

1913

— THE —

Houghton Star

Commencement Number



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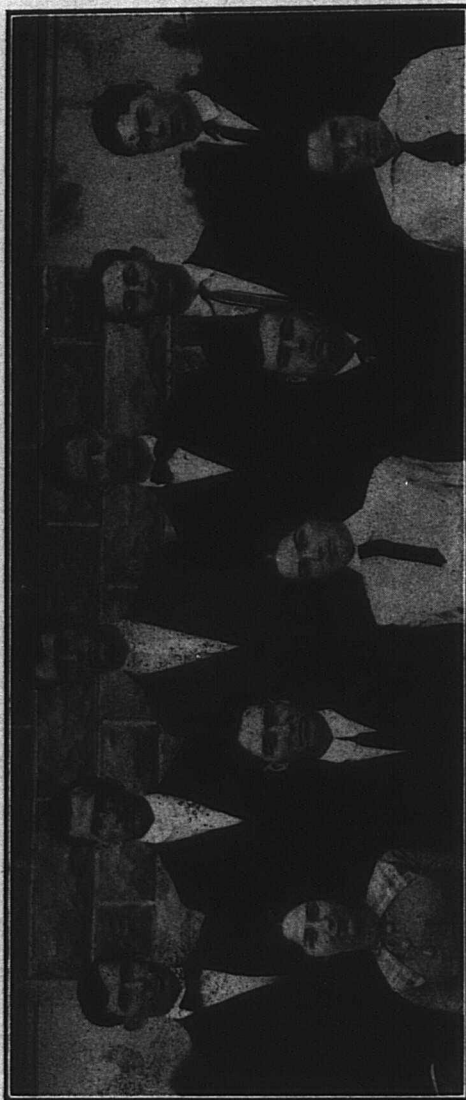
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Top row—H. L. McMillan, LaVay Fancher, Paul Fall, G. T. McDowell, O. M. Walton, W. C. Bowen.
Bottom row—C. B. Russell, C. F. Hester, G. B. Sloan, E. W. Hazlett, M. P. Hubbard.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. V

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No. 9

Reveries of a Rambler

Shirley Babbitt '16

What a crude melancholy pleasure to roam about and inspect the scenes and instruments of former and long-gone activities! Some form of this pleasurable tho sad and indescribable emotion comes to us as we peruse old letters, written perhaps by someone who had passed on and left this existence long before we commenced ours. What a solemn mysterious something seems to be inseparably associated with them. To think that some person with feelings and frailties much like our own, but now long since returned to earth, once thought about those very words as they were penned, seems to lend a certain interest that can never attach to anything newly written. What feelings, what emotions, what passions filled the breast of the author as he wrote? Little did he think that those lines would be viewed and read—aye, commented upon long after their author had passed into oblivion. A solemn almost sacred interest attaches to these things. Did you ever notice the hushed solemnity that pervades a room in which old relics or historical documents are exhibited? It is a peculiar awe almost akin to that which surrounds the death chamber.

Somehow these things by their associations seem to bring us into the presence of the long gone people of the past. Every window and cornice seems to have its own individual history. Every letter with its quaint curves and flourishes, with its odd face and antedated appearance, seems to retain the peculiar characteristics and eccentricities of its author stepping from the mouldy recesses of the grave to hold communion with us while in the presence of this link, joining the past with the present.

Not long since I spent an hour musing and delving about the Old Seminary. Moved, perhaps by curiosi-

ty or it may be by the thought expressed in a former issue of the "Star" that the noble structure would soon enter a new life of usefulness and relinquish its task of guarding the memories and traditions of the old regime, why it was I cannot say, but as if being led by fancy my steps were turned in that direction.

As I followed the winding path up the hill my thoughts reverted to the many people who had climbed it before me as they plodded on to take their places in erudition's halls. How vividly must that path and those steps and inclines be remembered by the people who trod them many years ago! How many times since then have those same persons found steep inclines as they plodded along the dusty pathway of life? Ah! Is it not possible, yes, and probable that because of toiling up this pathway their feet stumbled less often as they passed along the other broader pathway?

The Old Seminary seemed to stand out more majestic than ever that afternoon. Like a grand old castle proud of its musty lore, it loomed high above me, the tall spire gilded by the golden rays of the evening sun mutely directing my gaze to the snowy fleeces that floated lazily in the azure sea above. Did the students of former times often stop to consider what a stately edifice was so intimately connected with their lives? Quite likely they did not. So prone are we to become absorbed in our own selfish interests and the greed for gain that we never even notice many of the beauties and pleasures that illumine our path. How much brighter this world would be if each life reflected the light instead of the shadows that fall upon it.

The front entrance was closed but the back door was wide open inviting free entrance to man or beast. This open hospitality I observed had been partaken of by the cows which pasture about the hill. It affords them excellent shelter from the

storms and they undoubtedly think it was erected purposely for their use, but how regrettable, how like sacrilege it seems to me.

Is there any pleasure more affecting than to grope about deserted rooms of once gay splendor and grandeur now alas, long departed? Something about the decaying walls slowly crumbling to ruin seems to lead our thoughts back in contemplation of the scenes that have been enacted there, of the people who have at different times played a part in those scenes. What a field for the imagination, for illusions, for day dreams! Thoughts of retrospection and musings come trooping along in a group such as the bustle of activity and occupancy would entirely banish.

Much of the glass is now broken from the windows, some of which have been closed by nailing rough boards over them. Some of the doors are entirely gone and those that remain are broken and dilapidated and sing weird songs of ruin and desolation as they swing and bang in the wind as it rushes through the empty halls, moaning lamentations for the scenes and days that are gone. In some of the rooms boards have been torn from the ceiling and broken benches and such litter strewn about the floor.

In one or two rooms I observed the blackboards still remained, now bearing curious scrolls and inscriptions no doubt placed there by the changing fancy of some idler like myself, but how many times in the past have they borne their burden of stern realities over which many a hapless student has vainly pondered. Is it possible that they once showed the same intricate labyrinths of mysteries that our modern blackboards are so prone to exhibit?

Before leaving I moused and rummaged about in the attic which presents its bare rafters and joists ranged side by side and all symmetrically braced like the bars of a prison. Here I found several old text books with covers gone and bearing all the evidences of having seen considerable use at some time. No doubt they once created panics amid the errant ideas of some poor afflicted youth and have probably been the cause of many a long drawn sigh. All was not tribulation and anguish however, for written upon the margins I found some droll rhymes which brought pleasant memories to my own mind.

The belfry no longer sends forth its pealing notes calling boys and girls to the hard tasks of duty. Only the whistling of the winds and the twitter of the birds is heard where once the bell's loud peal resounded.

Ascending the ladder I climbed out upon the roof and spent some time in revery and meditation. Far below me the silver ribbon of the Genesee appeared and disappeared as it wound through the green valley. The hamlet of Houghton lay snugly nestled in the shadows of the neighboring hills beyond which the red brick buildings of the New Seminary showed in bold relief against the verdant hillside. As I thought of the prophecy and wondered when it would be fulfilled, my gaze rested for a moment upon the belfry and I was again carried back into the long vanished realms of the past.

There upon the slanting boards of the belfry was many a carved initial. Did the older students sometimes seek the roof and belfry as younger ones have done? Who were the carvers and where are they now? Was it wrong for me to fancy one large neatly cut J might have been made by our beloved president now far across the sea? Did that gentlest of passions cause some of the initials to be placed so near to others? What a score for the imagination. What tales those letters could reveal if we had power to interpret them.

The sun had sunk below the horizon. I hastily descended the ladder and groped my way through the darkened attic, disturbing the peace of many a feathered denizen, and slid swiftly down the banister, probably much the same way as the boys were wont to do in the days of the past before the "Old Seminary" became the haunt of the bat and the home of the sparrow.

As I turned my footsteps homeward my thoughts still centered about the red brick building on the hill; a thousand mystical fancies came rushing through my brain, weaving a maze of bewildering reveries and perplexing fantasies, in which the past and the future were strangely mingled together. No doubt we ourselves and the things connected with us will sometime be the subject of many a fanciful reverie of some student of the far distant future as he wantonly squanders an hour in idleness. Let us hope that we may then look back across the years with kind thoughts

of our Alma Mater and see her not fallen into ruin and decay but fulfilling our fondest hopes and still clothed with the memories and the traditions that are so dear to us.

These paths that now to us seem drear,
Will sometime seem as bright,
When viewed 'crost many a parted year,
And clothed in memories' light.

These halls that now seem prison cells,
Will sometime bring to mind
The echoes of those old school bells,
Which years have left behind.

The faces that are now so stern,
Will then have lost their terror,
For Youth must off the lesson learn,
"Hard is the path of error."

New voices then will gayly ring,
New students fill our places,
Each year will some new duties bring
New teachers greet new faces.

But we shall ne'er forget our school,
Life bring us what it will,
The precept taught, the hard learned rule,
Shall help us onward still.

When oft through life we meet with trials,
And troubles gather round us,
We'll backward glance and see these aisles,
And the duties that confound us.

Tho hard they are when with us here,
The present flies so fast,
That like the mist, they'll disappear,
And vanish in the past.

Sources of Knowledge

Robert Presley '15

Since Fate (or more accurately the editor) has decreed that I enlighten the public concerning our Faculty, I shall lay aside natural reticence and do my duty without fear or favor. Upon looking over my task, I find that I am "up against it proper" (to use Professor Rindfusz's favorite expression) but I shall, as I said, do my duty.

As we all know, President Luckey, who is at present engaged in making extended peregrinations in Europe and the Holy Land, will not return until next August. I suppose that all

students of H. W. M. S. will be entertained next year by his anecdotes about "when I was in Europe." During his absence his chair is filled by Prof. McDowell whose pithy jokes barely suffice to keep us awake during dry chapel talks. His exhortations to "avoid the deans as much as possible" will surely encourage the youthful students in their laudable pursuits.

Professor Bedford's versatile accomplishments enable him to lead synchronously Xenophon through the adventures of the "Anabasis," Algebra students to great mental development in the field of Math., amateur surveyors over hills, trees, and rocks, his Bookkeeping class to success in business, and his elocution students to endless flights of oratory. Another versatile professor is Professor Smith whose time is about equally divided between expounding syntax, feeding rabbits and amusing Willard.

Perhaps it may be proper at this stage to comment upon a member of the Faculty who has not been introduced by the Star. I refer to Professor H. L. Fancher. He has attended school at Houghton, Syracuse, Cattaraugus and elsewhere. In 1911 he graduated from Oberlin College and last fall he came to teach in Houghton Seminary. Language is his forte and he specializes in German and French although he taught Greek one year while he was in Houghton as a student. Professor Fancher's whole-hearted interest in the "Good Roads" question has doubtless aided in keeping the grass down between Houghton and Botsford Hollow.

Professor Frazier is also a new teacher in Houghton Seminary and like Professor Fancher, formerly attended school here and later graduated from Oberlin college. Since 1910 when he graduated he has served as pastor on the Elkland, Pa., circuit. Unlike the professor just mentioned, he is not "single" but has a wife and a small boy. His son is a very precocious lad and is quite accomplished already, for although only one year and eight months old, he speaks "Dutch" quite distinctly.

The Rev. J. J. Coleman, our Theological teacher is very well fitted for his place here. His college days were spent in Wheaton, Ill., where he finished the Theological course in 1889. Since that time he has been preaching in the Middle West until last Fall when he came here to teach.



FACULTY OF HOUGHTON SEMINARY.

Top row—Prof. Fancher, Prof. Bedford, Prof. Rindfusz, Prof. Smith, Prof. Frazier.
 Middle row—Miss Hillpot, Miss Eastwood, Mrs. Bowen, Miss Greenberg.
 Bottom row—Prof. Coleman, Prés. Luckey, Prof. McDowell, Miss Thurston.

Brother Coleman's good humor and warm heartedness have won for him a place in the affections of all of us.

Because of Mrs. Bowen's likes and dislikes we are glad that there are more boys than girls in attendance at the Sem this year although it does cause Dean Rindfusz more trouble. Next year, according to the new catalogue part of his trouble will be eliminated for he won't have to "round up" college men for breaking study hours.

We believe that that old adage about "good things being in small packages" is applicable to the realm of Music for Miss Hillpot and Miss Eastwood have surely accomplished much in the Music Department this year. If you don't believe it listen in the hall between the Music studios for two hours and if you aren't overcome, it won't be my fault. We regret to have Miss Eastwood leave us but we are confident that Miss Spofford will satisfactorily fill the place she leaves. Miss Spofford comes as a graduate of the New England Conservatory and is highly recommended by her instructors.

"Last but not least," in the language of the old aphorism, is Miss Blanche Thurston, Mus. B., a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University. Her official position is Dean of Women and Registrar but her talent is by no means all confined to that sphere. She is a good friend to all and is well known and liked by every member of the school. This ends our present Faculty.

In our new Department of Oratory we trust that the teacher will teach aspiring (no gentle reader, not inspiring) young orators to bawl forth their sentiments to enlighten a doubting and indifferent world. Miss Ball graduated from the Emerson School of Oratory last year and has been taking post-graduate work this year. Previously she had experience as a teacher and during the past year she has filled a temporary vacancy in the Faculty of that institution. So you see we have just the one to "start the ball rolling" in our Department of Oratory.

Now kind reader, if this perusal has bored you, (doubtless you could have done better), judge not harshly but remember that your humble writer's faculty for composition cannot compare with the Faculty he is trying to eulogize.

College Seniors

Concerning the above expression varied opinions exist. To the average student in the early years of high school college seems a far off enchanted realm composed of various social gradations and positions. The high school lad has heard of the outlandish actions of the "freshie," he knows in a "hazy" sort of a manner of the cruel zeal of the "soph" in his endeavor to introduce the new comers into college life. He has thought perhaps that the remaining years of college were grind, if he has thought at all—but one thing stands out pre-eminent—and though he may long for college life he longs most earnestly to be—The College Senior at Commencement time.

Nor can this opinion be confined to the high school student. From the time of his advent into college, a disciple of the higher learning may be careless or earnest, he may devote his time to the development of a well balanced character or may merely fritter his time away; he may be well endowed with worldly dross, or scarcely possessed of the most urgent necessities of life; he may be possessed of the required stick-to-it-iveness to sift (out of the irrelevant and harmful) what for him is forbidden in his circumstances, or he may indulge his pleasure loving disposition until he fatefully excludes himself from the benefits of the course he is pursuing; yet whether he continues to the end or not, each longingly expects or at least languishingly wishes to be some day a college senior.

And what more noble aim? To apply one's self in the early years of life according to the dictates of nature and of nature's God, to the development of these marvelous systems of ours; to strive to make each portion of this mortal frame the ready and the willing servant of the mind, and thus prepare for grand achievement at one's chosen task. What more commendable than to long to reach the chosen goal? What better than with trained mind, and heart made sympathetic by a broader knowledge of former tribes and races and acquaintance with real live young men and women approach with steady tread the gate that opens from the school's activities and passing through enter the sterner duties



C. Floyd Hester, College Senior.



Alison Edgar, College Senior.

of life? For after all college is only a preparation and what more fitting than to term the exercises which mark its closing, "Commencement?"

We here at Houghton seek a training which though emphasizing the intellectual does not exclude the moral and the spiritual, and lays some emphasis upon the physical. We rightly are graduating this year a class of seven at Houghton. For there are five who have had three years' work here who are taking their senior work in other colleges. According to the decision of the alumni of this school those who take their work in this way are alumni of Houghton upon receiving their degrees. So the alumni will be increased this year by the following seven persons who graduate from the below mentioned schools—Ralph Davy, Harry Ostlund, Ohio Wesleyan College; Mabel Dow, Theos Thompson, University of Nebraska; Ray Sellman, University of Michigan; and Alison Edgar and C. Floyd Hester who graduate here at Houghton.

Those who have been here in school know intimately the character of these who are graduating away from HOME. Many who have not been here have heard of them through the Star or the Wesleyan, or better still have formed their acquaintance. We who know them all more or less intimately admire their talents, their hearty good will and their devotion to the cause of Right.

Those who will graduate here—Miss Edgar and Mr. Hester have been with us through their entire college course and are tried and true. Both have contributed materially to the enlargement of the borders of our school as well as to the life within it. Miss Edgar was the one who was unanimously chosen as Editor of the Star in the time of its birth and to her efforts in its infancy its permanency is largely due. Nor did she become so exalted in this sphere that she was not willing to accept other positions when her term had expired. In fact she later applied for positions of local news editor, when her fellows were endeavoring to induce her to accept some work on the paper. This is an index to her character. She formerly won first place in one of the Oratorical Contests held here in June each year. The products of her pen are indeed literary, yet she is modest and retiring and will frankly tell you that she cannot write with ease. She comes from South Dakota,

She cares little for social functions but she enjoys a lively conversation and in it unconsciously shows a superior knowledge of life and affairs. Her parents have lately gone to Canada and thither in the summer she and her sisters will away.

Mr. Hester has entered largely into college life. Perhaps to mention the activities in which he has been engaged during the last year will give a fair estimate of the versatility of his interests and talents. He is a member of the young men's quartette and has been for several years. He was until recently president of the local prohibition league as well as the state president. You are all assured if you are or have been in arrears in your subscription that he is manager of the Star. He conducts on Sundays a Sabbath school about four miles from Houghton. He has been during the year the president of the college literary society, and of the boys' athletic association and of course he plays in the orchestra and band. He is a most enthusiastic prohibition worker and has spent at least two summers in the field. Always good natured yet always 'coming back' until he gets what he wants that's—C. Floyd—as we term him. He expects next year to take his degree in Oberlin College.

As these two leave our halls it causes us deep regrets. They have added much to our school life. May their lofty ideals never be lowered and may they win the affections of those among whom they go even as they have won our affections! May success to each be sure and sweet!

W. LaVay Fancher '15.

The Power of Imagination

Gertrude Graves, '16.

Through imagination, the creative power of the mind, interwoven with facts, there has been given to this world almost all of its beautiful and artistic works. Man, in himself, would be almost powerless without imagination. Consider that wonderful musician, Beethoven. Could he, at his stringless instrument, have called up the richest harmony of sound, without the aid of this power? Without it could he have improvised his wonderful Moonlight Sonata? But for the matchless power of imagination, the

great masterpieces of music would carry no message to the world.

Through all the ages the power to uplift our fellow-beings has been the most lasting monument a man can rear for himself. It was through this wonderful power of imagination that Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, written away back in the 16th century, made for himself undying fame, and lifted from the depths of sin many a fallen fellow-creature. The influence of that work, next to the Bible, will go on forever shedding light and help. In this connection we may also call to mind that imaginative poem, *Paradise Lost*. Without the power of imagination Milton blind as he was, could never have written that sublime work.

As this power commands the pen of the poet, so it commands the brush of the artist, and the hammer and chisel of the sculptor. By it Michael Angelo gave to this world his wonderful work, "The Last Judgment," and Raphael, his "Transfiguration."

Every orator, as you know, has ever before his mind the ideal of what his argument ought to be. Towards this he aspires and those aspirations make him what he is. No man is eloquent unless he has enough imagination to form and to keep before him an ideal. All the world's great orators owe to their imagination their moving power.

What is the influence of imagination on the mind itself? Philosophers tell us that it gives vividness to our conceptions, that it gilds them with a coloring not their own. Yet, we ourselves know by the many illustrations given to us in every day life what power imagination has over the mind and feelings. Physicians will tell you that much of the petty disease of today is caused largely by imagination. For example, we have the story of the woman who suffered agony because she imagined she had swallowed a tooth brush bristle and it had lodged in her throat. Upon examination nothing was found, but the throat became more and more inflamed. Finally, a wise doctor was called, who understanding the case, placed a bristle in his pincers. After inserting the bristle in the woman's throat, he drew the bristle out and showed it to her. The throat, of course, began to heal immediately. Nothing but pure imagination had caused it to become irritated, and as quickly to be come well. Numberless illustrations

might be given, which are common to all of us.

In a child's mind, the power of imagination is, perhaps, more vividly shown than any where else. How many times a child will come running to its mother to tell of the wonderful things it has been doing or seeing, while in reality it is nothing but a vivid picture in the mind of the child.

If we matter-of-fact people of today would not crush every little vine and tendril of fancy that sometimes is bound to spring up, greater musicians, greater orators and more famous men might come forth to bless the world. So it is shown to us through the work of the musician, the poet, the orator, the sculptor and even through the mind of a child, the wonderful possibilities that lie open to each of us through the Power of Imagination.

Class History

As yet the history of the class of 1913 has not developed to so great an extent as we hope and expect it will in the future. Today marks only the beginning of a brilliant career for my classmates. You may expect that in future days your children will be studying the histories of many of the Seniors of '13. Many histories have been written, histories of great men and of nations, histories of societies and of inventions, but the history that transcends them all is the history of the class of 1913.

Mr. Dart, the president of this diligent company, was born in Varick, Seneca County. There he spent most of his time, with the exception of a winter in Arkansas, until he came to Houghton in the fall of 1909. Mr. Dart was always a lover of astronomy, and when but three years of age would climb upon his father's knee and tease him to get a ladder and get the moon for him because he wanted it to play with. This desire to study the heavenly bodies has never left him, for ever since he has been in Houghton, he has spent much of his time, especially on summer evenings, looking at the moon from such elevated points as the roof of the camp-ground auditorium.

One member of our class in her childhood days experienced a great loss—a cat just her own age. Once her brother was mowing in the field



PREPARATORY SENIORS

Top Row—Verna Hanford, Melvine Howden, Leslie Lane, Clarence Barnett, Sarah Davison, Elsie Hanford.

Middle Row—Robert Smith, Ethel Acher, Clair Dart, Florence Reed, Mildred Houghton.

Bottom Row—Winfred Pero, Emma Agnew, Nathan Capen, Dorothy Jennings, Earl Barrett.

and accidentally cut off poor Dewey's feet. Mildred ran out to the spot and in a trembling voice called "Oh papa, come kill old Dewey, quick, before he dies." Mildred was born on a farm a few miles from Houghton, and lived there until about a year ago when her parents moved to town.

On Sunday morning, April 24th, several years ago, Melvina Howden entered upon his career in Fillmore, N. Y. Mr. Howden has always been a very industrious person, usually spending a great deal of his time helping his father in the printing business. He is very fond of automobiling and often when he starts out for a day's outing he invites four or five of the fairer sex to accompany him. This is what his mother said.

Among the members of our company is one who has had the reputation of being the star mathematician of her home school, especially in working partial payments, when she usually came within four or five hundred of the answer. One great epoch of her life was two years spent in Bedford City, Virginia. Such is the history of Florence Reed, who was born at Genesee, Pa., and joined our class this fall.

Among the green hills of Vermont, in the little town of Goshen, Nathan Capen was born. There he spent the early days of his youth in helping his father with the farm work. He came to Houghton in September, 1909, and joined our class. Mr. Capen has looked forward with delight to the day when he would be a Senior. He has always been a rather curious youth, and one day, upon meeting a freckled faced boy, he affronted him with this question: "Say boy, were you hatched from a turkey's egg?"

Two members of our Graduating Class have been either more studious than the rest of us or more brilliant, for it has fallen to their lot to appear as Valedictorian and Salutatorian. These sisters were always very good, and the only time they were ever punished was one day when they went on the ice without permission. Elsie always had a great liking for water and was always going "thimmen," as she called it. Verna remarked only the other day that she was soon going to her own home. Verna and Elsie were born in Bismark, North Dakota, and lived there a short time, after which their parents moved to Appleton, N. Y.

We have one among us who has

borne a great trial, for she had to learn to read. One day when first attempting this great task, she approached her mother with these words: "Mama, I think it's terrible for anyone to have to learn to read, when life is so short." She was always a very timid child, and if her mother went down town, Dorothy was always afraid that she would never come back. Such was the little girl, born at Syracuse, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Jennings.

Earl Barrett was born at Dayton, N. Y. Some time afterwards his parents moved to Cuba, New York. Mr. Barrett's first work was weeding gardens and mowing lawns, but we have noticed that he spends considerable of his time lately playing tennis, and attending Birthday parties.

Sarah I. Davison was born in Baker's Mills, New York, and being the daughter of a minister, she has lived in several different towns. For the last two years she has attended school here at Houghton. Lately she has been engaged in writing elegies and is also noted for taking a prominent part in rendering S. F. G. trios.

In the valley across the Genesee opposite the old Seminary building, Winfred Pero spent his childhood days. Mr. Pero has always been a very attentive son to his mother. He has also often allayed the suspense of the class of 1913 by being able at any time to suggest a good chaperon for us on our excursions. By the time Mr. Pero finished his arguments in favor of the right chaperon, he was always sure of having the class persuaded that his chaperon was the right one.

There is one of our class who has great entertaining abilities, in fact, so much so that one evening one of the Senior boys called on her and was so excited upon leaving that he was unable to pursue his school work for several days. Another characteristic of this person is her great fear for men after dark. Once she was so disturbed at seeing one of these monsters after dark that she had to call out the Dean of men to see who the mysterious being might be. She found out who it was. Ethel Acher was born in Fredonia, Pa.

Robert Smith was born at Machias N. Y. Mr. Smith has always had the reputation of being a great debater. Even in his childhood this feature was plainly seen, when, after he had

returned to New York State after living in Michigan for some time, he maintained that New York was larger than Michigan. He could not be persuaded of the contrary until he had searched statistics and found out what was actually true. However he still holds to that idea to a certain degree, for one day while driving through the hilly sections of this country he remarked that if you could take a rolling pin and roll New York State out level it would be larger than Michigan, anyhow. Mr. Smith also has a talent for giving extemporaneous class yells.

In Lockport, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Barnett welcomed the birth of their son Clarence. He has always been a very industrious boy, in fact, his mother says he is the best worker in the family. Mr. Barnett has been somewhat inclined toward farming, but there are bright prospects now of his becoming a great cornet player.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lane, in Freedom, N. Y., was made happy by the birth of their son, Leslie. Mr. Lane is a very enthusiastic young man and his presence in the class has spurred us on to action, especially for "spreads." Mr. Lane has evidently driven horses, for one day, his father being gone, he was sent with milk to the cheese factory. A neighbor offered to furnish him with a safe horse. This horse was blind and nearly deaf. Leslie soon came to a railroad crossing after leaving his home, and as it happened, a train was approaching. He jumped out of the wagon, and taking off his coat, threw it over the head of the blind horse. The horse stood perfectly still when the train passed, but Leslie's heart was beating fast. One of Mr. Lane's great failings is his love for pie.

Thus ends the beginning of the History of the Class of 1913. I am at present unable to complete their history, as they have not yet lived out their destined time upon this earth. You may look for the conclusion in my next volume.

Emma Agnew, Class Historian, Prep '13.

Class Prophecy

I am neither an Isaiah, an Ezekiel, a Jeremiah, nor am I any other kind of prophet, so today I do not prophecy but this flower which I found in the

garden the other day will tell us its story. To my astonishment, when I plucked it, I noticed on the snowy white petals—and there were fifteen of them—the future of all my honorable classmates. Breathlessly I read what they had to reveal, and now I'll read it to you as it appears.

Miss Emma Agnew, after graduating in 1913 went to a Theological Seminary, where she became one of the best Bible students of her class. She was especially interested in that brilliant character, Jesse, the father of a long line of renowned Jewish Kings, so much so, in fact, that in a few years she ceased to study anything else, and ever after she lived happy and content.

Miss Elsie Hanford, one of the most studious members of our class prepared herself to be a preceptress. After this she taught school until she was pensioned, and then retired into the quiet, gentle life of a maiden-lady. This she did by her own choice, for if one of our boys had had his way, it would not have been thus.

Miss Dorothy Jennings, after graduating from High School and Music, attended the Boston Conservatory of Music, where in a short time she finished and left for Paris to continue her musical education. While there she met her fate in the person of an accomplished Italian Violinist. Later they came to Houghton and founded a Hall of Music.

Mr. Nathan Capen, our free thinker and free talker, realizing his calling was the ministry, prepared himself for that work. The last that was heard of him, he was preaching in a little New England town. And it is said of him on one occasion that he preached for three hours, with a conclusion on the end, during which time Nathan's patient wife and children became rather uneasy that their dinner would be overdone.

Mr. Clarence Barnett finished the course in Houghton, and then took a degree in a western college. After which he taught philosophy the greater part of his time. He was once engaged to be married, but as we all remember he was very forgetful, so of course he forgot his wedding day, and consequently lived the remainder of his life an old bachelor.

Miss Ethel Acher felt a call to be a missionary in Africa's dark fields. For many years she spent her life toiling for the heathen. Later, how-

ever, she obeyed the call to become a missionary to just one soul. Her kind and cheerful life was always felt by the people about her.

Miss Florence Reed took a course in Albany Technical school, where she specialized in chicken raising. She later applied her knowledge of that art on a chicken farm in Western New York, the firm being known as Bedford and Company.

Mr. Winfred Pero, feeling that he was called to fill some great place in America's History, began his career by taking up Prohibition work. In 1932 he was elected as the first Prohibition President of the United States. In this position he proved to be a great success. He lived in The White House alone, for he thought that women were to be looked at and not to be dealt with.

Miss Verna Hamford, the most highly honored member of our class, took a special course in editorial work, and some years later she became associate editor of one of Chicago's leading papers.

Mr. Clare Dart took his degree of Bachelor of Science at Valparaiso, some years after he left Houghton. Then he entered into the field of invention, and the last heard of him, he was flying thru the air on a wireless current between the North and South Pole. His way of traveling was declared to be the cheapest in use, especially because one sits on his suit case and has nothing extra to pay for his baggage.

Mr. Melvine Howden, after leaving Houghton, fitted himself for a journalist. In a few years one of the leading American magazines was published by him. A very interesting article, how a large graduating class could get along with fewer class meetings was treated in one of the late issues. This showed that, altho Mr. Howden was somewhat of an elderly man, he had not forgotten the class of 1913.

Miss Sarah Davison, always fond of household duties, took a course in Domestic Science, which she found very interesting. This subject she taught for some years, but finally some good man thought it a shame that so precious knowledge should longer be wasted on anyone but himself. So Sarah had the pleasure of overseeing a happy home.

Mr. Earl Barrett, who was always somewhat of an athlete, specialized in this line, and became a member of

the World's Championship Base ball team. As an old man he acted as coach in a Japanese University.

Mr. Robert Smith, a natural born lawyer, after leaving Houghton, entered a famous law school in New York City. After studying there for some time, he was admitted to the New York bar. And the last heard of Robert he was engaged in a dispute with the stars for several long years, trying to persuade them that they were not in their proper places.

Mr. Leslie Lane left Houghton soon after graduating and went to the "wild and woolly" west, his ideal world, to seek his fortune. He wandered into Texas, where he became interested in the oil fields. He was fortunate enough to prosper in this business. And as a gray haired man (he no longer combed it up straight, for there was little to comb) he was said to be one of America's greatest oil kings, rivaling even John D. himself.

This is all I could find on the petals. Either a little bird carried away the petal on which was written my own future, or else it was too sad or too deeply hidden to be revealed to me. I can not say whether this prophecy be true or otherwise; but at least let us hope it is in no way a disappointment to any and that the future may hold in store for each of us many glad surprises.

Mildred Houghton, Class Prophet, Prep '13.

The Spiritual Life of Houghton

It may seem rather strange that a student not a member of the denomination controlling the affairs of our school should be asked to write concerning the spiritual life of the institution. And yet we all help to make the spiritual life of the place what it is: the life of the whole is the sum of all our contributions.

There are certain conditions contributing to the general spiritual tone of the school. We have but one church. In that church we find centered the religious efforts of the faculty; there students and townspeople of every faith are welcomed to worship. We have no manufacturing industry to bring among us men and women with low standard of life. Tobacco is sold at only one of our

stores; in that instance, the stock is kept in the cellar. And the first time a student may smoke in public is on the day preceding his expulsion from school. Whiskey is tolerably scarce; the only beer sign in town appeared during the recent convention of the State Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, and, for some unknown reason, it was placed on a vacant building. Under these favorable conditions, our religious services are well attended. Probably few Sunday Schools have as good a corps of teachers as has ours. Our pastor is a man of quick sympathy and much experience, a man broad in his views yet firm in his convictions. The poorest testimony or prayer service we have had in many a month would bring tears of joy to the eyes of many a discouraged pastor. The prayer circle meetings and the missionary activities of the students and faculty and townspeople all help wonderfully to keep the religious life of the place vigorous.

In many respects we seem to be at a happy mean in our spiritual attitude. We no longer refuse to worship with the woman who wears the acres—and acres, hill-and-valley, tropically vegetated hat; we pity her, as all sensible people do. We say, "God bless you," to the man with gold-bowed spectacles. Of the man who wears the gold certificate in his pocket, we ask the only important question, "How will you use it?" We like some enthusiasm in religious services; but we don't hire men to dig ditch on the strength of their Sunday "Amen's." Our lady students play basketball; but we don't have games on prayer meeting night. No longer frightened by the coming of a clean lecture course, we do not admit minstrel shows to the church. Our band sometimes plays "Yankoe Doodle;" but we haven't introduced the "turkey trot." People laugh in Houghton; people love in Houghton; people live in Houghton. We don't regard our fun as sinful; we ask God's blessing on it. And our spiritual outlook is not narrow. We look out upon the great world of humanity; we feel the throbbing of its great heart; we share its labors, its defeats, its victories.

Our school is maintained largely by the sacrifices of the members of a denomination numerically small; yet all young men and women of high ideals are welcomed to a participa-

tion in the fruits of that sacrifice. Here many have found kind, uninquisitive friends; here many have found their place among men and women; here many have found in the Saviour, their one true friend; here many whose minds were clouded by doubts have found settled peace of soul. Let us hope and labor and pray that, though the years may come and go, this institution may always stand for a sane, natural, lovable, Christ-like spirituality; that those in control may be divinely guided in adapting their policies to the age; and that Houghton may stand forever to point our children heavenward.

Everett A. Overton '16.

The Music Department of Houghton Seminary

One needs only to pass by the Seminary buildings and hear the melodious sounds, which issue forth any time from 5:30, a. m., to 5:30, p. m., to be persuaded that the music department is a very important factor in Houghton Seminary. The students are wont to give expression to their feelings of joy in bursts of song, which resemble very much the roaring of a mighty thunder, the splashing of waves upon the beach, the swaying of giant pines, the twittering of birds, the bleating of sheep, and the braying of donkeys. Their sorrows, heart-aches and longings are portrayed in the numerous minor scales and the discords, which frequently float down from the third story of the college. We would certainly succumb to that dread disease, homesickness, if our musicians should suddenly vanish, and we were compelled to go to school day after day, without ever hearing these heart rending, yet soul thrilling melodies. For music is

"The bridge that springs
From earth's dim shore of half-remembered things
To reach the heavenly sphere
Where nothing silent is and nothing dark."

Houghton Seminary offers two musical courses, vocal and instrumental. To quote from the catalogue, "The aim of the music department is to cultivate the highest ideals in musical art by the most approved modern methods to produce true musicians, and to implant and impress upon the mind that the ways of all true art lead to full-



Dorothy Jennings



Edna Smith
GRADUATES IN MUSIC

ness of life. We consider ourselves fortunate in having such talented and educated directors. Our teachers, Miss Hillpot and Miss Eastwood are both graduates of the New England Conservatory which ranks first among such institutions. They are very efficient, thorough and up-to-date in their methods. The excellent and satisfactory work done by the music pupils is indeed a compliment to the instructors. Several recitals have been given this year to which the public have been invited and which have been very much enjoyed by all.

Of course everyone has heard of the famous male quartette, which not only entertain the people of Houghton, but also is accustomed to go to neighboring villages, and by sweet songs endeavors to charm every audience. The Seminary also lays claim to a mixed quartette, a band, and a fine orchestra.

If any of my readers, who is not already a student, feels within his bosom a passionate longing to vie with Gabriel and to compete with angelic musicians, let him wend his way to Houghton and join that band, whose powers are consecrated to the service of Phoebus Apollo. Then you will say with VanDyke

"So will I thank the Gods, and most of all
The Delian Apollo, whom men call
The mighty master of immortal sound—
Lord of the billows in their chanting round,
Lord of the winds that fill the wood with sighs,
Lord of the echoes and their sweet replies,
Lord of the little people of the air
That sprinkle drops of music everywhere,
Lord of the sea of melody that laves
The universe with never silent waves.

Him will I thank that this brief breath of mine
Has caught one cadence of the song divine;
And these frail fingers learned to rise and fall
In timewith that great tune which throbs thro' all,
And these poor lips have lent a lilt of joy
To songless men whom weary tasks employ!
My life has had its music, and my heart
In harmony has borne a little part.
Before I came with quiet, grateful breast
To Death's dim hall of silence and of rest."

A Music Student.

The Student Body

Can you imagine a sun without light; an ocean without water; a railroad without a track; or a school without a student body? Just as light is essential to have a sun; water to have an ocean; a track to have a railroad; so is a student body essential to have a school.

Without any egotism we can truth-

fully say that one will search a long time before he will find a school that has a student body superior or even a peer to ours. We boast not of numbers, yet we are thankful for the large number enrolled; we boast not of great athletes, yet we have some that are hard to beat; we boast not of prodigious students, yet we have as the majority, students who are normal and greater than normal; we would not boast of morals, yet we are so glad that we can say we have a students' body whose height of morality is a characteristic of which to be exceedingly proud without having the wrong kind of pride. In most co-educational schools we find the male members in the minority but this rule is reversed in Houghton Seminary. What more logical cause can we find than that it is due to the high degree of morality which is sustained. No drinking, cursing, smoking, card playing, dancing, or Sunday picnics are allowed. We are situated in a clean town and far removed from those dens of sin and vice which lead astray the young men and cause them to become corrupt, immoral, impure. Surely the founders of our institution used exceeding great wisdom in locating a school of this character in this quiet, clean, Christian little town on the Genesee. Houghton has a name of which none of its residents should be ashamed. In other towns and by non residents it has been called "Jerusalem." Surely it is something of which to be proud and thankful for the "havens of rest and peace" are few and far between in this day and age.

I realize that this is somewhat of a digression as I did not start out to write about the town of Houghton, but I could not refrain from mentioning the splendid environment which we have and surely good environment is imperative if we are to have a good student body.

If one who has been here a little over three years may be called an old student and may be considered competent to pass judgment on existing conditions, then I should say that this year we have had the best year of school since I have been here and the President of our institution, just two days before leaving for his trip to the old world, said this had been the best year of school since he had been here. Such harmony and co-operation as has existed could not be brought about by an infinite number of rules

which might be enforced in the school, for even though outwardly the rules might be conformed to, yet there might be, as there has been in years past, an under current of dissatisfaction and criticism which kills harmony and co-operation. But we are glad that we have been free from such annoyances and have had a year of real joy, pleasure, and happiness together. Surely such harmony and co-operation between students themselves, and students and faculty, may have many causes, but we are sure that the greatest cause is the manly men and womanly women of which our Student Body is composed.

During this year some excellent steps toward Student Government have been taken. We have a general senate, ladies' senate and men's senate. Matters which have been taken up by these bodies have been dealt with very satisfactorily both to students and faculty. Surely this is the kind of government we want and need, and the kind we can have if we go at it in the right way and in the right spirit.

A student body whose members grind over their books continually is not desirable, but we must have students' activities. In this respect we are not deficient. We have a band, which is good though it has been quite irregular because of other things crowding it out. However it furnished music which accompanied a prohibition speaker in different towns and helped to win votes for Chafin. It also was hired by a neighboring town to furnish music for the occasion which we celebrate on May 30. We have an excellent orchestra which always pleases; a quartet which has spread our name and fame from ocean to ocean; athletic associations, both girls' and boys' and indeed we have not a few good athletes.

In conclusion, we are proud of the religious activities such as we have in Tuesday evening prayermeetings; Monday afternoon, prayer-circles and the services of the Sabbath. If we, as students, are to perpetuate the church by which and for which this school was founded we must not grow cold or indifferent on spiritual lines. We can go to other schools and get splendid educational advantages, but we have this school because men of God saw the need of a school which should put Christ first and all other things as subordinate. If we follow the precepts laid down before

us as we work here in school, and truly take Christ as our personal savior, we shall have a school pleasing to Him in whose name we labor. We shall be suns for we shall spread the light of his gospel to those with whom we mingle; and oceans because our lives will be as the cooling waters to the parched tongue; and railroads of safety because we are tracks that are straight because our lives must be straight if we travel on the straight road.

Paul Fall, '14, President of Student Body.

"Change."

Change is a notable fact in all the universe. Clouds change shape and color, rivers change their course, and trees soon shake from their heavily laden branches the banks of green. Dr. Forbes tells us that the very mountains tire of their bold stand and change their position. What is true of the earth is true of the human body. It is said that every seven years the body goes through a complete change. What is true with the earth and the body is true with institutions.

Houghton Seminary has been in existence for over a quarter of a century. During this time it has passed through divers changes. On the Old College Hill still stands the remains of the "Old Sem." Though the bricks are rapidly succumbing to the weather, her influence is going on and wider and more powerful it becomes as time carries it onward. May the day speedily come when the Old Sem will no longer stand as a reminder of passed usefulness but will be transported over on the New College Hill to continue to be as great a blessing as it has been in the past.

The word change indicates either one of two things—advancement or deterioration. Houghton Seminary has nothing to do with the later interpretation of the word Change. It has been taking nothing but forward steps ever since its founding. From a faculty of only four she has leaped to that of twelve; from a student body of fifty to 175; from a meagre library to thousands of books; and from a poorly equipped science room to a modernly equipped laboratory. Once she was not noticed by any great college, now Syracuse, Cornell, Ober-

lin, Ohio Wesleyan and the University of Michigan "sit up and take notice" of her. Because of these changes in Houghton Seminary all who toil in her halls go out changed. Thus these lives effect changes—changes in politics, changes in moral conditions, and changes in spiritual conditions all over the world.

May these changes go on until we come to the One who needs no change.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's
little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
pass away,
Change and decay in all around I
see
O thou, who changest not, abide with
me!" D. H. S.

The Sunday School Boys' Outing

F. H. Wright '14

You did not see them? Well you are a subject for sympathy. How unfortunate you are that you are not a Sunday school boy, and, if you are, that you were not a member of Professor Frazier's class of thirty-five or Professor Smith's class of ten. Professor Frazier is a philosopher of the second type. Not that he never mounts to the high plateaus of real wisdom but that he belongs to that class of philosophers who put their philosophical principles into practice in the activities of life. He knows how to come down from the mountain top and be a man among men in the valley. How beautifully has providence contributed (by subtraction) to this characteristic in our dear, young, college professor! Many a wise man has failed in life because there was too much of the material between the locality of his wisdom and the outer world. Not so with Frazier. He can obtain a first-class hair-cut anywhere for a nickel and leave a pleased hair surgeon at that.

Professor Smith has a poet's soul but like all great poets he is possessed of more great thoughts than he can gracefully express. Now, when a philosopher's brain and a poet's soul work together such an outing as we fellows had on May 16, 1913, is the most natural thing to be thought of.

The afternoon was ideal. The procession of fifty fellows, decorated with a large box of biscuits, fifty

cans of the world famous Beech-Nut brand of baked beans, pails of lemons sugar, coffee, etc., and three hundred wieners more scientifically bearing the nomenclature of "Hot Dogs," left the campus promptly at three thirty, p. m., enroute for Spring Lake, distant from Houghton, four to ten miles, according to current opinion. Spring Lake is an ideal place for a picnic. The large spring furnishes clean, clear water, the pine woods along the shores furnish shade while the great pine stumps in the nearby pasture afford ample material for fires. When the troop reached the lake they divided into squads. Some were dispatched to the neighboring farm homes where they secured eggs, salt, and milk; others repaired to the spring for drink and the others gathered material for the fire. Then came the hour for supper, and such a feed! Since no one thought to invite those who are by nature endowed with culinary ability to join the party, the duty of Cook fell upon the learned Professor Frazier. I do not recall anything unusual in the preparation of this repast except the steeping of one-half pound of coffee in two pocket handkerchiefs kindly furnished from the pockets of two generous hearted bystanders. After laboring nearly two and one half hours our cook and his aides announced supper. On a gentle decline the fellows arranged themselves, a hymn of praise to him, "who is the giver of all good things," was sung, prayer was offered and the blessing of God sought. Supper was served in courses in the order named: Beans, biscuits, salt, boiled eggs, dogs, coffee and lemonade. In the third course Mr. Dart fared unusually well being treated to boiled chicken on the shell. After all had eaten and were filled, there being no dishes to wash, each man made himself as comfortable as he could by the fire and rested his extended corporeal personality. Presently, "Kip, the Mascot," passed the hat to obtain enough financial help to pay the tax on his dogs. This deserving uplift being given, the games began. Relay races, paper fights, tugs of war, wrestling and drop the handkerchief were played.

Then came the camp-fire songs. I am unable to do justice to this scene. There was no exhibition of classical skill, no prima donna to move majestically from 0 to infinity in the musical scale, no waving baton

to discourage and annoy. Each man sang from the fulness of body and soul. The stars danced in glee, the moon shone with splendor, and the frogs went to sleep.

About 1 a. m., May 17, '13, the main body of the classes reached Houghton possessed of weary limbs, sore feet and most pleasant reminiscences.

When Prexy Went Away

C. B. Russell, '14

In the dimly-lighted chapel
Silent throngs pass to and fro;
Noisy murmurings are stifled
Mystery treads soft and low.
Moving stealthily as panthers
Tall forms o'er the campus steal
And the moon doth gaze inquiring
"Bodes the portent woe or weal?"

"See! What is that still dark figure
Perched aloft on two tall men
Followed in the rear by students
Marching onward toward the Sem?"
"Hip hooray, boys! (They've sure done it!"

Yes, you bet! Of course it's him!
Don't you know who 'tis they're bring-
ing?

Why, you goose, it's Luckey Jim!"

"Now the locomotive yell, boys!
Then a rickety—ax—ax
And a cheer for dear old Prexy
—Whoop'er up! They're based on
facts!"

And the way the old Sem echoed
Showed that throats as well as
brains

Zeus had given to the students
Whose shouts shook the window
panes.

All the speeches had the merit
And the ring of sterling truth;
So I guess he knew we loved him
Gray-haired man and bright-eyed
youth.

But when he was asked to answer,
Grave composure quite forsook;
Teary-eyed with words that halted
He arose on knees that shook.

Now he sails across the waters
Toward the distant Holy Lands
But we know he thinks of Houghton
Where his camel treads the sands
Or when gazing where the Pharaohs
Built the Pyramids of old
Or if climbing Alpine highlands
Leaving sunny climes for cold.

Zephyrs, waft to him a message,
It may cheer him on his way;

We his orphaned student body
Breathe best wishes every day.

Cradle Roll

Our Seniors	Nickname	Excels in	Chief Ambition is	Favorite Amusement	Usual Sayings
Nathan Capen	Nate	talking	to be a preacher	telling stale jokes	"Morning, Fessor"
Ethel Acher	Mac	smiling	to be an old maid	Sunday afternoon meetings	"My Stars"
Clarence Barnett	Deacon	sputtering	to be a deacon	taking up collections	"15 yrs. ago, I—"
Emma Agnew	Kid	bluffing	to walk with Jess	studying German	"Good-night"
Robert Smith	Bob	arguing	to be a lawyer	to go with a Senior girl	"Where's Elsie"
Florence Reed	Fliss	love-making	to be a singer	sitting under a lynden tree	"Horror"
Earl Barrett	Grin and bear it	Clever remarks	to be a minister	playing tennis with certain people	"Say, Lu"
Elsie Hanford	Els	domestic science	to be a school-marm	going to lectures	"All for love, is best isn't it Prof.?"
Melvine Howden	Pink	blushing	to be an editor	motoring	"No one can get along with me"
Sarah Davison	Say Ray	dish-washing	to be a poet	reading Calhoun	"Some class"
Clare Dart	Tinker	wireless	to pick currants from electric wires	sending wireless messages	"My gracious"
Mildred Houghton	Polly	history	to be a nurse	roller-skating	"Get me, Kid"
Leslie Lane	Lane	poetry	to go west	talking Italian	Nothing
Dorothy Jennings	Dot	music	to go abroad	falling	"Warn er"
Winfred Pero	Winnie	tennis	to go to Chicago	hunting for somebody sending letters across sea	
Verna Hanford	Danger Signal	Greek			

EDITORIAL

The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

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Farewell to the kingdom of books!
And truly a wonderful kingdom it is!
The schoolroom is its domain, the pedagogue is its sovereign, wisdom is its scepter, and we are its loyal and devoted subjects. True there are many upstarts and pretenders at its court, as there ever will be, some who are sullen and malcontent, others

who are openly mutinous and unsubmissive; but their claims receive no attention, for long ago it was decreed that there should be, indeed, no royal road to learning. Worth and application constitute the only title to nobility, while humility alone decorates its coat of arms. A vain and excessive display of learning immediately proclaims one to be of the bourgeois.

Ever since that dim and far-away day when as diminutive lads and lassies we trudged barefoot along the dusty highway with books slung resignedly over our shoulder and slate pencil clutched tightly in our hand to enroll as earnest seekers after truth, until the present time, when perchance as blase and ultra-polished Seniors we go forth with supreme assurance amid the admiring plaudits of our friends and classmates to turn the world upside down, we have explored long and painstakingly the kingdom of books. It has been an enchanted realm, filled with many wonderful surprises and delights, yet with tribulations and disillusionments. There have been steep and rocky roads a plenty to travel, and there have been no vehicles or mounts (except perhaps ponies, which are not to be relied upon); but along the wayside has bloomed many a choice and fragrant flower, while here and there have sparkled pellucid springs of cool and refreshing water. Hordes of golden nuggets have been lying about everywhere awaiting our picks, but neither divining-rod or clairvoyant's skill could assist us in our quest. In this kingdom the poor and obscure lad with pluck and determination may rise high above the murk and grime of his ignoble surroundings which seek like tentacles to pull him down, while even the pampered millionaire's son can descend from his rarified atmosphere and achieve success in spite of the gaudy toy-balloons of wealth and pre-

judice which keep him dangling above the heads of the common throng. Ofttimes we have made excursions up the steep slopes of some mighty mountain and from the summit have scanned the broad expanse below as far as the eye could reach, yet altho the air has been exhilarating and the view magnificent, we could not always tarry in the ethereal regions of theory, but must often descend to the hard and common realms of practice.

The kingdom is divided into many provinces and outlying territories thru which we must obtain a passport and thru which no free lancers or soldiers of fortune can hope to gain access. As we pass from border to border, and from province to province, some prove to be perfect elysian fields in which we would ever dwell, while others are full of trackless jungles, frowning redoubts, and cold dungeons. It is always the wise man who finds his proper environment and lives there happy and content.

Thus as we roam afoot and afield, by devious paths and byways, thru endless mazes and labyrinths over the whole broad kingdom, many and varied are our experiences. Many too are the dangers and pitfalls to entrap the unwary. On every side fantastic mirages appear and vanish with bewildering frequency; dancing will-o-the-wisps continually flit to and fro before our eyes and strive to beckon us aside; and everywhere the false seeks to assume the cloak of the genuine. Strong and fearless and cool of judgment must be he who escapes unscathed and untamined from it all. But alas for him who is led astray by the spurious and unwholesome, and who plucks the speckled and noxious fruits of esoteric philosophies, rank materialism, and all the rest that hang from the same branch, and leaves the sound and the good, for then knowledge instead of proving a source of strength and success becomes a snare and a delusion and a source of untold anguish and regret.

There are some who would say that it is a realm of bondage and drudgery, others that it is a realm of daydreamers, crystal gazers and charlatans all alike visionary and impracticable—but we know better. It is a noble kingdom—the schoolroom. It is a kingdom of living, dominant men—men who are purposeful

and resourceful, men who have found the fabled place to stand where they can move the world with their lever—not a kingdom of anaemic bookworms and wrinkled savants forever pouring over the musty lore of the past and exhuming the cob-webbed archives of antiquity.

True education means among other things glorious freedom and breadth of vision, perfect culture and refinement, and a true appreciation of life. It does not teach the scholar to lay humanity upon the vivisection table and pitilessly expose all its hidden weaknesses and foibles and inconsistencies; but it teaches him to be broad and humane in his sympathies, always working for the highest good of mankind. Mind will ever be the power behind the world, and books as its expression will ever sway the scepter. What a ceaseless and wonderful process anyway—the transmutation of human knowledge. Generation succeeds generation each learning anew, the same fundamental principles, and each striving to add their mite to the grand total. Brilliant intellects flash forth only to be quickly extinguished, dominating personalities rise in every age only to sink again; and the only record of their deeds remains in Books. In books we are brought in touch with the entire history and development of the world, and life is invested with new interpretations. At the faulty and obsolete we may tolerantly smile, even as those of a future generation will smile at our mistakes and shortcomings.

The really great and true scholar is he who mixes his learning with his living, theory with practice, reason with faith, and science with God. Right here we wish to stop and pay a tribute to that Book of all Books which outshines in the dazzling splendor of the midday sun all others—the Bible. It stands alone as the greatest and most remarkable book that has ever been written in the language of any nation or people. Whether as a Masterpiece of Literature, or as the most perfect code of morals and the highest system of ethics ever devised, or as a divine revelation to mankind, or as all three, it is pre-eminently first. It has endured and still endures in the face of the deadly attacks and persecutions of its enemies, victorious and imperishable, the one immutable foundation on

which mankind can safely build, the guiding light of the whole world. All learning must inevitably prove to be weak and futile which does not take recognition of this Book, while the greatest success and happiness in life can only be attained thru a close study and application of its principles—a fact to which the lives of the World's greatest men bear witness.

Yes, truly a wonderful kingdom is the Kingdom of books. Ignorance alone preserves a stolid front and remains unconvinced. For the past year we have diligently applied ourselves to the pursuit of learning, yet how little any of us really know! How vast the field yet before us! We trust that we are not like the proverbial college graduate, who having made a speaking acquaintance with the binomial theorem, diagnosed the phenomenon of a falling apple, and peered thru a telescope at the flickering light from some far-distant star fondly believes that he has succeeded in wrestling away the profoundest secrets of the universe. We feel, however, that we have only arrived at the outer fringe of things yet, so to speak. Never can we learn enough. At times we can almost sense the truth and lay our fingers upon it, only to have it dissolve like mist before our touch, and like the mist leave us in doubt and uncertainty. Yet having tasted of the tree of knowledge, we pronounce it good. We count ourselves as the most fortunate of mortals that we belong to the kingdom of books.

Yet in a sense we are not sorry to leave its rigorous and secluded atmosphere for a short vacation time when we can rest our weary minds and bodies and seek some healthful form of relaxation. We are not expatriates however for whether we shall leave school now or, as we hope, not until the distant future, we shall never leave behind us the use for books. We will merely transfer our allegiance, for our motto will ever be, "Live and Learn." We have the Open Sesame to a realm of delight and enchantment equalling the Arabian Nights for wonder and mystery, and rivaling an extravaganza from fairyland for imagination and entertainment. Newspapers, magazines, fiction, biographies, books on travel, all belong to the vast realm of literature. "Belles Lettres" is indeed a noble and patrician mistress. She offers to every individual glorious op-

portunities for self-culture and improvement. It is indicative of this age that it is an age of books. No man is complete who is not well-read and who does not possess a broad and sweeping knowledge of art, science, literature, politics and all the other numerous branches of human progress, including baseball.

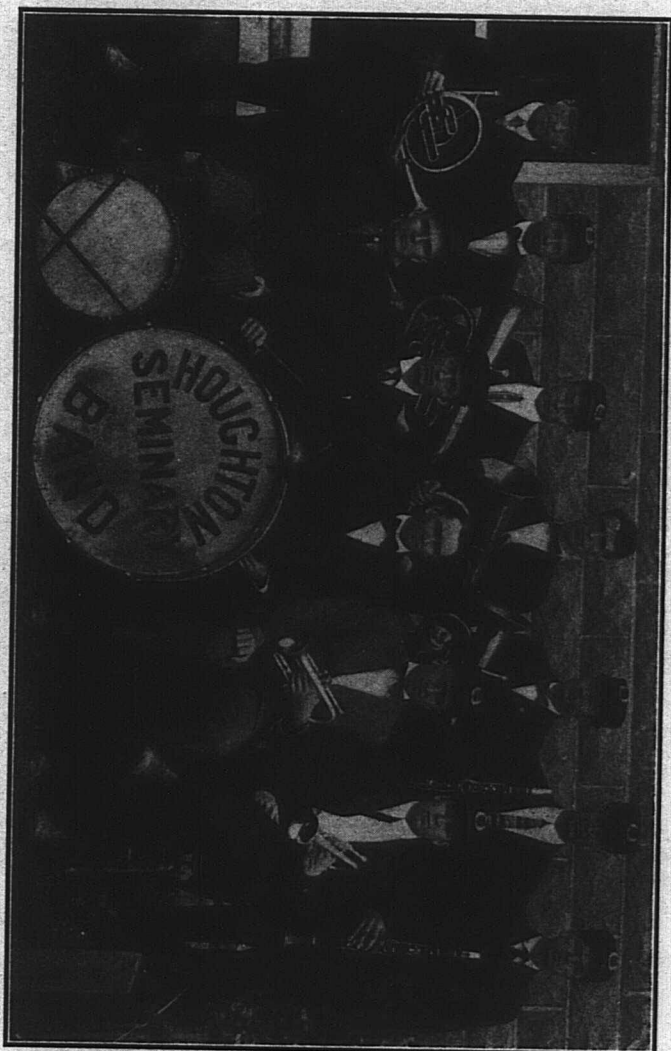
But no single person can hope to find time to read a tithe of it all, and so a wise selection must be made. Undoubtedly the trend of the present day is too decidedly in favor of fiction, yet we believe that fiction also has its place. To the masses deadened and fatigued by their never-ending toil and cares, a clean, stirring novel containing the proper ingredients of love and adventure acts as a kind of mental opiate, when solid reading would be impossible. It comes like a whiff of fresh air and causes them to forget their deadly daily struggle for existence. If they have to spend hours skimming the froth to get at the drop of nourishment, and if they must boat bushels of chaff to find the grain of moral, yet the book has fulfilled its main object. The lurid, yellow-backed, sensational kind, however, have no place whatever, and is an exile from the true realm of literature.

The true Book-lover, reads much of books because they teach him much of life. He is not a senile abnormity, dodering aimlessly among archaic ruins, nor does he always dwell in a hectic realm of the imagination in which only the superman exists. On the other hand he is a perfectly sane and normal person who tests every theory in the laboratory of experience. He has read much but he has also lived much. The true Book-lover treats a book like a human being; and his every touch on its pages is a loving caress, its author's characters and purpose stand out real and vital.

But enough! The virus is in our blood and you can see how it works. If we are ever to stop, we must leave off where we began with a last "Farewell to the Kingdom of Books."

From the Manager

A feeling of relief will come to the out-going business manager when he completes his work on the Commencement number of volume V and the "Stars" are speeding their way to their destinations located in twenty



HOUGHTON SEMINARY BAND

states of the Union, in adjoining countries of Canada and in Western Africa.

During the past year 25 names have been dropped from the mailing list, but 80 new names have been added so that the total number of subscribers, which was 275 last fall, is now 330. If everyone whose time has expired or will with this issue, will send 50c for his renewal, the cash receipts will exceed the expenditures; hence it is expedient that each one remit.

If anyone did not receive his May "Star" which was mailed June 4, he should notify the manager. The Houghton Post Office was burned the following morning and a few "Stars" addressed for stations north of Houghton were consumed in the fire. Yours may have been in the number.

Many will doubtless be glad to hear from the 1911 business manager, who has spent the past year in the State University, Lincoln, Neb.: "I enclose fifty cents in the coin card for the payment of my subscription to the 'Houghton Star.' I am glad to hear that your subscription list is still growing." J. Gail Thompson.

Albion H. McKnight, a former student recently sending 50c for his renewal said: "Don't fail to send me the April number. I cannot afford to miss a single copy. The 'Star' has my best wishes." It is certainly with pleasure that the following was received from "Sunnybrook Farm," Wheelerville, Pa.: "We are today sending you the renewal to the 'Houghton Star.' We like the paper very much. It gives us a chance to hear from old students and classmates. Also gives the news from Houghton. We like it here fine. Our principal work is Dairying. Would like to see you all again. Wishing you success, your old friend, Bruce S. Bedford."

It is impossible to close this article without announcing to the "Star" readers the results of the U. L. A. election held June 3 for the purpose of electing the "Star" officers for next year. Mr. Ray W. Hazlett has proved himself to be so worthy of the confidence placed in him as Editor-in-Chief that he was reelected by a large majority. Ward C. Bowen has been very efficient in his official capacity and so was reelected Assistant Editor. These two members of the staff will select the department editors. Mr. Shirley Babbitt, a col-

lege man, prohibition orator, debator, mathematician, farmer, school teacher, and politician was elected business manager for the coming year. He will choose as many assistants as he desires. He has already manifested his interest in the "Star" and his determination to push his end of the work. But patrons, do your part to assist him by promptly renewing and by sending new subscribers.

Success to the new staff

Long Live "The Houghton Star" to carry the light of Houghton Seminary to many a heart and life!

C. Floyd Hester, Mgr., Houghton, N. Y.

Exchanges

We have enjoyed the privilege of looking through the numbers of our exchange department as they have made their appearance some in weekly and some in monthly intervals. We have been glad to see our exchange pile grow and we have gladly noted the improvement in the respective magazines from one issue to another.

We have eagerly looked for mention of our paper and we have searched for adverse or favorable criticism. Nor have we been disappointed. Some of the comments have been none too complimentary yet we cannot say they have not been just, and we have striven to profit thereby. The achievement of others stimulates us and teaches us how we may improve.

In this our last number of the year we desire to send our greetings to the exchanges that have been with us all the year as well as to those which have been newly added. We hope that when the new school year begins that the magazines representative of schools from all parts of the United States which now communicate with us will be awaiting the attention of the Exchange Editor.

Kellogg's Studios

Will be open as follows:

Fillmore	Belmont	Rushford
Friday	Saturday	Monday
June 6		2
20		

Cuba all other dates.

P. H. KELLOGG.

1913

ORGANIZATIONS

GRACE B. SLOAN, '15, EDITOR

Our Literary Societies

Ever since the time when we first entered these halls of erudition, there have existed two or more active literary societies, and doubtless some of our readers would be pleased with a brief survey of their history, altho perhaps it would be needless for us to cite all of the circumstances relevant to their origin and development. The Neosophic Society has been in existence ever since the earliest days of the school, witnessing many vicissitudes, until its very name has become almost inseparably linked with that of the Seminary; while the Philomathean found its origin about the year 1907 to meet the needs of the growing student body. From that time they have both continued their work, admitting to membership students from most every grade in the school, until about two years ago, on account of the large enrollment in the college department, it was deemed advisable to organize a college society, and thus the Athenian came into existence.

Soon afterwards, however, the subject of having the societies divided upon a sex basis came up for discussion and the old societies were divided accordingly; the boys organizing under the old nomenclature "Neosophic," and the girls banding together under the name "Sophaenian." Since then there have been three organizations in existence, except for a brief space during the past year, when some of the Neosophics began to tire of their punctilious observance of the laws of asceticism and to long for the congenial association of the fair co-eds.

Therefore the society disbanded ("committed suicide" as our youthful reporter picturesquely expressed it), and the Sophaenian likewise, in order to again unite and prefect a system of government similar to the old regime, but the faculty and others

have lent them a helping hand in their dire need, and they have come to look at things differently and have reorganized as before.

We are all well assured that the societies have well merited their place among the organizations of the Seminary, being beneficial not only to the individual student, but also to the whole student body, inasmuch as the interests of the entire school are represented thru them. Then surely no student can afford to neglect the privilege of being a member of one of the literary societies. G. B.

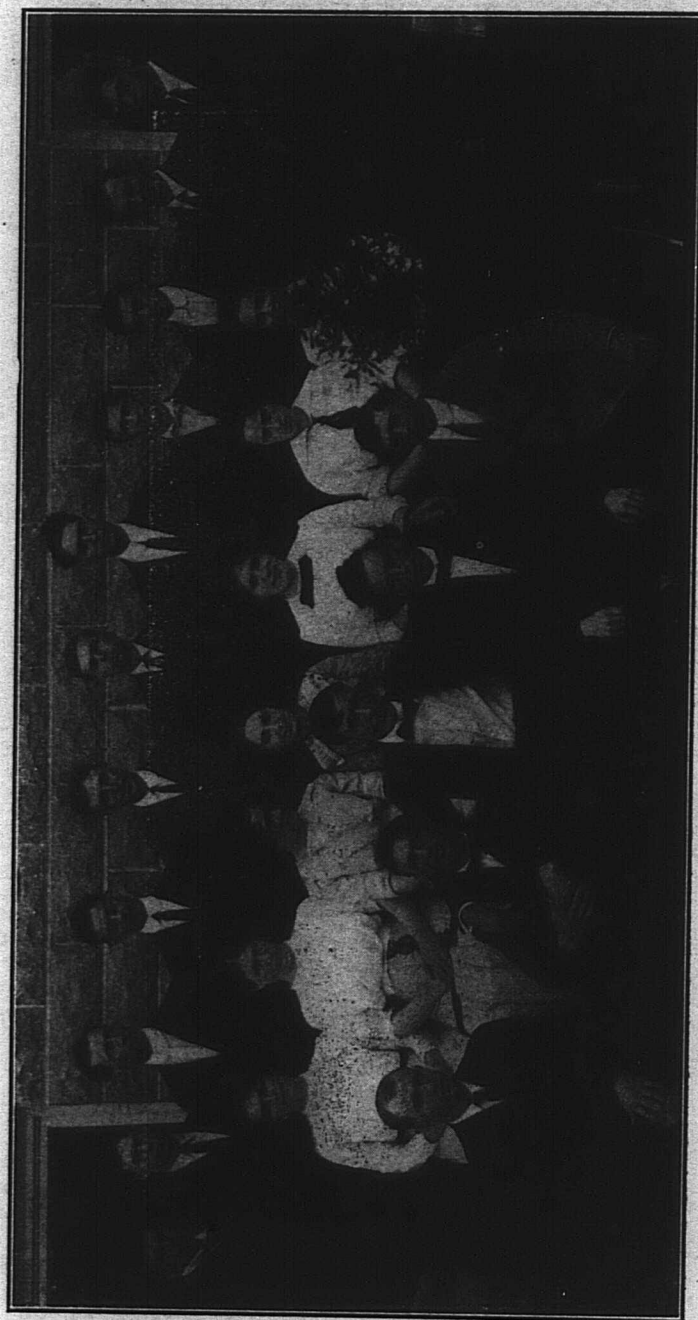
* * *

Prohibition League

Any organization is valuable which leads its members into new paths of thought; and a student organization which promotes expression on the part of its members has an especial value. The Prohibition League does both. It leads its members to a careful consideration of an evil concerning which every person should have knowledge; while in the regular meetings, in the oratorical contests, and in the work of the conventions, there is abundant opportunity for expression on the part of the League members.

In its purpose and organization, the Prohibition League is entirely non-partisan. The course of study outlined in the Intercollegiate Statesman and used so largely by the leagues, is arranged with the purpose of getting before the minds of the league members the real facts involved in the liquor problem; the matter presented is entirely free from political rancor and overzealous partisan exaggeration, the various aspects of the problem being presented in a most careful, scientific manner.

The students of today may, if they will, be the leaders of civic thought and action tomorrow. The Prohibition League is a training school which wel comes students of all political beliefs.



ATHENIAN SOCIETY



NEOSOPHIC SOCIETY

In its activities they may acquire knowledge concerning a problem they must solve, and receive a training that will make that knowledge effective in reaching the solution.

* * *

The Young People's Foreign Missionary Society and the Mission Study Class

One who has been here during the past year can scarcely question that our missionary activities have been very prosperous. While Miss Yorton could be with us we appreciated her leadership. Since she sailed for Africa in April, we trust we have not lost our zeal for missions. At our June meeting Dr. H. F. Laflamme of Rochester, who has been a missionary to India and is now executive secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, will address us on the subject "God's Call and a Man's Life Work."

This is an opportune time to mention some important plans on foot for next year. We expect to push the M. S. C. to its greatest capacity. A good class is being enrolled and plans for the course of study are being formed as rapidly as possible.

It is expected also that the Y. P. F. M. S. will receive new impetus by the working out of some changes in the constitution that will be proposed in October. One proposal will be to change the original clause stating that special attention will be given to opening up and maintaining a mission in the Limba Tribe. Since this clause is partly out of date now, it ought to be amended. But shall we not have some other similar special aim?

There has also been a suggestion that we change the society into a Y. M. W. B. and a committee has been elected to consider the matter and report in October. We have not space here to discuss this question, but the writer believes that there are arguments on both sides and that a change of so much importance to the society should be made slowly and not until after much thought.

We earnestly request all the old members of the Y. P. F. M. S. or the M. S. C. to write the secretary of the society, Miss Lura Miner, who will be at Richland, N. Y., this summer, any suggestions you may have about what has been mentioned above or anything else you think of. Please

do it, for you are older and wiser than we.

* * *

Prayer Circles

Early in the year, the entire student body was divided into groups or circles, and each circle put in charge of a competent leader. These circles meet on Monday afternoons for prayer and a mutual exchange of Christian experience and help. All that these meetings have accomplished we may not yet understand, but they have certainly resulted in much good. Here are some of the things said at a recent circle meeting. Do you like their ring?

"The one thing that made it easier for me to hold unswervingly to my Christian course, in the face of temptations and persecutions, was that I came to realize that it was a duty and a privilege to present myself a living (not a dead) sacrifice upon the altar of God and to maintain that attitude of surrender."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." This is a text that, in times of discouragement, is most helpful to me. Where we are sowing the seed in the form of good acts and do not immediately see results, we are likely to think it all of no use; but when we can look up into the face of God and know that we shall find the fruit of our labors, it is surely an inspiration to continue the work of spreading the kingdom of Christ."

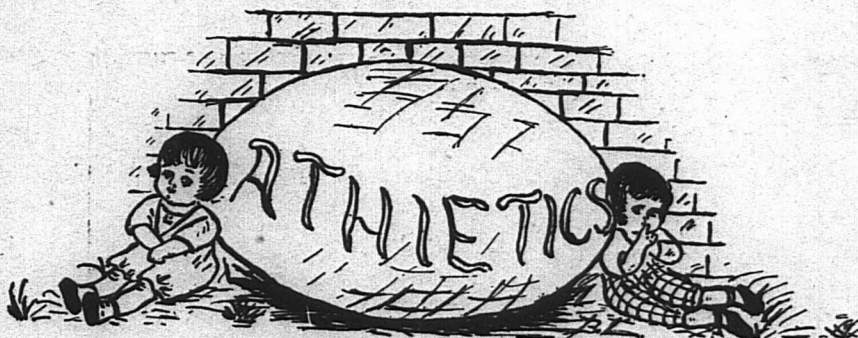
"The promise that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord has often been a means of comfort and blessing to me. Many times we would have our circumstances different than they are; but often the hard things that come are blessings in disguise."

"When temptations confront me, I find encouragement and strength, with God's help, to overcome them."

"We have a part in working out our own salvation. God never fails in His part of the work; the only possible failure will be on our part. Sometimes I have failed; but God has forgiven and brought me back into precious relations with Himself."

"All our need is supplied by God. 'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' With this and other promises, we need not worry about spiritual and temporal needs."

"The more I study the word of God, the more convinced I am that there is some promise of help and deliverance from every need and trial that may come upon us. There seems to be a special promise for each different trial.



PAUL FALL, '14, EDITOR

With a rapidly beating heart, tired brain and unsteady hand we make one last tremendous effort to fulfill the great duties which devolve upon this important branch of this periodical.

Perhaps one to whom providence has bequeathed the art of loquacity or vivid imagination, might be able to greatly elaborate concerning some of our interesting ball games. But as we are not the fortunate one, those who steal a few moments of their precious time to peruse this branch of the paper, will have to be content with brevity.

Four games have been played since the last report, making seven in all. The two teams are quite evenly matched as is shown by the results of the games. Four of the seven have been won by the Varsity and of course the remaining three were won by the Preps.

We had greatly hoped to present a picture of each team in this number but it seemed impossible. Perhaps it is due to the maladroitness of the editor of this department, yet no less than three attempts were made to arrange for them. We are sorry that we cannot have the pictures so the readers could see the likenesses of those we are going to describe briefly.

The Prep catcher is a curly headed farmer, called "Sib." He is noted all over the metropolis of Haskinsville for his ability as a fast player, batsman and umpire knocker.

The Prep pitcher is a Sophomore college man known as Walton. He is an all around athlete and a condescending young man as is shown by his position. He is good at every

thing except anything that looks the least bit like celibacy.

Bristol, the first baseman, is a new man but quite well fitted for the place for if he should forget his glove he could use the aperture between his nose and chin and it would be as good as a basket judging from the vociferous vibrations that issue therefrom.

Captain Barrett can hardly bear it to see his team lose. He is the "swift-footed Achilles" of the Prep team and plays well his position on second.

Kaufman, the coach, is a steady man and hard to lose when one tries to get a hit through third.

Talbott, though quite lengthy, is short and plays well for an amateur. It is very hard for the Varsity pitcher to fool him at the bat if you judge by the talk of him who bats instead of by the hits he gets.

Kaufman, the barber, surely is a shaver for if a ball goes anywhere in the outfield between first and third, Will is there just a fraction of a second before the ball and disappoints the runner.

Frost, the center fielder is very cool and when Kaufman doesn't steal one from him, he cops the ball and shoots it home where the man would certainly be cut if Sib never dropped the ball.

Dart, the right fielder, true to his name, darts here and there and when one of the opposing men thinks he is here, Dart is there and brings down the sphere.

Thus ends the biographies. Yes they are dead. Let them rest and let us look at the living.



HOUGHTON SEMINARY ORCHESTRA

Kip Babbitt, Varsity catcher, is little but mighty and sharp as a two-edged sword and nails many a venture some lad on second.

Why need I mention our pitcher, Mr. Ray William Hazlett? He is the orator, debater, editor, tennis champion, cow breaker and lexicographer. His curves are as big and puzzling as the words you will find in this month's and past months' editorials.

The first baseman is just the tall, slim Hoosier called "P. F."

With optimistic faith I see in Jess Frazier the Varsity second-base-man of Oberlin College. He can cover more ground than an elephant and be right at second to touch the man who has been so bold as to make an attempt to steal.

Mr. Bird, our third base-man fairly flies around the bases and the opposing team know there is no use to try to get him out on bases.

For short we have a man who fits the place for at the distance from short to home, the opponents fail to see him and think they have a safe hit, when "snap" comes the ball to

first and Professor Frazier yells, "Man out on first."

Ward, the left fielder, was not up to his former standard until he became teacher of Analyt but since he has again studied the nature of the hyperbolic paraboloid and asymptote, he figures out rapidly the slope of the tangent and no longer is it safe for the opponents to knock a ball in his territory.

McMillan is the boy who makes the would-be-heavy hitters look sick for all he does is to run forward or backward or sideways and then when he looks in his "kim-kie" there is the ball which only a moment before had been making a curved path in the ethereal atmosphere.

Bob Presley, the right fielder, is all right as long as there are no ceds on the bleachers. But alas, when we have a good crowd, Bob goes up into the air and wants to play ball on that satellite of Mars where one man can play the whole game.

And they lived happily ever afterwards.

ALUMNI

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT 1901

Rev. John S. Willet—Pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Eastwood, New York. President of the Central New York and Pennsylvania Conference.

1902

Professor H. Clark Bedford—Professor of Greek in Houghton Seminary.

Miss Florence M Yorton—Wesleyan Methodist Mission, Kunso, Sierra Leone, West Africa.

1904

Rev. Edgar A. Boyd—Pastor of Wesleyan Methodist Church.

Miss Gertrude Preston—Wesleyan Methodist Mission, Kunso, Sierra Leone, West Africa.

Rev. C. P. Sage—Evangelist,—Santa Cruz, California.

Mr. Fred S. Willis—Manager in telephone office New York City.

1905

Miss Elsie Rush—Teacher in High School Richmond, Indiana,

1907

Mr. William Greenburg—On a claim near Newell, South Dakota.

1909

Mr. Leland Boardman—Teacher in a Technical School, Hoboken, New Jersey.

Rev. Jason McPherson—Pastor of Wesleyan Methodist Church, Cold Water, Michigan.

1910

Rev. Stanley W. Wright—Pastor of

Wesleyan Methodist Church, West Chazy, New York.

Clarence M. Dudley—Pastor of Wesleyan Methodist Church at Bath, New York.

1911

Professor Harold H. Hester—Professor of Science in Miltonvale, Kansas.

Rev. Edward Elliott—Wesleyan Methodist Mission, Kunso, Sierra Leone West Africa.

1912

Miss Miriam L. Day—At her home in Charles City, Iowa.

* * *

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

1888

Rev. Melvin E. Warburton—Pastor of Wesleyan Methodist Church, Haskinsville, New York.

1889

President James S. Luckey—President of Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Seminary.

1897

Miss Hanna Greenburg—Teacher of Latin in Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Seminary.

Mrs. Marie Tucker-Hartman—At her home in Buffalo, New York.

1903

Miss Alpha Bedford—At her home in Tacoma, Washington.

Miss Hattie Crosby—Wesleyan Methodist Mission, Kunso, Sierra Leone West Africa.

Mr. Ernest Carnahan—On his farm near Appleton, New York.

1904

Rev. Waldo Emerson—President of the Ohio Conference.

Miss Rena Lapham—In the postoffice at Burte, New York.

Mrs. Nora Lawrence-Smith—At her home at Cohoes, New York.

Mrs. Carrie Perrin-Barker—At her home in McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

1906

Professor Benjamin Clawson—Professor of Science in Kansas University, Lawrence, Kansas.

Miss Mable Dow—Attending Nebraska University, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mr. Ernest Hall—Attending Columbia University.

Mrs. Achsa Washburn-Willett—At her home in Eastwood, New York.

1907

Miss Reita Hall—Graduate of Conservatory of Music in Grand Rapids, Michigan and teaching in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose DeLapp—In Otto, Iowa.

1908

Mrs. Grace Benton-Cookson—At her home in Fillmore, New York.

Mr. Earl Houghton—Position as chemist in Syracuse, New York.

Miss Louella Newton—Teacher among the mountain whites at Smith, Kentucky now at her home in Lowville, New York.

1909

Miss Fredarica Greenburg—On her claim near Salinas, New Mexico.

Miss Ethel Hester---Teaching in Holly, Kansas.

Mr. Harry Ostlund---Attending Ohio Wesleyan University.

1910

Miss Shirley Keyes---Attending Chicago University.

Miss Florence Judd---Attending Normal in Wisconsin.

Mr. Frank Martin---Attending college at Mitchell, South Dakota.

Mr. Maurice Gibbs—Pastor of Wesleyan Church in Maine.

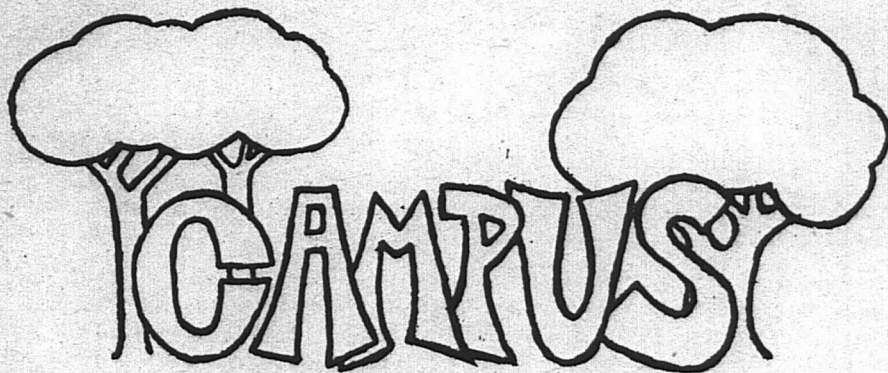
1911

Nine are taking college work in Houghton Seminary.

Mr. Gail and Miss Lois Thompson---Attending Nebraska University.

1912

Six are taking work in the college department of Houghton Seminary.



G. TREMAINE McDOWELL, '15, EDITOR.

1912-13

We have had a good year. If any student should chance to read this opening remark, he probably would read no further for he would feel that he already knew all that can follow. But to inform those who are not in close touch with Houghton Seminary and to remind those who are, we say that this year has been an exceptionally good one with us. Were superlatives not so unsafe, we would call 1912-13 the best year the school has ever had. But to be conservative, we will say that we have never had a better.

The teachers appear to be unusually well satisfied. We come to this conclusion because we heard of few failures to carry work and most of all because we have had less exhortations along this line than have been given at some periods in the past.

One reason may be the inspiring addresses and clean entertainment that we have had from the Chapel platform. To be specific, the lecture course was an unqualified success. The Indian Orchestra gave a program within the enjoyment and appreciation of every student. The Rowands brought laughter with their cartoons, but they at the same time impressed some good, hard common sense into our young skulls. Rufus King also gave a highly practical lecture in a highly entertaining manner. The May Festival was a success, as usual. But best of all was Ex-Gov. Glenn's masterly oration on our nation and her needs. He stirred us as few of us had ever been stirred before and he left a lasting impression. The State Convention and Contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association also brought us inspiration and help. Talks by visiting friends and

our faculty have been of value to us. We may well consider ourselves fortunate in what we have the privilege of hearing at Houghton, for one would have to travel far to find as good opportunities.

The religious side of our life has been well attended to. The Monday afternoon prayer meetings had their inception this year and have proved a great blessing to the students. The Christians of the student body and many of the unsaved have met all the year for an hour each Monday afternoon and have found the practice most beneficial. Upwards of fifty have been saved, sanctified or reclaimed in the regular and special services during the year and several have joined the church.

The year has seen its share of good times. Several of the classes in both the Prep. and College Departments have met together and spent pleasant evenings. The College girls entertained the College fellows and the fellows returned the compliment. The College Seniors were given a luncheon by the rest of the College Department on June 5th. Several of the Sunday School Classes have enjoyed "hikes" as have smaller parties, not selected exactly according to classification in the Sunday School. Spreads have occurred fully as frequently as is compatible with good school work. In short, we have had a good seasoning of fun.

We are too near to this year's history to be competent judges of such a matter as the new duties of the Student Senate. But we can safely say that the innovation has been beneficial in many respects and the plan deserves further attention and a more careful working-out.

We are glad to say in conclusion

that our beloved Faculty has passed thru the year without serious mishap. The Reverends Coleman, Bedford, McDowell and Frazier have been of assistance in various lines of religious work, both here and thru the state. Prof. Bedford preached the Baccalaureate Sermon and delivered the Annual Address at the Wesleyan College at Central, S. C. Prof. McDowell has been absent, working in the interests of the school most of the year, but returned to fill the President's chair on Pres. Luckey's departure. We are sorry to be without President Luckey but we feel that his trip abroad was deserved.

This sketch of the year is brief and fragmentary and many essentials of the picture have been omitted. But we are satisfied if we have to any degree succeeded in showing the truth of our first statement, that we have had a good year at Houghton. 1912-13 will be a most pleasant memory to many and will leave a record in our Seminary's history of which we may think with pride.

EXTRA

Flames Sweep Business Section of City

Fire discovered at 3:10 a. m. Thursday, June 5, in the store occupied by Crowell and Borst destroyed that building, D. C. Lynde's store and the former post office building.

J. W. Borst was awakened shortly after three o'clock Thursday morning by the intense heat in his bedroom. Springing up, he rushed to the entrance to the main store building and found the room full of smoke. Seizing his suitcase containing his books which he always kept by his bed Mr. Borst carried them outside to safety and shouted the alarm. C. J. Thayer, our postmaster, whose residence is located directly across Depot street from the store, was roused and Messrs. Bird and McMillan were on the scene immediately. The store was filled with smoke so that nothing was saved but the alarm soon brought enough townspeople and students to rescue Mr. Borst's household goods.

As the heat of the conflagration increased it became evident that Mr. Thayer's residence was in great danger. The volunteer firemen dashed water on the side of the building. Altho the heat of the blazing store not many feet distant was terrible,

the furniture was all removed from the house. While the fate of the building was still trembling in the balance, the roof of D. C. Lynde's store was discovered ablaze. It was soon found that the building could not be saved so efforts were concentrated on removing the goods. Meanwhile, the flames of Crowell and Borst's store were sinking for the building burnt very rapidly and it became evident that the Thayer house was safe. The firemen then turned their attention to R. B. Estabrook's blacksmith shop south of Lynde's and Wilson Robbins' store building opposite. These were protected by wet blankets and bedding and by a continual deluge of water furnished by the bucket brigades. Both buildings were saved, due in part to the fact that the heat was not so intense as was that of Crowell & Borst's store for Lynde's burned from the roof down, story by story, while the first store was all ablaze. Meanwhile, the former postoffice building and Lynde's warehouse caught fire and burned to the ground. Soon after five it became apparent that the fire would spread no farther and it was seen that the conflagration was practically over.

The cause of the fire is unknown. Since the trouble last winter with Lynde's gasoline lighting system, Mr. Borst has exercised unusual care in extinguishing all lights. Mice and matches are the only causes which seem plausible.

The citizens of the place are devoutly thankful that there was not even a breath of wind during the fire. Had there been a south wind, many residences would undoubtedly have been destroyed and had the flames been blown in the direction, three more buildings would have been burned. They are also glad the fire occurred during the school year for without the aid of the students, the flames would have spread much farther.

No serious accidents occurred. LaRue Bird, '15, who probably accomplished most of any present, was burned slightly about the face and Harold McMillan, '16, has a slight stiffening of the neck due to a fall.

The store property occupied by Crowell and Borst was owned by Albert Clark of this place. His loss is estimated at \$2250, the total value of the two buildings, the store and former postoffice. His insurance of \$500 was simply to cover a mortgage

of the same amount. The firm of barn and warehouse. The barn was Crowell and Borst, composed of G. H. Crowell of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and J. W. Borst, formerly of Olean, had goods valued at nearly \$5000, insured at about \$4000. The claim has not been settled at the present writing.

The property occupied by D. C. Lynde and owned by George Farwell was valued at \$3000 including store, saved, its value being about \$250. The loss is only partly covered by insurance of something over \$2000. The goods owned by D. C. Lynde were valued at about \$12000 and the insurance approximates \$7500. The goods saved have not yet been inventoried so the actual losses are not yet known.



C. BELLE RUSSELL, '14, EDITOR

The Senior Class

I had just shot a DART and was walking along a LANE through an ACHER lot near HOUGHTON, when I picked up a slender REED belonging to DAVIS'SON and began to think how he would B(E)AR ETT. But at that moment I met a black SMITH, an old friend of mine, clad in an old CAPE(N) shawl, who said, "HOWDE[N]," removing that sand BAR NETT(ED) me enough money to win her HAND FOR D(O) what I would, 'AG' (K)NEW she was the PE(E)R O(F) everyone else in the town and wanted enough money to buy some spinning JENNI[NG]S.

A Junior.

Found—President Lukey's lantern in the science room. How will he get along in Zurich without it?

Mr. M. (in Ancient History)—The umpire was the leading man in Diocletian's time.

The Senior Prep class is evenly divided on the sex basis, there being eight each of boys and girls. We learned at the senior banquet on the excellent authority of Brother Barrett that what we do first to lemons is one of the delights of the Seniors.

Prof. Frazier (orating upon Memorial Day)—"On this day we ought to honor our noble dead, on this day we

ought to honor our noble dead who are still living.

By a remarkable coincidence Rachel and Kip were suffering from severe contusions about the same time.

Incident at the Dorm Picnic

Her hair was red, but she was white
Her frock was of the blue
"The Flag" we called this charming maid

With all the rev'rence due.

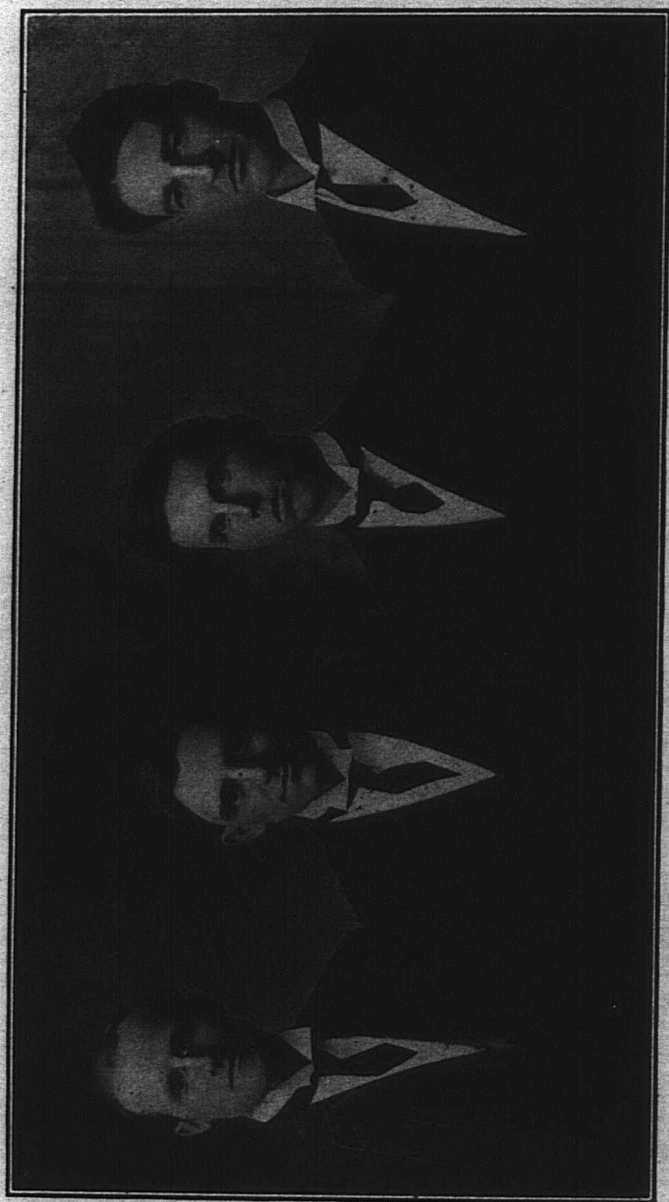
One day her young man fondly gazed
Upon old glory where
She rested on his manly arm
—A sofa pillow rare.

"And do you love the flag?" one asked.

He answered swift and true
"I love the Flag, the dear old Flag,
The red, the white, the blue!"

Dean Rindfusz (in chapel)—"Fret not thyself because of evil doers." Physician, heal thyself.

Saddening intelligence has lately been received. Miss Grange recently slipped off for a ride with Mr. Bird without the dean's permission. The dean herself has been guilty of holding for a somewhat extended time the hand of one of our most highly respected young men, ostensibly to remove splinters. The other young men



HOUGHTON MALE QUARTETTE---

Scott, Wagner, Beverly, Hester,

may get splinters too. We urge that the Faculty take these matters in hand at once.

Miss E. (at supper table)—“You boys must be careful how you treat old maids' cats. One spinster who was intending to give several million dollars endowment to a school, on account of the pranks of some boys had the clause removed from her will.”

L. B. C.—“Oh, was her cat's name Will?”

Found—In C. Floyd Hester's attic three large Pabst Beer Advertisements.

The Houghton Male Quartette

When these lines shall be seen by the readers of the Star one of the organizations which has held quite a prominent place in the social and the public life of Houghton, will have become a thing of the past.

Three years ago the Houghton quartette, as now known, was organized. Since that time the four young men who compose this quartette have done much to break down the prejudice which existed against Houghton in the neighboring towns and to spread her reputation to distant places. They have travelled over a great part of Western New York giving concerts and, it is safe to say, carrying the name of Houghton into places which had never heard the name before.

That they have pleased the people who have heard them is attested by the press and personal notices which they have received. In passing, it may not be out of place to speak of the plans of the different members.

Mr. Scott has been a student of Houghton Seminary for a number of years, and has always been affiliated with the things which have stood for the best in the school life. He is well known in the Wesleyan Methodist connection for he has served as musical director of a great many campmeetings thruout the country. It is reported that after spending the summer at home he expects to become assistant teacher in a school in Kentucky.

Mr. Wagner came to Houghton three years ago, but in that time he has proven his worth both as a singer and as a man. He too has had large

experience as a musical director having traveled a great deal in the west with a noted evangelist who held meetings in some of the principal cities of the middle West. He expects to spend next year in Moody Institute studying pipe organ and vocal music. It is said he intends to take with him an assistant.

Mr. Beverly entered school at the same time as Mr. Wagner. In the school he has always stood for what was best in the moral and social life of the institution. Before coming to Houghton he also had considerable experience as a singer. According to report he will spend the summer in the middle west after which he will return to the school another year.

Mr. Hester made his advent into Houghton five years ago. His work here has proved him a man on whom one could count to push anything with which he was connected. The work which he has done for the student body has been tremendous, not the least of which was placing the Star on a self-sustaining basis. He has a bass voice which is rarely excelled. Next year he expects to secure his degree from Oberlin University.

It is to be regretted that the quartette must be broken up and the loss to the musical life of Houghton Seminary will be great. But if, as undoubtedly they will, they stand for the same things in other places that they have in Houghton, Houghton Seminary can, and will be, proud that it counted them at one time as her students.

Card of Thanks

The citizens of Houghton who were given an occasion on the morning of June 5 to see the interest and helpful spirit of the students of Houghton Seminary wish to take this opportunity of expressing their most sincere thanks to the students for their assistance during the fire. Without their help the damage would undoubtedly have been far heavier.

D. C. and R. G. Lynde
Geo. Farwell
Crowell and Borst
C. J. Thayer
R. B. Estabrook
Wilson Robbins

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Is based on our ability to select manufacturers, who by reason of a high powered, skillful organization, are in a position to accomplish the highest standard of design and tailoring.

When you buy of us a Stein Bloch, R. B. Fashion Clothes or a Style plus 17, you take no chance whatever.

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Suits, \$10 to \$35
Rain Coats 5 to 25
Spring Coats 10 to 28

Karl - Spindler - Reel Co.,

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We allow students a discount of 10 per cent on all purchases.

Our advertisers are reliable; patronize them.

Now is the time to buy
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Call or write

Pennants, 75c
Pillows, \$1.50

Sent Postpaid.

JAMES W. ELLIOTT,
HOUGHTON, N. Y.

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In a few years time you will be in the commercial world, many of you whom will be closely identified with advertising.

When you are planning an advertisement, remember that an illustration will tell more than 1,000 words and when you buy this illustration you want to buy the best.

Our organization will serve you to the end of satisfaction and we earnestly solicit your patronage.

Teller-Hurst Engraving Co.,
Syracuse, N. Y.

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Our stock of Furniture
is Complete.

We can furnish your
house in the

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and Manitoba, Canada. 2 1-2
percent commission is all I
charge. Write for bargain prices
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Loans a specialty.
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HOURS

4:00—6:30 p. m. Tuesday, Wednesday,
Friday. Saturday all day.

Opposite Lynde's Store, Houghton, N. Y.

100 Good Envelopes or Noteheads

Printed to order, sent post paid for 30c.

Walter G. Collins, R. D. 3, Cohocton, N. Y.

Mrs. E. O. Butterfield,

ARTISTIC MILLINERY,

Belfast, N. Y.

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Mfg. Jewelers, Engravers and Station-
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Programs, Class and
Society Pins

171 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

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State Bank of Fillmore

Fillmore, N. Y.

Capital and Surplus, \$75,000.00

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The Leading Bank of Northern Allegany.

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Straw Hats
and Panamas
Now** AT THE
Sigmund Lax Store

Panamas \$4, \$5 and \$6.50.

Sailor Hats from \$1.00 to \$3.00.

**All the Latest
Shapes**

SIGMUND LAX,
180 N. UNION ST.

OLEAN, N. Y.

Announcement

This advertisement is just a starter of what we hope will prove to be a pleasant and profitable acquaintance for both the **HOUGHTON STAR** and for Coughlin & McCormick.

We invite you to call at our store whenever you are in Olean.

*Special Discount to Col-
lege Students.*

Coughlin & McCormick,
205 N. Union St., Olean, N. Y.

Always mention "The Houghton Star" to advertisers

Summer

is well on its way, which means we must prepare for Warm Weather.

Ladies—"THE FASHION" is the place which is in a position to clothe you properly, and as to prices, Come and see for yourselves. A Beautiful Line of Wash Suits in Crashes, Ratines, etc. Wash dresses in white and all the Latest Shades, Styles and Goods in prices ranging from \$1.98 to \$15.00.

JUST RECEIVED
a new shipment of those fine silk petticoats in all colors at \$1.98 each, Also, a special White Peque Skirt at \$1.50 each.

JOSEPH M. LAX,
THE FASHION

Correct apparel For women.
170 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

**For Fine Photos that Please
and Make Your Friends**

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Henniger Studio

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**First Class Photos
AND POST CARDS.**

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Clayton Davis, Houghton, N. Y.

First Class Dressmaking.

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One third to one half off on all trimmed hats.

Reduced prices on shapes.

Elizabeth M. Ricker,
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H. W. Marcus Co.,
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Leading Specialists in
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in Western New York.

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Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories. For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

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Insurance.**

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"Queen Quality."

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**Rugs, Carpets,
Linoleums,**

**Lace Curtains
and Draperies.**

John H. Howden,

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A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

Send for our Catalogue.

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Our store is the most up-to-date Hardware in Western New York State. Our Business Methods are perfect.

We sell nothing but Quality Hardware.

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C. V. B. Barse Co.,

Olean's Big Hardware.

When in need of anything, read our ads and then act accordingly.