

THE

Houghton Star

Commencement Number

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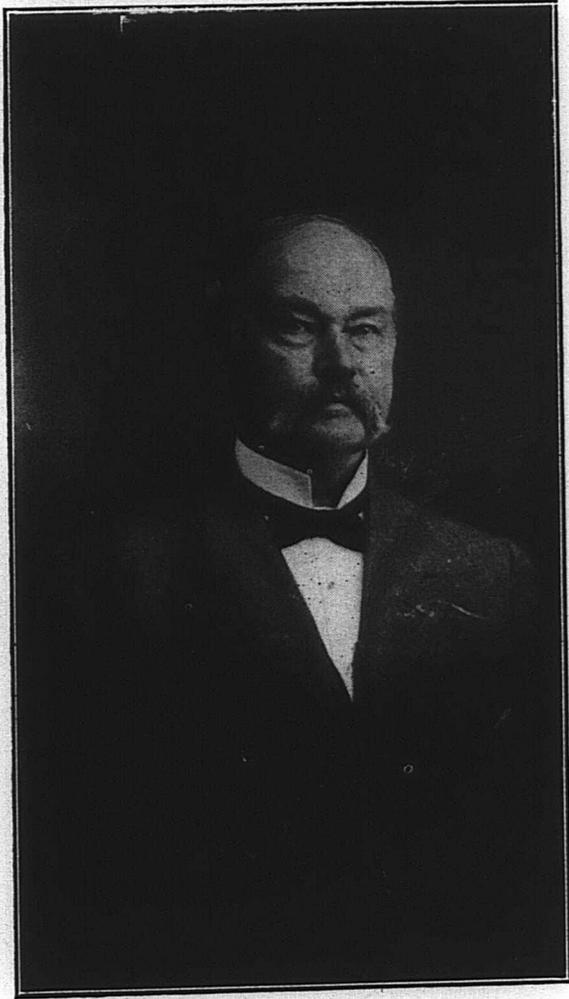
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Houghton Seminary



LEONARD J. HOUGHTON

To Mr. Leonard F. Houghton, loyal
Friend and supportes of Houghton Seminary,
we respectfully dedicate this final issue of
The Houghton Star.



Faculty

Back row-- Eddy, Paddock, Bowen, Kelly, B. Fancher, Culp.
Front row--- Whitaker; Luckey H. L. Fancher, L. H. Fancher

THE CALL TO SERVICE

First Prize Essay

Marietta Fancher M. '21

How often we hear the expression, "the call to service." It is usually interpreted to mean the special direct summons of God to particular Christian activity. In our limited view we have probably included more especially work done by preachers, missionaries, and city workers, or any other which is generally considered primarily evangelical and as such would require a certain knowledge that the person choosing such a vocation were divinely led in the selection of his life work. Our definition must be correct as far as it goes for surely in order to labor in one of these fields to the best advantage the individual should have no doubt that this is God's place for him. However if it is an essential pre-requisite for these workmen to be positively assured of their credentials are we very certain that God is not at all concerned that His other children whom He may want in different fields should know in what capacity they may best serve. It may be we have heard from childhood's days that for every person born into the world there is a life-long work which no other mortal can accomplish. Perhaps, even, our convictions are quite positive in the matter. Then how can we be consistent and expect God's ministers of the gospel to make sure of their authority to labor in the particular spot in His universe designed for them while others remain free to choose for themselves without serious consideration of His claims? How, then, might such an appointment be defined? Is it not a positive conviction that one is free to enter an indicated field of labor with the assurance that God's sanction will rest upon his choice?

If we then consent to such a broad conception of this term we must certainly

agree that no human being is denied the privilege of knowing where he may serve so as to best accomplish his particular task. It may be natural to accept this as a theory rather than a standard, in a general way rather than in specific instances or as a very good principle for the world at large rather than the indication of an inevitable problem which must be solved by the one individual whom it must first concern. Perhaps it will make less difference to the rest of the world whether we find our proper place by chance, by following the line of least resistance, or by any but the best advised selection than it would have meant in the life decisions and crises of such men as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, John Wanamaker, or Alvin York. Is this a good excuse for mental laziness? Is not the very fact of our existence in the world enough to place upon each single individual a sense of his responsible situation? Because others have done nobly have we any reason to do less than our utmost? Will the time ever come when the magnificent elm shall so far eclipse the modest cherry tree that she shall no longer be needed? It is yet the world wide question of drifting down stream or rowing up

Surely the problem of life work is one of the most vital, universal, and serious propositions to be considered by any one. But is that any reason why it should be ignored, evaded, or even postponed as a matter of deep concern and interest to every young person who expects to live in some sphere of usefulness? It is very true that not all young persons yet know their own minds. But this should not be sufficient cause to fail to seriously consider the prospects. They are running too great a risk of being turned aside by some momentary attraction or obligation which may change their whole course into a channel furnishing less than the very greatest opportunity of achievement. Man

is a complex problem. At best he cannot know himself perfectly. The world with its vast geographical and vocational appeals lies before him. The choice is his. Is it not a comforting thought to the captain who wishes for a prosperous voyage that his course has been carefully planned by the most competent seaman so as to insure the largest measure of success? Is he then the wise sailor who prefers to throw away all such aid and trust to his ingenuity? If great care is to be exercised to insure success in material matters shall we let any sort of disinclination hinder us from making fortunately the one voyage over life's boundless ocean which is ours? Shall not the well defined course and purpose of our mission be one of the greatest contributing factors to genuine effort and effect?

However this does not furnish a solution for a single individual. To recognize the fact of obligation is but a step toward ascertaining and accomplishing that self-same duty. There is no reason for discouragement. The very chart which furnishes ample provision for every moment of the journey contains an assuring statement pertaining to this emergency; "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." The fact that it is possible to possess a constant conviction that one is sailing with unswerving course, a persuasion unshaken by the fiercest tempest is much more important than the mere method by which that assurance is made known. Elsewhere a call has been defined as a need and the ability to meet that need. Perhaps we seem to lack the ability. Often it is our desire or sense of duty which prompts a response to the urgency of the situation. We would not hesitate to say that Livingstone found his proper place, yet it was a sense of duty which led him there. If we are sure that there is absolutely no selfish motive lurking behind our choice, if this

summons seems to us the most pressing one in the world then for us vision plus consecration may mean service. At no time should we trust our desires or actions out of the hands of our Pilot for truly without Him we can accomplish nothing. For those who perfectly obey and perfectly trust there need be no fear of a misguided course either in decision or doing. Praise His Name! The voice of God may then speak in a multitude of ways to the responsive heart but always in harmony at one time with another. Four general ways are: through the Word of God, through the convictions of our higher judgment for "we are so constituted that the reason and judgment must second what the will has chosen and affections embraced," by the gentle, persuasive voice of the Holy Spirit, and by waiting, watching and praying for the providential circumstances pointing in the same direction and embracing cheerfully each duty and privilege as it unfolds daily. Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph. D., late director of the vocation bureau of Boston says in his book on "Choosing a Vocation:" "In the wise choice of a vocation there are three broad factors: (1) a clear understanding of yourself, your aptitudes, abilities, interests, ambitions, resources, limitations, and their causes; (2) a knowledge of the requirements and conditions of success, advantages and disadvantages, compensation, opportunities, and prospects in different lines of work; (3) true reasoning on the relations of these two groups of facts." We may be sure that in whatever way or ways we ascertain it all will be in accord with the faultless plan. And, after all, could not every vexing question of the human family be easily answered if the individuals which make up the whole would all fit into their respective places in our common universe? For indeed every one who cheerfully embraces duty, who strives without anxiety or other responsibility than that of carrying out every detail of

the pattern, conscious of the approval of God and his own conscience there may come the realization of one hundred per cent efficiency in life: the maximum result with the minimum of effort and friction.

How should the response to such a call be given? Shall it not, in as far as possible be commensurate with the wonderful opportunity offered at such a challenge, of such a marvelous trust? In addition to yielding a hearty 'yes' when one is chosen for such an exalted position he may well spend some time in counting the cost if he wishes to start determined upon success from the outset. A life decision ought by all means to be carefully, prayerfully and sanely considered. To insure permanent success the general principles governing the future should be agreed upon. Such previous thought well be conducive to persistence and contentment. There are apt to be many obstacles in the way which will test and develop our energies if used as such much as the hurdles in the path of an athlete are designed to prove and strengthen him.

"For the test of the heart is trouble

And it always comes with the years;
But the smile that is worth the praise of
earth

Is the one that shines through tears". Then may not we, like the athlete, train with the race in view, eliminating those impediments which will not contribute to our purpose and using vigorously the best means of its promotion. Each may be sure that in the sphere especially designed for one of his temperament and talent there will be ample opportunity for the development of every part of his nature, physical mental, social, and spiritual and that not one ability, one natural or acquired

talent will fail to receive complete, useful development in the fullest sense. The preparation then should be as thorough and broad as conditionally consistent. Then we may be sure that satisfaction of certainty in filling the one place in the world for us will be conducive to the best results. The joy and dignity of service will call forth our energies and ambitions and its appreciation will furnish a wholesome incentive for vigorous activity. Pleasure will be one of the chief motives for work if we are fitted by nature, training, and commission for the tasks meted out. If the question is really considered in its true light can it be settled other than in the right manner? Compare in all the possible ways, if you will, two lives with practically the same advantages but one making a decision for his own interest giving less regard to that of his fellowman and his God, and the other who exactly reverses the order and lives with all in consistency. Let the individuals thus equipped go forward as bravely and gladly as our lads at the call of their country with the realization that they are not living for self alone, neither bearing the major responsibility nor furnishing the strength whereby the work can be accomplished. This attitude will be an asset to the achievement of the highest success possible in any line of work for the will of God is the sine qua non of lasting happiness, or permanent success. In this way alone can he exert the most helpful influence on other lives. No man can afford to miss such opportunity. His great privilege is to take as a daily motto "I have only one life to live; by God's help I will follow my own star!"

A WINTER'S FURS

First Prize Story

Kenneth Alger, Prep. '24

The snow lay on the ground on an early March day in 1918. The day was warm there, considering how far north the place was, and a few spring birds sang around in the woods. One hundred fifty miles north-east lay the shining Hudson bay. Eighty miles to the south-east lay a small trading center. So far was this particular spot from habitation.

Not a leaf rustled. The trappers were hunting for a short while. The fire was burning low. A woodpecker and a grouse, seeming to sustain a friendly relationship with each other were pecking and pulling at a scrap of meat.

A short distance from camp a shot sounded. The grouse, startled, ruffled her feathers and looked distrustfully about her, while the woodpecker made off with the meat.

Two large, strong, half-wild dogs were tethered by a large dog sled. On the sled were two large packs of furs, a satisfactory return for a hard winter's trapping and hunting. These, with some blankets and a few cooking necessities and a few cartridges were about all of the property of two boys.

The boys approached and the grouse fluttered away. The older of the two, a strong, bright looking, young man of about twenty-two, was whistling gaily. The younger, Jim, though whistling also, seemed a little worried.

"I can't help feeling that something is going to happen before we get home, Fred," he said as they set the things off the sled.

"Aw out the pessimism, Jim," said his brother, "We'll be home in a week. Whoop a la!!"

The younger joined him in another shout and they started for the deer that

they had killed.

They returned in almost no time at all and in a half hour Jim was roasting the best parts of the meat over the fire while Fred rolled up the hide. By noon they had eaten a hearty meal, packed some of the meat, and were ready to start. As they left the clearing they turned and gave a long parting shout to the camp and the rude hut in which they had eaten and slept for the past three months.

They did not look back again but kept steadily southeast. Little was said. They were both thinking of the home to which they were going and the welcome they would receive.

As they climbed over a knoll about three o'clock, Jim, who was ahead of the dogs, suddenly raised his gun and fired. A young bear dropped with a whine, about fifty yards ahead.

"I'm afraid you made a mistake when you shot that little fellow," said Fred coming up. "We're liable to have the mother after us."

"It is too old to need its mother any longer," said Jim, "she isn't liable to be near."

"It didn't fall with a growl," remarked Fred, "it whined."

Jim looked around but saw nothing. They had no more than started to skin the bear however when, with a deafening roar, the mother charged on them. They both jumped to their feet, Jim just in time to be sprawled out by the bear. He was not badly hurt and tried to regain his feet but as the bear whirled and returned she struck him in the side and he lay still. As the bear rushed past, Fred shot her behind the fore-legs and as she wheeled to charge on him he shot her again between the shoulders, but the huge bear, with a deafening roar, charged like a locomotive. Fred jumped to the side and the blow which the bear struck caught his gun and threw it about twenty feet. He grasped his hunting knife as a drowning

man will grasp at a straw, and dropped to one knee to meet the bear as she returned. A shot rang out and the bear dropped with a snarl—shot through its head.

John rose slowly with his eyes riveted on the bear in front of him. During the fight he had kept his head and was cool but now, as he looked at the fallen giant with her lips and teeth fixed in a snarl he shuddered involuntarily. This brought his mind to his rescuers. He turned slowly to see who it was and found himself staring into the muzzle of a gun, not six feet from his face. Behind this was the scarred countenance, fixed in a sneering, exultant grin, and looking nearly as deadly as the 38 calibre Winchester, along the barrel of which it was looking at Fred.

"Walt Gilmore!" gasped Fred, involuntarily falling back a pace.

"That were the original," was the cool reply, "however, it happens to be Johnson at present, for convenience sake. I reckon, 'he went on' 'you wont get away so easy this time; and just now, obligen'ly drop that 'ere knife and stick up your paws.'"

Fred did as he was told' without moving his eyes from the brazen countenance of his enemy.

"Now pard" said Gilmore, addressing himself to a second person whom Fred, before now had not noticed, "go and tie his hands."

Fred let his hands be tied behind him and looked for his brother.

Jim was sitting up where he had been knocked down and was staring at them, dazed, with his mouth and eyes wide open. He appeared to be little hurt but when ordered to get up he found it too painful and refused.

"He isn't very dangerous I guess." remarked Gilmore, and with that he advanced and with some difficulty succeeded in getting the boys' dogs out of the tangle into which they had gotten them-

selves. He then threw off the sled what little there was besides the furs and left with the dogs and furs. The other proceeded leisurely to put up a rude shelter of bows, for the night which was about three hours off.

Jim lay on a blanket. His side pained him where the bear had struck him but he was thinking little of that. He was thinking of those furs for which they had toiled so hard. He stifled a sob in the blanket.

Fred, after two or three fruitless attempts to free himself from the leather thongs which bound his hands, sat down on a log and scarcely moved during the remainder of the afternoon. His eyes were directed toward a spot somewhere between his feet, yet he saw nothing.

Even when the outlaw threw the bear's hide down and swore it to be the largest one he had ever taken off, he did not even seem to hear him.

Darkness came on and the outlaw ordered them inside the shelter that he had made. He had to carry Jim in, however, and he laid him on some blankets on the boughs he had strewn around to lie on. The outlaw then prepared some food and offered it to the boys. Fred ate little and Jim, lying on his bed of boughs a picture of dejection and despair, enough to touch the heart of almost any man seemed not to even hear when the outlaw offered him food, Fred went over and sat down beside him.

"Cheer up Jim." he said in as hearty a tone as he could produce.

This seemed the last straw and Jim sobbed aloud. Fred looked helplessly at him for a minute and then returned to where he had been before and wrapped himself in a couple of blankets as best he could with his hands tied, and lay trying to plan, trying to think of something, —anything—to do to cheer his brother and regain the furs.

In perhaps an hour the outlaw put some

hard wood on the fire, rolled up in some blankets and went to sleep.

Fred lay quiet for a long time. When he was satisfied that the outlaw was sound asleep he cautiously unwrapped himself and crawled over to a knotty pole lying near him. He turned his back to it and tried to pull loose on a knot, the thongs which bound his hands. He worked for about ten minutes, which seemed to him an age, and finally the thongs gave way and his hands were free. His heart beat wildly for fear that the outlaw might waken. Slowly and cautiously he crept toward the door, right past the sleeping man. He was out at last!

He did not stop to think. He had done his thinking before. He started along Gilmore's trail on a slow easy trot. The bright moon was just beginning its descent and he wanted to cover as much ground as possible before it went down. He wished his brother were along but Jim could not run and he was with the outlaw.

In Gilmore's trail the snow held him up and he ran on steadily. The cries of the wolves hardly drew his attention. He was after those furs and his success depended first on his speed. One of the wolves, a little bolder than the rest, crouched to spring on him as he passed but apparently it was not very hungry for it watched him trot by and did not spring.

The endurance that Fred showed was amazing. The winter of trapping had, certainly, toughened him a great deal to travel but it is certain that ordinarily he could not have kept a pace like that. On and on he ran; hour after hour. He could not tell how far he went or how long. One thing seemed certain—that Gilmore had not stopped with the going down of the sun.

As he topped a hill and stopped, gasping for breath, the moon was just dropping over the brim of the horizon. He looked desparingly at the moon but it

continued to sink. He turned his eyes back along the trail that he had been following, and then ahead. Far ahead he thought he could see a spark. He strained his eyes. Yes, he was sure. It was the campfire of Gilmore. He started on the trail again.

The moon went down and he had to go more slowly because he could only dimly see the trail. He kept on for about fifteen minutes and stopped abruptly. Not fifty yards ahead was the campfire of Gilmore - now only coals. He had thought it was farther away when he had seen it from the hill. Gilmore lay sleeping beside the coals.

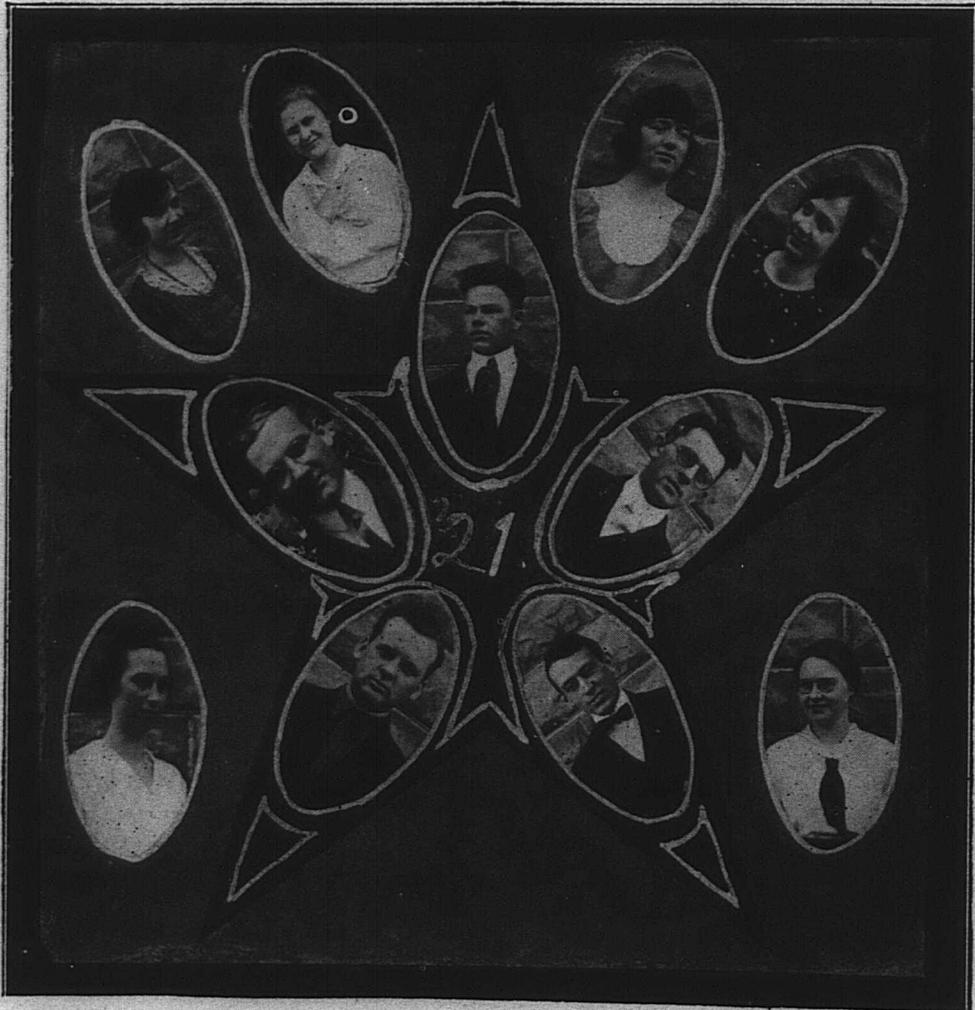
He advanced slowly. There on the sled were the furs. He wanted to take them and go but Gilmore would waken and, being rested, would soon overtake him. His own revolver lay on the sled. He picked it up and advanced toward his sleeping enemy. He began stealthily to remove the blankets from him. If he should wake there would be a fight but he did not and Fred almost smiled as he uncovered his right side, exposing a huge Colt's revolver automatic and a hunting knife. He slipped them out, covered his enemy and rebuilt the fire waiting for Gilmore to wake. He got ready some leather thongs and sat down by the fire.

"Sound sleeper, to be sure," remarked Fred aloud.

Gilmore woke with a start and sprang to his feet. Fred was on his feet too and had Gilmore covered with the man's own gun.

"Perphaps you'll find it convenient to raise your paws this time," remarked Fred.

Gilmore grabbed at his right side for his gun. It was gone. He swore and reached to his left side. He drew a gun and without aiming fired at Fred. With a cry Fred pulled the trigger. Gilmore dropped with his hair in the fire. Fred pulled him out, took his gun away and



Senior Preparatory

Top row— A. Russell, Lane, Churchill, P. Russell,
Middle row— Lapham, Castner, Bascom,
Lower row— Parker, Clark, Lawrence, Benning

most of her life in the village of Wildow, New York. At an early age she began to show her nature. When their minister once made a visit to their home Ella had some very fine apples which she offered him. He refused them saying, that they would spoil their dinner. Ella replied, "I know it, take one." As a child Ella was very bashful. One day an aunt made them a visit. For a time Ella was forgotten and when her parents sought for her, she was at last found in the middle of an asparagus bed. When asked why she went there she said she didn't want her auntie to find her.

She has always been very fond of books, often staying up till midnight reading them and then sleeping with them under her pillow. That is how she has been able to graduate with only two years in the class room.

Stanley Lawrence better known to us as Doc, first came to gladden this world Sept. 22, 1894, at "Maple Island Farm," Lisbon, New York, where he has always lived except during his stay at Houghton. When young it was always hard to hold his attention long. If ever asked to listen to a piece from any book or paper his first question always was, "How long is it?" He required a master-piece in literature and the eloquence of a "Demosthenes" to deliver it to keep him quiet as long as five minutes.

His pleasure at having his brother come home was expressed by these words. "We always get something good to eat when they are home." His early ambition was to make money and get full value for every effort made. To care for poultry was his chief delight and he knew and loved birds and had such confidence in nature that he thought they would not

CLASS HISTORY

DANIEL CASTNER

The class of twenty-one had twelve members when we first came together to elect class officers. Daniel Castner was elected President, Ivah Benning, Vice-President, and Wilbur Clarke, Secretary and Treasurer. At Christmas time we lost one member, Merle Head, leaving eleven members in our class to graduate.

On November 11 we had our first class party at Mrs. Bowen's. We enjoyed a pleasant evening making candy, playing games and eating. On December 10, we were invited to Mrs. Burr's to a birthday surprise given in honor of Alora. It would take too much time to give the menu and to find suitable adjectives to describe it.

On March 18, we were again invited to Mrs. Bowen's where it was announced to the class who was to be the Salutatorian and Valedictorian. Then one Friday morning we got up early and had our breakfast in the woods and afterwards found a fine tree which we planted on the campus.

We also spent one of the pleasantest days of the year at Portage Falls and the next Saturday, the 28th of May at the home of Pearl and Alora Russell. Besides these we have had many enjoyable hours together in school room and class meeting. We have been a very congenial bunch and have not had a single serious dispute over class matters, but all have worked together.

That you may better know us, we give you a brief history of each individual:

Ella Lane, the salutatorian of the class was born in a beautiful little valley in the heart of the Catskill Mts., March 10th, 1898. She spent

and prints our school paper. He seems to make good at any kind of work. He likes all athletics, baseball and basket ball, running and watching others play. He is well liked as the number of girls he has had would prove this.

Veva Elizabeth Parker was born April 28, 1899 in the town of Caneadea and except for a few months when very young has always lived in this township. All of her school days have been spent in Houghton.

One time her father left her in the cow stable alone for a few minutes and when he returned she was crying. When he asked her what was the trouble, she explained it in four words, "Tuggo, bat, bat, hardo." Cow bleat hard.

One of her favorite expressions when someone wanted to help her do out something he thought to difficult for her was, "I tan help mine own self."

Veva was always busy either with the care of her family of dolls, her sewing or helping her brother about his out-door sports, but her favorite pastime was teaching vocal music. Her first pupil being a puppy named Bingo, and when she said, "Sing, Bingo, Sing!" he would raise his head and sing lustily.

At one place she lived there was a foot bridge across a large ditch and her brother's drum stick for a baton she would stand on the bridge and lead the large choir of imaginary singers who filled the ditch.

Her days at the district school were much like the experience of every girl. She enrolled as a student at the Seminary where she finished the grade work, and has completed the course in music as well as high school.

The greater part of her vacations have been spent at home where she has added much in comfort and pleasure to the home life.

Alora Marguerite Russell came to gladden the hearts of Mr. and Mrs.

Thomas Russell of Caneadea, New York, January 10 1903, and Pearl Louise, July 16th, 1904. When they were two or three years of age their mother would put them into a dark room to punish them. With Alora it

eat too much even if they could get science was a good teacher. No effort was too great on his part to supply their needs or to relieve their suffering or promote their pleasure and comfort.

When debates were in progress and where disagreement was unpleasant in home circles he would say, "Less we not talk." He is always willing to give advice and just as willing to take it and benefit by it. He is a great lover of home life and comforts. Roaming thru the woods or meadows he seemed, like Dallas Lore Sharpe, to have a special sense to see honey inside of trees, foxes in dens or rabbits where no one else could see them.

He has always been diligent in his school work, not so much because he liked it but because it was his duty not to waste his time and he always gets there.

Mamie Churchill was born Dec. 8, 1901 at Houghton, New York. Her first school days were spent in the district school and later in Houghton Seminary where she now graduates.

When a small girl her mother made her a new cap, coat and cape. When asked by an aunt if she had a new cap, she said, "Yes, Mama made me a new 'tap, toat and tape.'" Another time she tried to cross a narrow foot bridge with a shawl over her head and fell off. Her older brother in crossing a stream would carefully pick his way across stepping on the stones but she would wade right through.

She had a great desire to become a musician and learned to play an old organ. She would play hymns on it as fast as she could without regard to time. Since her mother's death she has been both house-keeper and student and has learned many useful lessons for days to come.

Edwin Lapham's shining face was first seen August 23rd, 1899 at Ridgeway, Pa. His early school life was at Hallton primary and grammar grades. Also two years at Spring Creek High, Portland Mills, before coming to Houghton. His ambitions have been many and varied. Some times it has been chemical works or wireless telegraphy. Since coming to Houghton he has taken charge of the seminary press

would be necessary only to close the door and open it again and ask her if she would be good. She always promised but with Pearl, when asked the same question she would slam the door and say NO and stay there quite a long time, before promising. As a small girl, Alora used to cry a great deal and especially at meal time. One day she was put in a rocking chair while crying and told she could cry as long and as loud as she liked. She stopped crying at once and said, "I don't want to cry all the time." One day Pearl had a sliver in her hand. Alora stood by watching while it was taken out, then kissed Pearl and said, "She is a brave little girl, she is my little sister." If Pearl should happen to sit on the floor in Alora's way, Alora has been known to walk right over her.

Alora's ambition was to be a milliner and dressmaker and would always notice a hat or dress. Later her ambition has been to become a nurse. As a small girl, Pearl was an early riser. One night she woke up while it was still dark and called to her mother and wanted to know if they were ever (ever) going to get up. Pearl's ambition has been to marry a rich man. She has not succeeded as yet, but she has great hopes of the future. She is the Baby of the Class. Their early school life was spent in Caneadea district school. Their four years of High have been spent at Houghton.

Wilbur Clark was born June 20, 1903 at Venice Center, New York. His school days until he came to Houghton four years ago were spent in district school No. 10 of the Town of Venice, New York. He was very bright and learned easily, but never very anxious to study and would much rather sleep. Eating was his greatest delight as many pantries can tell. He has also been very fond of hunting and fishing and spent much of his time along the banks of streams in the summer time.

He is somewhat changeable and to look at him at one moment one would think he was a dignified man of forty and next a child of ten. As he is going to instruct the younger generation next year he will carry the first expression and we have great hopes for him in the future.

Ivah Benning, the Valedictorian of the class was born May 1st, 1899 at Orchard Park, New York. When small she was always asking questions like this, "How old are you." One time a lady replied, "Four and twenty." Ivah asked, "How old is that?" She was always quick to notice anything and one day the teacher was explaining the injuries done by wearing high-heel shoes. She asked the teacher who had a pair on, "Why do you wear them?" In her latter life she has learned to practice economy but it must have been a hard lesson for her. When about four years old she took a small box of bills, sat down behind a door and amused herself by tearing them into small bits, until she had torn forty dollars to pieces.

Early she was ambitious to go to school and also to preach to some audiences. It was oftentimes to preach at a bird's funeral. In her school work she has been very faithful, graduating at the head of the class in three years.

Eric Bascom was born September 12 1898, at Longden, N. H. He attended the district school at Longden where he first got his start. When young he was very ambitious and tried to split wood with an eight pound sledge hammer when only four years old. In bringing in wood he would climb to the top of the pile to get the largest stick.

He has always had a great desire to become a carpenter, mechanic and inventor and has tried them all with success. He has also become a preacher and orator since coming to Houghton.

He has had a car to take parties out and sometimes tries to make the trips on a pint of gasoline to the advantage of the couples, but to his tiresome.

He has always had high ideals and lofty thoughts which he has sometimes put in verse or other writing or in an oration. We have no doubt that some day he will make a great man.

Now, in coming down to myself, I can't say that I have any history but like Topsy, just grew five feet six inches and now weigh one hundred sixty-five pounds. The great and illustrious deeds we shall perform we will leave to future generations to record.



Theological Seniors

Lawrence,

Wilcox,

Sumner.

Barnett

THEOLOGICAL SENIORS

The Theological Department of Houghton Seminary presents to the body of Christian workers four graduates this year, workmen of whom we need not be ashamed. It is probable there would have been a larger number but for the fact that to get the best out of the Theological course it is necessary for the mind to be somewhat developed so as to grasp the import of the subjects necessary to be pursued.

Clarence H. Barnett was born April 29, 1894, and was converted at the early age of five. When but fifteen years old he received the grace of entire sanctification and his call to the gospel ministry. He graduated from the Preparatory Department of Houghton Seminary in 1913, and from the Advanced Department in 1917. In 1918 he graduated from the University of Michigan, receiving his B. A. degree, and now after spending two years in the Theological Department graduates from this institution for the third time. Mr. Barnett has been a diligent student, a faithful supporter of the school, and we feel sure that with his concentration of

purpose and earnest piety he will be a minister of no mean ability. He expects to enter the active work soon.

Stanley Lawrence, another of our faithful students, came to Houghton in 1915. He was born September 22, 1894, in the town of Lisbon, N. Y. He was converted January 1, 1915, in a meeting held by Rev. Robert Warren, who was assisting Rev. A. J. Miller in Morley, N. Y. Brother Lawrence not only graduates at this time from the Theological Department but also from the Preparatory Department. His consistent life and cheerful disposition has endeared him to all the people of Houghton. Last summer he preached on the Chestnut Ridge charge, thus gaining some actual experience in pastoral work. He expects to continue here in the College course and ultimately become a missionary to Japan.

The third member of our graduating class is John D. Wilcox, who was born in a Wesleyan Methodist parsonage near Bath, N. Y., May 30, 1899. He was converted at about eight years of age and sanctified in February 1916 in the Houghton church. Brother Wilcox reports a

definite call to preach while working in an infidel neighborhood in 1917. He entered Houghton Seminary in the fall of 1915 and graduated from the Preparatory Department in 1917. Besides carrying studies in the College department he has completed the Disciplinary Course of Study. Brother Wilcox has had some experience in preaching having labored one summer in North Dakota and one in Niagara County of this state, besides frequently filling the pulpit for a service or more in the surrounding country. His steadfast energy and hearty manner will bring to him many friends and insure success in the Lord's service.

Last, but not least, we have Mrs. Blossom E. Sumner who was born at Hill West, Vermont July 3, 1893. She was carefully and prayerfully reared by Christian parents and at the age of eight years was converted and joined a holiness church located in the community. Her first school days were spent in the local district school and later the graded school in Montgomery, Vt. She afterward graduated from the Montgomery Center High School. On the day when

President Wilson was first inaugurated—March 4, 1912—she was sanctified in her own home at a little afternoon prayer meeting. She spent two years in the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, North Scituate, R. I., where she graduated in June 1915. For the next five years she was engaged in active Christian work and in September 1920 entered Houghton Seminary. She now completes the Shorter Course of two years with credit. We see in Sister Sumner a true helpmeet for her husband in soul-saving. Being a lover of music she is able to accompany her own cultivated voice in singing the glad message of salvation to the glory of God and the delight of the listeners.

We feel very thankful for the privilege of sending out this little group of wholly sanctified persons into the harvest field of our Lord, and trust that in the years to come we may be able to see many more follow in their footsteps of dedication to God, preparation for the work, and then go forth to prepare the way for His coming.



Preparatory Juniors

Back row— Banker, Clinefelter, Jordan, A. Rauch, Buchholz, Crandall Whipple Higgins
 Front row— Shea Roth, I. Rauch, Steese, Ackerman, Lapham, Russell



Preparatory Sophmores

Back row— M. Ackerman, Ware, Mattoon, Fero, Jones, Hill, Raylor, Grimse, V.
 Ackerman, Clark
 Front row— Tucker, Tullar, Enty, McClintock, Kemp



Preparatory Freshmen

Back row-- Alger, Houghton, Sikes, Eldredge, Molyneaux, Lucas
 Middle-- Hussey, Churchill, Kellogg, Cushing, Persons, Gates, Sicard
 Front-- Shea, Eolstel, Lundy



Freshmen College

Boys-- Baker, Towell, Readett, Lusk, Ingersol, Woodhead, Molyneaux, Tiesney
 Girls-- H. Davison, Steese, Williams, R. Davison, Bascom, Baker



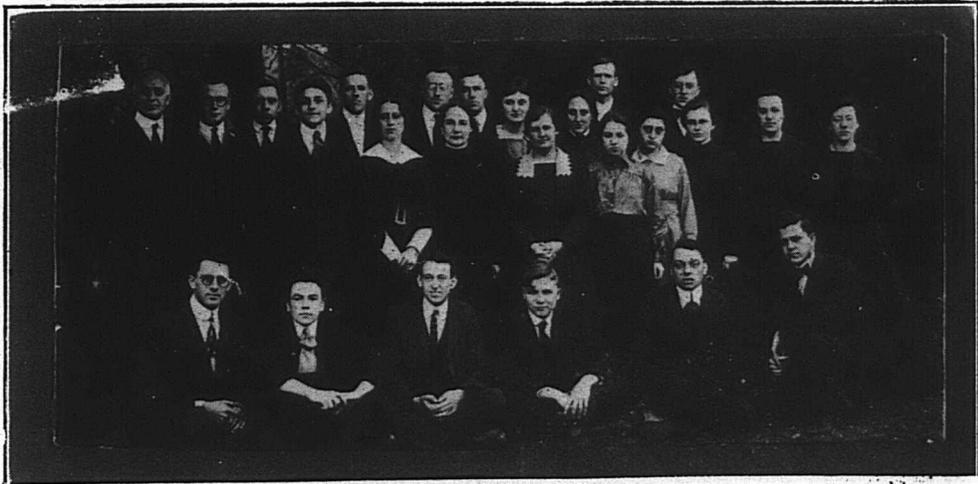
Sophomore College

Back Row— White, Neal, Pocock, Johnson, Haynes, Mountain
Front Row— Sicard, Densmore, Black, Farmer, Sherman, Grange, Hall, Hester



JUNIOR COLLEGE

Hester, Luckey, Warburton, Fancher



Christian Workers

Back row-- Whitaker, Rollman, Still, Huntzman, McClintock, Miller, Barnett.
Brecht, Bernhof, Buchholz, Sumner; Jones, Clinfelter, Meade, New-
comer, Wilcox, Stein, Rodgers, Fancher
Front row--- Bascom, Banker, Lawrence, McKinney, Alger, Lusk

IT'S SPRING

First Price Poem

Lynn Russell, Prep. '22

What makes the world seem young and
gay

When warmer days have come to stay,
When turbid streams to rivers flow,
And merry birds wing to and fro?

What brings the warmth of the air
And days of sunshine, once so rare;
What makes the sap begin to run,
The snow to melt, the buds to come?

What makes the early flowers bloom
That drive away the trace of gloom,
What causes now the gales to cease
That zephyr breaths might whisper
peace?

The whole outdoors seem to reply,
"Do you not know the reason why
Such joyous notes we cause to ring?
Then hear of us, for now, It's Spring."

Ginger Jar

History A. One student: "I like the sound of Caius Julius Caesar. It sounds very musical."

Wise Student: "It does sound very musical when Mrs. Bowen asks us if we have our Caesar lesson in class."

In Botany Class.

Teacher: "Joe, if you know about the gametophyte please tell me all you know about."

Joe. "You'll know it then."

Another Solitary Senior will graduate this June. We may call her the "Campus Graduate." If you wish any information, ask her or the Dean about the course she took this year.

Songs of the Faculty:

Dean Kelly:—"Orange and the Black"

Dean White:—"Where is my wandering boy tonight."

Dean Fancher:—"I love to tell the Story."

Pres. Luckey:—"Charter Song"

Miss Culp:—"Johnny's in Town."

Miss Eddy:—"Farewell To Thee."

Miss B. Fancher:—"The End of a Perfect Day."

Mrs. Bowen:—"When I get you alone to-to-night."

Prof. W. Fancher:—"Indiana."

Prof. Whitaker:—"There's A Great Day Coming."

Little Robert Luckey entertaining visitors:

Ruth never goes in the parlor except on Sunday afternoons.

A WINTER'S FURS

Continued from page 11.

threw it into the woods. He then bound Gilmore securely and covered him with some blankets.

Fred broke camp immediately and started on toward the trading center. Gilmore was shot through the shoulder, not seriously but he had to be carried. The furs and the man too made a heavy load for the dogs and they went slowly. Fred's wound was only a flesh wound and although it needed bandaging he did not stop to do so.

They traveled that day and the third day they entered the town about noon. Fred had Gilmore arrested and sent to a doctor. Then he sold his furs. He had expected they would bring a lot of money but not as much as they did bring.

The next day with a sheriff, six fresh dogs and a light heart he went after Jim. The outlaw was gone, as they had expected but Jim was there well enough to be around some and on receiving the news he forgot that he was not well and jumped and shouted for joy.

Six days later, at noon, a train brought two happy boys home to a happy mother and sister and father - and for all I know, they lived happy ever after.





Editorial Staff

Back row— Tierney, Fancher Lapham, Pocock, Hester, McClintock, Hester
 Middle row— Farmer, Williams, Buchholz, Rodgers, Fancher, Warburton
 Front — Wilcox

As the flaming rays of the June soon fade into the purple of the verdant hill crests above the winding Genesee, and the last strains of "Come back to Old Houghton" fall on the cool night air and merge gently into the frog choruses in the valley The HOUGHTON STAR says "good bye." We are to part, but only for a short time. When we meet again depends largely on how much you think of Houghton. If you love your Alma Mater as you did that June evening in 18-or 19- what ever it was- you will keep up with her. Her triumphs will be yours because you help her win out in making our college what she ought to be. What Houghton has done for you can only be demonstrated by what you do for her. If time dims your vision and you lose the old love you had when you left her, she is the one who

suffers for lack of your loyal support.

She needs your help to champion the ideal for which she was founded. She needs your support to reach the goal that is set before her- to be the leading holiness college of the East. Every time her bells ring they are calling you! She boosted you, now it's your chance to return the favor.

The Old Genesee goes on as faithfully as it did when you were here. Commencement time means just as much as it used to. Houghton needs you now as much as you needed her then. Come on! Let's go! And, "when o'er earth her fame has risen, like the morning light". You'll be glad you have been faithful and upheld the right.



Late Agach

K-K-Katy

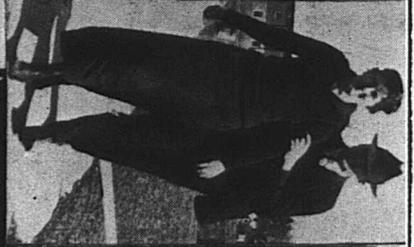


Hist ether's son

Tete-a-tete

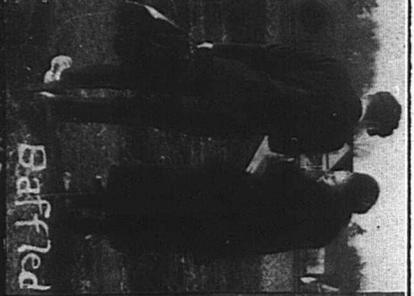


Tete & Co



Nov 11

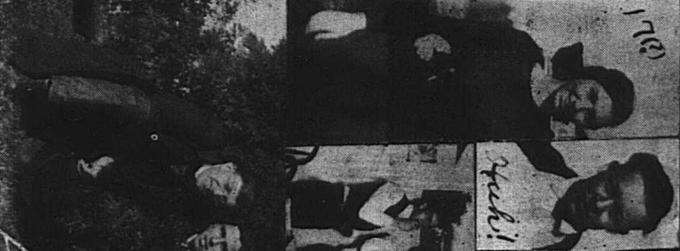
Harber



Baffled



Prexy's son



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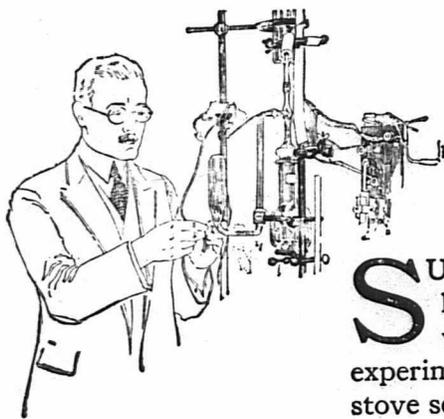
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What Is Research?

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Suppose that you want to make a ruby in a factory—not a mere imitation, but a real ruby, indistinguishable by any chemical or physical test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you try to make rubies just as nature did, with the same chemicals and under similar conditions. Your rubies are the result of research—research of a different type from that required to improve the stove.

Suppose, as you melted up your chemicals to produce rubies and experimented with high temperatures, you began to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago when rubies were first crystallized, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. You begin an investigation that leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth and, for that matter, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type—pioneering into the unknown to satisfy an insatiable curiosity.

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Who wrote "The Doxology"—"Nearer, My God to Thee"—"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove"—"A Charge to Keep I Have"—"Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep"—"Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve"—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds"—"Rock of Ages Cleft for Me"? In fact, many of the hymns which in childhood we learn and cherish through life; which at the bier of some beloved one we listen to with moist eye; which at the close of a happy Sabbath day we sung at the seashore, in the mountains, or at the fireside. We love to hear them sung again and again and never tire of them. Some of life's tenderest chords are inseparably bound up with these hymns, so that in death they are the touchstones for sorrowing hearts that revere our memory. No book could afford you greater spiritual refreshment than just such a work as is here brought to your notice. Get it and read it, you'll sing these hymns with new meaning in them—the hymns you love so well.

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