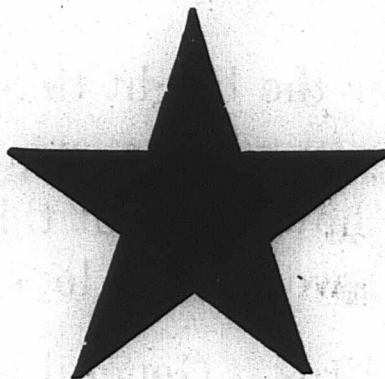


The Houghton Star.



The President of Houghton Seminary

Life and Lessons on the Genesee

Belinda

Not My Old Kentucky Home

The Revival Meetings in Houghton

The Lecture Course

Common Sense Etiquette

Volume 1, Number 2.

March 1909

Look for the bright things of life
and you will be surprised to
see how different this old
world will look.

Lynde Bros. General Merchants

Houghton,

New York.

BELINDA.

By Fredarica Greenberg.

One early June evening a young woman might have been seen walking swiftly toward the bridge crossing the Allegany. As she stepped out upon it her eyes turned toward the setting sun. She paused and gazed spellbound at the scene.

The sky was painted with brilliant streamers of red, purple and gold, the colors growing fainter and gradually disappearing in the deep blue overhead. The placid waters of the Allegany mirrored the sky and trees on either bank. As the sun sank lower the shadows of the great hills crept slowly over the valley.

So engrossed was Belinda in watching the changing sky that she did not notice Mr. Phelps as he approached and stopped beside her. Belinda looked at the sky, Mr. Phelps looked at Belinda. Nothing escaped him. He saw that her fluffy brown hair waved about her face, that her features were regular and finely formed. As he watched her he smiled with evident satisfaction.

Belinda, still unaware of his presence, gazed at the sky and river and silently thanked Lee Silverheels for telling her of the view which could be seen from the bridge.

"I wish he could have come tonight," she suddenly murmured.

Mr. Phelps, hearing this, promptly attributed it to himself and replied, "Yes, I'm glad I came."

Belinda whirled around and confronted him still wearing his air of calm proprietorship. Poor Belinda! Her color rose and she wondered who could have told him where she had gone.

But he was unmoved. "I stopped to see if you would come down and try my new motor boat. Your mother said that there was nothing to hinder you. You will come, will you not?"

Not willing to offend her mother, Belinda consented. Mr. Phelps helped her down the stone steps of the bridge

to the landing below, where the boat lay ready.

"What a beauty! Why, Mr. Phelps, it must have cost a fortune!"

"O no, just a few hundred."

After the boat had started she forgot its beauty and only heard its terrible noise. She secretly thought it was much nicer to paddle silently in a birch bark canoe than to go chugging up through the otherwise silent river.

Mr. Phelps, the complacent, monopolized the conversation.

"Have you seen that young Indian just home from Carlisle? You have. Well, I think he will soon fall back into the Indian ways, the scamp! I never heard of an Indian that didn't. Folks make too big a fuss over him anyway. What if he has gone through college! Wonder he didn't change his name while he was at it."

"Mr. Phelps, I cannot permit anyone to speak disrespectfully of my friends. Mr. Silverheels isn't proud as you intimate. We have never made a fuss over him as you say. He is a gentleman and—"

Belinda suddenly ceased for she knew that any praise of her Indian friend would only increase Mr. Phelps' hatred toward him. But for some time her thoughts were centered on the young Indian, Lee Silverheels.

"Lee knows where all the flowers grow, where the springs are, where and when the best views may be had, all about fishing, and in fact, everything concerning the woods and streams. Besides he behaves as a gentleman. He has enough sense of the fitness of things to use a canoe instead of a motor boat. Mr. Phelps is wholly deficient in all these things."

The boat worked its way up the river through the lengthening shadows until it came to the bend of the river, where Mr. Phelps turned toward an old stump whose roots had lodged in a narrow

sand bar. The top was large and flat; the water on all sides was very deep.

"Oh, Mr. Phelps, see that little mud turtle! I must have it for Bobby."

Belinda stepped out upon the stump and picked up the turtle. But as she looked back, Mr. Phelps reversed the boat and moved a few feet out into the river.

"I tried day before yesterday to ask you to marry me but you would neither listen nor answer. I'll take my answer now."

"Mr. Phelps, I did answer you. I said no and I cannot say anything else."

"But I refuse to take no for an answer, I shall wait here until morning if necessary. I don't care if it isn't proper. I have made up my mind to marry you and I shall. When you wish to go home, call me."

The twilight was deepening into darkness when Mr. Phelps started his motor in circle round the stump, leaving Belinda to change her mind.

Belinda sat down to think. Her mother had been praising Mr. Phelps and had even encouraged him. Now he was trying to keep her out all night. She wondered what her mother would say if she knew. She would stay out until morning before she married him. And her father had told her that Lee Silverheels was not fit company for her. He was. He had always been, even when they went to school together. Her father thought that Lee would like to marry her, but she knew he had no thought of that. Of course she would never marry an Indian.

"Why, we're just friends though no one believes it. What shall I do?"

The darkness was already intense, nothing was heard but the heavy chug, chug of the engine. But hark! From across the river she heard the mournful hoot of an owl. Here was an idea! The last year she had attended school with Lee, he had taught her to imitate

many of the birds. Lee had told her to give the cry of the owl if she ever needed him.

So Belinda began, softly to first, trying her strength and skill in the half-forgotten quavers.

Mr. Phelps heard her, but thought it was an owl and shivered.

"Whew, this is an uncanny night. Why doesn't that girl give in? I hope she is scared."

Lee Silverheels was sitting absorbed in a book. So engrossed was he that he failed to hear his mother speak. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, dashed from the room, and silently made his way to the river.

In a very few minutes after she had given the first cry, Belinda heard an answering hoot near the water's edge.

When the motor boat reached the farther side, a canoe swiftly entered the circle and noiselessly approached the stump. Mr. Phelps had again reached the farther side when Lee Silverheels left the circle with Belinda in his canoe.

On the way home Belinda asked him not to mention the evening's encounter.

"I do not believe that he will dare say anything for everyone would laugh at him. Besides I don't think he will be seen in this town tomorrow. I can never thank you enough for coming to my rescue."

"I shall not mention anything since you do not wish it. I have ample reward in the knowledge that I have helped you."

Midnight was still an hour distant when Mr. Phelps discovered that his gasoline had given out. The dew had fallen; he was cold and uneasy because of the oppressive stillness. He even hoped that an owl or night-hawk might hoot. However he pulled out his oars and began to row.

When the first streak of light appeared, Mr. Phelps turned toward the stump. Seeing nothing, he wondered if the early morning light usually de-

ceived people so. He rowed around once or twice, then examined the stump. All he found was Belinda's handkerchief caught at the water's edge.

Since he knew that the girl could

not swim, he conjectured that she must have been drowned while attempting to escape his too vigilant watch.

The simple villagers still wonder why Mr. Phelps disappeared so suddenly from that locality.

THE PRESIDENT OF HOUGHTON SEMINARY.

By Stanley Wright.

In a series of articles of which this is the first, we hope to make our readers somewhat acquainted with the members of our faculty; to introduce them to those of you who have never met them; and re-new the acquaintanceship of those who may have known them. In undertaking any task we like to feel that we are going to succeed, but when we think of the very best that we shall be able to do in the task that we now undertake, we feel ourselves falling much below that which ought to be accomplished.

The man to whom we would first introduce you is our President, James S. Luckey. If you would know his birth place, you would need to come to this western part of New York—this region from which the great forests have been removed to make room for still greater men—for as President Luckey comes to us he is returning to his native country side. Indeed he is no stranger to our school; for years he was intimately connected with it both as student and teacher. His life has been very largely the life of the student: In June of 1898 he was graduated from Albany State Normal, receiving his Master's Degree in Pedagogy. He next attended Oberlin, from which college, in the spring of 1904, he received his Bachelor's Degree. The next year he taught in the college and at the same time worked out his Master's Degree. During the year of 1906 he was a full member of the Oberlin faculty and the next year he was given a leave of absence to attend Harvard. This was

one of the Professor's fondly cherished hopes. He received his Master's Degree from Harvard and in March of 1908, was making arrangements for another year's study with an opportunity for the year's work such as comes to but few men, when the call reached him to accept the Presidency of Houghton Seminary. What it cost him to decide to accept that call, none but the student under similar conditions can know. While speaking one day to the writer of this sketch of the wonderful benefits to be derived from a year spent in such a college, he expressed a little of the feeling that must have been his at that time. He said: "One of the hardest things I ever had to do in my life was to give up that second year in Harvard." When you are rejoicing over the blessings and advantages that are coming to our school will you not remember now and then the sacrifices that have been made and are still being made, that they might be hers?

It is not, after all, the number of degrees that he may bear that makes the man, it is the man himself. It is here that we shall fall far short of accomplishing that which we desire. We cannot make you know him as those who work with and under him know him. It is his life and work among them that means so much to the students. His experience is invaluable to the welfare of our institution and his character no less so. He carefully guards against that most fruitful cause of trouble, misunderstanding. The plainness with which he states a prop-

osition leaves but little room for mis- chief to do its work.

We cannot say that President Luckey is an orator and yet he has a finely modulated voice and as he stands before the student body to make some appeal to them, every word comes with a force and emphasis that leaves its impress upon the mind of every thought

ful student. We cannot tell you more of the splendid work he is beginning with us and for us, but we do extend the invitation to earnest young people everywhere to come and be one with us and we ask that all those who love Houghton will stand by her in her efforts, stand by her principles and stand by her President.

THE REVIVAL MEETINGS AT HOUGHTON.

By F. H. Wright.

One of the mottoes at Houghton is to put first things first. We believe that an all-round education is necessary to the success of our young people and that without character no person's education is complete. The basic principle upon which true character is built is found in the religion of our Lord. The faculty of the school and the pastor of the church embrace every opportunity of impressing upon the students the importance of seeking God at an early hour. With this in mind a series of revival meetings was started at the church immediately following the January Regents examinations.

Rev. C. W. Smith, our conference evangelist, preached every night, with one exception, for three weeks. Our brother is a fearless preacher of Bible truth. God helped him to lay sin bare and hold up the cure. Both works of grace were given their proper place in

the preaching and souls were saved and sanctified. A few backsliders were reclaimed and God's people greatly strengthened.

The attendance upon the services, owing to very pressing school duties, was unusually small. But in spite of some hinderances a good work was done; the noon prayer meetings were well attended and many prayers ascended to God in behalf of our unsaved young people. We are sad when we think of the number among us who are yet unsaved. We, as Christian students, are beseeching God for the salvation of these precious souls.

We say the revival is closed, and it is; but its spirit is still moving on. Conviction has not left the unsaved and we are trusting in God to bring definite answers to prayer. The seed has been faithfully sown. Eternity alone will reveal the harvest.

NOT MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

By A. T. Jennings.

Riding through the most romantic scenery to be found between the western slope of the Blue Ridge mountains and the Rockies in eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, a traveler will find himself transported almost without warning from the rugged rocky slopes of almost inaccessible mountain gorges with here and there a home that ap-

pears to be dying from sheer loneliness to as fine a farming community as one ever need care to look upon. When the train dashed out upon one of these scenes of thrift and good cheer, the dozen or more bents of a new building were noted, naked except for a few stay laths here and there and guy ropes which helped to hold the entire frame

in place. This bare frame stretching out its arms in almost utter helplessness made its impression and appeal and the following night when a certain traveler was seeking refreshment in sleep it appeared in vision and with it came the following dream, only a dream, but with its lesson. The dreamer along with others seemed to be commissioned each to carry a stone and offer it as his contribution to the completion of this structure, only a stone and nothing more, and that must be found, picked up, borne to its proper place, and dropped in a huge pile and all done with the rapidity of the flying train.

Three questions arose in the dream for which there was no time for an answer: First, how can one when flying so rapidly make sure that he selects the best stone? Second, How can he when riding at such a pace be sure that his stone will not be dropped where it will be lost? Third, who will know

whose stone it is being placed in the building? No answer could be given in the seconds in which the whole work must be done. But how like life! The lives of those around us with whom we come in personal touch are to be blest or cursed and all in a second of time. Shall we not seek for the stones with which to help others build only where the good stones are to be found? And shall we not make our contribution without waiting until we know exactly where our stone shall land? Shall we not also cast out the stone we have selected and trust God that it shall either be built where it fits best in some life, or not used at all, as He sees best? Our heavenly Father counts the intentions more than the deeds. And so it will come to pass that we shall not miss our reward even if the stone selected with eager earnestness is found to have had no place at all, but is at last taken away in the rubbish. We did our part the best we could.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The Boys' Athletic Association held its regular meeting Monday, February 8.

The greatest girls basket ball game of the season was played Saturday, Jan. 23, in gymnasium hall on Old Seminary Hill. The Houghton Beavers versus the Three F's.

LINE UP

H. B.

R. F., Lodine Moore
L. F., Freda Greenberg
C., Shirley Keyes
R. G., Edna Short
L. G., Estella Glover

F. F.

R. F., Gertrude Palmer
L. F., Grace Benton
C., Rhena Lapin
R. G., Alpha Bedford
L. G., Grace Bedford

The Houghton Beavers won on a score of 14 to 9.

The boys' basket ball games this year have been an interesting feature of the athletic work. The old 'Has Been's' defeated the 'Would Be's' twice this year and are ready for another challenge.

LINE UP

W. B.

R. F., G. Thompson
L. F., F. Martin
C., L. Fancher
R. G., R. Hart
L. G., A. Glover

H. E.

R. F., T. J. Thompson
L. F., W. Francis
C., W. Carpenter
R. G., C. Pearce
L. G., D. Scott

THE TRAINING OF JOHN WESLEY.

By Harold Hester.

It was Sunday morning in May 1742. The idle, drink-loving, swearing colliers of Newcastle in north England are startled by an unusual sound in their streets. It is the voice of song. A man of God and his faithful assistant had shortly before entered the town and had now taken their stand at the lower end of a street in the rudest part of the city to proclaim the transforming power of the gospel. Hundreds gathered about to witness the novelty. The song ceases and the preacher begins to speak. His hat is with drawn in reverence. Mark his appearance—small of stature and slight of frame, but finely proportioned throughout; his hair long and black, parted in the middle and falling gracefully upon his shoulders; his eye clear and keen, soft, yet piercing the very heart; a countenance benign and dignified; a poise confident and graceful; withal a bearing simple and unaffected, yet bespeaking the man of culture, education and refinement. The crowd stares in amazement, and in awe struck silence drinks in the gracious words. Later thousands gather while Mr. Wesley preaches from one of his characteristic texts: "I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely."

This was virtually the opening of Mr. Wesley's long itinerant life. Henceforth he was seldom at his rooms in London for more than a few days at a time, but was continually journeying from one end of England to the other, preaching to the multitudes, organizing classes and directing the vast work of advancing Methodism. It is estimated that during the last fifty years of his life Mr. Wesley traveled two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached on an average of fifteen sermons a week. He invariably rose at four in the morning, preached when possible at five, was on the road by eight, and frequently preached four or

five times during the day.

John Wesley was a man of tireless activity and great accomplishment and was used by Providence to marshal and set in motion forces of righteousness and holiness whose impress is felt to this day.

It was no chance fortune that has given John Wesley his unique position in the world today. He was no creature of circumstance depending for success upon the temper of his time. Here it is seen again that God when he wants a man for some great work selects and uses one of the best trained men of his age. This "soul that over England flamed" was blessed with cultured and Godly ancestors. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather were Oxford men. They had been in touch with one of the most famous schools, and some of the brightest intellects of their day. His mother came of one of the noblest of old England's families, and in spirit and intellect was the peer of her husband.

On June 28, 1703, she gave birth to her fifteenth child and christened him John Benjamin. For eleven years John had the careful training and strict though loving discipline of his mother's nursery. By the time he was a year old he had learned "to fear the rod and cry softly." Later his mother insisted on definite hours for study and also for play. For an hour every Thursday evening he received particular religious instruction from her. His soul, as well as his body and mind, was trained.

In 1714 John entered the famous Charterhouse school in London. This was the same school that Addison, Steele and Thackeray attended. Here he remained six years. From the first he was studious and well disposed. He received his share of cuffs and abuse from the older boys but he kept his temper and was none the worse. Hav-

ing completed the work of this school in 1720, he spent the next five years in Christ's Church, Oxford. One of his friends describes him during those years as "a very sensible active collegian, baffling every man by the subtleties of his logic and laughing at them for being so easily routed; a young fellow of the finest sentiments, gay and sprightly with a turn for wit and humor."

In 1726 Mr. Wesley became a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and filled very acceptably the office of Greek lecturer and Moderator of the classes. In 1727 he received his Master of Arts degree. During these years he disciplined himself very carefully and "developed those habits of the scholar that he retained all through life." The two years following the close of his work here in 1735 were spent in Georgia and may also be regarded as years of preparation. The next year was the year

of his religious crisis, the year of transition when he came to a conscious knowledge of salvation and spent much time in seclusion and meditation and in the fixing of definite ideas of religious experience and in which he enjoyed several weeks of blessed fellowship among the simple Moravians at Herrnhut, Germany.

Of John Wesley's long life of eighty-eight years we may say that thirty-five were spent in preparation for his great life work. He delved deep into the classics and the humanities. He knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic and German and was a master logic. He was a student of Philosophy, oratory and theology. He was a wide reader and well versed in Literature. This well trained man, this man of great parts, this John Wesley was the transcendent light of the eighteenth century whose equal as a force for good has not yet appeared.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

By H. L. Fancher.

On account of the revival services, the societies have done very little work during February. The Philomatheans have rendered but one program. That one was at a closed meeting on the last Friday of the month. Because of sickness and other reasons, we did not have a full attendance. Our program was, nevertheless, listened to with interest by all who were present. One encouraging feature was the response which was given to the call for extemporaneous

speeches. Mr. Dudley, our temporary chairman, assigned subjects for short speeches to Misses Glover, Keyes, and Newton and to Mr. W. L. Fancher. We ought all to have ideas and we ought to learn to express them in a way which will appeal to the good sense of other people. It is to be hoped that even the most timid of our members will profit by every opportunity of this kind in order that they may gain confidence and ease in public speaking.

Mr. McPherson's Mantle Lamp.

The Mantle Lamp is sunshine light;
It drives the gloom from deepest night;
It takes the sun from midday's throne:
He's crowned at midnight in your home,
And there he sheds his brilliant ray,
And makes the night a sunlit day.

To preserve the eye and keep it bright
You need, my friend, the noonday light;
The Mantle Lamp doth the need supply;
It makes the night a noonday sky.
It makes your home in the sunshine rest;
It saves your eyes, the Creator's best.

Ask McPherson to show you the light,
He's the man and he'll treat you right,
He'll show you the lamp that gives sunlight,
And makes the darkness a sunlit night.

The Houghton Star.

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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,
Associate Editor,
Business Manager,
Assistant Manager,

Alison Edgar
Estella Glover
Stanley Wright
Ralph Rindfusz

EDITORIAL.

There alighted from the eleven o'clock train in Houghton, the twenty-fourth day of February, a man of whom Houghton and the world have heard much and of whom they have yet much to hear—Eugene Chafin of Chicago.

He was immediately conducted to the chapel. The regular lecture was scheduled at two, but Mr. Chafin consented to speak to the students at once.

With eyes turned curiously toward the platform we filed in two by two. We hoped so much from this man. His name throughout the last campaign had been our watchword and our rallying cry. As the bards sang of the heroes of old, so we had sung of our knight, fighting, girt on with truth, the great fight of our day.

A heavy, dark-faced man, more powerful at first glimpse than pleasing; he rose to speak. Then we saw the laugh behind the deep set eyes; then we listened to the homely, gracious, virile words, and we knew we need not tremble for our leader.

He spoke to us simply of the triumphs of the Christian conscience. To the church and not to statesmanship

do we owe our modern institutions. He spoke of the great part which America must play in the future of civilization. He reviewed the circumstances of her discovery and settlement, pointing out the hand of God shaping her destiny. God gave her to England though France and Spain had prior claims: God kept her Protestant and gave her the Puritans.

In the afternoon Mr. Chafin faced a well filled hall. His speech was a justification of the Prohibition party. He took the position and showed it all too tenable that without the Prohibition party behind them, prohibition statutes will not be enforced. He laid down the general proposition that an evil to live in this country must be supported by more than one political party. Before the war, he told us, the slave-holders controlled the political situation, not because they were very numerous, for they never numbered more than one in fourteen of the voting population, but because they were distributed about equally between the two great political parties—the Whig and Democrat. Neither party could afford to offend them for neither could hope to elect without them. He read us here a page of American History which you will not find in your text books, "for they don't put the bad things we do in Histories," he cheerfully informed us. He described the shameful "land grabs" made by the United States along our southern boundaries in no honeyed words. But when a party was formed which would have nothing to do with the slave-holder, he was doomed to defeat,—“for the good people are always in the majority.”

The saloon succeeded the slave-holder as political boss. Neither the Republican nor Democrat party dares defy it, for always there is an election not far distant. Saloon men have no politics but their business, and woe to the party that touches that business.

Some years ago we carried seventeen

states for prohibition, he informed us. Then it was that the saloon entered politics. Most of the influential whiskey men were Democrats, but they met now in big convocations and half of them were hastily baptized into the Republican faith. Then Herman Rastor, at the head of a delegation, hurried to the Republican convention with his terms. He put into the National Republican platform that year the Rastor plank, guaranteeing United States protection to the saloon business, and this plan has been a part of the Republican party ever since.

Having obtained the balance of power in both parties, the saloon men now sent up men to enforce the prohibition laws! What wonder that prohibition does not prohibit. What wonder that we lost for prohibition every state but Maine.

We have gained the south now for prohibition, but we have only begun our fight. The saloon is rapidly organizing a Republican party in the south. Taft is smiling thitherwards and making pretty speeches. If the saloon obtains the balance of power in the south, as it easily will if Republican sentiment of any strength can be worked up, we will lose our prohibition states in the south as we did in the north.

We have been able to give only one side of Mr. Chafin's thought and that one side very imperfectly. Mr. Chafin is a lawyer, an expert and profound logician. He has studied history not only to learn what men did, but as well to learn what they will do. He has the underhold on the issues of life. He is unique, a winning man, full of sound sense, with a real sense of humor, full of the zest of living and fighting, an original man, really a man.

The orator came in the evening. Colonel Bain looked the typical blue grass colonel. A gentleman of the old school, to use a hackneyed phrase, with iron gray hair and mustache and the remnant of a military bearing. But

he was eloquent! "The Search Light of the Twentieth Century" he turned first upon the negro problem. If the rate of increase of the negro population since the civil war continues throughout the present century, the negroes at its close will number sixty millions of people, he told us. A black belt running through the fairest states of the south. Sixty millions of negroes in the present state and status of the southern negro would be an intolerable lot on our whole country. He looked about him for a remedy. He discounted the visionary idea of segregation and dismissed Senator Tillman's drastic recommendations with little ceremony. The only possible solution seemed to him to be Booker T. Washington's gospel of work. Educate the negro to greater industrial efficiency and let social equality take care of itself.

He spoke of the influx of population into the cities as of another alarming factor in our national life, and gave some surprising statistics on this point. He took occasion here to deliver a little homily of the beauty of country life. In phrases that would have graced the lips of Chrysostom, he described the pure loveliness of the vine wreathed cottage to which he took his bride. The purest, sweetest, strongest life is the life of the country.

He dismissed the liquor problem as having for that day in Houghton received ample treatment. The conclusion of the whole matter was more love, more human feeling we must have, else we cannot come to desperate straits in the course of another century.

He would have made a poet. His speech moved in rhythmical cadence. He relapsed very frequently into verse. A sensitive girl, speaking of the lectures, said, "The old man made me cry." The poetry, the beauty, the elusive sweetness of "Old Kentuck," the warmth, the color, the romance of the Southland, he gave us a glimpse of that night.

LIFE AND LESSONS ON THE GENESEE.

By Alison Edgar.

Classmates, on the Genesee, where the smiling skies look down,
'Midst the green of pine and maple, on a fair, hill-circled town,
We have lived and learned a little, day by day and year by year,
Of those deeds the world called great deeds, of those men the world held dear
They have told us of the prophets; gray Elijah, runs the tale,
Long ago upon Mount Carmel, put to shame the priests of Baal.
We have listened to the story of the low-born maid of France,
Who to save her burdened country, donned haubergeon and lance.
There was once a king of Britian, in the era of the Dane,
Driven forth a royal outcast, with his kingdom rent in twain;
Still the perfumes of his spirit to those warlike legends cling;
Showed himself in such disaster, noble man as noble king:
And sometimes we are fain to wonder, as we hear those stories told,
Is the mold of manhood shrinking? has the burning heart grown cold?
Have we parted with our birthright? have we spilt life's gracious wine?
Do we rear no longer giants, heroes of the godlike line,
Captains of the Lord Jehovah riding dauntless in the van
Of the struggle of God's forces for the betterment of man?
Classmates, on the Genesee, where the smiling skies look down,
'Midst the green of pine and maple, on a fair, hill-circled town,
We have read Jehovah's answer, in the tablets graven fair
Of the lives of men and women sweetened by the grace of prayer.
Here we've seen crude souls refining with the chiseling of life,
He the mighty master artist, with his keenly tempered knife
Cutting out the finer spirit from the rough, uncultured block,
As an artist fashions baby faces from the freshly quarried rock.
We have seen shy, wild-flower spirits, pure as the untrampled lair,
In the far, still forest shadows, of the fern and maiden-hair.
We have seen the souls of sinners, cleansed from every stain away,
Start like lillies from the quagmire, white and pure from old decay.
We have seen fine quiet spirits, high and great deeds lightly done,
In the glow of holy living noble nameless victories won.
O the worlds full hero pulse beat, counted oft in deed and song,
Throbs in ever swifter measure, as the ages glide along.
And still in glad crescendo swelling, throbs the deep-toned saga chord,
In the far reverberation of the praises of the Lord.
Still God's hand is on life's keyboard. Lo a brooding minor strain:
Does the Master's hand grow weary? hark, the music leaps again!
So the hero deeds about us all our rising doubts dispel
And we leave with him the issue, for he doeth all things well.

COMMON SENSE ETIQUETTE.

By J. A. McPherson.

Almost everyone in these days would means learn to make a more favorable like to feel at ease in public gatherings, impression when we move in polite so- and especially at social functions. ciety.
Some of us study etiquette, and by that Most of us, however, fail in the little

things, in "Common Sense Etiquette."

It is always right and proper to be kind and obliging. An engaging manner coupled with a cheerful spirit and a merry smile covers a multitude of broken etiquette rules.

It is never polite for any young man to monopolize the whole attention of a young lady for the entire evening at a social gathering. This applies also to young ladies and all others.

It is very improper for groups of people to gather in passage ways, to stand at the doors, or to stop on stair landings, where people are continually passing. Don't do it. If you want to speak to anyone call him to one side. Be thoughtful of the rights of others; don't compel them to walk around you. Don't get in the habit of stopping in places where people are moving. You may stop in front of the wrong person some time. Look every one frankly in the face. It wins confidence. Always speak distinctly, but never loudly.

Be a gentleman or lady wherever you are, but especially at home in the presence of your own family. Practice etiquette at home and your blunders in society will be few.

Be self-possessed; mind your own business; don't intrude on others and you will be a person held in esteem and honor. Young man, be as careful in your own home, in the place where you are boarding, or wherever you happen to be as in the home of your lady-love. Young ladies, don't bestow all your smiles and cheerful words on your "gentleman friend." Father and mother have a right to your best and most cheerful moods.

When passing through a room, don't kick up the rugs. If you do turn them up, be thoughtful and careful enough to turn them back.

"Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place." It is annoying to hear children say, "Where is my hat;" "I can't find my coat;" "I don't know where my books are;" but it is positively disgusting to hear similar expressions from grown up people. Know so well where the things you use every day ought to be that you can get them in the dark.

Consider it a favor, not an insult when told of your faults. Give heed not only to these sayings; but, "Study to show thyself approved of all men."

An Ode to the Woodland.

The springtime has come, the birds are here,
Bringing to all new hopes and new cheer;
Greeting us first with March winds that blow,
Bidding farewell to the long winter's snow.

Then comes April with gentle showers,
Filling earth's cup to nourish its flowers;
Along the soft grass now lightly treads May,
To greet us all this bright spring day;
Leaving us then in gladness displayed,
To welcome the summer, in all splendor arrayed

June with her beautiful roses so fair,
Scents the air, with their fragrance rare;
Until hot July so reckless goes by,
Droops their pretty heads to wither and die.

August then wishes to greet us too,
E'er the beautiful summer bids us adieu:

Slowly and grandly, Autumn comes out,
To unrobe her tall trees, scattering leaves about

September so gay, in colors bright,
Fills our hearts, with a thrill of delight;
Waiting for stern October's call,
When all her tinted leaves must fall.

Then bleak November tall and bare,
On mountain, woods and everywhere,
Stands firm and brave—no shelter nigh,
When Winter's storms are passing by.

But old December is still to be seen,
Keeping his Evergreens, fresh and green,
To honor January, who comes with might,
Covering the ground with a mantle of white,
Bidding February to hasten on,
For already the winter has lingered long.

So throw open the gates both great and small,
And sing praises to God—Creator of all.

NEWS ITEMS.

Professor William Greenberg visited Buffalo Saturday, Feb. 20.

Lealand Boardman made a flying trip to Olean Saturday, Feb. 13.

Roy Washburn spent Sunday, Feb. 24, at his home in Bellville, N. Y.

Beatrice Taylor left school this past month. She is at her home in Emporium, Pa.

Luella Newton, '08, who is teaching school this year, returned to Houghton to attend the lectures on Wednesday last.

Every Monday afternoon we are treated to an inspiring melody from the young 'birds' of the sight-singing class.

Floyd Hester attended the missionary meeting at Short Tract Sunday, Feb. 14, where Mrs. Anna Boardman Smith gave an address on Missions.

A large number from Houghton attended the last number of the Fillmore lecture course, Roney Boys, Tuesday evening, Feb. 23. The program was highly enjoyable as well as inspiring.

Honorable Eugene W. Chafin of Chicago lectured Wednesday afternoon in the college chapel. He also addressed the students in chapel in the forenoon. At the eleven o'clock train Hon. Chafin was met by President Luckey, whose welcome was heartily re-enforced by the band boys.

Saturday afternoon, Feb. 13, a farewell reception was given to Professor Bond and family. An interesting program was rendered, consisting of musical numbers by the orchestra and speeches by several members of the faculty. Professor Bond and family left Houghton for Miltonvale, Kansas, Monday, Feb. 15. We wish to express our appreciation of Professor Bond's earnest efforts in behalf of Houghton Seminary and we sincerely hope that success may attend him in his new work.

John Yancey returned to his home in Iowa, Feb. 10.

Mr. H. Hester held services at Fink Hollow Sunday, Feb. 7.

Cora and Elizabeth Stole spent Sunday, Feb. 21, at their home in Machias.

Stanley Wright and Ralph Rindfusz made a business trip to Belfast Tuesday Feb. 9.

Gertrude Palmer and Lodine Moore enjoyed a days vacation in Belfast last week.

A few of the Houghton people attended the Band Concert at Rushford Saturday eve, Feb. 20.

The senior class of '09 has organized and held a special business meeting Wednesday, Feb. 17.

Mr. Frank Bretsford, President of Waco Conservatory, Waco, Texas, visited Houghton recently.

Miss Farnsworth has captivated the students by her efficient and pleasing work as well as by her winning personality.

These are delightful days for Ralph Rindfusz. He is proving to his satisfaction the fact that good things are done up in small bundles.

Miss Mills of Fillmore, N. Y., an accomplished violinist, rendered a charming solo Wednesday evening at the lecture by Colonel Bain.

On the evening of Feb. 22, few friends of Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Curtis met at the home of President Luckey. A very enjoyable time was spent.

Earle Houghton, '08, who is now attending school in Syracuse University, received a copy of the "Houghton Star," and he says, "The Star is all right."

The year-book committee of the Houghton Union Literary Association are at work on the plans for a year-book. This book is designed to be a complete representation of the artificial and natural scenery of Houghton.

We have been glad to welcome among us recently five new students: Misses Pearl Scouten and Jennie Wright, and Messrs. Leonard White, Charles Rogers and Albert White.

The working ability of the body is largely dependent upon the heart. Two good strong hearts should furnish added force over that furnished by one. We are expecting great things of Frazier.

Hannah A. Greenberg, our Latin Professor, enjoyed a short vacation this month in her old home village, Red House. In her [sister's] absence,

Fredarica Greenberg had charge of the class in Virgil.

Helen Tiffany of Albion, N. Y., our last year's professor in English, has been visiting friends in Houghton the past week; her visits to the different classes were much appreciated.

We listened to the last number of Houghton's Lecture Course Wednesday evening, Feb. 24. Colonel Bain talked on the subject, "The Search Light of the Twentieth Century." We had the satisfaction of discovering that the title given him, 'The Silver Tongued Orator of Kentucky' is well deserved.

THE LECTURE COURSE.

By Ralph Rindfus.

Last year the Neosophic and Philomathean societies gave a number of lectures—each lecture under the private management of one society. This was much better than having no lectures at all, but it did not prove a thoroughly satisfactory method. What the school needed was a course of the best talent arranged for a year in advance with all of the students interested in it. This could not be obtained by either society acting alone, nor by both societies acting separately. The necessity of working together soon became very apparent.

When the Neosophic society proposed to the Philomathean that each society elect members to a joint committee to arrange for a lecture course, the plan was gladly accepted and a committee of six formed, with Professor H. C. Bedford, a member of neither society, as its chairman.

Before school was out last year, the committee had engaged Dr. Young, Judge Alden, the Schubert Male Quartet and Colonel Baine. This constituted the regular course. All were first class numbers, and were rated at

from sixty to one hundred dollars. There was no money back of the committee, but Professor Bedford assumed the whole responsibility by signing the contracts.

A few months ago an opportunity opened for engaging Hon. Eugene W. Chafin, and the management quickly took advantage of it, thus giving to their patrons an extra treat for good measure. The course is now over and has been a great success. It has established confidence in the students that they can run a lecture course; and it has given the people around an assurance that what is presented on the Houghton platform will be of the highest type. Moreover we have ninety dollars in the treasury to start next year's course. The Union Literary Society will have charge of the course, but we are glad that Professor Bedford, who arranged this year's program, will direct the engagement of talent for next year. Just what will constitute the course, we are not prepared to say; but all may be assured that the splendid success of this year betokens even better things for the next.

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