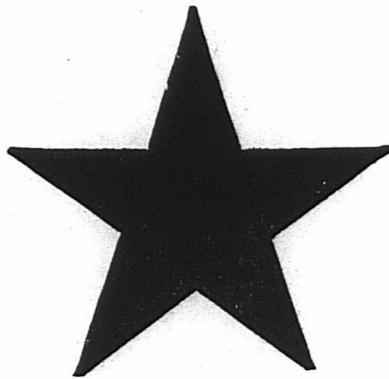


The
Houghton Star



The Ordeal versus the Ideal

A Sketch from Real Life

Houghton Seminary Lecture Course

Cynicism and its Confreres

Six Years of Progress

The Philomathean Society

"Come Up Higher."

Volume II, No. 2

October 1909

has been often tried and proven true to the best and highest comes to possess a courage that like faith, "Laughs at impossibilities and cries, It shall be done." The great writer Greville said, 'Most men have more courage than they themselves think they have. Their failure to become known to themselves is often due to their escape from the divinely appointed ordeals. Another writer has said that,

"Exalted souls,
Have passions in proportion violent,

Resistless and tormenting : They're
a tax

Imposed by nature on pre-eminence,
And fortitude, and wisdom must support them."

The life which refuses God's ordeals is a life in which violent passion runs wild, it is an untamed life, undisciplined, reckless, daring and doing but never wisely. Up the heights of God's ideal we may climb, but never without welcoming God's ordeals.

A Sketch from Real Life.

Stanley Wright.

The simile and metaphor are favorite figures with the mind. We describe our greatest failure as a Waterloo. Genius burns brightly for a moment and by its light we pen a few lines that might look like poetry; Stratford on Avon has given to the world another son. Our favorite statesman is a Caesar, our favorite athlete, a Hercules, and so the parallel goes.

But not so in the task that is set me now; for no one ever tried to describe Professor H. W. McDowell by pointing out his equal.

After I have introduced him to you, you may well spend the next twelve months in becoming acquainted with him for the man that he is to you at the end of the first six months is not the man that he will be to you at the end of the second. He is not on exhibition all at once. You wonder at first what you can ever have in common with that quiet, stern faced man. Indeed he may not have smiles to throw away but you will find he has enough to go around. And you, my fellow student, you who are homesick, you who are discouraged, or you who think that life isn't such a serious problem after all—you spend a quiet half hour with Professor McDowell and you will go your way with a lighter, more courageous heart and with a determination

to live, and live nobly.

Come with us into the class room. You may not tell over, word for word, what logician or historian has written, but perchance some point you hardly notice will be made to teach you a great and vital lesson of life.

Some men need to be making a noise that you may know they are about: not so with Professor McDowell. Many a young orator whose knees have suddenly become unable to bear the weight of his body and whose heart is beating double-quick time, has found his strength and peace of mind returning as he has felt his trainer, the Professor, sitting behind him on the platform, or has caught his steady eye somewhere in the audience. This is not a bit of fancy, but a bit of experience from more than one life.

His shoulders are broad enough to bear all the pleasantries and jokes that faculty or any others may care to load upon them, but woe to such pleasure-seekers if Professor McDowell has not spoken first.

Were this article complete it would contain the history of Christian lives that probably would not have been lived and deeds that probably would not have been done, had those lives not been touched by this life. If in any respect this article is not complete, it

may well be laid to lack of acquaintance with its subject, for it is written by one who has known Professor McDowell only seven short years.

We students sometimes wonder what Houghton would be without Professor McDowell, but we always end up by giving ourselves something easier,

such as wondering what England would be without the British Isles; what the solar system would be without the Sun; or what the universe would be without the laws of gravitation.

We can but say, Professor McDowell and Houghton Seminary, now and forever, one and inseparable!

Cynicism and its Confreres.

L. A. Whitney.

The Cynic, the Scornor and the Pessimist, while differing in some aspects have much in common, and together form a group of Stygian mein—the Cynic, with his morose contempt of the pleasures and acts of life, the Scornor, disdainful, and the Pessimist, who complains of everything as being for the worst.

The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever. To glorify God, one must glory in his handiwork, nature—the breath of God—and man, His masterpiece; for Kant says, "Man displays in greater grandeur the majesty of the Creator than the Starry Heavens." The Creator made man to be happy and enjoy His work. "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast." A normal person loves the warmth, the air and the sunlight. "Oh, the ecstasy of living." We are the children of light and our king the Morning Star.

Not only are the Cynic and the Pessimist to be given a wide berth, but the Scornor is to be shunned as the plague. His words are paralyzing and deadly. The Lotus-Eaters, when they had eaten of the enchanted fruit, looked upon life very differently; their possibilities were deadened—all had suffered change—death is the end of all—why further struggle?

But let us close our ears to the call of the Sirens and take on new life as did Ulysses—"Some work of noble note may yet be done.—All things have I enjoyed!"

The fatalist stands aside and says, "It was so decreed." Fatalism is the resource of a weak man, a coward who has retired from the field of battle and attributes his failure to the inevitable. Andrea del Sarto said, "We are in God's hand. How strange the life he makes us live. So free we seem, so fettered fast we are! He laid the fetter, let it lie!" But far more wisely Brutus says, "The fault, dear Cassius, is not in our stars, but in ourselves!"

People under temptation seek the convent and adopt the habits of the recluse—they take on a morbid view of life. Jacob said, "All these things are against me." But with God at the helm, all is well! Lord Byron confessed to having had only eleven happy days in his life. Whose was the blame? Browning, on the other hand, exclaimed, "The best is yet to be, the last of life, for which the first was made." Make environment subject to you. A situation exempt from temptation and toil would not develop the same man, the same strength of purpose, the same faith in God, the same purity of life. Wordsworth said, "A deep distress hath humanized my soul."

Should we look upon everything with reserve and suspicion? Our ability to criticize often exceeds our ability to perform. And there are those who "are reputed wise for saying nothing." They coldly look on, scathingly contemptuous of the endeavors of others.

Let us each contribute our little part and "Yield to the perfect whole."

If we fail, we spoil the completeness. He who puts his soul into his work is an artist, whether he wield the axe in the forest or follow the plow in the field.

Have faith! Brutus said, "In all my life I found no man but he was true to me." Brutus was deceived, but that did not detract from his own beautiful character. His enemy said of him, "The elements are so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world—this was a man."

The life that is not lived for others

has missed its end. The tree is planted and tended and finally brings forth the fruit. The fruit reaches its perfection, is beautiful to behold; but if allowed to stay on the tree it becomes withered and unsightly. It needs to be gathered and consumed, giving pleasure and life to the consumer. Only in that way does it fulfill its highest mission. On the tomb of Dr. Adam Clarke, there is the picture of a gleam and this inscription, "In giving light to others he was himself consumed. "His was the beautiful life. "Love suffereth long and is kind."

Managerial.

As we take up the work of the "Star" at the beginning of the year, a few changes in the staff must be made. The opening of school finds our worthy assistant, who was also Neosophic reporter, established and flourishing in Oberlin. We feel the loss very keenly but are beginning to rejoice in the appointment of Mr. Rindfusz's successor W. LaVay Fancher, who comes back to us vigorous and wise from a summer spent on the plains of South Dakota. The news will certainly not suffer under the pen of their new reporter, Theos Thompson. Our readers have now watched the paper through a little more than a half year of its life. Is it a child of great enough promise to be received into several homes of which you may know?

Houghton is not a dreamy place and yet we do have some fond dreams here. One of them has for years taken the form of a printing press, dimly outlined at first, but becoming ever more distinct, and it has played well the part of Banquo's ghost. The development of a school paper brings the realization of the dream very near. We wish here to express our appreciation of the courtesies shown and aid given us by the Editor of the "Spectator," at whose office the "Star" is printed during its first year. To make the paper entirely a school affair has been our hope, thus giving the manager abundant opportunity to develop his originality, (succeeding ones who may be blessed with some.) As yet we do not know of any firm making presses at least the kind we want, who part with them simply for the experience. Knowing many of Houghton's old students and friends who have had much wider experience than we, we thought perhaps some of them might hit upon some plan whereby some firm might be induced to part with one of their machines. Any such plan will be most gladly and carefully considered by the management.

Stanley Wright

Six Years of Progress.

Everyone who knows anything about Houghton is aware of the fact that improvement is being made along many lines. This is, perhaps, especially evident to one who has sometime been a student in the Seminary and then after a few years absence, returns to the "New Houghton."

Some features of the student life and the surroundings are the same. It is of course the new things which we have in mind at this time.

The new and larger buildings, new departments of instruction, and a correspondingly larger faculty, with a growing student body are only some of the features which impress us. It is hardly possible to have anyone of these without, a least needing the others. Growth in one direction demands growth in all. Better equipment for maintaining a college department naturally results in new interest in that department. The same is true of the music department, which has become an essential, rather than an incidental, feature.

The student body itself is no less progressive. Some student interests which were merely in embryo a few years ago are now well developed

branches of the student life. Instead of one literary society, we find two. Like a swarm of bees when the occupants of a hive become too numerous the parent society has thrown off a new colony. The largest Prohibition League in this part of the country is also the fruit of new interest in reform work. Nor can we fail to observe the especially successful ventures in the nature of a lecture course and a student publication. Both of these have been mentioned and desired some time before they became a fact in the student life.

Along with these new things, the devotion to Christ and the consecrated lives of the faculty and many of the students are no less manifest than in earlier days. The elements of success are here. These are only the beginnings of what may be expected at Houghton Seminary.

Houghton Seminary Lecture Course.

H. R. Smith, Jr.,

The lecture course committee of Houghton Seminary has secured for the season of 1909-10 talent inferior to none on the American platform.

George D. Alden of New York, whose great souled enthusiasm inspired the students with high ideals last year, is again to lecture in Houghton Seminary Chapel, November 5. Those who have heard this eloquent descendant of the "Mayflower Pilgrims" need not be told that his lecture will be worth hearing.

The famous Dunbar Male Quartette and Bell Ringers, who will appear on December 6, have been heard and approved by one hundred and twenty different Chautauqua assemblies. Their equipment of nearly two hundred bells is the finest money can buy.

Of Alton Packard, artist and cartoonist, musician and composer, humorist and entertainer, Chas. Sandburg writes, "Never a pulpit orator more direct in giving you a guilty feeling than this man Packard." Those who come on January 21 will enjoy a health-giving feast of the humorous, the picturesque and the beautiful.

The last number of the course is a lecture on February 8, by Judge Ben B. Lindsay, whose work in the Juvenile Court in Denver is solving the problem of the "bad boy."

The committee feels sure that no one can afford to pass by this rare opportunity of becoming acquainted with a few of America's great master minds. It, therefore, urges an early purchase of season tickets for the course.

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 any time.

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

Advertising rates will be made known on application.

Editor-in-Chief,	Alison Edgar
Associate Editor,	Estella Glover
Philomathean Reporter,	LeRoy Fancher
Neosophic Reporter,	Theos Thompson
Local Editor,	Shirley Keyes
Business Manager,	Stanley Wright
Assistant Manager,	LaVay Fancher

All's well at Houghton.

We on the staff have caught our breath and recuperated our ranks. Mr. Wright informs you that he is to be assisted by Mr. W. L. Fancher, while Mr. Theos Thompson will keep us in touch with the Neosophic society. Pending the arrival of Miss Keyes, Mr. Fancher has been prevailed upon to take in hand the items. The Neosophic society is not represented in this issue, but you will hear from it before long. You will notice the articles on the faculty have been continued as per agreement. Some of you new students may think Mr. Wright's sketch somewhat enthusiastic. But you just wait till you have been in Houghton seven years yourself and see what you think then.

When we looked over our material last Monday morning, we vaguely felt a lack, and we went in our difficulty to Elder Jennings. The beautiful article he gave us completes the sum of our satisfactions.

Do you want a friend? Try making friends with yourself. Do you want a

noble friend? Make of yourself a noble friend. Take yourself seriously, respect yourself highly. Friendship demands sacrifice. Sacrifice momentary gratifications to the building up and enobling of this friend that you are making. You have in you infinite reserves—call them out, educate them. All your life long you are linked for better or worse to this friend. Let his thoughts enoble you, uplift you—otherwise they must coarsen and degrade you. Make of him all there is in him to be. Appreciate him; understand him. Don't let him get prejudiced and uneven, jaundiced or weak. Keep him right and he will keep you right. He may be your fiercest enemy he may be your strongest ally. Make friends with him at once—get him on your side. Let him learn the great lessons and know the great experiences of life. Then never go back on your friend.

There were a number of distinguished men in Houghton last year, of gifted, of marked men,—and then there was a great man. And the great man was a reformer, as most great men are. He stayed with us only an afternoon, but he stamped upon our minds an impression of power and personality that can never be effaced. There is in personality a Protean strain that escapes analysis. No man can be absolutely defined, for what he was not, he is—and what he was, he is not. But of this man we think we learned a little

He spoke colossal truth in words a child could understand. He did not glitter, he did not generalize, he did not rant. He did not water his thought with cheap oratory: he strained out of his language old conventionalisms and platitudes, the stuffing of so many speeches. His thoughts were his own, his jokes were his own—he was absolutely honest. A humble man, yet unashamed to lift his voice against the folly of a race. A statesman of the sort that comes but once a generation.

ITEMS.

The church steps are undergoing repairs.

The interest of our athletes seems to be shifting from baseball to basket ball.

Rev. A. T. Jennings gave a very interesting talk to the students a few days ago in the chapel.

Miss Morris of Michigan arrived last week in Houghton and registered in the Theological department.

We were pleased to hear that the absent members of our faculty are located in Oberlin and are enjoying their environment.

Mrs. C. K. Thompson and family of Northville, S. D., have arrived in town and taken up their residence in Professor Bedford's house.

Not long since Professor McDowell made a five-minute speech to the students in which he urged them especially to care for the little things—not forgetting the minutes and the nickles

Some of the students who were among us last year are now engaged in leading unwary children through the mystic mazes of learning. Report includes among the number Misses Hart, Benning and Sinclair and Mr. Glover.

It was the belief of both the faculty and the students that there should be afforded, outside of the regular classroom work, an opportunity for Bible study. Happily this idea became diffused and as a result we have a Bible Study Class to which all are eligible. It is the plan of the class to meet for one hour every Sunday afternoon. The Rev. A. T. Jennings has kindly promised to take charge of the work, which will consist of lectures, papers, and the discussion of such questions as may arise. The first meeting held on Sunday, September 26, was well attended. Much interest was manifested in the work.

There are now twenty-five girls rooming at the dormitory. It looks as if the dormitory at least would have a prosperous year.

The Rev. Hartsoe of Central visited the school Tuesday, Sept. 28, and addressed the students in the evening at their weekly prayer-meeting.

This is the time of year when many like to meet the new students. Especially do the treasurers of the Students Prohibition League and the Athletic Association and the business Manager of the "Star" crave an interview with them.

In the reading room and library of the Seminary building on Friday evening, September the tenth, a reception was given by the old students to new students and friends. After introductions had been given, a short program was rendered consisting of music, a reading and several speeches by students and teachers. Later lemonade and wafers were served. All had a pleasant time and a good chance to become acquainted with the new students.

We have been pleased to welcome into our midst the following new students this year:

From New York—Bethel Shares, Bessie Lewis, Beulah Shares, Mildred Burr, Clare Dart, Nellie A. Bedford, Eva L. Fitch, Helen Kerr, Mary Kerr, Mildred P. Leet, Mabel Acher, Emma Johnson, Ella Jones, George M. Whitaker, Clarence Barnett, Howard Barnett, Mary L. Poole, Lucile Gelsie, Beulah Young, Emma Agnew, Leland Rosebrook, Luella C. Hunt, Laurette Mountain, Dorothy Peck, Margaret Mountain, Edna M. Benning, Mary R. Francis, Mattie Sears, Flora Barber, Mary J. Wilcox, Almon Thayer, Florence Eyler, Lucile Knibloe.

From Pennsylvania—J. Willard Little, Lena Fawcett, Norman McEwen, Hazel Hart, Mary Jeffry, Thankful Clawson, A. Merle Graves, Agnes Taylor, Donzella McCarthy,

Cordello Brooks.

From Vermont—Nettie B. Rowe,
Edward L. Eliot, Nathan Capen.

From Michigan—Edward Treachler,
Clarence D. Chamberlain, Florence L.
Sellman, Mary M. Muras, Asa Wood.

From Ohio—Anna M. Bues.

From South Dakota—Cita Thompson,
Lois Thompson.

Young Logician: Professor, did I
understand you to say yesterday the
habits we form while young will surely
determine our conduct when we grow

older?

Psychology Professor: I meant to
leave that impression and authorities
legion bear me out in the statement.

Y. L.: But it is not inevitably so,
is it Professor?

P. P.: So nearly so that we may
consider it as such unless a very potent
inhibiting power is applied.

Y. L.: Professor, did you ever con-
sider what will become of the bache-
lors of Houghton Hall, if your state-
ment be correct?

"Come Up Higher."

"Our Horizon Widens as we Climb"

Alison Edgar.

Let us try to catch the spirit of the
poet's burdened lay;

Let us listen to the voices of the
seers that speak today:

For the singers in sweet chorus
breathe on Seraph's borrowed lyre,

And the burden of their message
swells angelic, "Come up higher."

All about us tower great mountains.
Shall we linger here below?

There is darkness in the valley, but
the ruddy summits glow.

Let us grasp our staff with vigor,
for the way is long and steep,

And from crag to crag we may not,
like the mountain roebuck, leap.

Toil then,—toil we all day onward!
Thorns have pierced our aching feet!

But our eyes are still turned upward,
where the mount and Heaven meet!

As we climb the upward hillside,
wider our horizon grows;

Hills that towered and heaved above
us, round our path no longer close,

But, mere hillocks, group forgotten
at the mighty mountains base,

While our eyes, trained to the dis-
tance, still on high can dimly trace

Outlines of yet loftier summits rising
toward the burning sun,

Telling us of greater labors ere our
journey shall be done.

Toil then—toil we all day onward,
till the night shuts down amain,

And pale Phebe high above us gives
her milk white steeds the rein.

Shall we pause and let sweet slum-
ber over all our senses creep?

No, the hilltops cry come upward,
there's no time for rest or sleep.

We must toward the realm supernal,
astral heights with diamonds strewn,

Where the music of the starlight
finds its harmony and tune:

There behind the milky pathway
shine the glorious halls of light

Where the mysteries of creation are
no longer hid from sight.

Then we'll climb till Etna's summits
in our wake are much the same

As to Jove's untiring eagle seem
the corn-shocks on the plain,

And from out the halls of Heaven,
bathed in robes of living fire,

God and angels stoop and whisper,
"Tis sufficient. Come up higher."

The Philomathean Society.

H. L. Fancher.

Vacation is past. School opened D. C., in the year 1862. four weeks ago. Society work has begun once more. This year, as every other year, we miss those who have left us and gone to other fields of labor. Among those of our number who have not returned this year, Wesley Markee and Clemmie Warner are in Miltonvale. Minnie Hart and Daisy Rogers are teaching school in Pennsylvania. William Frazier and Leland Boardman are attending Oberlin college. Alfred Glover is teaching school in Kansas. Jason McPherson is preaching in the Michigan conference. Others have departed for the West, the South, or the East. Some we are still expecting to see with us this year.

There was no society on the first Friday evening of the school year since the annual reception for the new students was held at that time.

On Friday of the second week of school, our first meeting was held in the library. The program was one that had been arranged before vacation, and it had to do, in a general way, with topics which were of interest about forty-five years ago. During the course of the program, three recitations were given. One interesting feature was the reading of selections from a paper written by Miss Fredelia Clement during the Civil War and read at a Sunday school convention at that time. A letter was also read which had been written by a soldier in the Union camp at Georgetown

The meeting of the following week was held in the chapel. The program was, in part, as follows: Some special musical attractions, a speech by Professor Greenberg, a reading by Miss Day, a recitation by Miss Jones, and a mental contest conducted by Mr. Stanley Wright. The last mentioned part, which was a new feature here, was a test covering the knowledge of spelling, geography, history, English language and general literature. Ten young men contested against ten young women. Both sides dwindled to one. Miss Alison Edgar was the last of the young women to stand in line. Professor Greenberg was left alone after she took her seat.

At the last meeting, the subject of Arctic explorations was taken up by papers, speeches and readings. No one failed to perform his part on the program. The work was well outlined so that each of the speakers held to a particular phase of the subject. In addition to this, Miss Whitney gave a reading, Miss Hubbard a recitation and Carpenter brothers a cornet duet.

We are all pleased with the interest that is manifested and the character of the programs rendered at the commencement of the year. The new song books, the new faces, the familiar faces, the love of the work and the common interest of all, inspire us with fresh zeal for our work. We mean to do our best all the year.

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