

The Houghton Star

Abraham Lincoln

By Edwin Markham

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The recitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside wall;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak, flaring to the wind;
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

February, 1916

Volume VIII

Number 5

1883 Houghton Seminary 1916

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J. NEWTON FIERO, Dean.
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I saw your ad in the Star.



GLENN E. BARNETT

The Houghton Star

Volume VIII

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IN MEMORIAM

The Christmas season was a time of sadness to many when death claimed Glenn E. Barnett in the Allopathic Hospital at Ann Arbor, Michigan, six days after being operated upon for acute appendicitis. On Sunday afternoon, December 26, he peacefully passed away, complications of uraemia and septicaemia being the cause.

Glenn, the second of four sons, was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Barnett May 31, 1892, at Chestnut Ridge, near Lockport. His secondary education began at the Lockport high school in 1906. Two years later he came to Houghton and became the youngest member of the preparatory class of 1910. A year of outside work in Lockport followed, and the next year he began a four-years' college course at Houghton. The young man learned easily and showed a marked aptitude for mathematics and English. He took a prominent part in school activities. In the spring of his freshman year, his oration, "Our Brother's Keeper," won second prize in the Prohibition oratorical contest; in 1914 he was an associate editor of the Houghton Star; in 1915, assistant editor of the Star, President of the Athenian literary society, and played a violin in the orchestra. Being a normal boy, he enjoyed athletics and could put up a first-class game of tennis, while in the field meet of his senior year, he scored second in both the 100-yard dash and the pole vault. In June, 1915, he was graduated from the college department of Houghton and in September began work at the University of Michigan.

Here also he made good, and he would probably have continued post-graduate work had life been spared.

Glenn's personality was that of the quiet, thoughtful, refined gentleman. He was loyal and sincere, winning many friends by proving himself a friend. At home he was charming, and there he appeared at his best. His life was clean, pure and admirable.

At the end he had the comfort of his father's presence by his bedside and his father brought back to the boy's mother the message that cheered her as no other could—that their son was clearly saved and sanctified and glad to go to meet his Maker.

The deep sympathy of many Star readers goes out to those who loved him best and miss him most.

C. BELLE RUSSELL, '14.

Why Oppose the Lodges?

J. J. Coleman.

The notion seems well-nigh imperative that the lodge has come among us to stay. It is surely here. And if its influence is derogatory to the highest standard of Christian character and service, we need not be surprised that it is here, nor moreover, if it shall remain. To gather a census of its devotees would be equal to the effort to have counted the lice of Egypt. We oppose a gigantic system, in attacking the lodge. Why should we?

In even mildly expressing our dissent from the character and workings of the lodges, we stir up the wrath of many, and provoke against ourselves

the fiercest anathemas. Many issues and institutions may be attacked, and often are, but no institution that has ever been witnessed against has ever shown such irritation as the Secret Society system, when earnest testimony has gone forth against it. Does not this speak against it? Conscious innocence is never irritated, but is always at rest. The Church has ever been the object of fierce opponents. But, conscious of being right, we remain in peace, knowing that since God be for us, He is more than all that can be against us.

1. The actuating motive in the organization is selfishness.

This element is prominent in all its activities. Why do men join lodges? It is with the thought that by so doing they will be advantaged either financially, or socially, or both. The insurance feature—believed to be a helpful feature, is the sole reason, as many acknowledge, why they join the lodge.

We are appealed to from this standpoint, when solicited to become members. It promises us friends wherever we go. Financial gain, and protection, are in its list of benefits, nor do I care to deny that these commodities are really on its counters. Though I know of instances where men have been disappointed. But it is a question of import, if selfishness is not an actuating principle in the organization and maintenance of the various orders, and if so, is not this an unholy principle?

2. Jesus, the divine pattern of human life and conduct said, "I ever spoke openly to the world, and in secret have I said nothing." His words and works were open. From this example in the life of our Lord, this feature of Lodgism is a radical departure.

It is claimed the orders are benevolent. If they are benevolent, what is the use of their being secret? Why the various signs, grips, and passwords, to cover up benevolence? Is there not something else? It is not common to cover up good with a shroud of darkness. But it is true that evil shuns the light. The business houses of your city where men sell the common commodities of life, in no way conceal their business. How different the saloon, the houses of shame and sin! The cloak of secrecy creates suspicion. It is an acknowledgement of weakness, and if only benevolent,

should be abandoned. The testimony of Scripture is so prominently against the principle of secrecy, that it ought not to be favored.

3. The command of Christ is well known: "But I say unto you, swear not at all, neither by heaven for it is God's throne; nor by the earth for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem for it is the City of the great King. But let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." This an imperative command regarding rash, profane and ungodly swearing. How can a man obey this command and yet take the fearful oaths, and bind himself under the awful penalties of some of the lodges?

In the first degree in Free Masonry, he swears to have his throat cut across, and his tongue torn out by the roots; in the second degree, to have his left breast torn open, and his heart plucked out; in another, to have his skull smote off and his brains exposed to the scorching rays of the meridian sun. Who is going to execute these inhuman penalties? The institution imposing such a penalty must enforce it. This most barbarous and inhuman execution is anti-civilization, anti-human, and anti-scriptural.

4. They strike at the peace and happiness of the home. Men are necessarily called by business interests to be much apart from their families. Unless duty calls, they should give their evening hours to their families. The lodges ignore this obligation, and often rob the home of the right of the husband's and father's presence. Continued and protracted absence from the home, when not required by business interests, begets suspicion and unrest, and often brings disaster. Many attribute their broken hearts and homes to the influence of the lodges.

5. They lessen Church attendance. One pastor tells of an official member who attended the weekly prayer meeting one time out of four. The other three evenings of the month were lodge nights. The preference is often given to the lodge.

They injure the Church financially. Many have no money for the Church, having paid so much for initiations, dues, regalia, and banquets.

Suppose that all money that Church members pay into the lodge were turn-

ed into spiritual channels, in sustaining schools, supporting missions, and pushing pentecostal evangelism, how much better it would be.

By saying the lodge does more than the Church, the influence of the Church is injured, some are kept away from it, and they are consequently kept from hearing the Gospel message; hearing not, they do not believe, (for faith cometh by hearing,) and believing not, their souls are lost. Hence, the Church fails to secure and save what it otherwise would.

6. The lodge requires a denial of the Lordship of Jesus Christ. This is not an open requirement. That would thwart the infamous purpose of Satan, and sound its death-knell in all Christian communities. The devil is not open, but subtle, sly, and cunning, in all methods. Rather, men are told that nothing in the obligations they are required to assume, is inconsistent with their duties to God or man. The truth of my assertion, shows this statement to be a great falsehood.

When a man obligates himself to secrecy upon a matter he knows nothing about, how does he know he can please Christ in so doing?

First of all Jesus Christ asks to be enthroned as King on the throne of my existence. In my affections I must recognize him "the fairest among ten thousand and the one all together lovely". He "first loved us" that we might love Him supremely. His death for us—the expression of His undying love, was for the end, "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." In my will I must acknowledge Him "God over all most blessed forevermore." He jealously asks the first place in our hearts, and that we have "no other gods before Him." But when I obligate myself to secrecy upon a matter, the character and issues of which are hid from me, I deny myself the right of speaking for Christ upon that question, though I might subsequently find it to be my duty to so speak for Him. I let my mouth be muzzled, though it may become clear later, that Christ and the interests of his truth would require me to speak.

Many who would otherwise be spirit-filled ministers of the cross, have surrendered their manly independence at

the altars of secrecy, thus denying the vows of a former consecration to Christ, and in so doing, have become as "sounding brass on a tinkling cymbal."

Binding one's self to secrecy, or a course of action before the issues are known, before we consider the same in the light of Christ's teachings, is acting most recklessly with reference to our supreme obligations to Jesus Christ as our Lord and Master. It is no less than selling out to Satan for such apparent worldly advantages as the lodge promises. Oh my brethren! this is a dear bargain. Shall we not rather trust God to provide us with all things needful, and live in the enjoyment of freedom in the Lord.

7. The lodge represents a Christless religion. That it is essentially religious in character will not be denied. I quote from Mackey's Encyclopedia of Free-Masonry:—"The tendency of all true masonry is towards religion. Its progress is to that holy end. Look at its ancient landmarks, its sublime ceremonies its profound symbols and allegories,—all inculcating religious observance, and teaching religious truth, and who can deny that it is eminently a religious institution". Of its character this prominent Masonic author says: "Its religion is that general one of nature and primitive revelation,—handed down to us from some ancient and patriarchal priesthood,—in which all men may agree, and in which no man may differ." This statement of an eminent Masonic author is corroborated by what is openly manifest in many of their public activities. They have their altars, chaplains, prayers, and forms for the burial of their dead. At funerals it is quite common to see ordained ministers set aside as a useless stick of timber, while a man of the world takes the lead in the final rites of laying away the dead. Possibly too, this chaplain who officiates at the lodge, and at the funeral service is notoriously profane and ungodly. This cannot but bring the sacred truth of the Gospel, and the ministry, into contempt.

Add to all this the fact that in the rituals and prayers for chapel use, and at funeral services, the name of Christ is omitted, and you are bound to assume it is a Christless religion. This is in perfect accord with Mackey's de-

scription of its character,—“that general one of nature,—handed down to us from some ancient and patriarchal priesthood.”

High sounding titles and profound symbols and analogies, can never take the place that belongs to Jesus Christ as the only means of our access to God. Some form of worship may answer to the religious instinct in human nature, and serve as a means of building up a worldly order, but cannot conduct the soul to God.

* * *

MORE ON

Man's Susceptibility

“Man's Susceptibility,” in a recent number of the Houghton Star, proved a disappointment to many of us, I suspect, for we began its perusal expecting something interesting, from an experienced authority, upon the dangers of Leap Year to young bachelors. What was presented, however, was a challenge to our attention.

As the writer pointed out, the discussion is, in general, simply a presentation of current psychological theory. But its vital portion, the concluding paragraph, certainly is not accepted by all psychologists, nor can the majority of sincere thinkers agree with it. We trust the writer was inconsiderate in stating his “standard by which one should judge a movement concerning its legitimacy.” He says in part: “It is well to assume that any type of gathering—political, social or otherwise—where great emotional excitement is the end secured, is generally a period of temporary insanity, from which the individuals who are subject to it will arise later with impaired mental and physical power.” To consider the gentleman's own illustration—he refers to the dancing mania of 1370 (he might have added that of 1915), and to the Salem witchcraft persecution. Is the abnormal suggestion involved, the basis of our objection to these movements? Did the Crusades injure England through playing on man's susceptibility? Revivals are a favorite illustration of this phenomenon with a certain type of psychologists, but for some reason they were not mentioned in this

article under consideration. Apply here the conclusion already quoted. Revivals decidedly do create great emotional excitement, but must they be termed, therefore, epidemics of “temporary insanity,” impairing mental and physical powers? Thus revivals would lose all claim to the term legitimate. It is true that great decisions and great movements consume much mental and physical power, but what worth while can be obtained otherwise? If such a theory is the best that psychology teaches, may the merciful God help the psychologists. We can rest assured that today no such theories reach Houghton students from their professors.

To set up a standard for the judgment of the legitimacy of all movements is a serious matter, and to make the degree of emotional result the test, seems rather futile. It must be remembered that an audience, a community, or a nation may sweep on by a common impulse and in strong emotion to worthy and noble deeds as well as to less justifiable ones to which the writer of the previous article has referred. Emotional excitement is not necessarily detrimental. In a revival, though some may soon lose what they have just gained, more continue in their new life, sure where they are and certain why they came. And such a movement, regardless of the emotion involved, is absolutely legitimate. Final result in absolute good or evil, then, seems a better measurement for life than the degree of human susceptibility effected.

TREMAINE McDOWELL, Prep. '11,
Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

Playing the Game on the Square

In Four Chapters—CHAPTER IV.

The next morning James was at the office at the stated hour. Mr. Jones had not arrived and Maxim and Frank were very much displeased at the presence of James.

After several sharp replies to James' questions, Mr. Maxim, feeling very guilty, ordered him to leave the office and added that if he didn't hurry about it he would give him a lift. But James,

rather than cause Maxim the trouble, stepped outside the office and after finding Jim, waited near by until Mr. Jones came.

Maxim was quite taken aback to see James entering with Mr. Jones. The attorney informed Mr. Maxim that he had met James outside and had brought him in to talk over the charge.

Mr. Maxim was very bold and stated that he thought there was little use. That James was guilty and could produce no evidence to prove otherwise. So there was no further need of talking.

Mr. Jones now turned to James.

"Have you any proof of your statement?"

"Of course he hasn't," sneered Maxim. "It all rests upon his word."

"Yes, I have proof that Frank put the money in my pocket in order to get me into trouble." "Somebody saw it," said James, "Shall I call him?"

The question was addressed to Mr. Jones, who nodded his head. James stepped to the door and called Jim.

Jim the bootblack shuffled in, his box strapped on his back.

Mr. Jones asked him if he had seen Frank place the money in James' pocket.

"Yep! Sure I did, but I thought it was his'n and so it was no harm."

The attorney asked him several questions which he answered in a straightforward manner. Then turning to Maxim, he asked, "Now, what have you to say to this?"

"I say it is all a lie," returned the bookkeeper angrily. "How much are you paid for lying?" he demanded sharply of Jim.

"Not a cent, and it ain't a lie, you rascal; you knew all about it, too; you watched him do it!" cried Jim indignantly.

"Mr. Jones, I hope you won't believe this young beggar against me," exclaimed Maxim.

"Yes," replied the attorney, "I am forced to. Perhaps you will remember being in an oyster saloon some time ago. Well, I was in the stall next to you and overheard the conversation which passed between you and your cousin, so I needed very little proof to show me that you two had plotted against James."

"If I am an object of such suspicion,"

blustered Maxim, "I guess I'd better leave."

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Jones. "I am of the same opinion. I have a man employed to take your place. And Frank, you might as well accompany your cousin, James will fill your place."

Outside the office Maxim turned on Frank.

"This all comes of trying to help you, you young loafer!"

"I'm sure I ain't to blame," whined Frank.

"You are wholly to blame. If it hadn't been for you I shouldn't have lost my position."

Frank thought it was pretty hard on him. But it was worse on Maxim, for it was many months before he again found a position.

* * * * *

For several weeks James had daily met a small flower girl on the street who seemed very poor, and out of pity bought a bunch of flowers from her each day. One day she was missing and he wondered where she could be. But the next day she was back again, and James, stopping as usual for his bunch of flowers, inquired of her where she had been the day before. She replied that her father was very ill, and as she had no mother, she could not leave him alone. James now asked her where she lived and she told him the name of a street which he at once recognized as being in the poorest section of the city.

The next day she was missing again, but James determined to go to the little girl's home to see if he could in any way help them. So he boarded a car, and after a short ride came to the street she had named. After much inquiry he found that they lived on the fourth floor, back, in an old tenement house. He mounted the stairs and knocked at the door. During the few moments in which he waited for admittance to the poverty stricken home, there passed through his mind a vision of life lived amid such environments. Filthy narrow streets, dirty slovenly people, dingy, rickety tenements, no vegetation, no sunlight and not even a breath of unpolluted air. In the heart of James there surged up an unfeigned prayer of thanks to God for the honest work he had found which enabled him to live clean and steer his course away

from a life of such misery as was depicted about him.

Little steps were heard, the battered door creaked open, and the little flower girl stood before James.

"Hello, girlie! I missed your cheery face and welcome flowers again today, so I thought I'd come and learn the reason for your absence. May I come in?"

"Oh yes, please come in," said the delighted little girl. "I am awfully glad you came 'cause you are about the only person buying my posies who is really kind to me an' you see I get so lonely sometimes that I can't help but love you. Do you care if I love you?"

"No, little—what is your name?"

"Nellie"

"No, Nellie, love me if you can."

"Did you come for flowers? You see I have some beauties."

"No Nellie, I came to see how your papa is today."

During this conversation, James had entered the small room and seated himself on the chair which his little friend had placed for him. The room, though small and poorly furnished, was remarkably neat and clean, considering the manifold duties of so small a housekeeper.

"Do you want to talk to papa? He is in this room and he'd like to see you 'cause no one scarcely comes to see him an' he gets lonesomer 'an I."

"Yes Nellie, if I may I should like to talk with your papa."

"Just come in here. Papa is lying on the couch," and with these words Nellie preceded James into an adjoining room. There, lying on a faded couch, was the emaciated form of the little girl's father. A complication of lingering diseases had done their work of wasting not only the body of the man but also his hard-earned money. To describe the looks of the man is somewhat difficult. His face, though emaciated, was, with the exception of a very large Roman nose, rather pleasing. His hair was thin, black and well kept. His high forehead made plain the fact that he possessed natural ability.

As James entered the apartment he spoke kindly and the invalid responded with a low yet cheery salutation.

James began: "Your little girl had told me that her father was sick, and missing her and her flowers today, I

thought I would hunt you up and see if there was anything I could do for you. My name is Jackson."

"Jackson,—Jackson," repeated the man meditatively looking James in the face.

"Where have I seen you before? Oh, I remember! At the Luzerne—St. John's baseball game. I happened to be out that way visiting a specialist and thought the game and fresh air would do me good, but the specialist, fresh air and all only seemed to make me worse. Were you not the fellow who made the star hit in the tenth inning and lost the game by deciding for the umpire?"

"You have the incident quite straight," answered James, very much surprised.

"Well, it takes sterling character to make a decision like that against one's self, and I take this as my first opportunity to congratulate you on that move, young man."

"I'm sure I thank you heartily," said James.

"By the way, Mr. Jackson, I recall that I was then impressed and am again reminded that you very much resemble a friend whom I had in the West Indies who bore your name. Did you ever hear of Robert Jackson?"

"Robert Jackson," exclaimed James, still more surprised. "He was my father. He died in the Indies. Please tell me about him. You are the first man whom I ever met who knew my father, and I was only four years old when he died."

Then the sick man told in some detail what he remembered of James' father. When he had finished he asked of James.

"What are you doing here? You didn't get tired of Luzerne did you? Or have you finished your college work already?"

The last question of the sick man, whose name James learned to be Charles Fairfield, had the effect of suspending a weight from the former's heart. However, he bravely told his reasons for being out of school.

Mr. Fairfield politely heard the end of James' tale, then said with considerable vehemence for a sick man,

"Man alive! out of school for want of money! Why you have wealth enough to put you through ten college

courses. A pretty guardian you have."

"I wish Mr. Fairfield, that what you say could be true, but you surely must be mistaken."

"Mistaken!" added Charles Fairfield, "I have papers here which will immediately prove you the owner of one of the richest plantations in the West Indies."

And thereupon Mr. Fairfield painfully made his way across the room to a chest. He opened it and searched among the numerous papers within until he found the desired documents. These he turned over to James with many injunctions as to the care he should take of them. James accepted the papers and profusely thanked his benefactor. James asked and received instructions as to how to get possession of his property. Shaking hands with Mr. Fairfield, and thanking him again and again, he left very happy and almost too much excited to know what he was doing. Out of gratitude he went to the first grocery store he could reach and exhausted the contents of his pocketbook in sending much needed provisions to the Fairfields. He then boarded a car with the intention of seeing Mr. Jones, his employer, and having him as his helper in regaining possession of his newly found fortune. He had not ridden far when the conductor came through the car for fares. James first dived into one pocket then into the other, then he remembered that he had paid the last cent at the grocery. He briefly told the conductor his plight. The conductor was very sorry, but left him off at the next stop. James enjoyed the joke immensely and had a good laugh and a good walk to reward him for his absent-mindedness. He found Mr. Jones in the office and immediately related to that true friend his unlooked for good fortune. Mr. Jones perused James' papers and saw their validity at a glance. Upon James' requesting it, Mr. Jones gladly accompanied him to interview his former guardian.

When they were ushered into the presence of Mr. Warren, James briefly explained the import of his mission. At first Mr. Warren, though slightly worried, only smiled, but his surprise, chagrin, anger and shame can be better imagined than describ-

ed when James produced his papers. The presence of Mr. Jones prevented any fraud on the part of Mr. Warren, and, being completely baffled in his thieving plans, all that remained for him to do was to sign over the property in the true heir's name. Then Mr. Jones drew out a pencil and figuring very rapidly for a moment, handed his notes to Mr. Warren with these words:

"It seems to me, Warren, that in all this time so great a plantation must have accrued a considerable amount of money. The notes there must be about right, besides leaving you a handsome sum as your reward in the capacity of a most despicable guardian. You had better write out a check to James Jackson for the amount thereon stated or consider yourself subject to arrest."

Needless to say, Warren wrote out a check for the sum of five digits, since there was nothing else for him to do.

James no sooner got his check cashed than he sent to the Fairfields a sum sufficient to keep them comfortable the remainder of their days. Mr. Fairfield, being relieved from financial worry and enabled to get adequate medical attention, very soon commenced to improve.

Although James offered Mr. Jones a handsome sum for his services as lawyer and friend, the latter would not accept a cent.

To James, a better thing could not have happened than the adverse circumstances into which he had previously plunged. It was the testing of his soul. He was tried in the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, but he came out without even the smell of smoke on his garments.

To many a young man sudden riches mean sudden ruin. Not so with James. Regardless of his wealth, he went on in his work just as he had previously done; working for Mr. Jones days and tutoring the Logans nights. His days were indeed busy days, but they were happy days. At the office his work was giving him a foundation for his chosen profession, and then, too, his love for his employer added spice to the work. Under ordinary conditions the extra hours at the Logans might have been

tedious after a long day's work. Such, however, was not the case. Mr. and Mrs. Logan were acquiring a sincere admiration for James and one or the other always had a kind word for him when he entered in the evening. And James, on the other hand, looked forward with happy anticipation to the hours to be spent with his pupils in what to him was an ideal home. However, in his tutoring capacity the pleasure was not all James', for ere long he had inspired Fred and Laura with his own love of work, and nothing pleased them so much as to have their work all finished by the time of James' arrival. The latter event meant a brief review of lessons and a longer evening for games: Fred with his hero; Laura with one whom she was learning to trust, respect and love as an elder brother. Fred often told Laura that she loved James, but considered mentioning "elder brother" a superfluity. He thought it took James and Laura an extremely long time to review what, judging from appearances, must have been a very humorous lesson.

Thus James' happy days sped on and soon the summer vacation would commence, when he must reluctantly give up his position as tutor. During this time James' mind was busy formulating plans for the future.

One evening in April after James had finished his tutoring duties rather early, Mr. Logan asked him to come up into his den. James followed his host with a queer mixture of emotions. Upon being seated, the elder man said:

"I hope, James, from what I shall say to you that you will not think me in the least trying to force myself into your plans or unduly prying into your affairs. However, I have here a rapidly growing business. Growing so rapidly in truth that ere long I shall not be able to cope with it single-handed. I have learned that you like law and what I am about to offer you is a position with which a young lawyer does not meet every day. It is simply this: If we can come to terms agreeable to you and if it does not conflict with your plans, I should like to take you into partnership. I didn't want to supplant Mr. Jones, so I talked over the proposition with him. He is going to retire from busi-

ness ere long, so you would be out there. By the way, he recommended you very highly. What do you say?"

"Your magnanimous offer is certainly without a precedent," said James. "But with my present limitations I fear I should not be able to help you much. I had thought of going back to school, but this is almost too good to lose."

"So much the better," added Mr. Logan. "I can get along nicely for a few years yet."

"I was going back to Luzerne for a while, then to Yale for my law degree, but that would take too long, wouldn't it?"

"No," said Mr. Logan, "With what you could help me vacations I can get along nicely until you have finished your education. I have taken that into account."

So it was, that misfortune had unerringly led James Jackson into undreamed of good fortune. The remainder of James' school days were as happy and successful as his preceding ones had been. The Logan home was almost home to him. He spent his vacations there and the letters between him and the Logans became more and more frequent. Especially was the latter statement true with regard to Laura, who was by this time developed into a lady whose beauty of face and figure was exceeded, were that possible, only by the beauty of her character. And it is not to be marvelled at that James Jackson entered into life partnership with another member of the Logan family before actively entering the duties of the partnership previously mentioned.

ROBERT KAUFMANN.
(The End.)

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"Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well.
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

In life, as in football, hit the line hard,
Don't foul, don't shirk. Hit the line hard.

—Col. Roosevelt.



THE HOUGHTON STAR

HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

I seldom read these lines, with their conviction of truth, but that I think of the great man of whom I wish to write. Sometimes in fact, I wonder if Longfellow, as he wrote these words, was not affected by some feeling of intuition leading him to an appreciation of the life of his contemporary, then obscure, but soon to appear ne'er to be forgotten. Abraham Lincoln, whom Eugene W. Chafin calls "The Man of Sorrow," I think may justly be considered among the greatest men of history. As the time of year again approaches which awakens thoughts in our minds of

him whose life was a blessing to humanity while on earth and a benediction since, it is only fitting that we remember some of the qualities and attributes which made it such.

Abraham Lincoln was self-reliant. Not alone from choice, but indeed of necessity. Born in poverty, reared in ignorance, with the backwoods as a heritage, young Lincoln saw that his only way to civilization was by the pathway that he himself should blaze. And yet who knows but that this necessity was a blessing rather than a curse. For me, I'm not prepared to say. We frown at adversity and smile at prosperity, but sometimes in our blindness. But Lincoln's lot was adversity and his course up stream. The boy who split 400 rails in the backwoods of the American frontier

for every yard of cloth with which to secure a suit of clothes, and labored in return for every book he borrowed to acquire a meagre education, surely merits unbegrudgingly the credit of being self-reliant.

Lincoln was a man with a purpose. From the time that a ferry boat carried him down the Mississippi river to New Orleans, where he saw poor negroes sold as cattle, his very soul was gripped with a purpose which never died out. A purpose worthy, noble and unselfish, leading him from small to great and from great to greater things, from a rail splitter to a storekeeper, from a storekeeper to the bar of law, from the bar to the halls of Congress, from Congress to the presidency of the United States, where with malice toward none but with charity for all, he guided our nation with a strong hand and an honest soul through the most crucial period of her existence. A nation preserved, a race liberated, a purpose fulfilled.

Again and over all, perhaps, Lincoln was a man among men. A man plain, simple, lovable and yet a mystery, an individuality unsolved and perhaps unsolvable. A man who ran the whole gamut of human nature and ran it well. From the depths of poverty to the starry realms of greatest achievement lay his pathway, and as he rose ever higher and higher, he drew his fellows after him by the bonds which tied him to them, until by base reaction these bonds were severed and the world suffered an irreparable loss. What the continued life of Lincoln would have meant to our shattered and almost dismembered nation, in the form of reconstruction and reform, is merely conjecture, and yet we have reason to believe that it would have been incalculable. We call him great and know not why. He was not great as Shakespere, nor as Napoleon, nor yet as Washington. He was great in his own way, impressive, singular and solitary, with no basis for computation, with no parallel among men. His greatness consisted not in the external but rather in the hidden things of the heart. In those things which are unseen; in those qualities of the inner man unfathomable and incomprehensible; in the silent intraversable depths of his in-

most self, from which issued the spirit of altruism and love for human kind.

Although Lincoln sprang from beggars to feast with kings, he lost not the common touch, as Kipling says, but looking the everyday American citizen in the face might be heard to say, "Thy people are my people and thy God my God." Lincoln and the common people were friends. He understood them, he trusted them, he loved them. He built the structure of his achievement and success upon the foundation which standeth sure—the respect of the common people. Upon this respect he made his way to the capitol of the United States and because of this same respect, I feel safe in saying, did he remain there. When the fagots of a mighty conflict and the embers of Civil war were ablaze, and the lurid flames of inadequate generalship, of a discordant cabinet and a conquering foe burned high about him, illuminating a pathway which it seemed he must inevitably tread, he knit his furrowed brow with a victor's determination and trusted the people who had elected him President to support him in his hour of need, and he trusted not in vain.

We look upon Lincoln as a wonderful personage, we love him, we honor him and it is only fitting that we should do so. However, it would be vastly more conducive to Utopian ideals if every American citizen would incorporate into his life the characteristics and principles which actuated the mind and heart of "Old Honest Abe." As I conceive him, his greatness was not ambitious, but spontaneous, his course natural, his aim in life to do his duty toward God and toward his fellows by following his convictions to that end. Likewise every man, if untrammelled and unsmirched we impress the minds of men with anything worthy or commendable.

As once again we commemorate his humble birth, let us pay him a perfect tribute—by thinking of him as one who loved his native land, who lived for it, who struggled for it, and who ultimately gave his life for it, when, in the hour of triumph, with the sky no longer darkened with the thickened clouds of war, he rejoiced in a victory won and a goal attained.

Let us seek to extend the elevating influence of his life and thus leave to our fellows a goodly heritage which shall not perish from the earth.

FROM OUR LETTER BOX.

Marengo, Ohio
Business Manager of The Houghton Star.

Dear Sir:

You will find check for one dollar (\$1.00) enclosed. Please credit my subscription paid for this year and

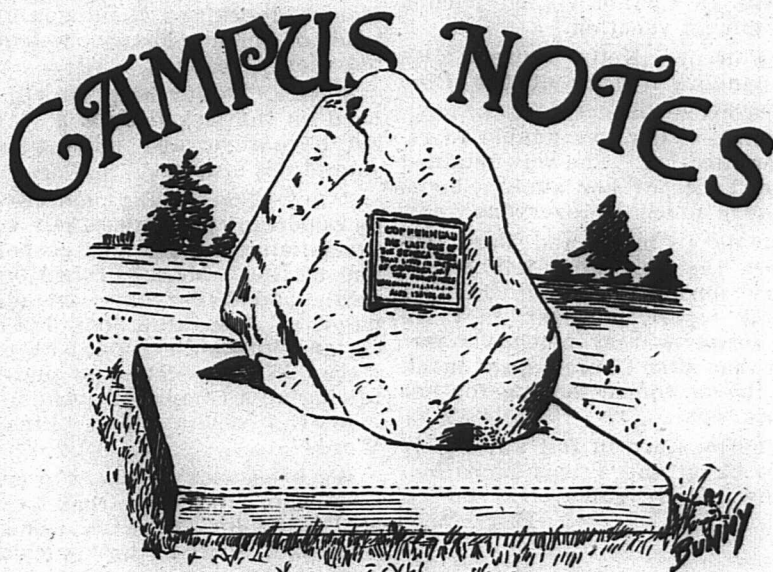
next. Had intended remitting sooner, but neglected it. The "Star" is better and brighter than ever before. May success go with it and the school.

I was once one of the assistant managers of The Star, and I certainly think that the present staff of The Star deserve a good deal of commendation for the splendid way in which they are now handling the paper.

I am, like all others that ever attended Houghton, still

A BOOSTER.

(Signed) HAROLD L. McMILLAN.



David Bunville, Theo. '18, Editor

FACULTY NOTES.

The following members of the faculty spent the Christmas vacation at their homes: Miss Riggall, Miss Fitts, Miss Paddock and Miss Russell.

Prof. Fancher and wife spent a part of the vacation visiting friends out of town.

Mrs. Bowen entertained her son Ward of Oberlin college during the holidays.

President Luckey attended the funeral of Glenn Barnett at Lockport, December 29, 1915.

Prof. McDowell spent a few days at Syracuse recently.

COLLEGE LOCALS.

We are glad to see the college de-

partment with unbroken ranks at the close of the Christmas vacation and the first semester.

Nearly every member of the department went home or visited friends during the vacation. However, a few remained in Houghton. Mr. Fred Overton spent his vacation cutting wood for Mr. Rich. Mr. Barrett attended his brother's wedding and then helped to entertain the bride and bridegroom in Houghton.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Jennings back. He will continue his work as a Freshman.

Something has gone wrong with Sam. He sits up till midnight doing fancy work! Furthermore he is proud of it and tells us that when the piece

is finished he intends to give it to a special friend.

Mr. Lee has lost his housekeeper. We hope he will not be lonesome.

D. C. M.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

Practically all of the preparatory students spent the holidays at their homes.

Miss Lucy Newton spent a part of her vacation at the home of her sister, Mrs. D. H. Scott of Fillmore, N. Y.

Miss Lillian Chapin visited friends in town during vacation.

Miss Florence Kelly visited Miss Vivian Sanders a part of the time during vacation.

Miss Hilda Wills was unable to return after vacation. She was detained by the sickness of her aunt. She is missed very much by everyone.

Misses Mary Church and Mary Polahar were the only girls left in the dormitory during vacation. Judging from their report, however, they enjoyed themselves very much. It was rumored that Miss Church spent much time at the postoffice looking for her Christmas box.

Examinations are in full swing this week. Look at the Prep's faces and judge how they're going.

E. H. W.

THEOLOGICAL NOTES.

By the time this reaches the press we shall have launched upon the uncertain tide of another semester. Whether we shall be able to weather the gale, and to bring our bark, laden with knowledge, safely to port depends upon how we redeem the time and maintain faith in the Pilot and Captain of our salvation. He alone is able to give us a safe voyage.

The apostle tells us that knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth; therefore, if we gain the former at expense of the latter, we shall have lost sight of the polar star of hope and shall come to grief, a shipwreck upon the reef of woe.

Solomon has told us that wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom, and with all thy knowledge get understanding. When we learn by

heartfelt experience that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, we shall have acquired a knowledge, coupled with charity, that will enable us to outride the storms and tempests of life and to anchor safely in the haven of rest.

For this department the previous semester holds no record of discord. Therefore, we are confident that under the careful supervision of our instructor, the present one shall be fully as successful.

Two new recruits have been added to our number in the persons of Messrs. Jones and Higginson. We extend to them a hearty welcome and bid them Godspeed.

Messrs. Shultz and Bunville have been on the sick list for a few days, but have recovered sufficiently to resume their studies.

A few of our young men are getting an opportunity to raise their voices in proclaiming the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Messrs. Davidson, Kaufmann, and Miller have occupied the pulpit at Houghton on different occasions during the Sunday evening services. We are confident that God is raising up a company to whom He can give the commission, "Preach the Word."

We need your prayers to enable us to redeem the time that we may be able to render a strict account to Him who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing.

F. B. M.

MUSIC NOTES.

We are very sorry to lose Miss Fitts from the Music Department during the coming semester. She is one of the best vocal teachers Houghton has ever seen. She has held a high standard of art for her students which has never before been equalled in Houghton Seminary. But now we must part with her, whether we wish to or not, and as she goes we all join in wishing her the best of success in whatever she undertakes, whether music or domestic science.

On account of illness, the doctors decreed that Miss Dorothea Seekins could not pursue her music course during the rest of the year. Miss Seekins was

one of our promising artists, both in piano and voice.

At present we are making preparations for a concert for the benefit of the Library Endowment Fund. We are

looking for a successful program in spite of the fact that many of the students are burdened with terrible colds and the like.

G. H.

Organizations

Mary Allyn, '18, Editor

ATHENIAN.

The Athenian has ended the old year and has started the new in a very commendable manner. Two very interesting and helpful meetings have been held.

On December 17, the last meeting of 1915, a Christmas program was given. We learned how the different countries celebrate Christ's birthday. Several of the young men produced some of their original talent in the form of stories, and a number of very entertaining selections were read. Special music added much to the evening.

On January 14, a study of the life and works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was much appreciated. Many interesting incidents occurring in the life of our greatest American poet, who is perhaps the most beloved poet of the world, were told. Selections were read from "Hiawatha," "Miles Standish," "Evangeline," and the prelude to "Voices of the Night." There was also special music.

Hurrah for the Athenians! Let's keep up the good work.

NEOSOPHIC NOTES.

The following program was rendered by the members of the Senior Preparatory class, on January 14, at Neosophic society.

Address of Welcome-----

-----O. Glenn McKinley.

Paper: "The Founding of Houghton Seminary,"---Mary Warburton.

Paper: "The Old Seminary,"---

-----Glenn Molyneau.

Original Poem-----Roy Russell.

Paper: "Current Events,"---Roy Russell

Paper: "The New Sem,"-----

-----Edith Warbuton.

Violin solo, -----Harold Luckey.
Piano Duet,-----

Misses Carrie Coleman, and
-----Gratia Bullock.

Solo, -----Carrie Coleman.

The class song was beautifully rendered by members of the class.

I. P. A. NOTES.

As a result of the visit of W. Everett Baker, traveling secretary of the I. P. A., we have good hopes of a study class and organized deputation work.

Volunteers have been called for the I. P. A. oratorical contest and seven orators have responded. The lights in certain rooms will burn late and frequent trips will be made to the oratory room. Strange voices will also be heard in secluded corners. Let us help the orators by every encouragement we can give them, for they are the I. P. A. boosters. We understand that the best talent of both sexes of the student body will be represented, and we are expecting the best contest Houghton has yet seen.

I. P. A. REPORTER.

THE SENIOR Y. M. W. B.

The Senior Y. M. W. B. held its regular monthly meeting in the chapel January 11. As usual, the program was interesting as well as instructive. Mr. McKinley gave a reading on the life of Livingston. Miss Grace Steese related the history of our mission work in Africa. Then Miss Clara Campbell talked about the mission work and showed a number of curios. She closed with a song in the native African tongue. Several musical numbers added to the enjoyment of the meeting.

W. H. K.

When Moonlight Floods the Skies

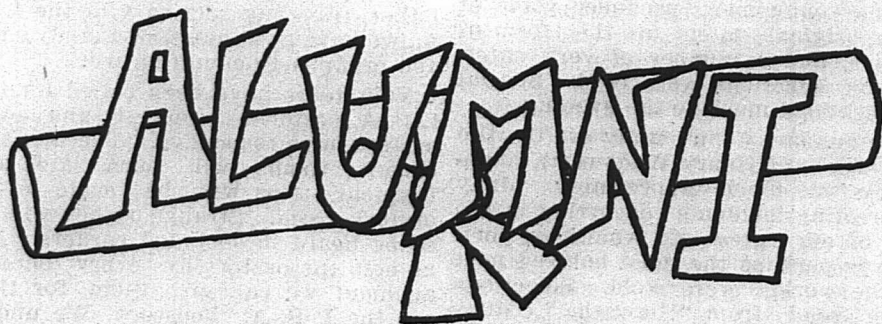
Glorious is the silv'ry radiance of the moon on high,
 Sailing through the fleecy clouds in the star-lit sky.
 Soft it shines, in all its splendor, on that vale so fair,
 Where the slender spires of Houghton proudly pierce the air.

Gently fall its rays of silver on the Genesee,
 Winding ever down the valley, on ward to the sea,
 Lighting up its crystal waters and its whisp'ring rills,
 Forming now a fairy halo 'round the snow-capped hills.

Lightly dance the elf-like shadows, flit'ring through the veil
 Of the silver-threaded mist hov'ring o'er the dale,
 Skimming swiftly 'cross the mantle of the snow-clad leas,
 Filling wondering hearts with beauty, boundless as the seas.

Onward rolls the river's tide, a flood of living gold;
 Silent sleeps the peaceful flock in the distant fold.
 'Tis midnight and we watch alone, the radiant moon and I,
 But my soul, its splendor brightens, as the moonlight floods the sky.

A STUDENT, '18.



Lelia Coleman, '18, Editor.

Mr. Robert Becker and Miss Vera Lawrence were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother, near Morley, New York, on Christmas day. Mr. and Mrs. Becker each have attended school at Houghton Seminary for several years. Mr. Becker was a graduate last June. He will assume charge of the Lawrence farm.

On New Year's day, Mr. Lewis Silsbee and Miss Charlotte Stebbins were married at the bride's home in Houghton. The bride has had her home in Houghton all her life, and has been a student at the seminary. Mr. Silsbee graduated with the class of 1914, and is now teaching school in Steuben county, New York.

Their many friends extend heartiest congratulations to the two happy coup-

les, and wish for them a most prosperous journey down the pathway of time.

Mary Hubbard, Tremaine McDowell, Ward Bowen, and Grace and Lynn Bedford spent the Christmas vacation at their homes in Houghton.

Several Alumni and former students called in Houghton during the holidays—Ray Calhoun, '11; Bethel Babbit, '12; Shirley Babbit; LaVay Fancher; Bess Fancher, '15; Ethel Acher, '13, and Leo Raub.

Miss Aurilla Jones, '12, spent the vacation with her sister in Houghton. Miss Jones is teaching school in Johnsonburg, New York, this year.

Howard Barnett is taking a course in a business school in Lockport, New York.

Miss Ruth Young, music, '14, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins in Houghton, recently.

Miss Edith Stall, '15, visited friends in Houghton for a few days after vacation.

Rev. I. S. Smith, a former seminary student, visited the school one day recently.

Miss Mabel Parker spent a few days in Houghton visiting old friends.

Rev. E. A. Overton, a former Houghton student, now pastor of the M. E. church at Ellicottville, New York, was called to Wiscoy to preach a funeral sermon a short time ago. On his way, he stopped off at Houghton for a few hours.



Exchange Notes



Florence Kelly, '18 Editor

We have received a goodly number of Exchanges this month, some of which we welcome for the first time. We are always glad to make new acquaintances. Come again! Following is our list:

The Sunnyside, Tarrytown, N. Y.
 Wesleyan Methodist, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Northern Allegany Observer, Fillmore, N. Y.
 The Echo, Gouveneur, N. Y.
 The Wissahickon, Philadelphia, Pa.
 The Rambler, Cornwall, N. Y.
 Middlebury Campus, Middlebury, Vt.
 College World, Adrian, Mich.
 Dickinson Union, Williamsport, Pa.
 Voice of Triumph, Hastings, Mich.
 Rensselaer Polytechnic Times, Troy, N. Y.
 The Athenian, Athens, Pa.
 The Backbone, Utica, N. Y.
 The Papyrus. (No address given.)
 Archive, Philadelphia, Pa.
 College Monitor, Miltonvale, Kan.
 On Bounds, Montclair, N. J.
 Alethia, University Park, Iowa.

Hemnica—Your exchange comments are written up in an original and interesting manner. Stories would add to the interest of your paper.

The Oracle—A splendid array of exchanges listed in your columns. You have a fine literary department.

To all who are interested in football we would say, "Read the December issue of the Otterbein Aegis."

It is a pleasure to read the neat, well-arranged Adjutant. The jokes are crisp and the stories entertaining.

Neat, attractive covers and quotations at the tops of the pages are drawing cards for the Apokeepsian.

The Wheaton College Record lacks a table of contents and the print is too small and indistinct for comfortable reading. It has a bright, appropriate cover, however.

The Hall Boy lacks a directory and a table of contents.

The clever cartoons of the Academician add interest to its pages.

The Brown and White is to be congratulated on its entire contents. Not only is "My Lady of the Dusk," a very thrilling serial, but the shorter stories, "His Reward," and "The Spirit of the Season," are worthy of mention.

The December issues of both the Opinator and the Collegian contain excellent editorials.

Some of our students are complaining of the low class of jokes printed in the Awgwan. We enjoy clean humor, but not mush.

The many cuts in the holiday issue of the Orange and Blue add much to its interest. "How the Christmas Spirit Came to Margery" and "His Christmas Curiosity" are well worth reading.

The Bitter with the Sweet.

The Houghton Star—Of all the editorials on "Thanksgiving," yours is especially deserving of attention. Every girl should read the article on "Practical Housekeeping" by Bertha Stall, in which she shows the wealth of opportunities that housekeeping holds. A continued story is a novelty and adds interest.—Wheaton College Record.

The Houghton Star—Your paper is rather crowded and jumbled together.

If you should add but a few more sheets to your paper and increase the size of the print, this difficulty would be overcome. I think a "Table of Contents" would also improve your paper.—The Apotheosis.

From \$5.00 to \$16.00 a day easily made by a man that will work; no capital except a conveyance to travel.

S. I. SMITH.

Corning, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 2.

Pat—I hear yer wife is sick, Moike?
Mike—She is thot.

Pat—Is it dangerous she be?

Mike—No! She's too weak to be dangerous any more.—Ex.

He—Do you believe in preparedness?

She—Yes, indeed, Emery, Wednesday nights I send my little brother to the movies.—Ex.

Silently one by one in the notebooks of the teachers,

Blossom the little zeroes, the forget-me-nots of the pupils.—Ex.

Money can be found on page 938 in Webster's Dictionary.—Ex.

As a man and wife are one, the husband when seated with his wife, must be beside himself.—Ex.

"Build it well, whate'er you do;
 Build it straight and strong and true;
 Build it clear and high and broad;
 Build it for the eye of God."

A clasp of hands will oft reveal
A sympathy that makes us feel
Ourselves again; we lose our care;
And in our heart's first glad rebound
At tender sympathy new found,
The world once more seems bright
and fair.

"Time was, is past; thou canst not
it recall.

Time is, thou hast; employ the portion small.

Time future, is not and may never be.

Time present is the only time for thee."

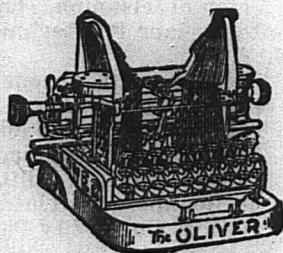
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Department A 5.

WANTED

The following issue of the "Houghton Star" to complete the files at office.

Vol. II, No. 3, Nov., 1909.

We will pay for such copy and thank you.

Tell the man you saw his ad in "The Star."

WISE & OTHERWISE



William V. Russell, '18, Editor

"Bunny," Assistant Editor

POME.

(With Apologies to Uncle Walt.)

"Oh, dear!" says Mr. Grouch, a-lying on his couch, "I'm sure that I can't see why things like this should be. I always flunk in class and hardly ever pass. My Latin's awful stuff. I tell you it is tough! And how I have to dig to get my doggoned Trig. But there is Bobby Flinch, his life is one long cinch. He never has to dig to get his Greek or Trig."

Now, look here, Mr. Grouch; just hike right off that couch, for trouble always leaves if you roll up your sleeves. And as for Bobby Flinch, with life just one long cinch, I've seen him hoe the soil and burn the midnight oil. So don't lie there and whine, but grit your teeth and straighten up your spine.

* * * *

City Boy—I suppose you raised these chickens yourself.

Farmer Boy—Nope, we've got hens to do that around here.

* * * *

Evidently the foreigner was puzzled. "Ave I got to stick them stamps on myself?" he asked of the parcel post inspector.

"Well," answered that official, "you can if you want to; but most people stick them on the parcels instead."

* * * *

The following appeal appeared in an Ipswich reading room:

"Will the gentleman who took a horn-handled umbrella from the stand on Wednesday, please return it to the librarian?"

The next day the following inscription appeared beneath it:

"Certainly not! The weather is still unsettled."

"Have you any positions for a college graduate?" asked the newcomer of the office boy.

"Not now," answered the office boy. "But you just stick around till t'morrer, and if the boss don't raise my wages to three dollars a week, dere will be."

* * * *

The author's son had just been brought to judgment for telling a fib. The sobs finally died away and the youngster sat for a long time lost in thought.

"Pa," he broke out at last, "how long will it be before I stop gettin' licked for telling lies, and get paid for them, like you do?"

* * * *

An Irishman was shooting ducks with a friend when suddenly a flock arose. Mike kept aiming at them but neglected to shoot.

"Why didn't you fire, Mike?" asked his friend.

"Begorra, and I tried sor," answered the Hibernian, "but every time I aimed me gun at a duck, another wan would fly right between and spoil me aim."

* * * *

The new recruit from the Emerald Isle was about the most persistently untidy individual that the colonel had ever seen. Finally the officer hit upon the brilliant idea of marching the unkempt son of Erin up and down before the regiment in order to shame him into decency. The ordeal was over at last, and the Irishman saluted. Every one was listening.

"Dirtiest regiment I ever inspected sor!" said the son of Erin unabashed, and the colonel surrendered in despair.

Visitor—Is Mr. Jones at the office?
Office Boy—I'm sorry to say that he isn't.

Visitor—And why are you sorry?

Office Boy—Because it's against my conscience to tell lies.

* * * *

Editorial Notes.

Miss Florence Kelley's "Wooing of Hiawatha" was greatly enjoyed by the Athenians. We believe it was excusable, as it occurred on Leap Year.

An uncle of ye editor, just returning from the wilds of Vermont, reports that bicycles are being introduced, and that the close of the Spanish-American War is being enthusiastically celebrated.

We are pleased to report that Mr. Chamberlain again arrived on time for a recitation in Elective history. Unfortunately we neglected to secure the date, and can only say that it happened some time during the past month.

Mr. Johnson's mind was evidently wandering in Lit & Crit one day, when Miss Russell asked, "What are the principal requirements of historical

writing." Mr. Johnson replied "Association!" Perhaps he was right, too, for love was always the most important question in the past as well as the present, with the majority of us.

EVERY LIFE IS MEANT.

To help all lives; each man should live

For all men's betterment.—Alice Cary.

God marks how long this life shall be;
How grandly broad with reach of sympathy,
How high toward heaven its growth
—He leaves to thee.

—Aldis Dunbar.

"Oftimes a word or kindly deed
Bestowed upon some soul in need—
Some soul where love is never guest—

Transforms the heart by hate oppressed,
Till flowers the noisome weeds succeed—

Call you this chance?"

HOUGHTON CORPORATION

HOUGHTON, N. Y.

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE VARIETY OF

**Women's and Misses' Shoes at
\$1.98 a pair**

COME IN AND SEE THEM

**MEN'S WORK SHOES OF QUALITY AT \$2.50
HIGH-CLASS RUBBER BOOTS FROM \$2.50 UP**

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A. D. S. KIDNEY PILLS

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at this store. Take them every day for 10 days.

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

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Genesee St., Cuba, N. Y.

"An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands."

Obedience to God's law is the highest liberty to which humanity may ever reach.—Beecher.

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