencil. Then it all burst upon him, the one was formed by a fly's leg that had been crushed between the leaves of his book as he closed it at the end of a day's work and the leg being in the \$10,000 column it



The Inspiration of Divine Call

Although man was created with the privileges of an exalted position before God there came a day when, through disobedience to a divine command, he was deprived of the blessedness God had intended he should have. Not only was he deprived of this blessed relation with God, but his attitude was changed from one of simple faith and trust to one of open hostility to Him. Thus the race was given over to Satan to be held in the bondage of sin until the price of redemption should be paid.

But the infinite wisdom and love of God was sufficient to prevent the defeat of His purposes towards man. Although the race had fallen from its immediate relation to Him, He offered a plan of salvation whereby all men might claim their right to live for His honor and His glory. Through faith in the atoning value of the sacrifice of one who was promised, a gracious redemption from the power of sin was extended to the human race.

But while God had promised the redemption of the race through the sacrifice of the coming Messiah, there was need of a long period of preparation before the people were ready for the holy life of the Redeemer. God could

not sovereignly interpose His divine will upon intelligence with the power of free choice. In bringing about the proper conditions for the advent of the Messiah it was necessary to use human agency. He therefore called apart unto Himself those who would be led by His Spirit. He issued to them a divine call so sure that through all the adversities of life those holy men of old were able to cling to the promises that were delivered to them with their divine call.

The purpose of God in the calls that were given to the prophets of the old dispensation was primarily for the fulfillment of the promise of salvation. And, even though today the redemptive economy is realized to its fullest extent the purpose of God in calling men into His service is in the fulfillment of the promise of salvation. This is true because the race is still in the bondage of sin. The prince of the power of the air has usurped the dominion of the world. He has entrenched himself in mighty power against the advance that must be made through the agency of the children of light.

It has always been the desire and plan of God that this enemy, enthroned in the hearts of men should be conquered and driven out. This cannot be done in the strength of man alone, but must be accomplished through man by the power of the Spirit of Jehovah. And God's children because of their human limitations in strength and in

realized one must be awakened to the need of the field into which that mission leads. If he can get a vision of the numbers that are ignorant of the plan of salvation; if he can see them as they yearn for the truth of the gospel of salvation; if he can see the consequences that will be the result of his failure to take the gospel message to them, surely his entire being will be animated with a zeal of inspiration that will have its telling effect in the accomplishment of the mission before him.

Thus God with His infinite care has provided for those whom He calls, all the means of strength that they need. They may go forth in the strength of Jehovah. In this strength they can extend the reach of the gospel to those who are included in the plan of salvation.

wisdom must know by the receipt of a divine call to their work that God is back of their efforts, giving them the strength required for their labors. Then they can meet the temptations that arise over the problems of their work with the knowledge that they have been called of God into the service they are rendering.

Yet if a divine call in itself was all that man received he would not be able to battle the hostile forces of the enemy. A divine call, it is true, must be received by those who are to go into the work of the kingdom. But if God should give the call without giving those things that are requisite to the strengthening of human effort, what miserable creatures His children would be for they realize that going in their own strength means failure in their work.

So God has not stopped with the call itself, but has given a special means of strength and help through the inspiration that comes with the call. This inspiration may be given as a special aid in determining the genuineness of the call. It may be given for the purpose of quickening and illuminating the mind in its preparation for the service to be performed, but above all it is given by the Holy Spirit as a special help in the efforts that are being made.

But the inspiration that comes with a divine call may also be consequent upon other sources than that of the call itself. Before the importance of a mission can be fully

Gleanings From the Oratorical Contest

Orations Were of Good Quality

Continued from Page 13

"Conditions are improving. Our people are laying aside differences and emphasizing fundamentals while popular churches are letting in everything that draws a crowd. The number of our churches is increasing. We are now emphasizing the need of churches and adding to their number. There has been great increase in missionary interest. Theological students are increasing. In four years time, by means of the forward movement campaign, we expect all our schools to be colleges under the laws of their respective states.

"It is through God's help that we have reached our present position; only through His help can we continue to go forward. We must not forget to pray. "If God be for us, He is more than all that can be against us."

Mr. Bascom spoke on "The Power of Personality", making most prominent personality as related to progress and development in history and religion and emphasizing the personality of the lowly Nazarene. We quote two of the most suggestive parts;

"I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in finding now and then a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me." -- Newton.

"While only half America's fifty-three million children are

enrolled in religious schools of any creed and protestant children average only twenty-four hours a year of religious training from any source, we yet boast our Christianity and do to-day stand as the highest type of civilized attainment. But what might we boast if we humbly learn at the feet of the lowly Nazarene?"

Mr. Densmore presented Christianity as the conqueror of war using for his subject "War and Its Conqueror." We quote the following portions:

"We are now standing upon the threshold of a new generation in which we hope to hail another victor -- even the conqueror of war.

"Of all the losses of the last war, the spiritual loss is the greatest. - - - Who could gamble at the foot of the cross for the garments of Christ? Soldiers. Who could torture helpless women and children in Belgium and northern France? Soldiers trained in the school of wickedness. As long as there is militarism, there will be war, for war is the end in view.

"Let the races learn to love God - - - then instead of a man's saying proudly, 'I am an Englishman,' or 'a German' or 'an American,' he will gladly say, 'I am a Christian, and all men regardless of color or race, are my friends'; and then the peace branch of the Christian religion will flourish and bear fruit."

Mr. Lawrence's subject was "The Bargain Counter." From his thoughts we bring these:

The bargain counter has offered its attractions since the day that Eve partook of the forbidden fruit. It was filled with the desire of her heart. She thought she had found a bargain.

"You have heard the statement, 'All men have their price.'

Do you know of a man who will not place himself upon that counter? Such a one is one among a score, yea, one among a hundred; perhaps one among a thousand.

"Who reads the story of Joseph without being convinced that he would not sell himself? Daniel's noble purpose exemplifies his staunch loyalty to his convictions.

Mr Lawrence thinks that we have men to-day who do not have their price. We agree with him. We are fortunate enough to know some in whom is the spirit of the living God, and who show to the world what God has meant man to be. They do not have their price.

C. A. R.

Commencement

Preparatory, Music, and College

June has come again and with it the usual Commencement exercises of Houghton Seminary. Classes from three departments were graduated this year. First in order of time came the preparatory seniors, who gave their Class Day program Wednesday evening, June ninth. The decorations were in the class colors, old rose and moss green, and the platform was arranged so as to appear as if it were a parlor. Evergreens and crepe paper formed the walls and ceiling, while azalea and the

class flower, mountain laurel, added beauty to the scene. Above appeared the class motto, "Revocate virtutem," against a background of evergreen:

The program was given in a very informal manner as though it were a classmeeting in the home of their president, Mrs. Van Buskirk. Besides the usual class day numbers, poem, history, prophecy, and will, which were all well given, new features were introduced such as farewells to some favorite subjects, ideals of worthy individuals and a tribute to the class flower. One of the ideals was an acknowledgment of the worth of our President, J. S. Luckey. Music was interspersed throughout and the pleasing program was ended by the class song to that beautiful tune of "America For Me."

The next morning the eight people, six girls and two boys, appeared on the platform again. This time they were not the informal, carefree group of the evening before. They assumed a dignified manner as they marched slowly to the rostrum and took their seats before the waiting audience. The program consisted principally of orations, each member of the class delivering one. This was varied somewhat by vocal and instrumental music.

This was one of the finest groups of orations yet given by the preparatory seniors.

President Luckey in presenting the diplomas drew a figure from his own experience in climbing Mt. Vesuvius. The graduation, or Commencement, he likened to a place only to rest a bit before attempting to scale higher altitudes. After the presentation of diplomas the class repeated their song:

The music department boasts five instrumental graduates this year, Misses Carrie Coleman and Veva Parker of Houghton, Miss Fidelia Warburton of Odessa, N. Y., Miss Mildred Ellingwood of Fairmont, Ind., and Miss Berenice Fish of Spartansburg, Pa. They were accompanied to the platform by their instructor, Miss Paddock, and by President Luckey. After prayer by Rev. D. S. Bedford a program was rendered displaying the technique of the seniors as well as giving the audience the benefit of several brilliant solos and four and eight hand pieces.

This class is to be congratulated on being the largest one in music ever graduated from their Alma Mater thus far. After Miss Paddock had presented the class to Pres. Luckey he made some very fitting remarks and presented each member with a well earned diploma.

On Friday morning, June eleventh, occurred the graduation exercises of the advanced, or college department. Miss Gratia Bullock is the only graduate this year. After the march and the invocation by Professor J. J. Coleman, Mr. Woods sang very effectively. Miss Bullock's oration on the present opportunity before America was then delivered and was a very impressive one. The address of the morning was given by Rev. J. S. Willett. He spoke very fittingly from the words, "Make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." His theme was the constant struggle necessary for achievement. Mr. Willett

has the distinction of being the first graduate from the advanced department of Houghton, his commencement having been in 1901.

The event of the alumni dinner occurred Friday noon. It was well attended and as usual the Houghton spirit was shown very decidedly. It formed a fitting sequel to the graduation exercises which mark another pleasant chapter in the history of the school.

The Last Day of Commencement

The atmosphere prevailing during Commencement this year was in keeping with the increase of spirituality in the school. At the insistent request of the graduating class, our President delivered the Baccalaureate address. He did not call it a sermon, but we who listened felt that it was well worthy the name. From the text, "Six days shalt thou labor", we heard a forceful and very practical exhortation on "Works and Faith". The annual vesper service was held on the campus in the evening in charge of Mr. Lawrence Woods. This is always a favorite service with the students.

Mrs. Anna Boardman Smith gave the annual missionary address to a well filled house. She is a returned missionary and

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MARY WILLIAMS — “ She surely ought to take up law,
For as a bluffer, she’s without flaw.”

LAURA STEESE — “For if she will, she will, you may depend on’t
And if she won’t, she won’t, and there’s an end on’t.”

NORA MATTOON — “She has in her that happy blend of a real sweet girl,
And a nice, true friend.”

PAULINE SHEA — “A quiet girl with manners refined, studious, serious, helpful and kind.”



ROYAL WCODHEAD— "Among companions a very jolly fellow."

CHRISTINA WOLFE— "Quiet—yes, even so."

GEORGIA VAN BUSKIRK— "Like the dykes of Holland, she stands our bulwark."

MAX MOLYNEAUX— "Small but mighty withal,"

History of the Class of '20

It is said, "That everything has its history." Even the plants as they burst their bands that bind them into seeds and push their little hands up to the center of light and heat have a history. Even the rocks and stones that may be seen at every turn as you walk through the fields have their history. And a history might be found for even "the gay motes that people the sunbeams." Therefore it surely must follow that this Class of 1920 has its history. We shall see.

Georgia Stone VanBuskirk the salutatorian of the class was born on July 4, 1890. From that day until this she has been practical. To illustrate this, when she was a very small girl she had a dog of which she was very fond and for which she was willing to do almost anything. One day her aunt took her to Sunday School and gave her this verse to repeat, "Feed my sheep." However Georgia failed to get the point in this verse in as much as she did not have any sheep to feed. So when her turn came she said proudly, "Feed my dog."

Her common saying is, "I always say just what is in my mind no matter where it is." This has certainly been so, even from a child. One day she visited her neighbor who had a little baby a few months old. This neighbor

wisely set her to work rocking the cradle. After she had rocked for some time she remarked, "People who have children should take care of them shouldn't they?" "Why certainly," said the neighbor." "Then rock your own baby," said Georgia getting up and walking away from the cradle. Now why shouldn't she say what she pleases, wasn't she born on Independence day?

Georgia is kind hearted and generous almost to a fault. If you don't believe it, just ask some of the Seniors to tell you what she has done for the Class.

To reach the place where she now is, she has surmounted many obstacles. She does her own house work, giving her time to the class as its President, entertaining the class at her home and giving to all encouragement, wise council and practical suggestions.

Christina Gretchen Wolfe first saw light on the shores of Moss Lake on Aug. 3, 1896. She has always been a timid girl, and when she was laughed at after giving vent to her first words, "Oh rats," she refused to talk for a long time. Although she was timid she was shrewd for if she did not dare openly to oppose she would gain her point in another way. At one time she had broken her doll and her uncle had given her the money to purchase another. At the store she protested vainly against buying a black doll. When she got home she took the doll and buried it. The doll was not seen for several years but when it was found

it had turned white.

She has always been very patient. She began to fish when she was but three years old and on her first trip she caught five fish. But alas when she went to get her five fish a mud turtle had eaten them. She was much grieved and downcast. On the way home she met a man who said, "Hello, little girl you didn't catch any fish did you?" She answered promptly, "Yes I did but the mud puddle ate them."

Upon April 27, 1901 a little girl came as a permanent visitor to the home of Mr. Roy Mattcon. This little girl was always busy at something and she was quite agreeable company for her mother who was left alone with her a great deal of the time. It is said that while she was a child she was never quiet. Although she liked to be busy she didn't like to be told what to do. One day after she had been playing with her blocks and had left them lying around on the floor she was told to pick them up. She promptly refused, and it was some time before she complied.

At one time in her life she had a great love for beer bottles. She had been left one day playing with them. After a while she could not be found. When she was discovered she was going toward the store with a beer bottle in each hand, presumably to get them filled. When she first went to school it was hard for her to learn to read,

but after mastering the art she read book after book until measures were taken to prevent her, such as having a switch fixed so that the lights could be turned out from down stairs. A great pastime of hers was to preach a sermon to her dolls every Sunday, not because she liked to preach but because she liked to play with her dolls.

She started moving when she was very young and she surely kept at it for she has gone to high school in three different places namely Gasport, her first year, Houghton her second year, Rushford her third year and Houghton her fourth year. You can see that this little girl has had her own way and it's no wonder for her name is Nora Mae.

On Dec. 16, 1902 a little girl by the name of Laura Mae came to gladden the home of Alexander Steese. When she was a very small girl she was going with her mother down to her father's mill. On the way she saw a clothes pin lying beside the path. Although her mother advised her to pass she firmly insisted on going back to get that pin.

From her outward appearance you would not think that she could make my young brother senior tip over his car and spill a load of milk, but such seems to be the case, for it happened, on the morning after the night before. She will have to change some if her ambition to be a college president's wife ever comes true or I pity the poor lads that fall into that president's hands if thoughts of her make him as reckless as it seems to make the young man just

mentioned.

Laura always wants to have everything accurate. When she commenced to go to school she became an excellent student and was always persistent in the use of correct English. At one time a young man called at her home with his father. Laura answered the door. The young man said, "Have you ever met my father?" Laura fixing her mouth to use the correct word said, "No I hasn't."

Mary Elizabeth Williams was born at Dixonville, Pa., on Feb. 23, 1902. She has always been a girl of extremes. From the time she was very small until she was about twelve she was very affectionate toward her friends, "Almost soft" her sister says. But by that time she was ready for a change so she became a girl who didn't care whether she had any friends or not. "She was a changed girl," her mother says. As a child she was very timid. She would cry if anybody looked at her. After a little while it could be said that she would fight if anybody looked at her. When a child she was very delicate. However she developed into a strong, healthy, athletic girl. In graded school she was always able to defend herself of anything that was being mistreated. At one time a boy of about her own age was teasing her cat of which she was very fond so she began to defend her pet and in a few minutes the poor lad was glad enough to sue for peace.

When the war broke out she was much grieved because

she couldn't go as a nurse. She was heartless enough to wish it to last until she was old enough to go.

In athletics she is an expert; in school she is a wonder and if she ever gets the questions asked that she some times asks she will make an excellent school teacher, although her ambition is to be matron of a home for friendless cats.

Washce, etaoim shrdlu cmfwyp zffiffi vbqkj sh rdluoin

Pauline Barbara Shea, was born May 4, 1902. She has always shown great executive ability in managing things about the home. One morning when she was a very little girl she was asked to fetch her slippers. She answered, "No needie slippers, slippers up-a-stairs on-a-boots," meaning "put on the boots." It's a good thing she did learn to manage things for by so doing she makes it much easier for the rest of the family. Her outstanding characteristic is faithfulness: first, faithfulness to God and next faithfulness to her home duties. She is quiet and reserved. She believes that love is the most natural thing in the world. So just wait and see if she doesn't make some good man happy.

Joel Maxwell Molyneaux was born Aug. 7, 1904. His outstanding characteristic used to be to take everything literally (I say used to be, so you won't try to make a fool of him now.)

When he was a small boy he worked about the barn

cobs to the pig. Later in the evening he asked, "Did you want the corn on or the corn off?" "Why," his father answered, "I meant with the corn on. How did you give them?" "With the corn off," was his answer. At another time Max and his father were riding along the road toward the postoffice. His father said to him, "Wouldn't it be fine if you would run ahead and get the mail so I could start back as soon as I got there." Max agreed, so started on. However his father soon drove past him. And all he said was, "Take my coat and I can go faster." Relieved of his coat he was still unable to keep up. So his father took him into the wagon because Max began to realize that he couldn't outrun the horse.

One day when Max was ten, he informed his father that he preferred to walk to the lecture that evening. As his father drove into town he saw Max entering a doorway. He asked where he was going. Max answered, "To get my girl." Then he was told to go with his mother yet a while. When he got into the buggy with the rest he said, "Well, I suppose I've got to grow up an old bachelor like the rest of the family, just look at Glen, here."

One evening when Max was about five his father decided to go riding and take Max with him. Max went in and asked his mother if he hadn't better change his clothes. She said, "No just put on that little coat I made for you." After they had waited for him for some time his father

went to look for him. He found him in the bedroom having exchanged his clothes for the little coat, walking up and down before the looking glass and saying to himself, "Mother said put it on so it must be all right but it looks funny."

Considering it improper to write my own history I succeeded in getting a friend to write it for me. He writes, "For Chink, I would say that he has no history at present that is worth writing. However being dissatisfied with his present state, he promises to make history in the near future."

I have told you this story just as I have found it, sparing the peculiarities of none. However I have refrained from telling all of their qualities because I did not want to be guilty of bursting any of their already swelled craniums. R. S. W.



College Senior

Gratia B. Bullock is a daughter and a granddaughter of Houghton. Her father, the Reverend H. J. Bullock graduated from the theological course in 1895; her mother, Ethel Baird Bullock was also a student of the Seminary. In the spring of 1915, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock came to Houghton with their family. It was at that time that Gratia first became a student here, entering the Junior class of the high school and graduating in June the next year. Having entered the advanced department in the fall and regularly pursuing her studies she is now graduating from that department. In addition to this course she has taken a considerable amount of work in elocution and in music. Miss Bullock has more than average ability as a student, and at the same time her genial disposition has made her a favorite with the young people. It is her intention, so she says, to continue elsewhere her studies in either music or public speaking or in both. At any rate we wish for her a happy and a useful life.

We'll Ne'er Forget Our College Days.

We'll ne'er forget our college days,
Those dear, sincere old college days,
We'll ne'er forget our Ho'ton Sem
'Twas there long friendships first began
At Ho'ton dear all hearts are true
And loyal to her memory dear,
There e'er will be a golden haze
Around those dear old college days.

Charter Song

Many years now, we have waited
For the time in which to stand
Forth in all the power laden
With the blessings from God's hand.

Chorus:

Rouse ye then, ye sons of Houghton
Be not laggards any more,
For the charter shall be yours in
Nineteen hundred twenty-four.

Chorus.

Now the goal is just before us.
We can make it if we will.
Let the God of Heav'n be with us,
And His might our efforts fill.

Chorus.

Mighty faith has been the weapon.
Prayer has brought the vict'ry near.
God is giving us His blessing.
Of what need we then have fear.

Chorus.

Then go forth to fight the battle;
God in Heav'n is on His throne.
He has given you His promise.
We shall not go forth alone.

Chorus.



Music Seniors

The graduating class in piano, from Houghton Seminary this year consists of five members. Miss Mildred Ellingwood of Fairmount, Indiana has spent two years in the piano department at Houghton. Previous to this she graduated from Fairmount Academy High School. Miss Fidelia Warburton after graduating from the high school department here spent one year teaching grade work in Forksville, Pa., then returned last year to continue her study of music. Miss Bernice Fish of Spartanburg, Pa., graduated from Titusville High School and also completed a course in Edinboro State Normal School after which she taught two years at Hillsgrove, Pa. She entered the musical department of Houghton Seminary last year. Miss Carrie Coleman who has been a resident of Houghton for the past eight years pursued her academic subjects here and after graduating attended the Combs conservatory in Phil., Pa. After finishing the public school music course in that institution she taught in Succasunna, N. J., and then returned to finish her musical course. Miss Veva Parker is a native of Houghton. She has been a member of the de-

partment for four years. Misses Fish and Ellingwood are also registered in the vocal department of the institution. Misses Coleman and Warburton have each finished one year's work in the college department. All the members of the class have always graciously appeared in recital work, all school activities, church work, and have lent their artistic and useful services to the whole community. We are proud to present them to the musical world as exponents of the piano department of Houghton Seminary.

First row- J. Hester
Haynes, Lapham, Neal,
White, O. Fester,

Second row- Mountain,
Pocock, Johnson, Russell,
Densmore, Woods,

Third row- Sherman
Grange, Farmer, Black,
Bullock, Kitterman,
Warburton, Haynes



Houghton College

The wisest of men has said, "Where there is no vision the people perish." To tell someone how he should have conducted himself after a deed has been committed is easy. But to see beforehand the proper course to pursue and to realize the aims that it is wise to seek is the part of well directed vision.

The history of most worthwhile attainments is incomplete without a record of the inspired vision that held individuals to their tasks until the ends were achieved. The record of Houghton Seminary is not barren of vision. From the days that Willard J. Houghton and his colleagues in the church saw the need of a school to train the young of the church for God and the cause of righteousness until the old seminary was actually erected men worked with the end in view. It was foresight and vision that caused the planning and the building of the new seminary and the dormitory and the gymnasium.

Many who have had the opportunity of study in the halls of Houghton have hoped for the day when she might expand until she would be a full chartered college. Some have beheld the vision darkly afar off. A few have had the ability and the perseverance to bring that end near.

Houghton is entitled to her birthright of being a chart-

ered college. She has grown gradually but substantially. Her alumni have gone out to spread the ideals for which she stands. They have organized other schools, which have enlarged her influence. She has proven that a school does not exist for its own sake, but for the sake of its patrons. For the past few years many of her students have been helped to advanced standings in other and larger institutions that the individuals might receive the greater training since degrees could not be granted here. The time has now come when it seems best to make the supreme effort to grant the students their degrees here. This can be done if one hundred thousand dollars more endowment is raised. Thus the students of the Eastern section desiring a collegiate education may receive it within the influence of the church. If the forward movement succeeds it will not only advance the other important branches of our church work, but it will mean that our educational interests will be advanced also. Thus the Houghton Seminary of today will be the Houghton college of tomorrow. Shall we as a people catch the vision?



Higgins, Lawrence, Clark,
Lane, Churchill, A. Fussell, P. Fussell, Lapham

The Junior Class of '20

Seldom does a class of Houghton Seminary get such a great variety of students from so small an area as are grouped together in our Junior class. The freshman class can boast of its wide expansion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with its members varying in age from twelve to "two score and seven." The sophomore class has the prominence of owning those born across the fathomless sea. The Juniors are all "Rural New Yorkers."

Ella Lane was born at Willow, N. Y. She has been a storekeeper and, we believe, a very successful school teacher. She is the studious one of the Junior class. The honors at examination day proudly decorate her pathway.

Edith Lapham was born in the city of Houghton but soon went to the suburbs to mingle with the beauties of nature. She is a faithful student and is loyal to her class. The duties of the home students are many. These she most cheerfully bears.

Mamie Churchill first saw the light of day in our vicinity here. She walks quite a long distance in coming to school. The snowbanks have all been measured by her. No nook or corner in this vicinity that does not know Mamie's smiling face. The flowers all wish her success as she passes them on the dewy morning.

Pearl Russell since birth has resided on a farm but a short distance from here. She enjoys nature and she is

very active. Fortune has endowed her with the gift of music.

Alora Russell, Pearl's sister, has also lived and flourished at the farm home near here. Nature has given her health and happiness which she shows by her rosy cheeks and smiling face.

Harold Balcom who lives but a few miles from here is a lover of the soil. Since his early youth he has been a sturdy boy, always willing to promptly do his part. He has traveled through many of the states of the west and, most glorious of all, he sailed with the stars and stripes and gallantly defended them.

John Higgins has lived at Moore's since he was a small boy too young to mention it. If we want any neat work done we always say, "John can do this well." He is by nature a cook, yes, a most excellent cook.

Wilber Clark of Venice Center, the president of our class, is the best musician of his type which we know. His face is set with fond ambitions toward the future. He is ready at the sound of duty to serve his comrades. His time is subject to delay that another he may aid.

Stanley Lawrence breathed the fresh air of the farm in Lisbon until he entered Houghton Seminary. His first few years here were engaged in studying Theology. Now he follows after Greek. The characteristics and desires of his life are common to man.



Houghton, Cott. Parmele, H. Clark, Enty, Rauch, Russell, Mattoon
Cunningham, Jordan, I. Rauch, Ackerman, Crandall
Carson, Mattoon, V. Roth, Wright. D. Clark, L. Roth

Our Sophomore Class, Seniors '22.

Halagar-ru! Halagar-ru!

Wah-hu! Bah-zu!

Hi-x! Hi-x.

Hika-Pika, Dominika!

Hoolaka Boolaka Bah!

Houghton High Soph'mores

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Houghton Seminary may well be proud of the Prep. Sophomore Class. We can prophesy a bright future for this class if each one continues to develop his or her talent.

Many of the boys and girls join in the basket ball and base ball games and they are all good players. Some have talent for speaking in public, others are good pianists and still others can draw very nicely. For instance, ask Harold Snyder to make your picture as you will look twenty years from now and he will do it. If you think they can't sing, just wait until they get together and they will soon make the old Sem ring with the college song.

Then still another of our number has distinguished himself as a poet. They certainly are the best bunch of boys and girls to be found this side of the Atlantic Ocean. There's Anna, our president, a studious maid, Willing to do whate'er she is bade.

Gladys Crandall, with Caesar, has fallen in love, Altho she thinks French, as a whole, much above.

Ruth Houghton, our speaker, in public, is seen;

Her face, wreathed in smiles makes her look like sixteen.

There's Snyder, our artist, whose pencil or pen

Draws pictures of landscapes, women and men.

Madaline Cunningham, a comical kid,

Oh! many's the time thru her Caesar she's slid.

Mildred J. Parmele, one of our dearest and best,

Used to ride horse-back out in the west.

There's Enty, the athlete, a jolly old chap;

You'll never catch him a-taking a nap.

Myrtle and Mabel, two sisters are they;

Good-natured, blithesome, happy and gay.

Grace Wright and Helen are very close friends,

They work out their schemes to gain their own ends.

Luella and Marjorie, two sweet-tempered girls;

One likes to bait fish-hooks, the other catch squirrels.

There's Francis, the farmer, a good-natured lad;

Tilling the soil and helping his dad.

Anna Carsons and Viola were in Africa born;

They never are seen looking sad or forlorn.

There's Iva, so quiet, friendly and kind;

In none of her lessons is she ever behind.

There's Dotty, a dear, brown-eyed little maid,

Who likes to eat candy and drink lemonade.

Bascom, Bedford and Whitney Shea,

When the picture was taken, were far away.

The two who have written this bit of poor verse,

We'll say nothing about for fear we'll do worse.

G. J. and L. R.



Eobstel, Churchill, V. Ackerman, Benning, Jordan
Wheeler, Gates, Bascom, Aiken, Chapman, Worden, Bently
Miller, M. Ackerman, Thayer, Crawford, Hill. Russell

Prep. Freshman of '20

Last September students wending their way from various states, Vermont, New Hampshire, New Jersey, South Dakota, Pennsylvania and all parts of New York, found themselves in Houghton Seminary as preparatory freshmen. At first they felt strangely out of place among so many wiser people, but after a few months, they became accustomed to the rules and acquainted with one another. Now they think there is no place equal to Houghton and most are expecting to spend the next seven years here.

The class is composed of about twenty unusually bright boys and girls. They are of various ages and sizes, ranging from thirteen to twenty-seven years of age and from five to six feet in height. There are boys and girls in this class who may become doctors, lawyers, teachers, missionaries and preachers. We are hoping that this class may even furnish a president for the United States.

The freshmen have taken an active part in the affairs of the school. Four members were on the basket ball league team. This class also counts among its numbers, one who by her readings has distinguished herself and charmed her audiences, not only in chapel but in several public gatherings. Another loyal member of this class is

our little six foot soldier boy, who spent six months with Uncle Sam's army in France. He did valiant service at the front, where he received three wounds. One member of this class has the reputation of claiming more of the teacher's time than any other student in Houghton Seminary. He occupies reserved seats in most of his class rooms. The class president is so shrewd that he can commit a crime in broad daylight and when he is arrested and tried before the High Court of Houghton Seminary, he is acquitted after holding the attention of both Literary Societies for three evenings.

Best of all about half of this class are earnest Christians, looking forward to service for their master. They are praying that the rest of the class will soon join them in this service.

As this is the first year here they are not able to boast much of their exploits, but you will hear more from them as Seniors in '23.

1st row- Lewis, Buchholz
Kays, Rodgers, Reid

M. row- Whipple, Gear-
heart, Ballinger, Banker,
Barnett

B. row- Newcomer,
Miller, Hampe, Hill, Stein



Theological Department

The Theological Department of Houghton Seminary under the efficient leadership of Prof. J. J. Coleman, with the Missionary Department under the inspiring supervision of Rev. G. L. Sprague, aims to train young men and women for fields of usefulness.

We consider it no small thing to be called of the Lord for His service in the homeland, in Africa, in India, in Japan or in the uttermost parts of the earth. Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is still ours. Therefore, the need of preparation for that work. In these days when the one great need of our church is men and women of vision, Spirit filled, who have responded to the call, "Who will go for us?" How important it is that we have the proper preparation.

Reader, will you pray that we may as young people be able to go forth from these halls of learning prepared to take up the mantles that are being laid down by the older saints of our church? Amen—let it be so for His Glory.

I praise the Lord for a call to His service, for the privilege of attending Houghton Seminary and a willingness in my soul to say, "Here am I; Send me."

Hazel G. Rodgers.

I have been learning that it takes more of God's grace

to hold still than it does to go ahead. He keeps me content in His will.

Alice Jean Hampe.

I praise Him again and again for complete victory in my soul. I am all His for sacrifice or service.

Alice L. Buchholz.

I praise the Lord for His wonderful love and mercy to me. I am determined to follow Him all the way.

Lucy Miller.

I am all the Lord's to do service for Him. I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb and am enjoying this way. "All His paths are peace."

Floyd Banker.

I am thankful for a Christian school where we as young people may come in preparation for work in the Master's vineyard.

Helen Newcomer.

I praise the Lord for salvation which reaches even me. My highest aim is to do His will and follow where He leads me.

Sigrid Stein.

I have an all consuming desire to be in the center of the Lord's will. I dare have no other desire for my life.

Clarence H. Barnett.

The love of Jesus, this great salvation and marvelous deliverance from sin have so inspired me, that my soul

burns to carry the "good tidings of great joy."

Mary Reid.

The love of Christ to fallen man has inspired my zeal to everlasting conflict, by the power of His might, against the forces of darkness.

Edwin Ballinger.

I praise God for victory and safe keeping. My desire and prayer is to be one of His humble servants and always in the will of the Lord.

Ora Kays.

It has taken some time for me to get to a place where I would let God have His way in my heart and life; But I love Him supremely this morning and believe I have it settled to forever go thru with Him.

Viola Lewis.

I am so glad for the old-fashioned religion that gives real satisfaction and victory. I never was more determined to take the way our fathers trod and be a true soldier.

Edith B. Hill.

I believe in Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour, Sanctifier and Keeper, and that He spilled His precious blood on Calvary's Cross for not only me but for all who will accept His plan for them.

Jas. B. McClintock.

I rejoice in the knowledge that God has called me from the world to go out into His vineyard as a Missionary.

Dorothy Meade.

The love of Jesus in my soul grows brighter every day. I find His ways are ways of peace and joy. My heart goes

out for those that do not know the simple way of Salvation.

W. E. Whipple.

In Memoriam

A shadow has fallen upon the busiest and happiest part of our school year. The chapel hour of Monday, May 31st was made bright with special memorial exercises at the park. Among the boys in uniform for this occasion was D. L. Presley. A few hours later his companions were searching for his body in the Genesee River. He had trusted himself too far into the strong current in a very treacherous part of the stream. It carried him farther into the stream and into deep water from which, being a poor swimmer he was not able to save himself.

The students and townspeople worked diligently all the afternoon to recover the body, but it was not secured until the following morning. At three o'clock on the same day—Tuesday—services were held in the Seminary. The speakers were Rev. J. J. Coleman, Rev. Chas. Sicard, and, representing the student body, C. A. Russell. Special songs were sung by Lawrence Woods, by Miss Coleman, and by the male quartette. At the close of the service the entire assembly marched in single file into the Theological room around the casket, and out to the campus. The Theological room had been beautifully decorated by the students of that department.

From the campus the greater part of the crowd followed the hearse to the station. The body was sent to Lacona, N. Y., the home of the parents. Rev. F. L. Preley, Robert Presley, and William Presley, the father and brothers of D. L., came im-

mediately to Houghton when they learned of the accident, and were present for the services at the seminary.

D. L. Presley was twenty-two years of age. He was a graduate of the Sandy Creek High School and came to Houghton in the fall of 1919 to take a course in the Theological department. He had many friends and was called by the students "D. L." in a familiar, friendly way. The whole school sincerely mourns his loss.

Not because it is customary, but to express a deep and genuine feeling, we wish to thank the Houghton people for their kindness and thoughtfulness at the time D. L. was taken from us. We wish particularly to thank the boys who did their best to rescue him. The fact that their efforts were unsuccessful makes our appreciation none the less real. Those who made untiring efforts to secure aid and those who provided our boy a temporary resting place have our deepest gratitude. And we wish to thank also those who gave the beautiful flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Presley and Family.



Fancher, VanBuskirk, Buchholz, O. Hester, J. Hester, Pullock,
Russell
Ballinger, Warburton, Kitterman, Williams, Lewis, Woods

Post-Mortem '19-'20

Looking back over the year now past most of us can say it has been an enjoyable one, and at least moderately successful. Work has been abundant, but there has been also enough of play. Either, alone, would have been undurably tiresome, but, taken together, each has been a continual source of pleasure.

As we have mingled together in study, play and "high society," we have given and received unconsciously, so that we are quite different persons than when we matriculated nine months ago. Our seat in chapel and in the dining-room, the cinder paths and some particular grassy shady bower (within the city limits) have become part of us. We have collected some hundreds of mental photographs which shall adorn our mind's picture-gallery for the next fifty years, let us hope. As the tide bears us, in miles and in years, farther from her, old Houghton Sem. will become dearer to us, and the memory of nineteen nineteen and twenty and the friends we knew will become a priceless treasure.

As, sadly and gladly, we leave the hill may we resolve firmly that all our thoughts and words and deeds shall reflect those excellent standards of character and conduct for which, especially, Houghton stands. J. E. H.

College Junior and Sophomore Classes

Our College Juniors are John Hester, Everett Lapham and Lawrence Woods. The Sophomores are Zola Kitterman, Anna Haynes, Edith Warburton, and Cecil Russell. We are a jolly bunch. Where there's anything doing that's worth while we're there. We are the best of friends -- as is evidenced by the fact that both classes, and also the College Senior class, joined in electing the same officers, and in the special class functions. Mr. Hester is president. We have the reputation of being the class which gets the most harmony out of the school song -- which lends support to our belief that there is strength in unity. We know some other live songs, too. Miss Warburton is one of the school's most popular orators. Miss Haynes plays basket ball. Miss Kitterman stars in the chemical lab. All of the boys play baseball. Woods and Lapham are our pitchers and the school's best players.

This is a mere suggestion of the qualities and characteristics of Houghton's upper classmen. If we were to record all such that are particularly worthy of notice it would necessitate the publishing of a special issue of the Star. We are all workers--- all push and go, and strong for Houghton Sem.

The Last Day of Commencement

Continued from Page 23

an old Houghton student. Her message showed the crying need of the world for Jesus Christ the Savior of men. She impressed upon the fathers and mothers the importance of dedicating their children to God. Her appeal to young men was stirring. "There are 27 million widows in India. Many of them are mere children. They are not permitted to marry again, but too often they are left to the base desires of the men of the country. If your sister's face were seen in that crowd of helpless little girls, how much of a call would you need to go and rescue her? This and other statements of existing conditions in heathen lands, as well as at home, were said by Mrs. Smith to be the most enduring call one could have.

Pledges and offerings to the amount of \$613.60 were received to help support Miss Clara Campbell, Houghton's missionary in Africa.

Young people who felt definitely called as preachers or missionaries, at Mrs. Smith's request, came forward. Parents who were willing for their children to go as missionaries also came to the front. Professor Sprague offered the consecration prayer.

We hope that Houghton shall continue to raise up young men and young women who shall answer the call, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" with the words of Isaiah of old, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

College Freshmen

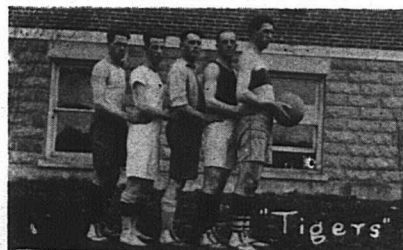
The Freshman College Class got together at the beginning of the year and elected Mr. White class president. None of us gained immediate distinction except Mr. Tillman from Indiana. He was our politician and we may expect that he will be seated in Congress some day.

About the first of December we commenced preparation for publishing the January fifteenth issue of the Star. We elected Mr. White editor and Miss Lawrence and Mr. Densmore assistants. After many speeches by our editor urging us to action we succeeded in getting out a good sized Freshman number.

Just before the first semester closed we took a sleigh ride. Although the night was rather stormy we had a very enjoyable trip.

Our class basket-ball team played one game against the rest of the school. We got beat but of course we made the others work hard.

The last social function of the class was our trip to Letchworth Park. It was an ideal May day. The spring flowers and the trees were just coming out in their beauty. We spent the day in enjoying the beauties of nature or resting under the cool shade with the fresh mists of the falls rising in our faces.



"Tigers"



"Tigers"



"Wild-Cats"



Pres. C.A.A.



Varsity Team



Girls Tennis Champion



Prep. Team



Pres. E.A.A.



posing team. When the supper bell rang and the game was called they had one turn at bat yet in the favor and the score tied 13 to 13.

The third game was fought hard by both teams. In the first inning the college men run in three scores in their half and it looked as if victory might be in store for them from the start, but their fielding was very poor in the last half and the preps scored eight runs on them before they pulled themselves together. The game as a whole was played slowly and with quite a few errors to each team so that only six innings were played before it was time to call the game. The final score was 15 to 12 in favor of the preps.

White, our star player from Pennsylvania pitched the last two innings of this game for the college team and showed such speed and curves that the other team could not hit and perhaps if a full game had been played the score would have been more favorable to his team. He also accounted for the longest hit of the season in the second game.

This makes two games won out of the series for the preps. and it would look somewhat favorable to their success but all is not over yet, so the college fellows say.

It is with regret that this article is sent to press before the series is finished and a full report given but the date for publication of The Star makes it necessary.

Athletics

The spirit which has been manifested in the three games already played of the series of five games between the college and the preps. is very encouraging. The fans as well as the players are putting their hearts into making the series a real battle from start to finish and so far they have been successful.

The first game ended with a score of 11 to 4 in favor of the preps. which might have looked rather discouraging to the college players, but they cheered themselves with the fact that two of their good players were absent and that in the next game with all of their best men playing they might be able to win.

In the second game the preps. started out at the bat with such speed and good hitting that before the college men could stop them they had tallied twelve scores and by their actions after that inning when at bat seemed to think that the game was already won. But all was not over yet for the college when at bat worked steadily upward toward the lead which had been established while at the same time allowing only one more score to the op-



???

Miss Eddy, in Singing School: "You can't read music when you're watching me all the time; look at your books a hile instead."

This command at least one College Freshman found difficulty in obeying.

President Luckey, in chapel, speaking with great dignity: "The time has now arrived when the flowers, the arbutus, and so forth, are tempting our young people from their legitimate tasks." (general mirth) Turning to Mrs. Bowen. "You didn't know I could be so oratorical, did you?"

Mrs. Bowen: "Didn't you know the arbutus was gone long ago?"

In Soph. English

"Mr. Woods, if you can't get along without stretching your limbs during this period you will please go outside to do it!"

Stated under oath, "I believe Tubby Clark would eat a dog." Further testimony showed that many cupboards on the hill had suffered from his nocturnal attacks.

Chapman (defendant in larceny case), according to re-

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port of alien expert pathological psychologist, LaVay Fancher, is "now compio mentis and responsible for his overt acts."

Irresponsible young one: "What's the matter with the Dean's jaw this morning? Just look at it."

L'autre demoiselle: "She has jawed so much her jaw is so sore she can jaw no more."

Enty: "Get busy on your Caesar there, you."

Snyder: "It's no use, I'll never succeed."

Enty: "Keep at it; seize her 'conquers gall.' "

The following was inspired by the recent ruling of the faculty, decreeing that at church and prayer meeting boys and girls must on no account occupy seats in the same section.

Why hello girls, how do you do?

It does me good to look at you;

The faculty they do agree

That just to look is good for me.

On Sunday night, on Tuesday too

I look across the room at you;

The faculty they do agree

**School Supplies-
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School Banners and
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and Soft Coal

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FILLMORE, N. Y.

That just to look is good for me.

On Friday night, tell you what to do,
I'll take the chair cross the room from you;
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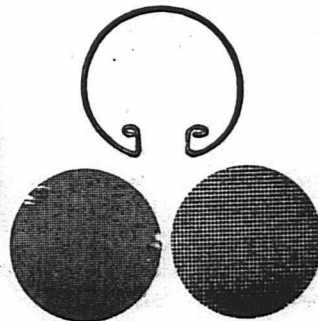
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