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# Houghton Star

OCTOBER, 1911.

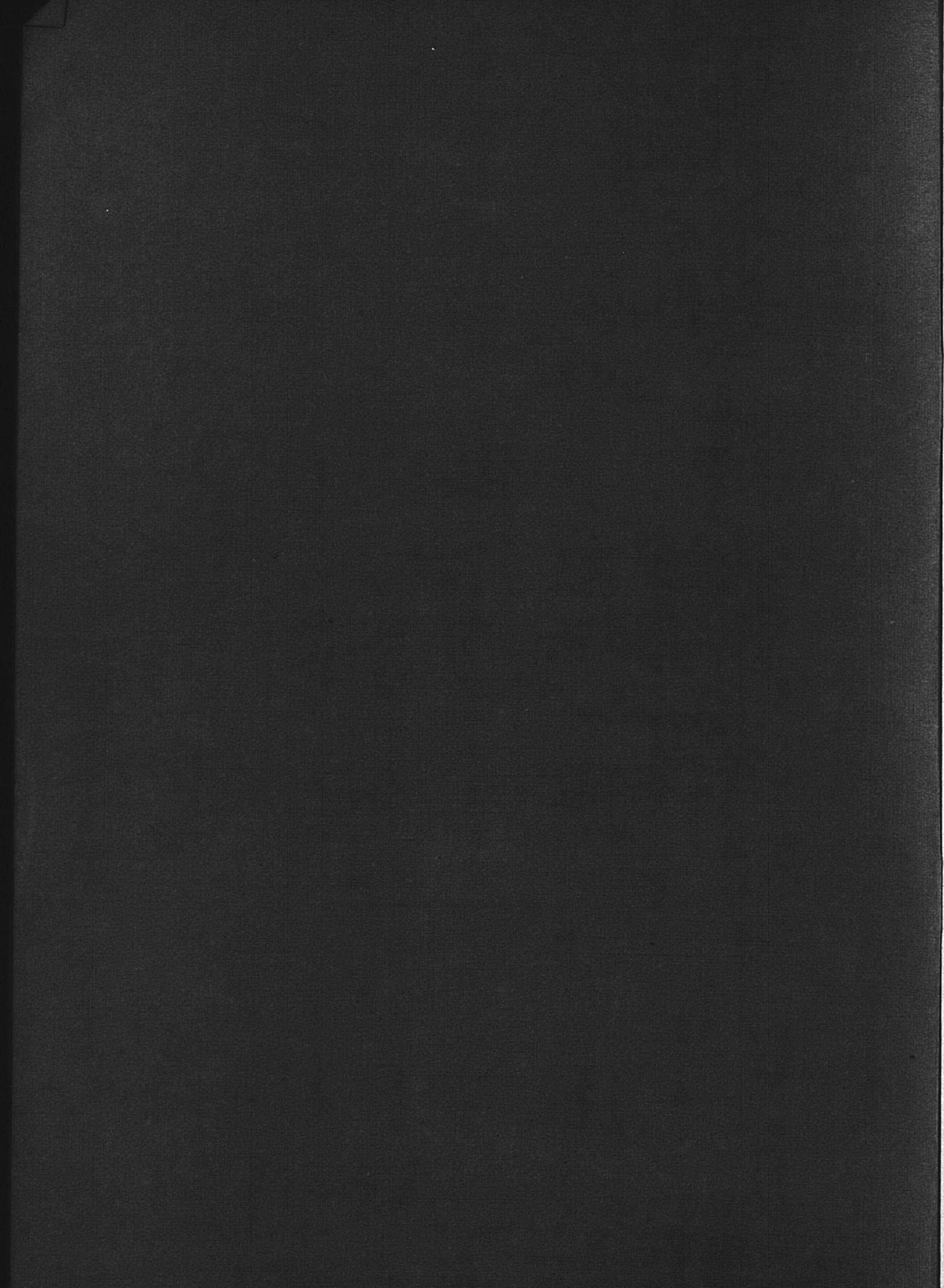


Volume IV.

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No. One.



# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. IV

OCTOBER, 1911.

No. 1

## *He Will Answer*

Helen Kerr, Prep. '12.

It was a beautiful September evening and the soft breeze gently rippled the water, as the nine o'clock boat from Portage slowly approached the dock at Houghton. The rays of the moon lay in a silver path on the murmuring waters and fell on the tall, graceful figure of a young girl, lighting up an extremely handsome face.

Our friend, though only seventeen, was in truth a rare beauty, with a handsome face and form. She was neatly dressed in a dark blue tailored suit, and wore a plain, straw, sailor hat. The wind occasionally blew an unruly lock of golden hair across her face, which she patiently brushed away. The shrill whistle shrieked, and she heaved a sigh of relief, yet of sadness, as she leaned against the boat-railing and gazed upon the lighted town. The boat stopped and she stepped off. A pang of homesickness came over her at being for the first time in her life in a strange place without friends.

"Miss Hearst, I believe?" someone asked at her elbow and as she turned, she came face to face with a handsome young man.

"Yes sir," she answered with a questioning look.

"I am Maxwell Walters, your brother wrote and asked me to meet you. Shall we go to the Ladies' Hall now?" he said as he took her suitcase and started toward the town.

"Then you are Vincent's friend.

He has often spoken of you."

"You will make an enthusiastic student if you are anything like your brother. What work do you expect to take up?" asked Maxwell.

"I lack a few counts of finishing my high school course. I want to make them up, and take a post-graduate course in music."

"We have a fine Conservatory here, and I am sure you will enjoy your music."

"What a pretty place," she exclaimed as she looked around at the tall, handsome buildings.

"These are the Seminary buildings, and this is the Ladies' Hall," he answered as they walked up the steps. A young girl was leaning against a post on the porch. "What? Crying again Virginia, come, cheer up," said Maxwell, as he patted her shoulder. "This is my cousin Miss Redman, Miss Hearst."

The loving heart of Madeline Hearst was touched at the tears of the lonesome girl, and an affection at once sprung up between them.

"I will look after Miss Hearst, Max," said Virginia, and with a good-night they passed into the spacious building.

Several weeks passed. Madeline's heart was strangely drawn toward Virginia, and she often wanted to know the story of her life. The opportunity came at last. One afternoon Madeline heard sobs in the next room, which Virginia occupied. In a few minutes she had the weeping girl in her arms.

"What's the trouble dear?" she said in soothing tones.

"Max is too particular. He's a regular granny about some things," she burst out. "He'll make a preacher all right."

"What has he done?"

"Oh, I did it."

"What?"

"Something he didn't like and he scolded. He said it was against the rules."

"Don't cry girlie, he only meant it for your good." With tender caresses and loving words Madeline soothed Virginia's ruffled spirits.

"What makes you cry so much? There must be some trouble." Madeline continued after a long pause. With sobs Virginia told the sad story. How she was an orphan, and had been thrown among strangers until Max's people had made a home for her.

"Jesus could help you," Madeline said softly.

From that day the girls became fast friends and roomed together. Madeline was a quiet, Christian girl, and lived a holy consecrated life while Virginia was a lady-like, yet jolly girl, who loved fun and was bound to have it at any cost. Both were beautiful girls (Madeline a blond, and Virginia a brunette.)

Time passed on and winter set in. It was a Sunday afternoon late in February and Virginia seemed restless.

"Where are you going?" asked Madeline as she put her coat on.

"I'm going skating. The ice is fine and I'm tired of this place."

"Why Virginia on Sunday, besides it is against the rules!"

"I don't care I'm going anyway," she retorted with a toss of her head, as she passed out. She stopped in the doorway. "Don't you dare tell, Madeline," she said pointing her finger at her, then walked down the hall.

There alone in her room Madeline fought a fierce battle. Her love for

Virginia was on one side, her love for right on the other. What would she do? Would she tell, or wouldn't she? She had decided on the side of right, and was just rising from her knees, from talking to her dearest friend, when the door burst open and a young girl rushed in with the breathless exclamation, "Virginia's almost drowned, they're bringing her up here."

At that Madeline heard the heavy tramp of men's feet, coming along the hall, carrying the dripping body of the girl. They called a doctor, who said she was very ill and would not be well for a long time.

For weeks Virginia lingered between life and death. Day after day Madeline sat by the bedside now reading from her Bible, or talking of Jesus, now singing in her soft voice. At times Virginia would be restless, but the soothing touch of her friend's soft hand would quiet her. Often Maxwell would watch by the sick cousin. From the first Madeline had felt a deep respect for him. He was such an earnest Christian, so devoted to God. Christ had chosen him as a minister of the Gospel, and he was finishing his last year of College in preparation for entering upon his life's work. Many times they prayed together, that the sick girl might be brought into the fold, but she seemed very hard. She listened respectfully, when they talked of religion, yet treated it with careless indifference. But they would not give up hope, God had promised to answer prayer, and they would trust him still. When the warm spring days came Virginia began to improve, and finally was able to take up her work again.

One June evening Virginia sat at the study-table with an open book before her, but she was not studying, she was reviewing her life. How empty it all seemed, how sad. The words that Madeline had sung in the

afternoon kept ringing through her ears:

"There is a balm in Gilead  
To make the wounded whole,  
For there's power enough in Jesus  
To save a sin-sick soul."

She looked at the trembling form of her room-mate as she knelt in prayer. She had been pleading with God for the soul of her friend. As she arose the light of the Savior's love shown on her face, and touched Virginia's heart.

"Won't you let Him have His way, Virginia?" she whispered as she pushed back the glossy black hair, and kissed the pale forehead.

"No, Madeline, I don't want to lose all the pleasure of life."

"But my dear, you won't lose it. He is the only source of real pleasure. I am so happy."

"You and I are different. I could never be happy with the things you enjoy. I am more lively, but let's not argue," Virginia said in a careless tone, as she took up her book and began studying.

With an aching heart Madeline turned away and, being weary, retired. Virginia studied until the gentle breathing of her friend told her that she was asleep. She pushed away her book, arose, and went to the window. It was a beautiful evening and a desire for a moonlight walk suddenly seized her. As a clock below struck nine Virginia hastily threw Madeline's cape around her and crept softly out into the evening air.

She had strolled around on the campus for some time, when she suddenly became aware that some-one was following her. She ran up the seminary steps, tried the door, opened it, and entered the building. She crept along the wall, and, as she passed a door, it pushed open. She slipped and crouched in the corner of what happened to be the president's office. She heard steps in the hall and a match being lighted. Her

heart almost stopped beating for fear of discovery, but they passed out and as she listened, she heard them on the walk. Pulling the hood over her head so as to hide her face, she stepped again into the hall, but in doing so she knocked something over. Reaching the sidewalk again she softly approached the Ladies' Hall and went in, without perceiving the dark figure which leaned against a tree.

A few days later Madeline was called into the president's office. He said that some one had been there in the night and had tipped a bottle of ink on the College final examination papers, literally ruining several of them. Also that one of the students had seen her come out of the building about eleven o'clock the same night. He himself had noticed several ink spots on her cape that morning. She tried to prove her innocence but of no avail, evidence was too plain.

"Miss Hearst, I am much surprised at your behaving thus. It grieves me but there is no other way, you will not be allowed to take your examinations, and you are no longer a student of this school," he said and with a wave of his hand he dismissed her.

Poor Madeline, with a dizzy brain she went to her room, and began to pick up her things. She intended to go home the next morning. Virginia tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. It was a terrible day for Virginia. Her conscience weighed like lead. She loved Madeline so much but she could not confess; it was too humiliating. That evening they talked together a long time. Every loving word, every tender caress cut Virginia's heart to the quick.

"I am so sad to think I must go and leave you unsaved," Madeline said softly. At that Virginia could bear it no longer, but burst into weeping and confessed it all to Madeline.

It was late when the girls retired, but there was joy and peace in their hearts, and the angels in Heaven were singing, for a soul had been born into the Kingdom. Early the next morning Virginia went to the president and acknowledged her guilt. He forgave her and with a joyful heart she bore his apology to Madeline.

Examinations came and went, both girls being successful. It was the last night of Commencement, and young people strolled around the Campus merrily chatting with one another. Virginia sat alone on a rustic seat listening to the music and thinking. How kind Madeline had been to her and how she had treated her in return. But the past was all under the blood, and she had found two friends during the year. She was aroused from her reverie by the sound of voices, and looking up she saw Madeline and Maxwell standing beside her.

"Virginia dear, your work is not all finished yet, there is just one thing more," said Max.

"What is it?" she asked.

"We want you to be our bridesmaid," he replied as he placed the blushing Madeline's hand in hers, and the smiles told her the rest.

The music had long since ceased, the town clock rung out the hour of twelve, the moon smiled down upon them, and God gave His benediction. The school year was over, vacation had begun. They had passed from school-life into life's school.

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## *Taking Stock*

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Ida S. Greenberg, '07.

At this time of the year when the busy school days are beginning most of you are looking over your past work and planning for the coming year.

We cannot tell exactly what is in store for us, but we do know it will be largely what we make it. The beginning of a new school year suggests many things. Now is the time to determine what shall be unfolded with it. Time exists that there may be an orderly development, a daily growth, for there is no power in earth or heaven that can make it otherwise than that each new year must be a development, a growth, out of what has gone before. Now is the time to plan for better work, for better service to our family and neighbor and for making the best use of our opportunities. This is the noblest service we can do.

Some of you may be disappointed in your last year's work, in not having done your best; but you may all be benefitted by taking note of what you actually have, by looking at your possessions in the optimistic light as Lincoln did when he was asked his opinion of a certain man's financial standing. "Well," he said, "I cannot say positively, but I know that he has a wife and baby worth one hundred thousand, a table and two chairs in his office worth perhaps two dollars and fifty cents and a rat hole in the corner of the room that will bear looking into."

In estimating what we have, let us not forget to add in the actual value to us of a home, good health, good neighbors, and a thousand other blessings we are so used to that we take them for granted and never half appreciate them. Above all be thankful for one of the greatest blessings God has bestowed on man—Work.

Now I hear some of you taking exceptions to that last statement saying, "It is the burden of my life," and, "It is the only thing that stands in the way of my perfect happiness." But I know if you took time to think it over, you would soon see what a terrible condition things

would be in if work were eliminated from this world.

The wealthy do not know that they have missed the incentive of their lives when they do not have to "Earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." I am speaking of "the weary rich" who do not make any good use of their wealth and only think of some selfish end in spending it, not of those who use their wealth to good purpose for themselves as well as others. It cannot be disputed that a certain amount of toil gives zest to life and a relish to our food that can be gained in no other way.

Do something for some one—something useful, if nothing more than plant a tree. Then you will feel that by your agency something worth living for has been accomplished and you can be justly proud in claiming a share with the earth and sky in producing it.

And let it be our daily prayer and teach it to our children, that the world may be better for our being in it. And you will find that a life of usefulness is the happiest.

Let us start in today and take up the burden of life and look at it as a problem to be studied. Let us see if we cannot make one piece of work easier and better by looking at it as an opportunity to use our ingenuity to do it a better or shorter way. If it be unpleasant let it help strengthen our patience and cheerfulness and we shall thus find something in every "little brook in the way" and coming out better and happier than before the trial. Thus we may make opportunities out of adversities and a chance for human service.

Always remember that in every undertaking, no matter how small, you have a Silent Partner with whom you ought to reckon. When you start out for your year's work, do not forget the One, who made the earth for us to work on, and who sends the sunshine and rain that makes everything

grow. Do not think that you are doing it all, but value the silent forces that work even while you are asleep.

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### *My Introduction to Houghton*

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By a Pea-green Freshman

When the conductor yelled "Houghton!" I craned my neck like all my predecessors. The Genesee Valley was an ideal location for the very presentable little town that met my view. I wasn't looking for department stores or electric cars, consequently their absence was no surprise. I stood by my baggage and waited for the procession to pass. It did not take long. A broad-shouldered fellow with a ministerial expression, proceeded down the avenue. I knew instinctively that he must be one of the preachers from the Seminary, and decided that my best course was to follow, if I wished to reach the dormitory before I died of starvation. He went so fast I barely managed to keep him in sight and when he climbed those flights of steps, I gave up trying. The suit case kept gaining in weight and it seemed like a big undertaking. I won't tell what I was wishing. However, I managed to reach the top early in the week. On the top step that suit case weighed exactly one hundred and twenty-five pounds. It had gained one hundred in coming from the station.

At a house on the corner, some clothes bars and wash tubs caught my eye. It seemed very probable that it was the laundry of the dorm. It was not, but a lady kindly directed me to the proper building. Before me lay the large, well-laid campus and the fine chestnut trees gave promise of future delights. The structures were neat and substantial.

The matron gave me a friendly welcome and installed me in a pleasant room.

Concluded on page 8.

# The Houghton Star.

## Houghton, N. Y.

The Houghton Star is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (9 issues) by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary.

The subscription price is fifty cents a year, payable in advance, or ten cents a copy. The year begins with February though subscriptions may begin at any time.

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

Advertising rates will be made known on application.

Entered as second class mail matter February 2, 1910, at the Post Office at Houghton, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

### STAFF OF THE HOUGHTON STAR

Editor-in-Chief - - - Harry J. Ostlund-'13  
Ass't Editor - - - Miriam L. Day-'12

### ASSOCIATES

Literary - - - Alison Edgar-'13  
Organizations - - - Ray A. Sellman-'13  
Alumni - - - G. T. McDowell-'15  
Exchanges - - - Owen Walton-'15  
Local Editor - - James W. Elliott, -'15  
Business Manager - C. Floyd Hester-'13  
Assistant Manager - Theos J. Thompson-'13

## Editorial.

Again at the beginning of a new school year the Star wishes to send forth its greetings to all its readers. Since last we expressed ourselves through these columns Time has been going his ceaseless round and Houghton Students are again back at work. It has been a pleasure again to pick up the threads of acquaintance or more intimate friendship formed in the past, and to meet and greet those with whom these ties are yet prospective.

How little we now know of what our association with each other and our mutual influence are to mean to us for life. Even now as we look back we can see where some one

has come into our lives, stimulating us to put forth the very best we had in us, lifting our ideals up into loftier heights and into clearer light. Then there have been others for whom we cannot say as much; and yet they had to shed their influence somewhere, just the same as the best did. And we must shed ours too.

Among all the greeting of old friends and the meeting of new ones there are some that we miss. The world was greatly blessed last year as some of our men and women stepped out into it to strive to make it better—yes, making it better even by their very presence. If all the college men that were sent out from the different colleges last June had had the equipment of spirit and character that our graduating class had, we are sure that it would have meant a moral, social and economic revolution in all the corners of our land. And so for all we regret that we do not see their faces among us any more, nor hear their words of counsel in our assemblies, yet we rejoice that they are representing Houghton in its larger sphere of activity. It is through such as these that Houghton has meant something to the world, and will in time to come.

Perhaps we ought not to let the opportunity pass without saying some thing about the Star and its prospects for the coming year. The Business Manager will have something to say to our readers, and he will consider the situation from the business standpoint. But it is our desire to make the paper editorially the very best that it has ever been. We aim to make the Star something that you will look forward to every month. The Editor feels that he can not do this alone and for this reason has picked out the most able corps of associates and reporters that he

was able. They are all men and women that are interested in their special line of work and who will faithfully do their best.

It takes more, however, than editors and reporters and business managers to make a good paper. The readers and friends of the paper have a large part to play. They are the ones that are to lend enthusiasm and encouragement. They are the ones to criticise faults and make suggestions. Many of the improvements in the paper during the last year were the direct result of suggestions on the part of interested friends and we are looking for more. Now we don't pretend to follow everybody's advice for that would sometimes be impractical, but if any of our readers see opportunity for possible improvement, their suggestions will be gratefully received.

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We have not formally introduced each of our associates to our readers, but we cannot forbear saying a few words by way of introduction concerning our new Business Manager Mr. C. Floyd Hester.

Mr. Hester is spending his fourth year in Houghton as a student. He is now a College Junior. He is one of the men who are as active as the tireless breezes of Kansas, his native state. As a man among men, he has won the respect of all for his earnestness, sincerity, good humor, and business ability. He has spent two summers in successful work for the Prohibition Party in New York State, has held various offices in our school organizations; and we are sure he will more than make good in this his new office. We earnestly bespeak for Mr. Hester the hearty co-operation of all subscribers and friends of the Star.

#### From The Publisher

You doubtless notice the changes in price and in publication, which were made at the close of school last June. There will be nine instead of ten issues printed per year; the first one appearing in October. The price, which was formerly 65c, is now 50c per year. This does not indicate a lower standard, either for kind of paper used, or for value of articles printed; for this monthly visitor will increase in beauty of appearance and in quality of contents. The change was made so that the price might be within the reach of all. I dare say, every one who reads this spends many times fifty cents in a wasteful worthless manner during the course of a year, or even a month. Why not put this ill-spent money to a good use by subscribing to the Houghton Star for yourself and others? We made the change so that the paper would acquire a wider circulation and greater numbers would be benefitted, cheered, and inspired by its wholesome words.

We will do our best to double the subscription this year. But the accomplishment of this plan should not be left to the publishers alone. We call upon each one who is now a subscriber or who reads these lines, to aid in the work by securing a new one and sending the name and address to the business manager accompanied by fifty cents in stamps or P. O. money order. For convenience we have secured coin cards holding two quarters. Every subscriber should be able to use at least six of these cards. Drop a postal to the manager telling him how many you can use. When you receive them, go to your friend or neighbor armed with the cards and a few sample copies of the Star, which we send free, and having persuaded him to subscribe, ask him to sign his name and address on the card. Either you or the new subscriber send the addressed card in at

once filled with the two 25c pieces. You will be surprised how easily it is done when you once get at it. Do it now! Don't wait! Other papers secure hundreds of subscriptions in this way and there is no reason why we cannot. Let us hear from a score of you each week between now and the November issue. You need the paper and we need your help.

Yours for success,

C. Floyd Hester, Business Manager,  
Houghton, N. Y.

P. S. All those who are subscribers for a year of ten issues will receive the ten issues, but renewals will be for a year of nine issues. The same principle will hold true with those who have yearly advertisements in the paper. C. F. H.

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### *My Introduction to Houghton*

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Continued from page 5.

When the dinner bell rang, the students promptly marched down by two's and stood by their chairs until given the signal to be seated. I was impressed by the order and solemnity of the occasion. Social training has done much to curb rampant spirits. I was also pleased to observe the dignity with which one student wore some tomato soup upon his shoulder.

I enjoyed my call at the president's office and saw right away that he knew more about choosing schedules than I did. It was hard for me to become accustomed to the rooms and times for recitations. I was liable to aim for the library and intrude upon a faculty meeting, or start for rhetoric and find myself in second English. My reputation would be ruined if I told how I forgot Chapel, so I won't mention that. It is very painful to recall my blunders, so a detailed account will not be given here. The night I lay down on the bed shortly after supper, while

my room mate curled up on the trunk, leaving the gas burning and knowing no more until long after ten, when the dean came, I will omit entirely.

I found the teachers remarkably patient and careful to make every point clear. My intellect is much befogged when it comes to Math. but Professor Rindfusz, instead of firing books or spontaneously combusting in Solid Geometry, merely smiles and remarks that "Plane things are plainly discerned, but solid things are solidly discerned." Then he proceeds to make solid things plain.

That reminds me. Ruskin believed that a noble curiosity prompted the inquiring mind to ask questions. This is very evident here and is most manifest if the lesson is particularly hard. The teachers may well be proud of the interest shown on such occasions.

The literary societies here do splendid work. The papers show thorough preparation and are both interesting and profitable. The musical part of the programs is excellent, and always appreciated by the audience. The department of music here is heartily recommended. The chorus give promise of good work in the future under the able supervision of Miss Grimes.

My impressions of Houghton have been very favorable. There is a spirit of earnest endeavor in the school and a religious atmosphere enveloping the whole.

The student will look far before he will find a school which will give him as thorough, practical, moral and social training as he will receive at the Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Seminary.

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"Count that day lost

Whose low descending sun  
Sees from thy hand

No worthy action done."

—Goldsmith.

## Organizations

R. A. SELLMAN, '13, EDITOR

### The Philomathean Society

The Philomathean Society had their first meeting for the year 1911-1912 Friday, Sept. 15, when they elected new officers. At this meeting several new members were added and we have the promise of more at our next meeting. With our new president, Miss Fancher, at the helm we are looking forward to a year of hard but interesting work and glorious results. Each member has decided that he will do his best and make this year the crowning year in the history of the Philomathean Society. Anyone who has not already joined one of the other societies and is willing to work is given a hearty invitation to join the Philomatheans.

E. J. A.

### The Athenian.

It certainly is a pleasure to note the growing proportions that the College Department is assuming this year. The addition of several new members will make conditions nearly ideal for a year of successful society work.

At our first meeting on Friday evening, September 15, the following officers were elected to hold office during the first semester: President, R. A. Sellman, '13; Vice President, Miss M. L. Day, '12; Secretary, Miss Maude Benton, '14; Treasurer, La Rue Bird, '15.

In all our society work this year it will behoove every member to keep well in mind the object of the Society as is stated in Article 1, Section 2 of the constitution as follows: "The object of this Society shall be to furnish a bond of union, to provide for intellectual culture with due regard to moral and spiritual founda-

tions, and to cultivate an ideal college spirit among the students of the college department of Houghton Seminary." All that is trifling or trivial should certainly find no place in our meetings and we should look forward to and prepare for a year of strenuous efforts in the work of the society.

R. A. S.

### The Neosophic Literary Society

Although we have had only one meeting this school year we have some thing to say about the work of our society. The program last week was very good. Two of our Professors took part, Prof. Smith giving some facts about society work in other schools. One thing of special importance that he mentioned was the fact that societies are for work and improvement, not mere entertainment.

Our president for the first society term is David Scott, an energetic young man, who has been in school here for some time. The other officers are capable young people, so we have the promise of some good parliamentary law drills.

Literary work is necessary to give us the training we need to prepare us for life out in the world where we must stand by ourselves. So let us take an interest in our societies.

We are always glad to welcome new members.

P. C. S.

### Young People's Foreign Missionary Society

One of the organizations of our school which needs the loyal support of the students is the Young People's Foreign Missionary Society.

This society was organized in the year 1900 at the old College building on the farther hill. Its purpose is to promote the interest of Foreign Missionary work in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and to pay special atten-

tion to the maintaining of missionaries in Sierra Leone, West Africa.

Each year the society sends between two and three hundred dollars to our foreign work in Africa. At least half of the missionaries who have gone to the foreign field are members of this organization.

We shall be especially favored this year by having with us Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Clarke, and the Misses Yorton, Hanford and Crosby, all returned missionaries who will add to the interest of the meetings by giving us occasional talks on our work in Africa.

Already we notice that many of the new students are interested in Mission work. This makes us predict a year of growth and activity for our society.

M. L. Churchill.

#### Mission Study Class

The Mission Study Class held its first meeting Wednesday, September 13. Miss Miriam Day has been chosen leader for the year. Already there are about fifteen members in the class and more are expected to join. The text book to be studied this year is, "Introduction to the Study of Foreign Missions" by Edward A. Lawrence D. D. Several returned missionaries who are with us are expected to have charge of the class and will favor us with instructive talks on mission work.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 20, Miss Florence Yorton, a returned missionary from Africa, gave a very interesting talk on "African Superstitions and Fiendish Worship."

The class work this year will be very helpful and interesting. All who would like to spend an hour each week in the study of missions are urged to join the class.

#### The Prohibition League

Geo. H. Sprague

It may be well, through the col-

umns of the first issue of the Star for this year, to remind the old students and to announce to the new students, that among the activities of Houghton Seminary there is a Prohibition League. The prime object of this organization is the training of prohibition workers. Prohibition literature, systematic and thorough study of the liquor problem and methods advocated for solving it, and annual oratorical contests are the means used to accomplish this.

The fight is on between righteousness in governmental affairs and legalized wrong. No man can go to the polls and vote without declaring either for or against the saloon. Because of these facts, this is a line of reform in which every citizen should be interested. No one should neglect to prepare himself to meet these obligations intelligently. This is truly an essential part of education. All students of Houghton Seminary are invited to make the Prohibition League a means of training for themselves along these practical and necessary lines.

### *Alumni & Old Students*

G. T. McDOWELL, '15, EDITOR

#### Alumni

In view of the fact that the Alumni Editor has had so short a time to prepare his notes for this issue of the Star, the readers of this column are asked to pardon the brevity and scarcity of its news. But it is hoped that this department will be so large in the future that a supplement to the Star will be necessary. That means every alumnus who sees this will write at once sending any news items of our old students which will be of interest. "Correspondence solicited."

The family of the Rev. Arthur Os-

borne, '07, Wesleyan pastor at Greer, Ohio, now numbers three.

One of our students who heard Rev. Jason McPherson preach this summer declares that he is a splendid sermonizer and in all ways a distinct credit to the school.

Robert Mulveaux, Commercial '94, is visiting old friends at Houghton.

Four members of the Houghton Preparatory Class of 1910 are taking college work at Houghton this year. Two others are in school. Frank Martin has commenced his second year at Mitchell, South Dakota and Miss Keyes expects to spend this year in Chicago University.

The two members of our last year's college class are both in active Christian work, Edward Elliott as pastor at Mooers, N. Y., and Harold Hester as a professor in the Miltonvale Wesleyan Methodist College, at Miltonvale, Kansas.

Twelve of the eighteen 1911 Preps are Houghton Freshies this fall. Misses Churchill, Clawson and Hester have entered upon their common life work, that of school teacher. Arthur Karker is reported to have taken a pastorate in Michigan. Miss Hubbard is in school at Cortland. James Elliott is classified as a sophomore.

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## *Locals.*

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J. W. ELLIOTT, '15, Editor.

### College Items

Mr. Ralph Davy '13, who has been spending the summer in New Jersey, is recovering from a serious attack of blood poisoning. We were glad of his return to Houghton a few days ago and hope he will soon be able to resume his college work with his usual vigor.

We are glad to welcome to our halls the following new College students: Ruth Chessemann, Belle Russell, Orlando Mann, Arthur Overton,

Robert Presley and La Rue Bird.

The Freshman Class now numbers twenty. This is the largest Freshman Class that has ever been enrolled in the College.

F. H. Wright '14 spent his vacation in pastoral work in the vicinity of Hume, N. Y.

Miss Mable Dow '14 passed a pleasant vacation in her mother's kitchen, learning to cook.

Theos Thompson '13 has been at his home in South Dakota during the past summer helping his father cultivate the soil.

G. H. Sprague '14 developed some muscle during the summer months by hewing wood and peeling bark in the woods of Steuben County.

Maude Benton '14 spent most of her summer vacation at her home in Michigan, sewing and making herself generally useful.

The members of the Literature and Criticism class may be seen these days pouring over books in the library. They are trying their skill as critics.

M. C.

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### Preparatory Notes

The Senior Class is glad to welcome several new members: Esther Dieter, Lena Miner, Bessie Fancher and Harold McMillian.

The solid Geometry class are trying to stretch their imagination to take in infinity and to see things which can not be seen at all but must be taken by faith.

Physical Geography has become very popular and Physics very unpopular this year. The former has eighteen members and the latter more, a very unusual case. Perhaps there are several solutions to this problem, but the one which seems most likely is that these young scientists supposed that during the field trips they would be each required to find an escort or one to be escorted from those out-

side the class, as was the case in Geology last year. They must have been very much disappointed when the Professor announced that no such regulation would be in force this year nor would such assistance be even permitted. A. J. and E.

#### Music Department

We consider ourselves very fortunate to have secured as teachers this year, Miss Luta L. Grimes and Miss Ella M. Hilpot, both graduates of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Miss Hilpot is instructress in instrumental music and has about thirty-three private pupils, most of whom are in attendance at Houghton Seminary. In the first year of Harmony she has one pupil, Miss Grace Bedford, and in the advanced course are Miss Katherine Sperzel and Miss Edna Smith.

There are also about fourteen students in the class in Rudiments of Music. Miss Hilpot is an earnest teacher and is thoroughly devoted to her work in which she lacks nothing in talent or ability.

The department in voice culture is truly a valuable acquisition to Houghton Seminary. Miss Grimes has twenty-three vocal pupils and the number is increasing.

In history of Music, there are three pupils, Miss Edna Smith, Miss Grace Bedford and Miss Ava Curtis, and in the sight-singing class, there are nine students. Our chorus is composed of about thirty-seven, a number almost double that of last year.

That Miss Grimes possesses truly power in song, will be readily admitted by all who have been privileged to hear her. Judging also from the peculiar and characteristic sounds that issue daily from the open windows of the music room and float through the halls within, her numerous pupils are making excellent pro-

gress in their vocal lessons, testifying audibly to the ability and qualifications of their instructress.

Both teachers are, moreover, fast finding a large place in the hearts of the students and of outsiders as well—such a place as Miss Farnsworth of last year has held, and still holds. O. L. S.

#### Faculty Notes

Soon after Commencement, Professor McDowell, as a fraternal delegate from our church, attended the Free Methodist General Conference at Chicago. He was engaged also in some gospel work during the summer.

Professor Bedford spent the most of his time working on his charge. He did, however, take a short vacation at Flanagan's Pond.

President Luckey found in Houghton more than he could do and suffered from a nervous breakdown for some time. We are glad that he was able to take up his regular work when school opened.

Miss Cofield, new dean of seminary women and teacher of French and History, is beginning her work in a way which will certainly make her very much liked as long as she is with us.

Probably Professor Rindfus, new dean of men, is largely responsible for the new privilege which the boys who attend society have of being out until 9:30 on Friday evenings. Rules on the girls, however, are more binding than formerly. The boys, of course, believe these things are as they should be. J. W. E.

#### Town Talk During The Summer

Probably the first thing much talked of after commencement was the wedding of Mr. Stanley W. Wright of Oberlin College and Miss Edna Bedford at the home of the bride. The affair was a very quiet one, only a few invited guests being present, and Reverend S. Bedford officiating. Mr.

Wright's noble and persevering work for the "Star" would in detail fill too many columns, and is already too well known to find place here, but we as readers of the paper which he helped to make, have, and do wish him and his fair bride much joy.

Early in the summer, Professor O. Hartmann and his wife, who was Miss Marie Tucker, arrived at the home of Mrs. Hartmann, and they are still with us. We understand that Professor Hartmann ranks second among the great violinists of the world; and he has several students who have come here to receive the benefit of his tutorship. Among these are the Messrs. Vinsansky and Klein, the former of whom stands among the foremost as composer and master of violin music. We might also add that since June, Mr. and Mrs. Hartmann have been sharing their place in the world of music with that of a proud father and mother, since a fine baby boy, who is already showing his musical ability and lung capacity, has come to their home.

No doubt everyone who is in any way in touch with Houghton Seminary, has learned of the advent of our youngest faculty member, Willard Garfield Smith, son of Professor H. R. Smith, Jr. Many things are predicted concerning this remarkable little chap who is even now bright enough to steal a good part of his father's valuable time from his English classes.

Immediately after Commencement, Mrs. Schouten and her son-in-law, Mr. Howard Eyler, moved their families upon the hill into the house formerly occupied by Reverend E. W. Bruce. A few weeks past another little newcomer was announced—Kenneth Elmer Eyler by name. We congratulate Mr. Eyler on this valuable acquisition to his family.

Mr. John Crawford and family have also been made happy this summer over the arrival of a little son. Sure-

ly Houghton has been growing very rich of late.

In the forepart of June, Mr. and Mrs. Walldorff entertained ten guests from Bradford with their daughter, Mrs. Dr. Woodhead. Owing to the rainy weather the plans for outdoor enjoyment were not fully carried out, but the young ladies found many pleasures within doors to make the days pass swiftly, and all voted the House Party a great success.

Reverend C. Leslie Smith and family have moved and now occupy the east half of the Walldorff House.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Houghton have spent a greater part of the summer in extensive touring. Among the noted places they have visited are Chautauqua, Washington, D. C., and Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Thayer has employed Misses Pearl Schouten and Edna Smith to assist in the Post Office this summer.

A few days ago Mrs. Bowen's house caught fire from the explosion of an oil stove, and though matters for a time looked serious, no real damage was done for which we are very grateful. Messrs. Sprague and Peasley distinguished themselves greatly as "firemen" and looked genuinely heroic after it was all over.

O. L. S.

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#### Students' Reception

Our regular annual reception for the new students was given in the Seminary building the first Friday evening after school opened. All were asked to meet in the chapel. A short program, consisting of an address of welcome by Miriam Day, one of the old students, a response by a new student, Mr. Kingsbury, a speech by Prof. Luckey, an instrumental solo by Miss Hillpot and vocal solos by Mr. Wagoner and Miss Grimes were given. After the program all went to the library and

study room. Here everyone made it were made to feel that they were his business to meet as many people welcome and that there was room in as he could and to see that the the hearts of the people for each one new students were introduced to each of them. other and to the old students. All

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### *His Service.*

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"Give and it shall be given unto you."

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Beset by doubts, dismayed  
By what the inward gaze revealed  
Within my troubled heart, I prayed.  
With hungry cry I sought  
For love, for faith, for needed grace  
To overcome the conflicts Satan brought.  
My eyes were inward turned,  
And spite of prayers, e'er saw the same  
Sad sight of sin's effects I yearned.  
Thus passed the troubled days,  
Until I found a fellow man  
More pressed than I and in worse ways.  
I prayed for him, my smart  
Forgot—then grace and joy began  
A service sweet within my heart.

WM. GREENBERG.



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