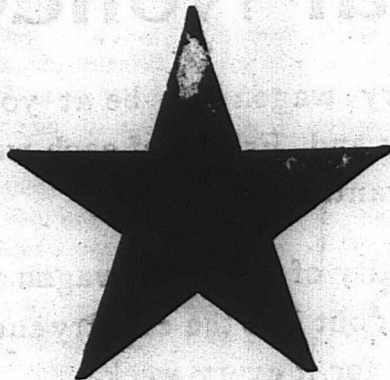


# *The* **Houghton Star.**



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**Volume 1, Number 4.**

**May 1909**

## Special Notice.

Our delivery wagon will be at your door Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week with anything you may want in our line.

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## "RUNAWAY BESS."

By Luella Newton.

It was a sultry July day. Six-year-old Bess was alone in the kitchen, slowly clearing the dinner-table while her mother was busy in another part of the house. The men had all gone to the hay lot, where they were busy at work anxious to get in the last of the hay before a rain should come.

Slowly Bess moped about wishing there was no such thing as work. How she hated the sight of dishes. True she seldom washed the dishes alone, Jess usually helped her. But now on this particular busy day, mamma had needed her assistance in another part of the work and so Bess was left to wash the dinner dishes alone. Instead of hastening about this distasteful task, she dallied along thinking that perhaps her sister might come to help her.

Suddenly she was aroused by a cheery voice, and looking up, she saw her friend Katherine with a pail on her arm coming in at the open door.

"Hello Kate, where you going?"

"Up in Seldon's lot after cherries. The trees are just red with 'em. Come on, Bess, we'll have such a good time."

"I'd like to, but just look at the dishes," and she sighed as she glanced at the half-cleared dinner table.

"Where's Jess and Maude? Can't they do the dishes?"

"Guess not. They're helping mamma in the other room. Dear me, I wish there never was any dishes to wash. I'm sick of the sight of 'em. They always have to be washed just when I want to swing or play in the barn or go after cherries."

"Never mind them now. Come along. The girls can do them when they get through in the other room."

"I wish I could go. But I'm 'fraid mamma won't let me."

"Oh, never mind about asking her. Come on. She won't care. The cherries are just dead ripe now. Jen said

they were delicious. If we hurry we can get this pail full in no time."

Bess hesitated a moment. She had always asked her mother before going anywhere with Katherine and she felt that it would not be right to run off without her permission. Still she hesitated to ask for it now for fear her mother would not grant it. She glanced around the hot kitchen. Nothing seemed to be in order. The stove was strewn with tins and kettles, the table was littered with dirty dishes which seemed to Bess innumerable, and everything was in such confusion that she longed to get away from it all. Of course the girls could just as well do the kitchen work as not after they were through helping mamma, and it wouldn't take them nearly as long as it would her either. Then as she thought of the cherries which Katherine had said were "most as big as tame ones," she turned her back resolutely upon the dingy kitchen and went out into the bright world outside. What fun it would be to climb fences and pick cherries from the overhanging branches!

A moment later they were running across the meadows toward the line fence where the tempting cherries grew. Before they had gone far, however, Maude came to the door and called to Bess to come back and do her work. But they only ran the faster, appearing not to hear.

As soon as they were out of sight they walked along more slowly down by the side of the brook, across a rail fence, and before long they were in sight of the cherry trees. Standing on the top rail of the fence they could easily pick the ripe fruit and they were soon eagerly at work. Bess thought she had never seen such large ones, and handful after handful found its way to her mouth.

They had picked enough to just about cover the bottom of the pail

when they suddenly noticed that the sun had disappeared behind a very black cloud.

"I'm 'fraid its goin' to rain" said Katherine.

"Guess not," said Bess hopefully, picking all the faster. She certainly hoped it would not for she did not want to go home yet. Katherine also hoped it would not for she wanted to get her pail full before returning. So they picked away industriously and thought no more of the sky until a sudden dash of rain struck them.

"S'pose we'll have to quit" said Katherine, "but wish we could have picked a few more."

"Maybe it wont rain much and then we can get our pail full after all," said Bess still hoping that she would not have to go home. But in spite of her hopes the rain came down and they had to seek shelter under a thicker clumb of trees nearby. How it did pour and how Bess wished she had not left the house. Somehow she had not enjoyed it nearly as much as she had expected to.

Presently the rain ceased to fall and the sun came out as hot as before.

"Guess we'd better go home now we've got the chance," said Katherine. "'Fraid it'll rain again if we don't."

"I wish we didn't have to go," said Bess as she reluctantly followed Katherine down to the brook. Then a happy thought struck her. "O say! Kate, I'll tell you what let's do. You know they haven't got the dishes done yet. They haven't had time to. So let's follow the creek up to the barn and stay there awhile. We can have lots of fun up over-head."

"All right," said Katherine.

So they quickened their pace and soon entered the rear barn door. Fearing that they might be found if they remained long below, they quickly ascended the ladder to the loft. Before long they heard the hay wagon coming from the field. Bess was on the point of balancing herself on a beam preparatory to jumping on to the mow

below. As she caught the sound of the wagon rumbling over the bridge in the barn-yard, she called hoarsely, "Come Katie, quick! Let's hide in the grain bin. I don't want papa to see me here."

In less time than it takes to tell it they had turned over a wooden bucket. and with its help managed to scramble over the side of the high grain bin and dropped down inside out of sight. None too soon for just then the load of hay was driven in on the barn floor.

"Now let's keep just as still as a mouse," whispered Bess, crouching in her corner of the bin.

"All right" whispered Katherine, "But my! how hot it is in here. I hope it won't take them long to mow away that load."

"Hush!" said Bess. "Let's not even whisper 'cause they might hear."

"Oh pshaw!" returned Katherine. "They couldn't for they are talking so loud themselves."

Bess made no reply. She was sure they might be heard if they got to whispering. Why it seemed as if they could hear the beating of her heart if they were listening. But the men, unaware of the trembling little forms crouching in the hot stuffy grain box, were hurrying to unload the hay that they might get the last load before another shower should come. As the last forkful was mowed away and the wagon rattled off toward the field again, Bess heaved a sigh of relief.

"My! I'm glad they're gone. Let's get out and stretch ourselves," said Katherine. "I'm all cramped up."

"So be I," said Bess, as with the help of the half bushel measure they scrambled out of the bin.

For some time they played about and Bess was beginning to forget her guilty feeling, when a well known voice startled her.

"Bessie! Bessie! Come right to the house this minute!"

Without a word Bess complied, but it was a guilty looking girl who made



her way slowly to the house. As she entered the kitchen she glanced about expecting to find everything in order, but alas! she was sadly surprised. Not a dish had been washed! Everything looked just as it did when she left it two hours before. But now the fire had gone out, the dishwater was cold, and it seemed to Bess that she could never get them done, for mamma had said she would do them all alone without a bit of help from anyone. Bess could not help feeling that she deserved just what she got, though it did seem very hard then. But when sometime later she hung up the dish pan with a big sigh of relief, down deep in her heart she said, "It don't pay no how to run away from work and stolen fun aint very funny neither."

## THE TARIFF PROBLEM SOLVED AT HOUGHTON.

By H. R. Smith, Jr.

That a system of tariff for revenue only is not likely soon to be adopted by the United States was clearly demonstrated in the chapel of Houghton Seminary on Friday evening, April 16, when chosen men from the Philomathean Literary Society defeated the representatives of the Neosophic Society in debate on the question: Resolved, That tariff for revenue only would under present conditions be more conducive to the general welfare of the people of the United States than protective tariff. Although there was skillful debating on the part of both teams, the decision of the judges was unanimous in favor of the Philomatheans and protective tariff. The presence of a member of the faculty on the winning team may have given it some advantage. However, far above all consideration of victory or defeat, is the encouraging assurance that this contest marks but the beginning of a great awakening of students interest in the practical problems of the times.

Limitation of space prevents my giving more than a mere suggestion of the arguments presented by the debaters. The affirmative team composed of Mr. Ralph Rindfusz, Mr. Theos Thompson and Mr. Harold Hester constructed a chain of argument which was quite convincing yet slightly too theoretical and not sufficiently constructive in its nature to stand before the shower of concrete example poured forth by the

negative team, composed of Professor William Greenberg, M. William Frazier and Mr. Harry Ostlund.

The affirmative team contended that protective tariff is an expense to the consumer, an economic loss to the country, an encouragement to the rule of wealth, an outrage to the laboring man, that it is not needed, that being a retaliatory tariff it tends toward discord, and that it encourages favoritism and political corruption.

The speakers of the negative team proceeding on the assumption that an economic principle can be proved only by experience, made their leading appeal through history, pointing out the inexpediency of the adoption of principles of free trade which lawyers and statesmen laboring for over a century have not been able to prove sound. These champions of protection further attempted to establish as truth the proposition that in the United States prosperity always has followed in the wake of protection, but disaster has resulted from every attempt to dispense with a protective policy. They argued about the wisdom of a nation's being self-supporting and about the inability of American laborers, without protection, to compete with the pauper labor of foreign countries where standards of living are low and where the labor market is overcrowded.

A large audience gave appreciative attention to this debate. Houghton may be proud of her debaters.

## A SPECIAL VISITATION.

By F. H. Wright.

Conference Sunday was a day of special uplift to the Houghton Church and School. For some weeks past there has been a peculiar burden of prayer upon the Christian students and faculty in behalf of our unsaved young people. The noon-day prayer meetings were times in which definite prayers received definite attention at the Throne. Personal work coupled with live faith has brought precious results. To God be all the glory.

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. F. Frazier had charge of the Sunday services. The Lord graciously worked through our young brother, causing the gospel story to reach hearts. The fire did not burn out on Sunday but continues to the present time. During the week following conference, extra services were held and much personal work was done. Some of the Christian students, among them most recently saved, "went from house to house," reading the Bible, singing, praying and exhorting the

sinner to yield to God. Never shall we forget the earnest pleadings of our fellow students in these homes. Eternity alone will reveal the good accomplished. About a score of students and some of the people of the town have been saved or have taken advanced ground during this extra effort. We trust that they will prove true to their convictions and walk in all the light God gives them.

There are two things we wish to note here as especially emphasized during these meetings. One is the absence of all unholy class spirit. College men and preparatory pupils worked harmoniously together in this struggle for lost souls. The other is the value of well organized Christian effort. A movement in this direction is now on foot, and we are sure it will mean much for us in the coming year.

There are yet many needy souls among us. Let us remain steadfast in our intercessions, and trust our God to answer prayer.

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## OUR LECTURE COURSE.

No year in the history of Houghton Seminary has ever equalled the present year. We base our decision upon the number of students actually in attendance, the quality of work done by the student body, the high standards maintained, the strength of the faculty, the school spirit and enthusiasm of all concerned, the number and quality of the social functions and the splendid moral and spiritual tone of the institution.

Among the other good things that have augmented the educational facilities has been the lecture course. The course consisted of five numbers. The talent secured was much better than we could have ordinarily gotten for the price paid. Not only was the lecture course a success from intellectual and moral considerations, but financi-

ally we more than met our fondest hopes.

The lecture course committee has already signed contracts for next year's talent. We are sure that the Seminary and its friends are to be congratulated upon the quality of talent engaged. The musical number is to be given by the Dunbar Company of bell ringers. This company has a national and international reputation as well. It is without doubt the best company obtainable at any price. Judge Alden whose lecture was so much enjoyed this year will return again next year. The star number of the course will be Judge Ben. J. Lindsey of Denver, Colo. Judge Lindsey is too well known by the American people to need any introduction or comment. In addition to



these we have secured Mr. Packard, array of talent there can be no doubt the famous cartoonist. Mr. Packard's as to the treat that awaits the students chalk-talks are both entertaining and of 1909 and 1910. instructive. With such a splendid

H.C. Bedford.

## A BIT OF FACT.

By Jason McPherson.

(The following verses were read by debaters. We believe a majority of our Mr. McPherson before the joint meet- readers are acquainted with the speaking of the literary societies, and, of ers and will be interested and amused course, are intended to characterize the by the descriptions.—Editor's note.)

My task tonight is very hard;  
I'm asked to play the humble bard;  
To show my skill in making verse;  
And present to you, in verse most terse,  
Six noble men of humble birth,  
Renowned in fame and honest worth.  
Two preachers, a Prof., and teachers two,  
And single youth will come to view.  
Each in time and proper place  
Mount the stage and the audience face.  
Preacher, Prof., and teacher fight  
'Gainst preachers two and youthful wight,  
To settle questions in debate  
And fix for us the tariff rate.  
Slowly, slowly, I stir the cup;  
One by one I show them up.  
Quickly from the sparkling foam  
Leap a man you all have known.  
Up he stands; he's firm of limb,  
Sound in health, and full of vim;  
Full of fun and humor, too;  
Straight in business, firm and true;  
Sound in logic; in morals firm;  
The truth he speaks—he's quick to learn.  
Speaking bold and waxing warm,  
He stamps the foot and waves the arm:  
He sounds the cry of Houghton free,  
"Rest not in hope, but busy be."  
Watch the stage; remember the cue;  
Know the man when him you view.  
Again we stir the the freighted draught:  
A richer catch man ne'er has caught.  
Springs out a man of statue small:  
Lofty in thought, he follows the call  
Of Heaven's King; with Satan fights;  
Shows his skill and proves his rights  
To mansions fair and endless day;  
He walked with God in the "narrow way,"  
In science deep he's delved and dug:  
He's walked the field and caught the bug  
Till not a flower, a bird, or stream  
Can now escape his searching gleam.  
At nature's fount he filled his cup;  
With wisdom deep he filled it up  
Flowing and sparking it comes to light,  
As on the stage he stands tonight.  
Once more we look in the fated glass,  
Strange commotions o'er the surface pass.  
A lofty swell, and on its crest,  
A mighty man is seen to rest.  
Slowly he steps on the velvet green,  
Towering aloft with noble mein.

Stalking along in quiet mood.—  
"Searching," some say, "for daily food"—  
He moves about, a smiling king,  
Looking in truth for a little thing.  
"Truly," says he, "I declare to all,  
Priceless goods are in packages small."  
He'll strive to prove, and that tonight,  
Tariff for revenue only is right.  
Look! on the stage he stalks in sight,  
Certain his side will win tonight.  
Again the bubbles rise and fall;  
Behold! a man both broad and tall.  
He walks the street with thoughtful look;  
No time has he to leave his book;  
No time to play, to eat, or sleep  
No time for ought but study deep.  
'Tis thought by some to halls of state  
He's surely led by onward fate.  
Senate, House and all conform  
To measures deep and pure reform,  
Worked out by him of thoughtful mood,  
And planned, of course, for public good.  
You'll see tonight, my word is true,  
His teeth he'll show to public view.  
Once more the magic wand is dipped  
Deep in the cup and upward tipped,  
And on its end a sparkling drop  
That swells and grows, like foaming pop;  
Until at last a man is seen.  
Not large nor small, but in between.  
His face is fair; and rosy cheek  
Adorns the lad, like maiden meek.  
In Ethics, Psycho., Physics, Greek,  
A wiser man you scarce would seek.  
In college halls, on debating floor,  
His voice is heard like lion's roar  
He wars against all secret sin.—  
His life has always open been—  
So free and open is each part  
Tonight you'll see his loving heart.  
A last and careful search we make;  
The favored cup we gently shake.  
Rising slow with knowing look,  
Comes a man from country nook,  
Deep in the fount of wisdom he sought,  
But not of love or maiden caught.  
Cupid, come, do thy part,  
And pierce the man with fatal dart.  
He knows not love, and e'er would roam  
Far from maids and live alone;  
Alone to live and never know  
The joy of love; its sparkling flow.

Cupid, surely, thou art to blame;  
Pierce his heart with maiden's name;  
Cause his breast to rise and fall,  
As he stands before us all.  
My task is done; my part complete:

Soon, ah soon these men you'll greet.  
One by one they take the floor;  
One by one to heights they soar,  
Proving to you I've spoken true,  
I rest content; I say adieu.

## Why Should the Wesleyan Methodist Church Exist ?

By Ralph Rindfusz.

We are glad to be connected with the Wesleyan Methodist church and take pride in the principles for which she stands. To understand how our church came to an existence in her present form, it is necessary for us to go back to the early times of Methodism and study the changing attitude toward slavery in that institution.

We have plenty of evidence, both in his actions and words, that John Wesley was bitterly opposed to slavery. So also were his associates who were sent to America to take charge of the church here. At that time no Methodist held slaves nor favored slave-holding. It was during the Revolutionary War, while these church men were recalled to England, that slavery first crept into the church. Although for a long time after this the sentiment of the church was strong against this evil it was never again free from it.

In 1818 the rules of the church concerning slave-holding began to be changed and weakened. First, private members of the church were given the right to hold slaves. Four years later, in 1822, ministers were allowed to hold slaves in states where the law did not admit of emancipation without special legislation. In 1824 the section on slavery was amended for the last time.

It then declared slavery a great evil and said that the church wished to abolish it. Slave trading was forbidden. Traveling preachers were not to hold slaves where emancipation was practicable. Official members could not hold slaves in states where liberated slaves were not allowed to remain on the soil. Private members could hold slaves anywhere. The only obligation which rested upon the preacher was to

see that the slaves were allowed to read the Bible and worship God.

This changed attitude of the church towards slavery caused a diversity of feeling among its members. The men of the South believed that slavery was right and therefore defended it. There were men in the North who were convinced that it was a moral evil, but had not the courage to declare against it. There were others, among whom was Mr. Scott, who, believing it an evil, considered it, therefore, their duty to cry out against it. It was by these later men that our church was founded.

They were by no means a quarrelsome lot, and they left the church only as a last resort. The different Methodist conferences had declared against abolitionists and against anti-slavery societies; they had declared it incompatible with the duties of a Methodist minister to deliver abolition lectures, attend abolition conventions or to promote the movement in any way. The Bishops would not allow an appeal from their rulings. To sustain them in this, the General Conference declared that Presiding Elders could control the quarterly conference and the Bishop the annual conference. Many ministers were brought to trial and suspended for attending anti-slavery conventions. They were forbidden to speak or write against slavery. Only two courses were left: to keep silent or to withdraw. They could not stand against slavery without also opposing the episcopal authority which formed the ecclesiastical bulwark of slavery. Believing slavery to be an evil they could not keep silent about it and be clear before God. Withdrawal was their only consistent course.



In the formation of the new church, the power of the officials was strictly limited; for it had been shown what havoc episcopal authority wrought in the old church. So we have as our form of church government an ecclesiastical republicanism. We believe that our church illustrates the best kind of church government and the right attitude one toward another of the clerical and lay member.

The slavery question is settled, but there still remain reform issues for which we stand, and which make it necessary for us to have a church that sustains us. It is a great scourge of inspiration and strength, not only to those belonging, but also to those beholding, to see a body of Christian men and women organized and united against the lodge, the the liquor traffic and all that militates against the cause of our Christ. It fires our zeal to feel the sympathetic heart-throb of hundreds of others engaged in this same work, and it is the prayer and belief of every true Wesleyan Methodist that, whether or not we continue to exist under our present name, there will always be an organized band standing against all forms of evil and for the pure gospel of Jesus Christ.

### Why He Was Hated.

"I believe we should summon to our standard every enemy of the saloon from the mountains to the Mississippi, meet the enemy at the border and end this war in one great pitched battle. When the war is over, and the victory won, let us write upon the statute books a law, as long and as broad as the state of Tennessee, which will banish the liquor traffic finally and forever from every inch of our soil."—Ex-Senator E. W. Carmack, leader of the Prohibition forces, assassinated by his pro-liquor political enemies.

### SEASON'S GREETINGS.

By Katharine Sperzel

Springtime comes and all is bright,  
Blossoms opening toward the light;  
The birds sweet song, and the beautiful flowers,  
Awaken our minds to the glad long hours.

Summer brings the sunshine warm,  
And bids all Nature rise at dawn;  
The fields, the woods, and mountain height,  
Are all arrayed in colors bright.

Autumn changes Nature's scene,  
Ripening nuts and apples green;  
Covering all the ground below,  
With fallen leaves, when winds do blow.

Winter with its ice and snow,  
Freezing the streams that ripple and flow,  
Shows us how, both day and night,  
God controls this earth with might.

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Gents' Furnishings and Shoes be sure to see  
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assortment in this section at rock bottom prices

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## The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

The Houghton Star is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (10 issues) by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary.

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The paper will be discontinued at the expiration of subscription, hence the necessity of prompt renewal.

Advertising rates will be made known on application.

Editor-in-Chief,	Alison Edgar
Associate Editor,	Estella Glover
Business Manager,	Stanley Wright
Assistant Manager,	Ralph Rindfusz

### EDITORIAL IDEAS AND EXPLANATION

The next issue of The Houghton Star will not appear before the latter part of June. It will be our last issue for this school year and we are to get as much of Commencement in it as we can. We hope, however, that most of our readers will be here to enjoy Commencement with us and will not have to take it second hand.

Have all of the old students remembered that next June is Houghton Seminary's twenty-fifth birthday? We are thinking here that it is time for a special celebration and are making large preparations to properly commemorate an anniversary of so much importance to Wesleyan Methodists. President Luckey especially requests the presence of all old students and friends of the school. Now we have learned, here, in Houghton, that President Luckey's requests are not to be lightly disregarded and we give you the benefit of our experience. We need everyone of our alumni to help do justice to the occasion.

#### "Righteousness Exalteth."

In a number of chapel talks this year a line of thought has been presented

which we feel impelled briefly to review. Professor Smith spoke once last fall on the words, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." And if a nation, then as much a school, he told us. Righteousness exalteth whosoever doeth righteously. Some time later President Luckey in a brief study of the source of Lincoln's greatness emphasized the same truth. Lincoln's face, as his pictures portray it to us of a later generation, was without beauty or comeliness of shape or feature, yet it makes an insistent appeal to the sympathetic admiration of the American people. It is a face where that loveliest of all artists, a noble soul, has been at work tracing year by year its fit expression. Out of his kind, tired, pictured eyes looks forth upon his people still, the greatness that has been in the life of every hero—the greatness that is goodness.

Righteousness exalteth. History writes and re-writes the oracle. Washington and Lincoln, these are the men America delights most of all to honor. How strangely and beautifully significant that these two names, the most illustrious in American annals, should be wedded in the popular mind to character. Their alliance with genius, with statemanship, with will, might have done little to exalt them; their union with truth has immortalized them. There have been greater geniuses, there have been more powerful statesmen, there have been iron willed dukes and kings and princes whom the world have forgotten these many years—but it will not forget them. Universal history tells the same story. Alfred's name, today, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, stirs every reverent impulse in the Englishman's breast. In the holy of holies of the Dutchman's heart is an altar sacred to William, the Silent. It is perhaps doubtful whether France or Spain have ever produced, or ever have been quite worthy to produce, a man of the first magnitude: but the stories of knightly nobility and honor that have



been told and re-told about their legendary heroes witness the same truth.

Righteousness exalteth. The words tell a true story when subjectively applied, but it is their historical confirmation which we shall consider now.

Miss Lillian Phelps, in a lecture delivered in Houghton several years ago, beautifully dwelt upon this aspect of our subject. We were much impressed by and are moved to attempt the reconstruction of the simple story with which she closed her lecture. Many of our readers will remember her words as well as we do, and we shall have to ask them to bear with us in attempting to repeat them. We cannot of course recall her beautiful words but into the words we put in her mouth, we infuse as much of her spirit as we conveniently can. We must further invoke the long-suffering of our Florentine subscribers if our lamentable lack of familiarity with their beautiful city shall lead us into geographical or topographical error.

"The guide who led Ruskin through the streets of Florence was at my side one summer afternoon. I had come with heart astir to visit this city of great men, and the glad, fanciful mood of the Tuscan dawn and the Tuscan city was upon me. Suddenly as I looked upon the lined, sun-browned face of my guide, I was moved to ask, 'And who do you Florentines call the greatest of your great men?' He looked down upon me, and a slow smile gathered in his eyes. 'Come with me,' he said softly, and you shall see."

"An hour later we stood where the flashing sun is reflected back in augmented grandeur from the splendid gates of Ghiberti—those bronze gates of which Michael Angelo said, They fitly might have been the gates of Paradise. The lavish genius, the wonder, and the beauty rushed up against my senses in a shock of pure delight. 'Was he your greatest, then?' Ah, come a little farther."

I went on with the radiant vision in bronze athwart my vision. At last we

stopped. My eye swept the white impassive figure toward which my guide directed my attention. Michael Angelo's Moses! The face of a godlike sphinx; grave with unuttered prophecies—wary with the sculptor's own weariness and strong with his strength. The tragedy of that sculptor's life its strange isolated beauty came home to my soul in that moment. He was a great man, I whispered. 'A greater sculptor never lived, but we must go yet farther,' and the face of my guide, lit with the glow of noon, flushed with high pride.

"On and on through the narrow Florentine streets, lined with statuary like a royal court, while the yellow Arno in the distance flashed up like a river of gold. At length my eyes fell with glad recognition on the beautiful memorial statue which Florence has erected to Dante. 'He, your greatest man!' Your fathers let him die an exile—a lonely man, his very heart burned out with the fire of his own genius. Ah you rightly bring me to him; for he looked upon invisible worlds, and the hand of God and the compulsion of vast genius was upon him. Your greatest is well nigh the world's greatest.' 'Yes,' my guide responded reverently. The mello afternoon touched his face, as tender as a woman's face in prayer. But, he said, 'there is yet another.'

"Once more we turned toward the city, and we only stopped when the sun lay red on the western Tuscan hills. Before us the Dominican church of the days of the great Lorenzo. 'Savonerola's church! Savonerola, the prophet, why he died yonder a felon's death amidst the execration of the people! My guide's face was inspired with a strange fervor and his eyes were full of light. 'We know now', he breathed, that man was our greatest.' And so the man that was only good left, a greater name than all the geniuses of Florence."

We have frequently wished it were

feasible to print and disseminate Professor McDowell. It seems rather hard on the rest of the world that Houghton should possess so valuable a monopoly. It was said of Mark Hopkins that to know him was a liberal education. It may have been reasonably true of Mark Hopkins, but every Houghton student will agree that the statement will apply more appropriately to Professor McDowell. We have often resolved to turn reporter and preserve a little of his gracious and equitable philosophy, but so far the thought has not run the deed. One or two scraps of wisdom, however, we are able to recall. And although it is a question whether so scant an offering is better than none at all, we present them:

"Put your best foot forward, and then stand on it." "I would not give much for a man who has not a fight on." "There are some students who come here not ostensibly to teach the faculty."

## THE CEMENT BLOCK.

By Willard Francis.

At the present time, when it costs so much to build and so much to keep repaired what has been built of wood, brick, or stone, we believe that concrete is, in the end, the cheapest building material

By using concrete you save the cost of painting the building every few years, and also the trouble and cost of insuring. Concrete has been proved fire-proof by practical tests. In Pembroke, P. Q., Canada, a cement block carriage factory stood in the center of a fire-swept district and was unharmed.

Some people doubt the strength of cement blocks. A cement block which was made in Buffalo was tested in a laboratory in the University of Illinois and carried a weight of 2,112 pounds to the square inch without injury. Another block was tested in the Lehigh Testing Laboratory and stood a strain of 3,205 pounds to the square inch. This was the limit of the testing apparatus but the block did not show any sign of giving away. Such tests certainly ought to prove the strength of cement blocks.

A building made of cement blocks,

with a double wall and a continuous air space between the walls, is a building that is fire, frost and water proof. A cement porch improves the looks of a house more than a wooden porch, and does not depreciate in value like wood.

Concrete is being put to practical use and stands the test. The annual output of cement has increased from 12 million barrels in 1898 to over 40 million in 1908.

As cement blocks can be moulded into almost any shape and size a house built of cement blocks may be just as artistic as a wooden house. The cost of ornamental cement brick is about one-half that of other ornamental brick. Cement bricks are invaluable in a chimney, as a protection against fire, because they do not crumble and decay like other bricks.

A report made by the National Conservation Committee showed that the actual fire losses in 1907 amounted to 215 millions of dollars. Two-thirds of this loss was sustained from wooden buildings. Isn't it cheaper, in the end, to build of cement and have a fireproof building than to build of wood?

## HOUGHTON ITEMS.

Mr. Earle Weaver and Miss Damey Boon, former students of Houghton Sem., were married April 21. The Men's Athletic Association are getting their grounds into shape for the season's sports.



Miss Ruth Readett and Mr. Eiler are new students this month.

After an absence of about three weeks Roy Washbon has again returned to his school duties.

Professor H. C. Bedford attended the Rochester Conference at Lincoln Falls, Pa., April 6.

Leroy Clow, son of Rev. W. L. Clow pastor of the W. M. church here, is in school at present.

Rev. Clowe, our new pastor, is entering very earnestly and very successfully upon his duties here.

A recital consisting of twenty-three numbers was given by the music students, under the direction of Miss Farnsworth, Wednesday evening, April 14.

The "Would Be's" challenged the "Has Been's" to a game of basket ball Tuesday, April 20. The game was very interesting and resulted in a victory for the "Would Be's".

Since the last issue of The Star, Samuel Smith, one of our Theological students, and Miss Charlotte Davis, a former student, have been united in marriage. We extend congratulations and wish them many years of real service in the church to which they have jointly dedicated their lives.

On the evening of April 15th, the students of Houghton Seminary gave President Luckey a very pleasant surprise and presented him with a sectional book-case in the mission style. The student body, gaily decked with the school colors—purple and gold—formed in line of march in front of the dormitory, and, proceeding to the President's home, gave him and his family a royal serenade consisting of songs, yells, and selections rendered by the band. Mr. McPherson presented the case with an appropriate speech, and President Luckey responded warmly. President and Mrs. Luckey hold a large place in the hearts of the students, who have thus expressed in a small way the good will that exists on a large scale.

Wesley Dow was in Buffalo on business recently.

Mr. Glenn Carpenter returned to school Monday, April 5.

Miss Ruth Weaver is ill and is unable to be in school this week.

Some of the college students have exercised to discover who Mr. Ibid is.

Miss Lodine Moore spent the Easter vacation at her home in Lisbon, N. Y.

The students on April 12th, were favored with a solo sung by Mrs. Mary Adams of Machias, N. Y.

Olive Wilday, a former student, is visiting friends and school-mates in Houghton.

Miss Vera Crawford has been staying with her uncle, Mr. S. Crawford, since vacation.

Miss Mildred Houghton enjoyed several days of vacation with her sister, Mrs. Frank Meach, at Mills Mills.

Rollo Chamberlain of Olean was in town April 12th and 15th taking photographs of the Seminary and students. These are to be placed in the year book which will appear later.

Levay Francher returned Saturday, April 17th, to his home in Cattaraugus, N. Y., where he will endeavor for a short time to promote the domestic tranquility of our nation.

During the week when Professor Clark Bedford was attending the Rochester Conference in behalf of our educational interests, Mr. LeRoy Fancher faithfully performed the duties of Greek Professor.

Professor McDowell has just returned from a visit to the Syracuse Conference at Boylston, N. Y. He reports a good session and an increased interest in our educational work.

Already arrangements are being made for Commencement. The Juniors are organized and ready for work. The Seniors may be seen in the Library energetically searching for material to weave into those long anticipated graduating orations. Plan early to be here next June. It will be worth your while

# Special Flyer.

Having been fortunate in procuring part of the surplus stock of Suits and Rain Coats from Cohn & Berlin, clothing manufacturers of New York, at about one-half their actual worth, we are going to give our patrons the benefit and in order to move them quick we are going to sell them at \$9.50 and \$13.50 respectively.

There are about 200 Suits and Rain Coats and they comprise all the latest models in serges, thibets, greens, olives, tans, grays, etc.

These suits were made to sell from \$12.00 to \$20.00 and are rare bargains. Do not fail to avail yourself just at a time when you need a spring and summer outfit.

**Karl Clothing Company,**

164 Union St.,

Olean, N. Y.



**Chas. M. Stewart    Edith W. Stewart**

**Physicians and Surgeons**

**Hume,                =                =                New York.**

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**We are at Your Service**

**General Merchandise, Building Ma-  
terial or a House and Lot.**

**With best wishes for Houghton, it's School  
and it's Star.**

**C. G. Wagoner,**

**Houghton**

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**Go to W. M. Skiff's for**

**Furniture and Undertaking, Picture Framing.**

**Hume,                New York.**

## Stationery:--

First class tablets, post cards, school pictures, school  
banners and general school supplies.

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A. H. Lyman, M. D.,  
FILLMORE, NEW YORK.

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L. E. WILES, Dentist  
FILLMORE, NEW YORK.

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Mrs. Butterfield, Milliner,  
Latest Styles, Artistic Trimming,  
Always up-to-date.

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## **We Have in Our New Spring Line of Ladies' Suits.**

They are superb and at a low price, much cheaper than  
you can buy them at any city store or any travel-  
ing salesman that comes along.

## **A Fine Line of Wall Paper.**

The most complete stock ever shown in this part of the  
county. We also have ten special books if you want  
something different from your neighbors.

## **Rugs and Carpets.**

Can show you as fine assortment as anyone and  
the prices are right.

**John H. Howden, Fillmore, N. Y.**

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## **W. W. Francis, Contractor and Builder**

— MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN —

Artificial Stone, Cement Brick and Blocks, Cement  
Tile, Ornamental Porch Trimmings, Lath,  
Shingles, Sash, Doors, Cement, Lime, Coal, Etc.  
Domestic Lump Coal for Cook Stoves.

Houghton, - New York.

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## **PINE RIDGE FARM,**

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK.

Milk delivered daily to your door. Butter in  
season. Sour Milk, Butter Milk, Eggs  
and other farm products.

**L. S. Bedford & Son, Houghton, N. Y.**

## **The Long Felt Need of Houghton Has Been Supplied.**

We are at your service for substantial shoe making and  
repairing and for satisfactory dressmaking.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McConnell, Houghton

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## **Fresh Meat.**

I shall be glad to furnish you with the choicest cuts  
of Beef, Pork and Veal every Wednesday and Sat-  
urday.

C. B. Haskins, = Hume, N. Y.

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## **Crandall's Pharmacy**

Is always prepared to furnish

Pure Drugs, Chemicals and  
Toilet Preparations

Cameras and Photographic Supplies  
No Tobacco, Snuff, Playing Cards or Booze

Won S. Crandall, - Fillmore, N. Y.

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Would you like to have time to  
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**W. S. Mills, Fillmore, N. Y.**

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# Never Before

Have we presented a greater line of Men's and Boy's Spring Suits When you see some of our new styles you will realize what the best expression of tailor's art means.

Whether you pay \$8.00 or \$18 such clothes give you style and reliable service for every cent you put into them. Here you find the latest in Hats, Caps, Shoes and Oxfords.

Colburn & Coy,

Hume, N. Y.

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## Special Sale of Furniture

Until May 20th with every iron bed and spring sold for cash we will give a pillow bolster free. It will cost \$1.25 extra if bought alone. Our floor is full of Rockers and as an inducement to move them will give 10 per cent discount for spot cash on any rocker.

Window Shades, special sizes ordered on short notice. Cut flowers for receptions, weddings and funerals.

Picture framing in all its branches and done in a workman-like manner.

We make a specialty of Undertaking and can furnish attendance and anything needed for such occasions.

Telephone calls attended day or night.

F. A. Phipps,

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Fillmore, N. Y.

# Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Seminary

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## Departments:--

High School	Theology
College	Music

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If you wish to keep in touch with the work of Houghton Seminary, read the new catalogue. The departments have been rewritten, and the advanced growth of the institution has been indicated. Every prospective student will want one and every friend of the school should have one. A request on postal card directed to the President will bring it.

**James S. Luckey, President,**  
Houghton, New York.