

The Houghton Star

MEMORIAL NUMBER

VOLUME XI

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1918

NUMBER 2

IN MEMORIAM

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND
WILLIAM VERNE RUSSELL

O soul that shed sublimely sweet
Thy springtime fragrance o'er the days
We passed together; it were meet
To write these measures in thy praise,
And though it be not mine to gaze
Upon thy face and read thy smile,
Though life upon the parting ways
Forbid me pass a little while--

Though cold thy form and closed the eyes
That wont to wake with kindly light
My heart strings to the glad surprise
Of thoughts more free, of skies more bright--
Still may thy memory indite
The words that, burning in my breast,
Mirror though faint the warm delight
I found in thee, when care-distressed.

Brave heart! thy footsteps thou dost wend
Where falters not my feeble tread,
In the long halls that have no end--
Beyond the portals of the dead;
Strong in the might of Him who bled,
And gave thee conquest o'er the tomb'
His glory shining on thy head'
His presence banishing thy gloom.

Woo now my thought from earthly care
To him who gave the gentle day
I passed with thee, and bid me dare
To follow thee upon the way
That brings me to thee, nor betray
The faith that brings me nearer rest,
That now to all my heart can say
Come life, come death, His will is best.

O spirit, lent to glad us here
Thou ever wer't of angel mould
A child of more celestial sphere
Whom this could never hope to hold;
The visions of that world of gold
Were ever of thy soul apart,
May never this, my life, grow cold,
That I may see thee where thou art.

The world goes on, the vision does,
Hands grapple for the lust of power,
In hearts like thine the courage lies
To me that ever fatal hour
And lay life in manhood's flower
Upon the altar, for the State,
That Liberty, thy nation's dower,
May rule and reign, forever great!

Fear not, the jewel of sacrifice
Though buried, when too gross to learn
The lessons the Eternal-Wise
Would teach us, we can ill discern
The truth that in our souls should burn,
Lives laid for men on Freedom's shrine
Will cause its luster to return,
And make its gleam forever shine.

Love, thou art broad and deep and high,
Speak what these words can never say
Speak out the hidden thoughts that lie
Too deep to hear the light of day,
And thrill through this dark soul of clay
With tides of richness half divine,
That I may feel thee while I pray
That more of Heaven may be mine.

Follow light-footed where the white
Of awful splendor speaks of God,
And bring a glimmer of that light
To me, upon this earthly sod;
And help me learn to kiss the rod
That brings me sorrow, that my tears
May bring the floweret from the clod
And give me conquest o'er my fears.

Immortal spirit, thou art gone,
These earthly paths to tread no more.
But thou art now forever one
With that great company on the shore,
Who join their Master to adore,
In glory that out shines the sun;
Thou livest brighter than before,
Thy need of life is but begun.

Robert S. Chamberlain



IN MEMORY OF OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

We are here to dedicate the memories of our honored dead, to set apart these memories for sacred use. But, in the language of Lincoln in his Gettysburg address, "we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow" these memories. Our boys, in cheerfully devoting themselves to their country's cause, have consecrated "far above our power to add or detract."

Though William Russell and Harry Meeker never reached the battle front, never heard the cannon's roar never went "over the top" with shout and song, they are no less the heroes and martyrs of Democracy than were the bravest Americans who fought and died at Chateau-Thierry or St. Mihiel. The test of a true patriot is not what he does after he is nerved into a

frenzy by the smell of powder or by a deafening sound of war's onslaught. The true test is in the mental and emotional attitude with which he, in his quiet hours of solitude, responds to his country's call. We believe our Houghton boys have stood this test with one hundred per cent loyalty and devotion.

Recently I was much impressed in reading one short paragraph. It is this:

"A soldier of France lay on a hospital bed. His shattered arm had just been taken away. The doctor looked down with pity at the white young face. 'I'm sorry, my boy, you had to lose your arm,' he said. The eyes of the lad flashed. 'No, no, doctor. I didn't lose it' he said; 'I gave it---to France.'"

Had some one leaned over the dying form of either of our dead heroes and said, "I'm sorry that you are about to lose your life," his eyes would of flashed and he would of said, "I cannot lose my life, for I have given it to the country I love, to America, for the freedom of the world."

When we give gifts to our friends, we like to have the gifts accepted and used, and we never think of dictating where, or when, or how they shall be used. When we have given ourselves, or our relatives, or our friends to God for use in the greatest cause of the age, do we wish our gifts to be accepted? Do we desire to dictate to God concerning their use? With the patriotic blood of America running through our veins, we can say but one thing: "Thy will be done." That is what we are saying here today with reference to all of the gifts which these stars on our service flag represent.

Away in darkest Africa some years ago, a black boy caught a vision from God and became hungry to know more about the Holy Spirit, and finally developed a passion to save his own people from sin and degredation. Rising above barriers that were well nigh insurmountable, he came to America and began preparation for his life's work. Wonderful was his power with God, and most remarkable was his progress in education, but almost at the moment of the realization of his hopes, death claimed him. Why? God only knows. We need not know. But how encouraging it is to note that three strong, promising white men caught from the simple life and glorious death of one black boy the fire that sent them into Africa to do the work that the young African had longed to do.

In the light of such cases, who dares to question the wisdom of God, even though no one can understand? May it not be our part to catch from the

memories of our soldier dead such patriotic zeal as shall double and treble our devotion and sacrifice for poor, oppressed, bleeding Europe, for the liberation of the world, for the stars and stripes, which stand for all that is dear to civilization?

But in our zeal, let us not fail to pay tribute to the boys who even now are facing danger in camp, in trench, or on battle line, in hospital or in prison camp. May our prayers follow them continually.

Prof. H. R. Smith, Jr.

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN CHAPEL.

The hour for chapel exercises on Monday, Oct. 7 was given to a memorial service for William V. Russel and Harry Meeker who died recently in the Army Training Camps. The service was originally planed for Mr. Russell for word of Mr. Meeker's death had not yet been received. So when it came we included both in the service, altho we had made no extensive preparation for Harry's part.

The devotionals were conducted by the Pastor Rev. Mr. Charles Sicard, and the student body sang, "Lead Kindly Light."

President Luckey then spoke comparing and contrasting the Loys as he had been able to know them. He spoke of the three pleasant years they had spent here together and of the noble qualities each possessed. "Both were very strong young men. Mr. Russell was a very remarkable student, who had a very predominating taste for literature. He was, in his social life, quiet and modest. His personality had to win its way into our lives. Mr. Russell partook of the rugged qualities of his father and the delicate and fine characteristics of his mother. His was a most promising future.

Harry, on the other hand, was one of those beaming, bubbling personalities. He glided into our acquaintance before we were aware of it. His approach was always the most wholesome and we would have felt slighted had he not come in this way, so genial was his character. He had not a single enemy for none could hold aught against incarnate Good-Will. Altho not the best scholar I ever knew, yet he was one of the most unselfish boys I have ever met. Here lies the reason for our love for him. He gave himself to his friends, often to his own detriment, still he did not care for his own loss if by losing he might help another to gain. To help the other fellow was the effort of his life. In both these boys we have a memory that can be a blessing to each of us. Both were thoroughly saved and have gone to their rich reward."

lend it, this will be No Man's Land for us. We will be judged---not by the distressed mien we wear when the boys go marching away,---not by the tears we shed over the long lists of the dead and wounded,---not by the apparent hilarity, altho camouflaged disloyalty, which is often manifested over some victory made deathless by the dead. No, not that way, but we will be judged and held accountable for the material aid we give. Do not talk patriotism here unless your money is talking victory Over There.

THE INTELLECTUALS.

The French, who are keen in classifications and "apt in nomenclature," have given to those men who are able to lend thot, and discipline action a special designation. The men of science, of culture, the philosophers and poets have all been given the appellation --The Intellectuals. In seasons of stress and strain, in great periods of upheaval and unrest, in times of religious excitement and distorted fervor, these are the men to whom we should look for guidance and under whose direction we should once more come to our equilibrium. It is not only their duty to lead, viewing it from an objective standpoint, but it is their high privilege to contribute to society in that manner from an individualistic viewpoint.

It often happens however, that these men to whom we look for care and protection are very unevenly balanced. The expansion of moral courage fails quite often to keep pace with the intellectual development. When this is the case with any people justice is raped, righteousness is grimacingly thrown to the winds and all supposedly authoritative testimony is tainted with perjury. These leaders, during hours of trial, have feared persecution; have trembled in the presence of an hysterical public opinion, have not remained true to themselves and to those principles which they knew to be the truth. They have lacked the courage. They have feared the mob. They have ignominiously failed. They have, like Judas, betrayed their Lord and should now go hang themselves for death is better than hell-inspired mockery.

The past, however, is not all stained by such limpless characters as those to whom we have referred. No, there have been instances in which one man has stood for justice in the face of a nation gone mad, and intoxicated with the idea of murder. These are the biographies we delight to read, these are the men whom we admire and whom we love. We should be moved by the passion to be eternally right rather than to be swayed by "temporary expediency" If therefore this

be a wise stand to take in great historic epochs it is wise also in mere sectional questions and matters of consideration. Every day we are called upon to uphold right and truth against an unreflective passion so let us be leaders with a great degree of moral stamina which will not flag when opposition arises.

Athletics

The girls are apparently having a great deal of sport playing indoor base ball. However they do not play so much in door as out-of-doors. Basket ball is put in the back ground as the physical directors want each student to be in the open as much as possible. The girls also have the splendid mania for "hiking." Many of them walk from three to five miles a day. By doing this they are putting up the greatest bulwark against disease and ill health.

The boys have manifested more interest in basket ball and have played several games since school started. Basket ball certainly has done considerable to keep the boys in trim.

The tennis court has been used to a limited extent but owing to the copious rainfall we have been unable to do much in this line. As soon as opportunity offers we hope to have the court as well as the baseball diamond in fine condition.

SPANISH INFLUENZA.

The friends of the Seminary and particularly the parents of the young men and women attending the school will be glad to know to what extent this epidemic of influenza is in the school and what precautions have been taken against it.

Among the out-of-town students there has not been one case and two little girls who live a mile from the village are the only cases among the home students. When you consider how bad conditions are in almost every town, it is evident that Houghton is one of the safest places in which to live that anyone could find. We certainly have much to be thankful about and praise God for.

The faculty is taking every precaution to prevent the spread of the disease. Medical doctors have been consulted and their instructions closely followed. Chapel exercises, meetings, and church services have been discontinued. No one is allowed to go to the depot or to neighboring towns.

All the students have been advised to be out in the open air as much as possible and at all times try to see that they have plenty of fresh air to breathe.

Professor H. R. Smith read a very appreciative paper which appears in full above.

Miss Kelly spoke of Mr. Russell as she knew him as a student: "William Russell entered the Freshman College class in the fall of 1914. He was here three years and then enlisted. At the very first his literary tendencies were attractive. Especially were his writing abilities seen in Literary Society. He was a great addition to the Society. Altho William was quiet and unobtrusive he had a very keen sense of humor. He won first and second prizes in the Literary Contest. In a word he was an all around student and played equally well the game of life.

Robert Chamberlain a former student of Houghton and very close friend of Mr. Russell spoke briefly of him. "William was very sympathetic and not hard, for me at least, to confide in. His inspiration has helped me a good many times. It is hard to explain friendships yet we can all feel them and their refreshing fragrance." Mr. Chamberlain then read a poem in memory of Mr. Russell which appears above.

G. Beverly Shultz, a very close friend of Mr. Meeker spoke concerning him. "Fellow-students, honored lives for you are falling. Hearts are breaking and bleeding but it is not in vain. We are experiencing a fineness of sympathy which we never felt before; our brothering arm is passing class distinctions; our moral vistas have enlarged by infinite horizons and it has all come about because we had a friend. Harry Meeker was that friend. Having the gleam of this pure life before us we can never remain the same. The glow of his ambitions, produced by this painful time of suffering, will remove all the ignoble impulses from our lives and now will we build a new Houghton.

Harry was a friend of everyone. From the Faculty down to the merest Freshman student, all were debtors to his whole hearted kindnesses. As these hallowed impulses are stirring our lives we must not remain still, we must move on. The Unseen Holy is unfolding to us, we must explore its secrets. Even now his pure spirit is pervading this sacred gathering and is blazing a path for us to follow. Oh bitter loss if we fail, but we will not!

Harry and his parents gave to us the Service flag. How little did we think that he would adorn it with a golden star. He was a very active member of the student body. During the second semester of 1918 he held the position of business manager of the Star. Hard work characterized his efforts there and he discharged his duties very acceptably. Further, Harry was aiming to specialize in some branch of learning and come back and teach. He did not, however, have

the opportunity in just the way he had planned yet I dare say he is now teaching lessons which are more impressive and lasting than any he could ever hope to teach while living. Let us image his life and the sympathetic atmosphere of his noble character. He gladly gave his all for us; we shall not do less for him."

Miss Davis, head of the vocal department, sang very sympathetically and with subdued delicacy, "The Plains of Peace" by Barnard.

Professor Coleman preached the funeral sermon at the Russell home. He was impressed very much by their hopeful attitude. The family were very brave and smiled even in the face of death; all were resigned to the will of their God. Each member of the family thanked God that He had permitted them to enjoy the friendship of William so long. We must all keep smiling and cheerful. The gloom must be dispelled by the bright and hopeful phase of life.

President Luckey then called upon Mrs. Bowen, who had arranged the service, to speak a few words about Harry. She spoke; "No one from the Faculty down through the student body could be so missed as Mr. Meeker, or "June" as we used to call him. And when I make this statement I ask myself the reason for it and I find the answer is his big heart. His brotherly grasp took us all in. His ambition was to reach the lives of every one. He often helped those and tried to make them better whose ways were wholly obnoxious to him. He did it then, he is helping now. We all loved him."

Closed ly singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

Our Societies are starting off with a measure of enthusiasm which is characteristic of Houghtonic spirit. The Neosoph's have the larger membership and have many "live wires" who offer an hour of delightful amusement rather than more solid entertainment. The aggressive method by which the society now acts is very encouraging, going much in advance of recent years and possibly making somewhat of an approach to the "famous Neosophic" of the good old days.

The Athenians are not remarkably large this year yet they still feel they have a mission to perform. This is a more philosophic society as is reasonably expected of it. The dominant idea is not to see how much ground can be covered over a great variety of subjects, but rat' er to go deeply and thoroughly into whatever is undertaken. These are the features of the societies after five weeks of endeavor.

HOUGHTON FACULTY ENTERTAINMENT

Continued from page 1

in the interesting variety of productions. Our vocal instructor, Miss Hazel Eddy, and our instrumental instructor, Miss Millie Paddock, and our oratorical instructor, Miss Beatrice Eldridge, will have prominent parts.

This entertainment will be of the class that leaves us with the feeling that it has been worth while. We can't afford to miss it. Remember the night---October 24th.

Athletics

Boys athletics are now on at full swing. A remarkable degree of enthusiasm has been manifested over the prospect for this year in spite of the fact that the base-ball season is far advanced. We regret that we have been unable to make much progress along that line.

However, that may be, base ball has not been placed entirely in the back-ground. Some of the fans, as well as the enthusiasts have been trying to do their bit for its advancement. As a result of their work, on Wednesday, October 1st, a trial game was staged. Altho, naturally, the game was not played in a fast or spectacular manner it is evident that some pretty good material can be picked from those who took part in the game. We are confident that many others would have given a good account of themselves if they had taken part.

Those who had charge of the game fixed the line-up as follows:

P	White	Woods
C	Clark	Bruce
1st B	Ballinger	Haynes
2nd B	Hester	Enty
3rd B	Bently	Bedford
S. S	Pocock	Lapham
L. F.	Reddy	Bascom
C. F.	McClintock	Snyder
R. F.	Russell	Densmore

But we seem this season to be able to realize our greatest expectation in basket-ball, the crowning game of our athletics. Already have been played, altho casually indeed, some very fast games in which was displayed a high type of efficiency in handling the "big pill." So it is evident that we will be able to have a fine representative basket-ball team this year.

All boys to whom this article appears should immediately get on their basket-ball garb and enter the fray with a grave determination to become the star

player of the season. If you will do this we can assure you that basket-ball will be a "howling success" this year in Houghton. All eyes are upon you. Can you fail us?

W. E. B.

The Girls of Houghton Seminary are starting this year with a great deal of pep and enthusiasm. You should just hear them talking and planning for the success of their respective base ball teams. These ball games are carried on in connection with the physical training classes and have proven themselves to be lots of fun besides being beneficial. It is surely exciting to slide into base in just the nick of time but it is still better when we are put out to grin and bear it. There is room for lots of improvement in baseball but practice makes perfect.

The girls are going some in hiking too, but some of them are finding that it is wiser to get used to this gradually. Several girls have already recorded eight mile hikes.

The girls have a brand new basket ball, just as good as can be bought. This is to be for their especial use and they advise the boys to go and buy likewise. It promises many happy times to come.

Organizations

Do you belong to either of the Literary Societies? If not, why not?

The Athenian Society of Houghton Seminary aims to give those who have had a High School training or its equivalent, practice in debates, orations, readings, essays and both vocal and instrumental music.

In the vast world of opportunities all around us everyone will at some time in life find it necessary to appear before public crowds. An old maxim says, "Practice makes perfect," so now while you are in school is the time to practice. At least anyone preparing for public work should not miss the opportunity. You cannot afford to be less than your very best.

If you are already a member, so far, so good. Do you expect to profit from the meetings? The benefit derived will depend on the effort put forth. Promptness, regularity, and a willing spirit will give effectual aid.

Lack of time is a poor excuse. Mental recreation is as necessary as physical recreation, so start the week right by spending an hour at Literary on Monday night.

H. G. R.

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary, eighteen times during the school year.

Subscription price, 75c. per year; foreign countries, 85c.; regular issues, 5c. per copy. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE to the Business Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at Houghton, N.Y.; as second class matter.

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Editorial

OUR LECTURE COURSE

It is unusual to find given in so small a place as Houghton a lecture course of so high a class, but for several years Houghton has been favored with talent of the highest type. The Union Literary Association has exercised the utmost care in the selection of lecturers and concert companies. As a result we have been well satisfied with the numbers presented to us. We are confident that the course this year will prove no exception to the general rule, but that every number will give as general satisfaction as did the splendid concert of October 7th.

This lecture course will contain much that will be of benefit to every one who attends it. In the first place it will contain much of an educational nature. That should appeal especially to every student. We are here to learn in every possible way. It is here that we expect to have our views broadened, and new ideas brought to us. Then too we should attend the lecture to obtain information that we could get from

no other source. When a subject is presented from the platform in an interesting way it is much easier to retain than when we merely read the material. The personality of the speaker impresses his hearers. Then there is the inspirational value of hearing these great men. We see what others have accomplished, and are ourselves stirred to greater endeavor. Last but not least is the entertainment we receive. Wholesome recreation is a necessity for all and there is no better way of spending our hours of recreation for we receive at the same time help and inspiration.

We intend, therefore to support the course this year to the utmost of our ability. We owe it to the U. L. A. as members of that body and we owe it to ourselves. It is a duty, but it is a privilege. E. H. W.

HOUGHTON'S RECRUITS

When the raw conscript arrives at "army camp" he must first of all go "thru the mill." He will be given equipment, vaccinations, instruction in army etiquette, and a place in Detention Camp until he is "indoctrinated" into army life and is ready for transference to a permanent organization. The same principle applies in school life. When a student goes away to college everything is new to him. He must become acquainted with the place, the people, and the customs. According to his attitude and intelligence, greater or less time will be required for him to become a vital part of his chosen institution.

There has been this year an unusual influx of raw material into the Student Body of Houghton Seminary. Of the 145 students enrolled 73 are here for the first time. Of the remaining 72, furthermore, several are "practically new" to Houghton.

This fact imposes an obligation upon every former student. It is ours to conduct ourselves worthily in the study room, on the athletic field, at the social function. It is our place to make every new member of the Student Body feel that while he is at Houghton he is at home.

There rests also, with every new student, an opportunity. It is an opportunity to work, to grow, to become a leader. It is an opportunity to engage with enthusiasm in the varied activities; an opportunity to appreciate the ideals that make meaningful the name of Houghton Wesleyan. It is, in a word, a rare privilege of developing into a "unit of human life" of which Houghton shall not be ashamed and of which the world stands in need. Shall we not, each one, be true to the trust placed upon us?

J. E. H.

ORGANIZATIONS

Continued from page 3

The Senior Y. M. W. B. met for its first meeting of the school year, Tuesday night, Oct. 14, 1919. The meeting was called to order by our Vice President, Edith Hill. The devotional exercises were conducted by Hazel Jones. After the roll call and reading of the minutes a committee was elected to nominate new officers for the year. We then listened to a very interesting talk by Mr. Lawrence on the subject, "What our Band has been in the past and its prospects for this year."

We missed very much seeing the faces of those of our Band who did not return this year but we rejoiced to see so many of the new students present at our first meeting. There were twenty-four new names presented for membership and we are very anxious that before the school year shall close we may have every student a member of our Band. A good number of our students this year are preparing for work in the Foreign Fields, and really have the work at heart.

The officers for the year are: President--Edith Hill; Vice President--Edwin Ballinger; Secretary--Alice Buchholz; Treasurer--Orange Hester; Assistant Treasurer--Ruby Brakeman; Pianist--Zola Kitterman; Chorister--John Wilcox. Program Committee, Flora Brecht, Hazel Jones, and Howard Chapman; Membership Committee, Viola Lewis, Lucy Miller, and Royal Woodhead.

Z. M. K.

NEOSOPHIC HOLDS DEBATE

The Neosophic Society had a very interesting debate at their meeting of Oct. 13. As the question was noised abroad before-hand, much interest was aroused, so much in fact that the Athenians decided to go "visiting." The question to be debated was: "Resolved that co-education is detrimental to school-life." We wonder that any one could be found in Houghton to take the affirmative side of this question, but it seems that there are people here who do not quite approve of our school. At any rate the affirmative side was most ably defended by Miss Mary Williams, aided by Messrs. Castner and Bascom. They worked hard to defend the stand they had taken, but with Miss Sullivan, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Woodhead as opponents, they found themselves defeated. For some strange reason public opinion seemed to favor the negative, and perhaps that was one reason why that side received a favorable decision.

Everyone present seemed to enjoy listening to the speakers, and they surely received help through the practise in speaking. More debates would be interesting and helpful. Try it again, Neosophics.

THE HIKE.

"O boy, O, joy, where do we go from here?"

It was a motley bunch of fellows gathered in front of the Sem Friday night, October seventeenth, at four-thirty. Some large and tall, others small and short, some with good clothes, but most with any old clothes. That was to start, mind you, for the latter distinction soon ceased to exist, since all returned with "any old clothes."

Who were we? Gideons and Loyal Sons of Houghton Seminary. What did we do? What didn't we do, is a more appropriate question. Shouting, banging drums, tooting cornets, the big racket filed out of town about five o'clock like the exodus of the ancient Israelites. There were about thirty-six fellows, three of whom had been professors but a few hours before. You know them as Professors Coleman, Sprague, and Fancher (Levay.)

Shortly after six o'clock the bunch arrived at the site of the old railroad bridge. And then the downward scramble and tumble began. Sometimes right side up, sometimes wrong side up, what did it matter so long as the general direction was down? The wearing away of the bank is not all due to erosion, nor to the stream, as was clearly proven to any fair-minded geologist at that time. In like manner it may be stated that the wearing away of trousers is not confined to the effects of school room usage. It is agreed that a considerable quantity of Caneadea Gorge was suspended from trouser hangers the night after the evening before.

Eats! Let a semi-starved creature of any kind, particularly of the genus homo, masculine gender, come in contact with appetizing food, and what is the result? Quite astonishing, I assure you. Pity the wieners! Pity the bread, the beans, and the coffee!

Singing, then speeches from the erstwhile faculty members around the blazing fire, and then, homeward bound! It was an evening worth while, for the fellows are better acquainted.

OCTOBER TWELVE

On the morning of the twelfth of October, fourteen ninety-two, as the Santa Maria cast anchor along the shore of San Salvador Island, Christopher Columbus passed to the new and unknown West the torch of Eastern civilization. Upheld by a firm belief in the truth of his scientific theory, nothing could keep him from his purpose, until the dim shore-light told

him his faith had become reality.

Europe was at this time entering on an age of discovery; and had he failed, others, no doubt, would have traversed the "westward way." Yet Columbus was the pioneer. He did not fear to challenge skepticism and break the path for those who might forget his forward looking and unconquerable spirit, so typical of the western world he found.

The celebration of Columbus Day by the school children of Columbus is a custom worth perpetuating.

Alumni Notes

Dear Alumni, I wonder if you were all as glad to get the last Star as I was. It seemed like a glass of cool water when one is very, very thirsty. How dear Houghton is to our hearts, and there seems to be a charm about even the new students whom we may not know. They are Houghtonites and that is all that is necessary.

We have a few items to report. As yet only one alumnus has responded to the request in the last issue but no doubt many more will in the next few days.

G. B. Shultz, formerly editor of the "Star," is assisting in the pastoral work at Barberton, Ohio. This is one of the most aggressive charges in the Allegheny conference.

Miss Ethel Kelly, a College Junior of '18, is teaching in Rushville, Illinois.

Miss Louise Middleton is also following the pedagogical profession in Myersville, Ohio. Margaret Middleton has a position with the B. F. Goodrich Co. in Akron.

Arthur Northrup a theological student in Houghton during the last two years, and his wife, Myrtle Woodbridge Northrup, a music graduate of 1909, report their continued loyalty to our alma mater. They are in the pastorate at Driftwood, Penna.

This list should be very much longer, in order that the department may be as interesting as we desire to see it. I expect to hear from many of the alumni subscribers concerning themselves and any other alumni about whom you can give information.

Let us all be true to Houghton and her ideals.
Let us remember her needs when we pray.

B W M

Address Mrs. H. C. McKinney
 Lawndale, Ohio.
or G. B. Shultz
 Barberton, Ohio

WRECKS ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

On the night of October 15 a wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad which was caused by the carelessness of the conductor in charge of the southbound freight. He had orders to lookout for the work-train between Houghton and Caneadea also he had slow orders on the freight but he paid no attention to these, and ran at the speed of 45 miles an hour. From the other direction came the work train trying to reach the south end of Houghton siding. It also was running at a great rate of speed, so between these two places at Burrville, the two came together with a terrific clash that practically ruined the engines. Two oil car, one coal car and a box car which was demolished were thrown into the ditch. The track was torn up for a distance of 50 feet. This occurred about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The wrecker crew was called from Olean, but it did not arrive on the scene until about 4:30 P. M. In the meantime an extra freight had brought rails and ties to the scene of the accident, while the section crews had done all they could. When the wrecker train arrived it soon cleared the track of the debris by throwing it to each side of the track. This delayed the 4:30 P. M. passenger train until 9:45 P. M.

The next day occurred two wrecks, one below Rossburg which threw two box cars off the track, the other above Caneadea at Oramal, wrecking three cars. This delayed the 4.30 P. M. train one hour. Neither one of these wrecks caused as much damage as the one at Burryville. F. K. T.

F. K. T.

Exchanges

The Houghton Star sends greeting to its exchanges at the beginning of another school year. We intend to do our very best to make this department more interesting than it has been before. We want a long list of good exchanges for every issue of the "Star" and invite other schools to send us their school paper on exchange. The exchange of school periodicals is an excellent means for promoting friendly acquaintance. By reading exchanges from other schools we find some things which will add value to our own school activities.

The "Star" has received the following exchanges:
Our Dumb Animals Norwood, Mass,
The Backbone Utica, N. Y.
Missionary News 150 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Eastern Nazarene College Monthly Wollaston, Mass.
The Middlebury Campus Middlebury, Vermont

IN MEMORIAM.

PRIVATE HENRY FORDHAM MEEKER, Jr.

Sent to the home of earth, Dec. 31, 1896.
Called home to Heaven, Oct. 4, 1918.

The path of life may wind,
The pace be swift or slow,
A shadow walks behind
Wherever we may go.

In every place, in every scene,
Ourselves and Death, one step between.

That step will us divide,
Until the Master say,
"In this spirit I confide;
On its return today

The higher service now awaits.
Unbar and open wide the gates."

The spirit is God's breath
Within a mortal form,
That at the touch of Death
Becomes a mantle worn
To lay away, that we may be
Enrobed in immortality.

From His own Home above
God gave the precious boy,
Another gift of love,
A household pride and joy;
And God has taken of His own
Because He needed him "At Home."

Just as the opening flower
Matures its buds and seeds,
He here developed powers
For helpful words and deeds.

His ministry in God's own plan
Gave us the child, the lad, the man.

The eye so full of light
Betokened active thought;
The will of giant might
A purpose had enwrought
In daily life by varied powers
To use and bless the passing hours.

December of last year
Upon its closing day,
We celebrated here
Our Junior's natal day;
While twenty-one glad bells of time
Told us his age by their sweet chime.

As virtues of the heart
Enwreathed each natal gift,
Each grace performed its part
Earth shadow's to uplift
From steps on the well-trodden road
Until his country called abroad.

We do not understand
We cannot answer why
With the dear martyr band
Our precious boy must die,

Unless the Lord Himself unseal
These mysteries and each reveal.

Upon the sacred page
Some glimpses we behold
Beyond the pilgrimage;
Upon the streets of gold
Is a new step and a new palm
While a new voice joins in the psalm.

The absent is with God;
To him the sweet "Well Done"
Repeats the written Word
That life goes on and on,
A part of these great mysteries
That link the two Eternities.

The one from which we came
The one to which we go—
And honored be the name
That stood for Truth below
And giving all that God had given
Has won the crown reserved in heaven!

Our camping grounds each night
Are one day nearer Home
Than at the dawn of light
And when our work is done
Some place prepared for young and old
The dear home circle will enfold

The house not made hands
Is Junior's new abode;
With saint and angel bands
He dwells with our dear Lord,
Perhaps on mission sweet to come
As God sends earthward to His own
To help us on our journey Home.

Love and sympathy of
Eliza A. Stoddard.

Alumni Notes

OUR TRIBUTE.

Like the sense that Autumn's fading colours bring when vivacious life disappears to the world where all is constant spring, like the lure of Heaven's winged messengers of air and sky, seeking the bosom of the sunny southland when the first hint of winter's reign finds its own expression here, like the deep emotion of heart beats, when things material are transformed into things divine, the tidings have reached us. God has called our own William Russell to himself, out of the finite of earth into the infinite of glory.

'Twas only a year ago last spring he was a student at Houghton, one with us, one of us. How impossible the new reality seems! And how well each one can

remember his quiet ways, his patient perseverance, his Christain kindness—he knew how to be a real friend always!

All this we saw and knew, but we were blind to the Masterlight we might have seen Genius was there, human understanding which often burst forth in the inspiration of true poetic vision. Yet we, so prosaic and so visionless, could not behold the brightness of what he gave us. But now we will learn to read those burning lines and begin to comprehend.

God's miracles are often mysterious. Yet he would not have them altogether foreign to our eyes. That is why he scatters his own jewels in the sands of time. If we are too self-centered to fully value them he takes them where angel harps ring out their praise. Our highest tribute can only be to bestow a world of appreciation, a world of love upon the jewels he has left, whose beauty is ever and always around us, by the side of the highway of life.

Village Notes

Mrs. N. J. Peck and Mrs. Fasset were in Buffalo a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Estabrook entertained D. A. Arnold and family and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Estabrook Sunday.

Miss Effie Arnold spent Saturday with her brother Guy at C. J. Thayers.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hester, George Shultz, Miss Davis and Gratia Bullock went to Oramel to attend a Prohibition rally last Sunday evening.

Mrs. H. J. Bullock and son were in Olean Saturday, also Gordon Graves.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Houghton and daughter May left for their home at Washington Tuesday morning.

Miss Lavina Thayer has been visiting friends in Emporium Pa.

Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Bullock were at Bellville to conduct services for Rev. Matteson who was at Chestnut Ridge over Sunday.

Miss Belle Russel of Emporium Pa. has been visiting friends in town the past week.

The Houghton Star

Published by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary, eighteen times during the school year.

Subscription price, 50c. per year; foreign countries, 60c.; regular issues, 5c per copy. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE to the Business Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at Houghton, N. Y. as second class matter.

STAFF

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General Reporter	Nina Lapham, Prep. '20
Local Reporter	
Organizations	
Alumni	Leona K. Head, '20
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Snappy Smiles	
Business Manager	Harold McKinney, '20
Advertising Manager	Frances Graves Prep. '20
Circulation	Olive Meeker, '23
Circulation	Daniel Castner Prep. '20

Editorial

THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.

Many centuries ago there came to this world a personality in whom all the fullness of the God-Head existed. There was potential life in Him for all future development and growth. Christ was, and is, the only Being who has ever enjoyed absolute self-realization of His essential essence. His life, tho short, was immeasurably pregnant with that, purpose, goal, but however, this gentle Spirit became the victim of selfishness and went to an ignominious death. He paid the price and "The Unspeakable Gift" was given. By His death the possibilities of the nations and races of the earth are unbound. The nervous haze which blinded true reality is now brushed aside and the social consciousness of all races can be definitely expanded as well as the personality of each individual can be limitlessly extended. Instead of the influence of Christ diminishing during these twenty centuries of undreamable changes, it has grown and en-

larged and deepened as each felicitous year has passed.

But there are other personalities who have felt the inwrought power of the Master and have followed Him in "lowly paths of service free." Of what do their memories speak? Why, the sadness which is brought about by the recent deaths of Mr. William Russell and Mr. Harry Meeker has only re-emphasized the power and influence of the Unaging Chirst. It seems that in these days of burning trial God is unbosoming to us his hidden thots; that he is giving to us courage and strength to tear off the crust of Reality itself and walk within to explore its purposes; that He gave us not only Himself but the one touch more in their lives. Their lives are giving to us that tender grace, that fine, wordless, rich something-sweet as a flower by the sick man's bed; tender as a mother's love, who steals into the daughter's room and there kisses the fair sleeping girl who on the morrow will be a bride. They came like an artless babe out of the vast unseen, they returned to that higher, purer company amid the sound of lyric peals of joy while we stand looking up "thinking unworded things and old." Their white robes are being sewed with crimson stitches, they have joined that white-robed company and are now ministering spirits to us. The prattling voices of earth are waning while the big, murmuring whispers of the Unseen Holy are becoming more melodious. We shall join our snow-plumed comrades on that beautiful, painless Other Side. They have fought and won. We shall do no less.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

The American soldiers---the most daring and dashing soldiers in the world---have been making such substantial gains, and so continuous, that the present war lords of Germany have been forced to ask for an armistice. Wonderful, is it not?

Yet what will it profit America if she gain the whole world and lose her newly reborn soul? This it shall surely do if the Fourth Liberty Loan fails of over subscription.

The boys at the front are showing to us who remain at home the vision of the Greater Love. They are not fighting and dying for a friend, they are fighting for an ideal that is more meaningful than life. These boys, who anathematized war before it was declared, have now turned to its execution whole-heartedly and even now they are challenging the grave to show its victory or death to prove its sting. But what are we doing? If we have money and do not

IN FLANDER'S FIELD.

They have left us a silent message, yet it flies to the corners of the universe with lightening eloquence. They have fought and fallen, yet out of those graves of gruesome carnage, from bodies and blood and a twentieth century's inquisition of terror, like incense their cry is swept to the heart of America and to us. It comes from the pen of Lieutenant-Colonel John McGrae of Canada, not long since slain at the front:

"In Flanders, fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below."

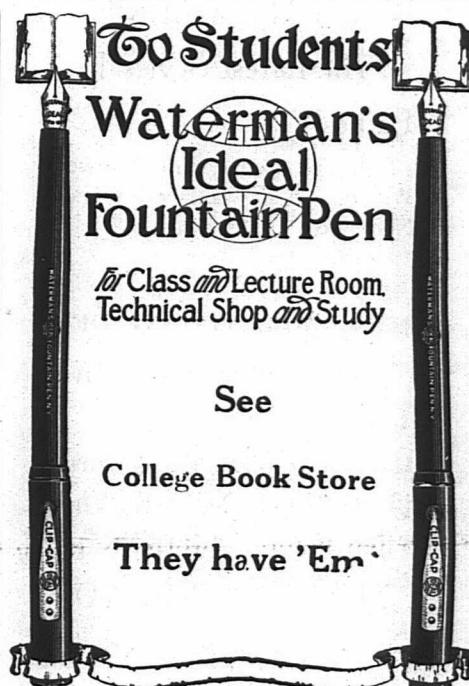
"We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset's
glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flander's fields."

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies
grow
In Flanders fields..."

What makes the blood of freeman tingle when they read it? The contest is not yet ended. Cannon's ill roars below the singing of the larks. "Between the crosses" today a hundred thousand more lie. And they add their heart cry to the eall of those who departed first.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!" To us the torch is flung and beacon fires blazon their indictment. And DARE WE FAIL? Dare any moment of God's immortal Now be lost in heedlessness? Desperate work, earnest endeavor and unceasing prayer alone can fulfill the responsibility in this OUR conflict. The voice from Flanders field reechoes, "If ye

break faith—!" and the unfinished task falls to ruin in our hands—Oh ghastly consequence—those million poppies o'er their mounds cannot waft siren songs of slumber to them, they shall arise to arraign us at the court of Liberty's dark anger and bring her accusation: "Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!"

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What is the greatest change that takes place when water turns into ice?

Johnny:- "The change is in price."

"Give an example of the irregular formation of the plural".

"When you want to say the plural of foot, 'footies' is wrong, because two foots is feet, and one feet is foot."

A Swede had entered the Civil Service for field work in the canal zone. Somebody, trying to dissuade him said it was too hot there, often 160 in the shade. "Vell", he scorned. "Ve don't have to stay in the shade, do we?"

Miss Moses in Ancient History class: "Name two codes of law."

Bright pupil: "Both in the Bible, one tells you what you ought to do, the other one, what will become of you if you don't do it."

Little four-year-old Gratia Fero commenting on the book; "Red Pepper Burns." "I believe," said she, "that it is true for I ate some red pepper and it burned."

Clown: "A wonderful baby gained 100 lbs in one week."

Farmer: "How's that?"

Clown: "Gave it elephant's milk and it was a baby elephant."

Gordon Craves and Alzada Hall seem to have an affinity for each other. Who knows but the color of the hair is the solution.

At dinner,—Eddie came in late.

Mack: "We have missed you, Eddie."

Eddie: "When I get started to eat you won't miss me."

People often walk in their sleep. May be the girls are. At any rate they arouse the slumbering roosters by their mirthful songs. Wake me at 4 A. M.

It might be of interest to note that Miss Moses has ordered orange blossoms from the South. Congratulations are in order.