

J. Houghton

A

The Houghton Star.



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September 1910.

Are You Interested in a Clean College That Trains the Whole Man?

Physical and mental training without moral training makes either a brute or a rogue, while moral training without physical and mental training tends to make a weakling.

May we send you information concerning our courses of study and the necessary expense before you decide about your year's work.

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

Some September Bargains at Crowell's

Extra Good Values in Ladies' and Men's Light Weight
Underwear, Union and Two-piece Suits.

Special Lines in Young Men's Fancy and Negligee Shirts.

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Rosenberg Bros.', "Rochester Made Fashion Clothes,"
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You Can Save Money on a Suit if Your Size is Here on
Some Broken Lines we are Closing Out.

J. H. & G. B. Crowell, Houghton.

Does a College Education Pay ?

The value of anything may depend upon its own intrinsic worth or this value may depend upon the power of the thing to procure what is desirable. The value of a college education depends largely upon its power to procure other things, and our valuation of these other things determines our estimation of a college education. Does such an education help the possessor to procure bread and butter, does it help in commercial life, does it help in the political world? These are the questions on which depends the opinions of many, and because so many have succeeded in these fields without a college education, there is a tendency to under value its worth. But I feel sure that a careful research will show that a far larger per cent. of college men succeed in business than of other men, also that a far larger per cent. engage in occupations higher than day laborers.

However a college education has the power to procure many other things of great value. In answer to the question "Why go to college?" the following quotations may be given

"Charles W. Elliot, President of Harvard University—In order that the young man may discover what his powers are, and to learn to use them for his own good and the good of others."

"Timothy Dwight, Ex-President of Yale University.—In my judgement the fundamental reason why a young man should desire and take a college education is this: that such an education is the best means of developing thought power in a young man and making him a thinking man of cultured mind."

"Francis L. Patton, President of

Princeton University.—The strongest reason why a young man should take a college course is this: that he should have a higher aim in life than mere money-getting or so called success; that a man should try to make the most of himself; that he should aim at his highest self realization. Nowhere has a man such opportunities for broadening himself as in college."

"Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University.—The answer is, because so much of education will make a bigger man of him. It will act on his average intellect like fertilizer on a field of average fertility. It will make his mind more active, his capacity for learning and understanding larger; his judgement of men and of the larger political and social movements of mankind sounder and saner. In a word, a college education will at once train and stimulate his faculties and supply him with a broader basis of knowledge to live upon. It makes more of a man of him. This is the chief value of all education. But incidentally, as it builds him up and makes him a stronger man intellectually, it fits him to do more for the community in which he lives and to earn more for himself."

"Austin Scott, President of Rutgers College.—If the young man of average intellect is sincere in purpose and faithful in effort, the college training will fit him in mind and soul for greater usefulness among his fellow men, and will give him a larger and finer standard with which to test the questions of life—personal, political, social and ethical—which will come to him for discussion."

Young people it will pay a thousand fold.

James S. Luckey.

My Summer Vacation.

Shirley M. Keyes.

The summer vacation! How much it has meant to the most of us. It may have been spent quietly at home; it may have passed in a whirl of gayety and good time; it may have been filled with hard work, but whatever the case, to all of us it has been good. My vacation has been filled with neither daring exploit nor adventure. In all it has been a common one but very pleasant and dear to me. After the sadness of leaving our Alma Mater and after the thrill of that first glad welcome at home, there have come the change, rest and work. Do work and rest seem to contradict each other? I believe not, for work is restful, at least a change of work is. Perhaps I am different from some, but the home life seems so good to me. You who know me will remember my failing for refreshments, accordingly the pantry and the cooky jar have been visited in turn; the ice cream freezer does not squeak much now when turned; the potatoes knew that the Irish had come back and Mammas fruit shelves have been somewhat relieved, my horse Bess, (Papa says I can call her mine) has been in excellent trim this summer and you know what that means for me. In the first part of the vacation I had the pleasure of visiting the St. Lawrence marble quarry in Gouverneur. Gouverneur is only a village but I believe the quarries there are the largest in the state. What a feeling it gives one to look down so many feet into the cavern of marble rock where the huge pieces of marble are being drilled out. My uncle, is night watchman at the works, took us through and explained the workings of the machinery. It is wonderful to see how by sawing and polishing those rough, ungainly blocks become beautiful pieces of art, some of massive structure, others of delicate mould; some elaborately wrought, others almost harsh in their plainness, but each of use in its place. Is not this an illustration of the workings of our God upon our lives. If we will the great Master Artist will take our crude lives, hew off the imperfections, mould and polish the rough places until we can do beautiful service in this dark world. I must not forget to tell you of the few days spent on the dear old St. Lawrence. One of those we fished. It was a perfect day for the occasion, drizzly and rainy, but for me there was no luck. I had to stand by and see others pull in the prizes. I had to content myself with two or three perch and an occasional nibbling. Most of all I enjoyed the trip up the river, past Alexandra Bay and through the Thousand Islands. I cannot begin to describe the scenery. The beauties of the old rivers set with not one emerald isle but many. Little launches, yachts and the larger steamers were plying up and down her broad surface. The summer resorts and cottages were beautiful, some of these could more rightly be called mansions. They were masoned towered and turreted, until they resembled the old castles of mideival times. During the last week of July I attended a tent meeting held by Mr. Sage at Pope Mills. The service was surely a blessing. Our camp meeting of West Chazy was held from the seventeenth until the twenty-ninth. What a glorious meeting it was. From the first the presence and favor of God seem manifest. Despite Emerson's views of independence and self-reliance I am sure there is strength and power when numbers of Gods people meet together. It was not by might nor by power but the spirit of our Christ was there. My own heart was wonderfully refreshed and strengthened. I believe my Saviour is more real and precious than ever before.

I hope this article is not so long dear old Houghton so much.
that you are all tired. Blame the Yours for her advancement in every
staff if you are. Already I miss way.

My Summer.

Edna Smith.

As Commencement hastily glided by, we found our schoolmates taking their departure, some to leave these halls of learning forever, to go out and face the stern realities of life ; some to fill the difficult and hard places during the summer months in order to return to us again ; while others had the privilege of remaining at home. I intended to do this last but God opened up the way for his unworthy servant to spend a part of the time in tent work, which greatly enriched and blessed my soul, and as God is no respecter of persons he let conviction and salvation come down upon us until we heard the shouts of victory from many who were once in sin.

God was there and many were the shouts of victory in the salvation and sanctification of souls, as also in the increase of loyalty and love in the hearts of ministry and laity. As school is again in progress I cannot refrain from mentioning how glad we are to see the students returning, as Houghton seems very lonely without them. But we rejoice even more because the love of Christ, which burned in their hearts when they left, is continuing to burn ; and some that left last year without finding Jesus came back with a testimony for him.

May we as students and members of the Wesleyan Methodist church pray that this may be the best year in the history of this school, spiritually as well as intellectually for the harvest is great and the laborers are few.

I was also permitted to attend the Houghton campmeeting, which was a feast from beginning to end ; for

My First Impressions of Houghton.

We were on the train swiftly threading our way through the New York hills and suddenly a friend said, "Were nearing Houghton ; see there is the old Seminary perched on a hill in the distance. Instantly I was on my feet to get as good a view as possible of our future home. We rounded another hill and there on the terrace, far above us, I beheld the Goal of My Ambition.

A few moments—and it was lost to view and the engine stopped at the little station. Friends—whose faces already seem no longer new—were waiting to receive us as we stepped from the train and breathed for the first time the pure, untainted air of Houghton. With them we hastened through the pretty town, up the long flight of steps panting with eagerness and the heat from the morning sun—across the dewy campus and we stood before the Seminary. In a twinkling we were ushered in before a pleasant faced, sweet-voiced gentleman, and our expectations were fully realized in President Luckey ; and afterwards also in his corps of fellow teachers. Presently we crossed over to the Dormitory and were welcomed by a score of pretty girls—including the Dean—who succeeded in making us feel at home. But when we attended the student prayer meeting in a body, that evening, and listened to the prayers and testimonies, I realized as never before what Houghton really stood for—Bible Holiness and True Righteousness.

Cpal L. Smith. *Edna*

Houghton and the Homes.

Edward Elliot.

From the beautiful Catskills where few are wealthy. Here and there is I am spending the last week of my one from which a son or daughter, summer vacation, I take a glance perhaps a brother or sister has been backward over the past few weeks. a Houghton student. Many prospective Surely September has not returned students have not yet entered the so soon. Weeks seem like days, they primary school. Some know Houghton have been such busy weeks. There not through personal contact but is no mistake in the time, however, rather through the Wesleyan or by and Houghton on the Genesee summons back to books. report. All are agreed that the true basis of loyalty to Houghton is her fidelity to the truth.

Up among the mountains here, not far from the Hudson, we are near the place where Rip VanWinkle slept the years out. Many other strange happenings, also, does legend attribute to this region. Still other interests, however, claim our attention for here are loyal Christian homes in which the founder of Houghton Seminary himself has visited in former days. Houghton stands for something here and the mention of her interests and needs finds response.

These homes are not characteristic of one particular section merely.

Among the Adirondacks along Lake Champlain, in the Green Mountains of Vermont, beside the mighty St. Lawrence, in fertile Ontario, or in Quebec close by the beautiful Ottawa, are many homes to which Houghton means much and which means much to Houghton. The great proportion of these are humble homes; only a

There are many fine young people in the Canada and Champlain conferences who plan to enter Houghton as students some time. In some cases the plans will be carried out soon and in others there will be delay. Distance is a barrier to not a few of the younger class, while expense is a real problem to others. Why cannot Houghton have some industry that would afford the students an opportunity to work odd hours during all the year. Men of enterprise and capital have established a business in connection with other schools which works successfully and gives students the privilege of earning a good part of their expenses. One school near a grape basket factory while another has access to some similar privileges.

We close our work which has been pleasant because we believe in the cause we advocate.

Our Prospects for the Coming Year.

Harry Ostlund.

The halls of Houghton Seminary are again alive with students, assembled for another year of hard work. To those of us who have seen the opening of several school years, their progress and close, the question naturally enough arises: How do the prospects of this year compare with those of other years?

The outlook is not dark. There is, indeed, much reason for hope and encouragement. Our registration is

not as great as it has been at this time in other years, but there are some things that count for more than numbers in making a school year successful. Many of the old students on whom we relied much in the past are not here, but there are others whom their example and years of training have fully prepared to go ahead with the student activities.

One encouraging feature is our new students. Of these Houghton can

boast as fine a bunch this year as has ever entered her halls. Most of them come with faces aglow with Christian joy and enthusiasm that is sure to count for much in making this a good year.

There are other signs of a good year. The school spirit is already manifest in a very marked degree, even among some of the new students. Then there is the increased efficiency of our teaching force, new laboratory apparatus soon to be installed, the new books, some of which will soon be placed on our library shelves, besides improvements in the buildings and equipment. All these are going to add to the opportunities for Houghton students to do good work this year in all the departments. But for all these things the prospects for the coming year are still in the hands of those making up the student body of the school. Opportunities do not create success unless they are seized and made the most of. The things that point towards a prosperous school year do not mean much unless the students of Houghton Seminary again, as one united band, set out to push the standard of spirituality, intellectuality and christian manly and womanly deportment a little higher than it has ever been before. Can we do it? We can. We will.

My First Impressions of Houghton.

Anna Davison. *Elliott*

My first impressions of Houghton were very favorable. Perhaps more so because of the previous accounts I had heard of the place. As I arrived late in the evening and was unable to see my surroundings, before I had reached the summit of the hill I imagined that the place must be quite large. I had heard that it was very small. But the next morning when I walked out to the Seminary and beheld the village below, and the beautiful hills and valleys around about, I felt that although it was small, that God was surely here as I could feel His presence.

The village impressed me as being very beautifully situated down in the valley surrounded on all sides by hills. The Seminary buildings add much to the attractiveness of the place, but I believe that it is not so much the buildings that are looked at as the people who live in them.

The chief desire and aim of all seemed to be to make you feel as much at home as possible and to make it agreeable and pleasant for all.

The faculty of the school impressed me as being men and women of very superior intellectual powers, but with so much of pure Christian love and real sympathy in their hearts, that it seemed their chief aim and wish to impart as much spiritual and intellectual help as lay in their power. One of the chief things which drew my attention was the fact that they put God in everything. Christ had the first place in all things and everything else was of secondary importance.

Another feature of the institution which attracted my attention was the students prayer-meeting. The spirit of the meeting was such that it was an inspiration just to look at the shining faces and hear the earnest testimonials of the students that God had kept them during their absence from Houghton and they thanked Him that He had brought them back.

I am sure that there is no better place than here, both for spiritual and intellectual advancement; that is, if one desires to advance in these realms.

I do not wonder that all the old students love Houghton.

The Houghton Star.

Houghton, N. Y.

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

The subscription price is sixty-five cents a year, payable in advance, or ten cents a copy. The year begins with February though subscriptions may begin at anytime.

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

Advertising rates will be made known on application.

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

Editor-in-Chief,	LaVay Fancher '12
Associate Editor,	Assistants
Freda Greenberg, '13	Theos Thompson, '13
Chas. F. Pearce, Special	Mariam Day, '12
Estella Glover, '13	Laura Miner, Prep.
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Editorial.

The vacation time is past and again "all hands" return to the duties and "labors abundant" of the school room.

With its old friends and co-laborers, "The Houghton Star" enters into this year with that earnestness and true devotion to duty that made last year as pleasant and successful as it was and which will make this year still better and still more successful. To those who are with us now for the first time it extends wishes for success and offers opportunities for service such as are extended and offered only by those who have the deepest interests in your future welfare.

It is of course our desire to present in this first editorial that which will be of most interest, and which will sound as nearly as possible the keynote of the years work. During the vacation, as it has been our privilege to meet with a number of our people and to note a few conditions that prevail, a variety of thoughts have come to us as we have considered the attitude that

our church must take to these conditions and the relation that our school bears to our church. "Holiness unto the Lord" is our rallying cry, and we need none better. Except as we are true to our slogan, we are recreant to our trust and are better off the stage of action than helping to clutter it with our inefficient efforts.

There are at least three sources from which come demands that our schools, even Houghton Seminary, as servants of the church, continue to tread firmly in the old paths and refuse to have the ancient landmarks removed. They demand that our efforts, first and last, be bent to the purpose of declaring to the world the message of complete redemption.

First there is the spirit of the age. It has no contention with a great deal of the religious thought and activity of today, but a very slight experiment will demonstrate that it does have a contention with old-time truths, and that this contention is as great as when those truths were first given out by the Son of God. The Spirit of the age in its drift away from the Christ demands loyalty to our mission.

A still more direct demand comes from the supporters of the school. They are demanding young men who are able to cope with the conditions of today; and they are willing to give their moral and financial support that these men may be forthcoming and hence to be true to them it is imperative that we be true to our rallying cry.

Finally God himself demands that those who bear his name, those whom he favors with the richest blessing of Heaven, be faithful in the declaration of the message and be true to "the faith that was once committed unto the saints."

This, then, we believe to be the mission of our Alma Mater or else she has no mission. It is for this that her loyal sons and daughters have labored and shall continue to labor as they work for her support and advance-

ment. It is for this purpose that we need a large library well filled with the choicest literature, that we need well equipped chemical and physical laboratories; that we need the "thousand dollars for Houghton in sixty days;" and it is for this that we ask for young men and women. May God grant that we may never want these things for any other purpose than this.

The distance of some hundred and fifty miles that lies between the editor and the most of his work makes it necessary for the most of that work to be done by other hands. We wish here, to express our appreciation of the kindness of Miss Alison Edgar, who has consented to do a part of the work connected with getting out this issue.

Permit us to earnestly request the hearty co-operation of every student and friend that the "Star" may be as great an aid to the one great mission as it can possibly be made.

(We regret that we have been unable to obtain reports from each of the Houghton young men engaged this summer in the Prohibition work, we take pleasure in submitting the two following.—Editor.)

H. H. Hester on foot and "bike" did business in 22 of old Allegany's 29 townships. He worked 65 days, interviewed 947 men, enrolled 99 of whom 189 were "brand new;" raised \$146.00 of which \$89.75 was cash. His

expenses were \$43.00. He put in 239 subscriptions to The National Prohibitionist, all but three of which were new, and addressed 10 public meetings, speaking to upwards of 1000 people.

He reports good co-operation on the part of local leaders, a great county convention, a stir in the old party camps, and a good prospect for the biggest vote Allegany County has ever given the Prohibition Party. The summer's work he says was worth a year's schooling.

C. Floyd Hester, during the summer just past, worked ten weeks in Genesee County for the Prohibition Party, under the direction of the Genesee County Prohibition Committee. He interviewed 940 voters, enrolling 415 of them to vote with the Prohibition Party this fall. Over one half of those enrolled were new men.

Mr. Hester worked up and assisted in holding 21 caucuses, electing delegates to the county convention which was held in Batavia, Aug. 22 and was the largest and most interesting convention held in Genesee County since 1884. He secured for the County Committee \$203.67 in financial pledges, nearly one half of which was cash, and took 125 subscriptions to the Prohibition Party paper.

He covered the whole county on his bicycle working a short time in each of the 26 election districts.

He enjoyed this work very much and the County Committee wish him to return next year.

My Place.

"She walketh veiled and sleeping,
For she knoweth not her power.

Years ago we heard Mrs. Charlotte Gilman lecture on Woman's Place in Civilization. She began with this little couplet. They became living words to us. Not only do women fail to see their divinely ordained, exalted place of influence in society, but the human family generally forget they have to live a life attended with influence.

School begins again. We gather many of us as strangers to each other. The test comes. Will I fall in with the tide, drift along, follow the natural law of least resistance, or will I awake to my place as a man or woman of power? The weakling's cry of ages has been 'Give me a place to stand and I will stand.

You have a place. Take it and stand. Be a live factor of the school, the church and the world.

A Shadow from Out of the Past.

(It is our privilege to present another production from the pen of that modest and versatile author, Anon.—Editor.)

"This is a stone from the wall of China—one of the college boys brought it to me," she said as she handed me the curio. The stone itself seemed hardly more antique than the little old lady as she sat before the old fashioned dresser. An open drawer showed many parcels, large and small, some of them carefully wrapped in tissue paper. She looked at them fondly, as though half averse to disturbing their quiet and her touch was almost caressing as she took them one by one from their resting place.

My heart had named this slender white haired woman Flower-Lady. She lived alone in Swallow's Nest, her cottage across the river save for one other. This was a woman in middle life who kept the tiny rooms clean and orderly and made Flower Lady's home one of the restful places for those who are tired. She was also cook and general care taker; yes, more than that, for love and not the week's wages was the motive power in her work. Strangers had even thought these two mother and daughter, so much did the elder depend upon the younger. Her face held much for one to whom physical features are the expression of character. As a whole it spoke of sorrow. Her eyes had a quiet depth that upon first glance one would call sad. But look again, is it not rather the lines about the mouth that tell the stronger story of suffering? And the firmness of the chin shows how bravely the trouble was being borne. I have thought that I saw in her the longing for something which had not come.

The young people of university and town enjoyed dropping in for a chat when their walks took them near Swallow's Nest. And many had not forgotten Flower Lady as they

traveled east and west, north and south, and sent her little remembrance gifts which she treasured above all other of her humble possessions. Every one recalled a story or an interesting description of the giver. This afternoon, especially, she was in just the mood for bringing back the past. She lingered long over the stories that some of the articles in the drawer suggested, so that the stone from the China wall had been for sometime laid aside. Only a few more packages remained unopened. Flower Lady took up a small box, looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, then let it drop into her lap. When all the others had been shown to me, she began to replace them with much care each apparently having its own niche. As she tucked the mysterious little box back into its corner, she said:

"This is usually out of sight, for I seldom open it when I am showing the other things.. The other day I told this story to a dear lad, for he needed to learn its lesson".

She looked at me sadly, almost searchingly. She must have been satisfied that she saw more than idle curiosity, for her fingers half mechanically drew the tiny package from its place and slowly untied the string. Lifting the corner and a layer of blue cotton she held out the box for me to see a gold ring, just a narrow, thin band.

"This was given me years ago by one I loved much—whom I love best of all now—by a girl of sixteen. It was a Christmas gift to me that she bought with some of the first money she earned."

Flower Lady glanced about the room and toward the living room door which was closed.

"I cannot tell you her name, she said, but you may hear her story."

"Her people were German. They were a large family and only the industry and economy that are national

characteristics could have made as small a farm as theirs feed and clothe them. But it did only that; and only until the children were barely old enough to support themselves. There was little time and no money for what educates and cultures. The mother had no taste for it, and had she been placed in a more favorable environment she would have been none other than the prudent, hard working haus-frau that she was. But the father—to him had come an inheritance from the old German poets and philosophers and not even fatigue and life long association with dull minds could entirely quench the love of nature and the longing for the something higher whose power he intuitively felt.

"The girl was like her father. From him she received the brown eyes and dark hair of the people of southern Germany, very unlike her brothers and sisters who had the characteristics both physically and mentally of their Saxon mother. The girl was willing to work, but her money was spent for a book now and then, and for more comely clothes than those of her sisters; whose dollars were prudently stored in the Sparbank. When she was seventeen she was engaged as maid of all work in a family who lived near the campus. Several college girls roomed there and my observing little friend profited much by the example of these more cultured girls. Some of them spoke German with her and not only did they learn the idioms, but her language gradually changed from provincial to really classical German. Her natural love for books was also stimulated by being constantly in the atmosphere of learning. Nor did her taste along other lines remain undeveloped; she dressed less gaudily and her general appearance greatly improved. She lived there two years".

Here Flower Lady paused, sighed, then lifted another layer of cotton in the little box which she still held in her hand. There lay a brooch of un-

usual beauty; dull gold finely carved with a setting of one exquisite pearl. How [well it harmonized with the personality of this dear old lady. But how came she to have so valuable a jewel? She smiled a little at my surprise.

"One of the University boys gave it to me," she continued. "He used to drop in occasionally especially in the fall when the fruit was ripe. He had money, plenty of money, plenty of it; yes, too much. And the last time he went away he left me this pin.

"How well I remember one warm Sunday afternoon. He had been walking along the river bank and having seen me sitting on the porch, had come over for a little visit. I liked the lad, he was good company and it was kind of him to notice one so much older than he. But I always wished that his handsome face showed more strength and I haven't forgotten how that afternoon the irresolution and weakness of the lower part of his face especially impressed me. While we were setting there the girl came. She was unusually pretty. The walk had flushed her cheeks and the lazy October breeze had loosened the hair about her face. Her fresh white gown was very plain, but it had the cut and lines that make a garment modish. The boy never guessed that she was a servant. I knew this and there was a hurt in my heart when later I saw them walking together toward the city. A cloud of foreboding darkened the sunny afternoon.

"Of course he soon discovered that socially she was not his equal. He was of a proud, aristocratic family and would have had none of his friends know that he was enamoured with a house maid. But either his admiration was too strong, or he was too selfish to forego entirely the pleasure he found in her society and they spent many an hour together where he would not have been likely to meet his college friends. I tried to make her see the unhappy ending that must

come to such a concealed friendships, but she would only laugh and toss her head in a saucy way that was hers. I appealed to her pride, but she was too much flattered at so marked attentions from a university man to be offended at the insult he was showing her. Besides, she declared that she was doing it merely for the fun of it and for the good time he gave her. How it worried me that she ignored all my warnings, for I realized what an innocent, inexperienced child she was. All the time she was becoming dearer to me and my heart longed to mother her.

"About four months after the autumn Sunday when they met in my door yard, she came to me with her confidence. He had made her an offer of marriage. Her face radiant with love, she told me of his fervent avowals of love and fidelity. This was her first real lover and when I looked at her I knew she loved him as women love but once. She was no longer a girl with girlish emotions, but intensely womanly. But ah, she had not told me all. With eyes that dropped before mine and with a flush that crept into her face, she falteringly said that it was to be a secret marriage."

I waited while Flower Lady gazed steadily out of the window but her eye sent no message to her mind of the snow covered trees outside, nor of the crowd of merry skaters down on the river, for her thoughts were

busy with the girl of twenty years ago. Perhaps she was living over a part that no one should ever hear about. However she soon continued her story.

"How I pleaded with her and before she left I had her promise to refuse such a marriage. I was sad, sad, those two weeks that followed. For must not the heart of my lassie be sore? I knew the boy would never have the courage to take her to his family as his bride. Then at the end of the two weeks she came to me. I was startled. She fairly exhaled a fragrance of joy and gladness. She had not been in the room long however, when a reserve came over her and a slight shadow clouded the brightness of her face. At once my heart interpreted her thought. Her promise to me had been broken. The next June he graduated and left for his home. Twice during the summer he came to see her. He was going to Mexico in the fall as a civil engineer. He promised to tell his family of his marriage and to take her south with him. She was the happiest girl I ever saw and I began to have confidence in his love for her and to believe that things would really end well."

Flower Lady put the ring in the box, replaced the cotton and tied on the cover. I waited. Then she looked up at me, her face was pale and her voice very low as she said:

"He never came."

Miss Lodine Moore.

Among the thing that come to make us rejoice there must come, now and then, that which makes us bow our heads and hearts in sadness. It is with a heart strangely heavy that we announce for the first time through this paper the death of an old student. The following account of the death of Miss Lodine Moore is taken from the St. Lawrence Republican. We rejoice to know that near the end of her life Lodine expressed a belief that she

had met her Savior and that her life was committed to His care.

—Editor

Libson, Aug. 9—On Wednesday, August 3, 1910, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham, occurred the death of Miss Lodine Moore, after a long and painful illness of Bright's disease. She was the only child of the late David and Lodine E. Moore and was born in California, Aug. 15, 1891. When but four months old her mother

died and three years later she was left an orphan by the death of her father. Previous to her father's death, she was brought east and placed in care of her aunt, Mrs. Dallas Thompson of Flackville, with whom she lived until she went away to school. Four years ago she entered the Ogdensburg Free Academy and after one year of study there, entered Houghton Seminary where she remained two years. In September 1909, she returned to the Ogdensburg Free Academy, but in a short time was obliged to give up her studies on account of ill health. Since then she had made her home at the Lisbon House with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham and no parents could have cared more tenderly for a loved child than they did for the orphan girl. Every effort that medical skill could devise was employed but she could not be restored to health. All through her illness she bore up bravely and always welcomed everyone with a cheerful smile.

Miss Moore was a general favorite with old and young, winning friends

everywhere by her lovely disposition and beautiful character. She will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends. Her funeral was held Friday, August 5, from the United Presbyterian church and the vast crowd of people together with the many beautiful floral tributes, testified to the esteem in which she was held. The heart felt sympathy of the whole community is extended to Garret Flack, to whom she was betrothed. But God in his wisdom knew best and took her in sunny youth to join her parents in that blessed land "where tears are never shed and loved ones are never parted."

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,

But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,

And Christ, Himself, doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,

By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,

She lives whom we call dead."

Looking Backward.

(The trouble with most of our great thoughts is that they occur to us too late. The chance comes, the time passes, and we find ourselves sighing dejectedly, "If I had only thought." But there is one good thing about real inspiration; it keeps well. So the following bit of inspiration by Miss Abbie L. Churchill, coming as it did, after months of observation during last year too late for any practical use then, has been held over until this year when we have the whole year before us in which to take heed thereto.—Editor.)

I've searched the papers through and through;

I've studied the poets, a dozen or two;

I've racked my brain and laid awake night,

And pondered the question of woman's rights;

But at last I'll confess I've not found a theme

That would suit the style of a poet's dream.

The subjects of Nature, Autumn and Spring,

And love about which the poets sing,
Are completely exhausted and, if they were not,

I could not say a very great lot
That would be inspiring to such great minds,

As one in Houghton college finds.
But if you'll bear with me a while,
And not pass me by with a haughty smile,

I'll tell you a few things that I've found out

And which I'll talk a little about.

'I've found that when cold weather left, waned, The taste for study leaves our brains, We can't be successful unless we work; Great honors never come to a shirk It's just as Professor McDowell said, Regents Exams. loom up ahead. If we have been diligent in our books Those "awful exams." lose their threatening looks; We hail them gladly and pass them well Because we have not got our lessons pell-mell. I've found that if a person tries To always please people's critical eyes, They might just as well stop before they've begun, For I'm very sure it can't be done. If you'll only strive with all your might To do just what you know to be right And never swerve to the right or time.	You'll never be of friends bereft; And you'll fare much better in the end Then as though you'd tried to please every friend. There's another matter I would men- tion, One that demands very much atten- tion. 'Tis the habit of saying ill natured things And of setting rumors afloat on wings, About that neighbor, school mate or friend That may fare just as well as you in the end We've all indulged in this more or less And we've found it just makes mat- ters worse, I guess. There's other things I'd thought to say, But I've talked long enough now, I guess, anyway; The rest I could not set in rhyme So I'll tell you that some other
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Privileges of the New Year.

Another school year is beginning much in the way of study. We all and as we are entering upon school life again we are reminded of the mistakes and failures of last year. Mistakes and failures in the use of our time, in the forming of habits, in the use of opportunities.

But each new year opens up a new page on which we may write success or failure. Last year with all its mistakes is past, but this year is still in the future and we can make of it what we will. Let us aim to be more successful than last year—not so

came here for that purpose and surely all mean to succeed. But in the little things which makes school life a real pleasure. In the smile, the cheerful word and the kind deed. These are as truly opportunities as the greater ones. Let us, to be sure, master our lesson and find satisfaction in the doing of it, but let us not have our minds so fixed on that one thing that we are blind to the opportunities for willing, unselfish service for others.

Isabelle Stebbins.

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