

# *The* Houghton Star.

## Commencement Number

Prophecy of Houghton Seminary Fifty Years Hence

Houghton in the Inter-Collegiate Contest ✓

The Present Crisis

Class Prophecy

Houghton in the Van

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## Prophecy of Houghton Seminary Fifty Years Hence.

By Elizabeth Stoll.

It was a bright, warm day in September. The sun had sent his beaming rays upon the earth until it seemed that the life and beauty of nature were fast fading. Everything appeared lifeless; scarcely could there be seen a form which did not show signs of an oppressive heat. But at last the great orb of day slowly began to withdraw itself and a freshening breeze swept over. Things began to change. Instead of the same dullness and quietness, people moved about. The frogs in the distant marsh began their evening tunes. The songs of the birds sounded from the nearby wood. The crickets' chirp was heard from among the grasses.

It was on this evening, although surrounded with opposite conditions, that a feeling of loneliness seemed to creep over my whole being. I threw around my shoulders a little shawl and strolled leisurely out into the fresh evening air. Finally I reached a gently flowing brook. It seemed to urge me to stay a while by its laughing, bubbling waters. So, with nothing else to do, I sat down upon a large stone near its edge. As I watched the quietly flowing stream, thoughts of the past, thoughts of the present, and thoughts of the future crowded in upon my mind. I could think with pleasure upon the past and the present, but the future I could not reach.

While thus watching and musing, my attention was suddenly called to the peculiar change in the stream that danced before me. Instead of a moderately flowing stream, it flowed slower and yet slower. I knew not what it meant. I thought, has the very nature of a stream changed? Motionless I sat watching its actions and to my profound amazement, when it reached a pace nearly directly in front of my view, the current entirely ceased its flow. Gently and quietly there arose from the spot the most beautiful

figure that had ever been presented to my view. I had heard tell of fairies and of goddesses of streams, but never before had I seen one of these real beings. Now, with noiseless tread, a true fairy stood before me. She gazed into my eyes and then softly asked why I was so sad and lonely. I tried to tell her, but, as I had no good reason, I finally said that I was just seeking a quiet place to rest and free my mind of care. With comforting words she asked what she could do to lend to my happiness and pleasure. At first I could not say, but, as she stood waiting for an answer, I thought of "Good Old Houghton." So then unhesitatingly I asked for a portrayal of Houghton Seminary fifty years hence.

Cautiously the enchantress waved over my head a small rod which she carried in her hand. The radiance with which it shone proved to me that it was bedecked with rubies and precious gems. More than before I was convinced of the presence of a real fairy carrying a wand. With two or three strokes of her wax like hand across the rod, it seemed to change into a very long telescope which she put to my eyes and through which I saw what appeared to be a small village off by itself, but, upon getting a clearer view, my eyes caught the words "Houghton Seminary." I had no time to ask questions for she immediately called my attention to the grounds surrounding the buildings.

The first was a picturesque and attractive campus. It contained about twenty-five acres of land dotted here and there with beautiful trees, vines, and shrubs, and those things which could only adorn and beautify its appearance. Leading to and from the buildings were wide, clean cement walks which showed the work of skilled workmen. A little distance from the campus lay a calm, peaceful little lake. Near and around this were

dives, docks and houses equipped with all necessary articles to be used by the dwellers of the place. Among them were boats with oars, diving and bathing suits for both boys and girls, wings for swimming, fishing tackles, and numberless other equipments.

Some distance from the lake lay a tract of about two acres of level land holding out at its entrance signs, "Athletic Field." The place afforded all kinds of apparatus for field sports including a race track of about one fourth of a mile.

The fairy then took the wand from me and after stroking it a few times handed it back. In front of my eyes large and full, stood the chief building. Immediately I recognized it as the college building upon whose floors I had so often walked, and I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Time and decay cannot mar your beauty and endurance." The interior of each separate room was placed before me. Many changes and improvements I noted. The one that greatly impressed me was the chapel room. I cannot speak of each separate change, but wish to mention its growth in size. There were no music rooms, but these had been made so as to help enlarge the hall. It was closely seated and not more than fifteen or twenty vacant places out of the ten hundred seats could be seen. The students I could not recognize, but seated in the president's chair I saw a form whose features resembled those of him whom I had formerly known as Stanley Wright. Upon asking I learned that he was the younger son of the "Orator of 1909." Among the row of teachers seated on each side of the president of the college were other faces showing traces of former friends and associates. I saw that Professor H. C. Bedford had "trained up his son in the way he should go" and his mantle had fallen upon Ward.

Having seen a few familiar faces brought many more to my mind and I began to enquire of the fairy of others.

I called to remembrance F. H. Wright, a brilliant young man whom I had not forgotten and there loomed up before me a spacious well constructed church. Behind the pulpit stood an old gray-headed man who appeared as strong as when a boy. From the tone of the words he spoke I was assured he had followed out the convictions of his youth and was an instrument to bring souls to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

I enquired then of Estella Glover by whose side I had always taken my place at chapel. The magic telescope held a photograph upon which was stamped an aged lady's face and underneath was written a name the last of which I could not pronounce, but opposite it I read, "National President of the W. C. T. U. 1929-40." This quickly reminded me of the Prohibition League whose prospects were so promising in 1908-09. The fairy seemed unwilling to talk much, but by some mysterious art the scene changed and I had a peep into the office room of the White House. There seated in the president's chair was a man whom I knew as president of the Prohibition League of Houghton in '09, Mr. Harold Hester. I learned from my little friend that he was just about to complete his fourth term as the Prohibition President of the United States. You can imagine my heart rejoiced to know that our own League had contributed so much to help revolutionize the world.

I began to enquire of others, but the fairy only said these had all lived noble, useful lives, but time would not permit her to prove it for there were yet other things she wished me to see and a brick building named "Martin Memorial Hall" arose before me. This was so named in honor of its donor, Frank Martin. It contained the college library, several lecture rooms and the offices of the college. Each apartment was amply furnished with such things as would encourage the best and highest development. The small



lady seemed to hasten on faster than I cared to go, but I tried to be quiet. She, again using the same method as before, presented to my view a rather quaintly-styled building which proved to be a museum. In it were a variety of specimens of rock formation, collections of minerals, pottery, coins, shells, corals, birds, animals, botanical specimens and general curios. Every inducement to scientific study was clearly evident.

Next there stood before me a building about which I could again exclaim had almost stood the "test of ages," a girls' dormitory. Each separate room was not shown, but some which had recently been added, a fourth floor which was entirely devoted to the physical training of the ladies. It was a light, well ventilated room, having the best apparatus for light gymnastics. Instructors presided and time failed to wait for me to watch the graceful exercises of those square-shouldered, well-built girls as they moved about giving careful attention to the instruments that were played for their benefit. The face of the director seemed to linger with me and, ere I thought, I asked her name and was told she was a niece of Miss Hannah Greenberg, whom I doubtless remembered. The dining halls were well provided, spacious rooms which only again reminded me of the scene I had seen before in the chapel.

Too anxious to wait, I asked if any of the buildings I had seen was an old one made over. I knew what I wanted to ask outright, but my courage failed. The fairy, however, seemed to understand my thoughts and in answer to my question threw before me a large,

beautiful boys' dormitory. Its supervision was in the hands of an official chief of which was an heir of Professor J. S. Luckey. I then expected to have an insight into a men's gymnasium; but not here, for I was shown a lower floor of a building I had seen before. In the first floor of the museum were stalwart young men testing their muscular strength and showing their skill by making use of chest weights, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, rings and poles of all kinds. I noticed two young men a little more daring and stalwart than the rest, and, upon inquiry, found them to have inherited from their grandfather, Theos Thompson, traits which I could not help but notice.

The last, but not the least, was another large brick building, overlooking a valley below. It was wholly devoted to music. Go east or west, north or south, and whenever you find another such a conservatory of music and prove it has better advantages, more able instructors, or more talented students, I'll thwart all your arguments by describing fully this one.

The last look was taken through the magic telescope. By stroking it in an opposite way from that at the beginning, the wonder changed to the same gem-set wand that now again passed over my head bringing back to me the laughing, sparkling, babbling brook. I felt myself a new creature. The beautiful figure slowly moved away. I strained my eyes to peer through the darkness for one last lingering look at her who had added so much to my happiness in so short a time. But all I could see was the fading form, and she disappeared as strangely as she came.

## Houghton in the Inter-collegiate Contest.

By Harold Hester.

Eight o'clock in Hamilton, New York, on Thursday evening, April twenty-ninth, 1909. The delegations from Colgate, Syracuse, Cornell, and Houghton and attendant local audience seated in Sheldon Opera House, awaited expectantly the opening of the lists of the annual Inter-Collegiate State

contest in Prohibition Oratory. Soon the three stalwart champions take their stand in turn upon the tilting field to vie with one another in hurling fiery darts against rum, the common foe.

It was the first time little Houghton had undertaken to appear upon the field, but she played her part right nobly. In speech, the most artistic, most Grecian, of the hour, Houghton's orator, clad in brilliant black and spotless linen, laid bare "The Present Crisis;" appealing in the name of "God and home and native land" to join the only party that flies the banner of Prohibition and vote the liquor evil out. Then Edward Lynde of famous Syracuse tried a worthy hand. His youthful, courtly bearing and clear well-modulated voice did him good service, as, with sure argument, he disclosed "A Barrier to Progress," and denounced the economic waste in liquor revenue. It remained for staid old Colgate, through their jousting, M. R. Hamm to give the final stroke. It was master orator that now appeared. With well-directed words, with thunder tone and telling gesture, Mr. Hamm portrayed "The Dominant Issue of 1912" and roused to present duty.

All have spoken; all is quiet till the judges bring in their decision. Then, as M. R. Hamm is called forth and handed the prize that will take him to the Inter-state Contest, all hands and voices joined in thundering applause.

The contest was not the only feature of this college meeting. The next day in business session, re-organization was made for the ensuing year, including the election of S. L. Kennedy of Syracuse University for president and Stanley Wright of Houghton for Treasurer. Plans were laid for enlisting the co-operation of other schools in the State, and a fund was subscribed for sending a traveling secretary to carry on this work. In the reports, discussions, and exchange of thought, the work the individual leagues had

been doing was well brought out. The delegates from Houghton Seminary were very courteously treated all through. In fact, the Houghton League was generally recognized to have done work that rivalled the best.

Finally, the presence and addresses of two of the national officers, Virgil G. Huishaw and John A. Shields, lent no little inspiration. Mr. Huishaw is a thoroughly competent business manager, a graduate of Pennsylvania College, Iowa, and Mr. Shields is a graduate of Campbell College, Kansas. He is a boy in size but a giant in thought and speech. With such leaders the college movement for Prohibition is moving grandly forward, and cannot fail of ever increasing efficiency and ultimate success.

And now it remains for Houghton Seminary to make good her excellent beginning in this work. But she does not expect to fail or fall out by the way. She has been schooled too long in the qualities of soldiery. In the presence of the delegations of the aforesaid great institutions of the State, every breast of our little band of delegates was made to kindle as Professor McDowell voiced the principles and high ideals of Houghton. "Sirs," said he, "we were born fighting. This spirit is in our blood. We mean business and are in this fight to stay."

Students of Houghton Seminary for 1909 and '10, here is your opportunity. It will be for you to say that Houghton shall hold her own in this national movement for Prohibition among the colleges. To this end, let the enrollment in our league next year be renewed and increased, and let not a few plan to be in the regular Study Club, prepared to search deep into the status of the saloon and the underlying principles of Prohibition. It is not too early now to begin on that winning oration for the local contest in December.

A golden opportunity has come to us at this hour when we celebrate our quarter century centennial. May it not be one of the stepping stones to the



annual enrollment of that thousand the advancement of Houghton to the students within the next decade and competence of a standard college?

## The Present Crisis.

By Stanley Wright.

(This oration was delivered by Mr. Wright at Colgate in the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition League oratorical contest of New York State.—Editor's note)

The shipwrecked mariner, driven by furious winds upon an angry sea, eagerly searches the horizon for some distant sail that promises him life. The reformer ponders the page of history; with well trained eye, he scans the present or peers into the future seeking some ray of light that betokens the dawning of a better day. The wise commander closely observes the field of action, watching the struggling, seething masses as the victory turns now here, now there, until that crucial moment when like a flash, he hurls the last reserve against the enemy. The tide of battle turns; and the victory is won. Today the battle of the ages is on. The intense earnestness of the wrecked mariner, the interest of the reformer, and the skill of the commander should characterize our action. The masses view the field, strewn with shattered hopes, and think it not yet time to risk a desperate charge that shall seal the fortunes of battle.

But how turns the strife today upon the field where sin and righteousness are met in deadly combat? At the ballot box, last fall, where at each quadrennial the consensus of the nation is expressed, a powerful voice abetted the curse that blights our land. The step of liberty that should be joyous and gay must still be slackened to the dull clanging of chains. The river of death, fed by a thousand breweries, rolls on with augmented flow. The hosts of sin are reveling in overmastering victory. But, examining the field more closely we see that the decisive hour has been reached. The flying pen of the recording angel has paused for a moment—and eagerly the writer waits the outcome. As he begins again his task will it be with a sigh or with joy that a nation's bands are broken?

The fierce conflict which terminated in November has taught us wherein lies weakness and wherein abides strength; it has revealed to us the tactics we must offset and the forces we must face. No measure, however base, has been too vile to be used as a weapon against the march of righteousness. Every plan that evil minds could form has been a part of our enemies' code of war. They have raised a mighty bulwark, but it will not turn the missiles tipped with truth and sped by justice for it is but a "refuge of lies." The fairest, purest names upon the roll of fame have been torn from the hallowed settings to grace the list of those who would commend a cause so vicious. The sacred will of the people has been disregarded; hands already red have been dyed a deeper crimson by meddling with the ballot hurled against the liquor power. Life itself has not been too sacred to fall a victim to those deadly onslaughts. A land kissed by the southern sun has drunk the blood of one of her noblest sons. Yet the voice of the blood of Carmack crying from the ground came up before the eternal throne; the wrath of God was stirred; the hand of justice was moved; the chains that bound the captive were broken and Tennessee was free. In years gone by the liquor man has not come before the public to defend his principles; but, at his nod fluent men have hurried forth—men of wide renown, men who should speak forth eternal truth—and these have clothed his cause in golden phrases, smoothed his rugged path, and checked

the progress of reform. Today the evil is lifted and the public, if it will but look, may see the real forces which it faces. With the breaking light comes doom. New plots may still be laid and baser schemes may be devised, but such resistance will not forever thwart the triumphant march of truth. Never yet has evil raised a fortress but that its walls have crumbled to ruin and mouldered into dust.

Prohibition efforts have shown forth strength and unity, and God has blessed them. Never did truer man champion any cause than he who in the past campaign carried the consecrated banner of Prohibition; never did ensign float above a more united host. Picked warriors have met in single combat upon the public arena. Mind has clashed with mind. The arguments against our cause have scattered like withered leaves before a winter's gale. Not the least among the gleams of hope is the movement that brings us here today. Gray hairs may crown the wisdom of the world; the restraining hand of middle age may guide affairs to smoother channels; but the energy and force that drive the world course through the veins of youth. Never yet has young manhood risen in its strength but that the throne of iniquity has trembled. It is to her young manhood that America stretches forth her fettered hands and prays release.

In every state there are sections where the deadening grip of the saloon has been somewhat loosened. Thoughtful men have studied the results. They have marveled at the impetus given to the commercial world; they have seen with clearer vision the ratio between license and crime. As they ponder this, grave questions thrust themselves upon their minds. Should such a power forever place the laws upon our statute books? Should such a trade draw constantly from our stores of wealth and return nothing but sorrow, crime, and death? Shall young life

forever be the victim of this awful greed? Shall ruined lives and blighted hopes be the heritage of careers once promising? Thoughtful men have found but a single answer to these queries. The day is past when men can cry down a burning shame by voice and by vote, entrench it behind the bulwarks of law. The two standards have been raised; "Shibboleth" has been required of every man, and he who cannot frame it right has taken his own place. In the ears of every man ring those fiery words of truth:—

"They are slaves who will not speak  
For the fallen and the weak.

They are slaves who will not chose  
Shame, dishonor, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think  
They are slaves who will not be  
In the right with two or three.

Today a great wave of Prohibition is upon us, but the same tide that at its flood will bear a ship well into harbor, at its ebb, will bear it, unanchored, back into the jaws of the hungry sea. Just so this great wave that now is flooding will, when its ebbs, as ebb it must, bear back and dash upon the threatening rocks all our hard won victories and all these brilliant hopes unless before that time public sentiment has crystalized into National Prohibition.

Such are some of the conditions that we face today; they demand quick and valiant action. The clouds may now hang low upon the field of battle, but, if we claim not victory now, we shall be recreant to a holy trust. Upon the memorable field of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, with worried brow, watched the hopes of the English nation rise and fall as the tide of battle surged back and forth across that death swept plain. It seemed that no power could long withstand the onslaughts of the conquering Napoleon; then, disclosing the great Duke's heart came those words, "Come Blucher



or night." We dare not long for night to come and end the battle, for as yet the eastern rays have but tipped the hill of morn. But behold! A greater than Blucher is advancing and in his ranks marches the invincible force of an enlightened Christian conscience. The God who marshalls legion hosts of angels and to whose call a vast army of men give glad response, is moved in our behalf. Let evil men plan wickedness or devils plot against the right; their work shall fall to earth, for God hath spoken it.

Is there any labor too severe to perform or hardship too great to endure that we may free from bondage the fair land we love? Ask of a million hearts bowed down beneath their load of sorrow beside a cheerless hearth where love no longer sits enthroned. Ask of the host of stars that rise beyond the hallowed rocks of Plymouth and keep their silent watch across the

continent until they sink beyond the portals of the Golden Gate. They see in all their course those nightly revelations; honor trampled under foot; virtue sold as merchandise; the noblest work of God debased, debauched, dying without hope. Ask of the silent earth and of the roaring sea with myriad victims slumbering in their bosom. With one voice all these take up the cry, "Let now these chains be broken." A sense of justice nerves each arm for conflict dire, earth calls to us with loud appeal to push the battle to the gates; Heaven bends with promised victory. Jehovah sees the conflict waging and will not suffer wrong to thwart his holy purpose.

"Truth forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God, within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own."

## Houghton in the Van.

By W. R. Emerson.

If there ever was a period in the history of the world,  
When the banner of true learning  
needs in full to be unfurled;  
It is in these days of evil when men  
compromise with sin,  
Revival must begin.

Chorus:

We will raise a higher standard  
For mankind, for truth and right;  
We will raise a higher standard  
And bear it in God's might.

There are many institutions scattered  
broadcast through the land,  
Which are yielding very freely to the  
popular demand.

With a base and false conception of  
true learning of the mind,  
They're falling far behind.

Chorus:

We will raise a higher standard  
For the right, the truth and mankind;  
We will raise a higher standard,  
Houghton is not behind.

We contend that in true learning man  
develops as a whole,  
Training mind, perfecting body, and  
the saving of the soul.  
Making character the standard he is  
able to stand then,  
A man among all men.

Chorus:

We will raise a higher standard  
For mankind and truth and right  
We will raise a higher standard:  
Houghton stands for the right.

Standing one and all together for a  
learning true and great  
To encircle all our country spreading  
on from state to state,

We are hoping and aspiring to achieve  
it and we can

While Houghton leads the van.

Chorus:

We will raise the bible standard  
Educating every man;  
We will raise the bible standard,  
Houghton leads the van.

## The Houghton Star. Houghton, N. Y.

The Houghton Star is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (to 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,	Allison Edgar
Associate Editor,	Estella Glover
Business Manager,	Stanley Wright
Assistant Manager,	Ralph Rindfusz

### EDITORIAL.

Many and taxing have been the responsibilities of the last few weeks. A number of the students have been under a strain more severe than we have liked to see; but, at length, the burden is lightening, and we hail with delight the week of relaxation which is so nearly upon us.

The Regents, to whose mercies our rightfully constituted sovereigns, the faculty, have delivered us, have grudgingly prepared to lay aside the sceptre, and the monarch of jollity and rejoicing is making himself ready for a memorable reign.

We are anticipating a large influx of visitors and are making elaborate preparations to entertain them. We do not publish the week's program as we believe that it has already appeared in the Wesleyan, and space is at a premium with us this month.

We give you in this number two articles which will be delivered during Commencement week: Miss Stoll's Prophecy, which is on the program of the U. L. A., and the History and Prophecy of the Graduating Class from the Preparatory Department, by Miss

Newton. We hope next fall, in our first number, to print one or two more.

The accession of college spirit this spring has been felt in all the activities of the students, but especially it seems to have aroused the dormant lyric genius of the school. In Philomathean Society, the other night, Miss Keyes was appointed head of a committee to collect college songs. She was surprisingly successful. At least a dozen good songs were produced in half as many weeks. We print two or three of them and hope to publish several more next fall. We are especially glad to print Mr. Emerson's. Students of a few years ago will remember Mr. Emerson as one of the graduates of 1904.

Our first number for next year will appear about the middle of September, and till then we part with some regret and some relief on the part of the Editorial Staff.

(We are all interested, no matter what the character of our conviction on the subject, in the Colorado experiment of woman suffrage. We are all interested, too, in Judge Lindsey. We have admired his work for a long time, and especially since we have been promised a lecture from him next year, has he laid hold on our affections.

Miss Benning was enlisted a short time ago in a debate in behalf of woman suffrage. Acquainted with Judge Lindsey's reputation she wrote to him to ascertain if, in his opinion, woman suffrage had "made good." Judge Lindsey kindly responded in the following letter, which we requested and received the privilege of publishing.—Editor's note.)

March 25, 1909.

Miss Jessie K. Benning,  
Houghton, N. Y.

Dear Madam:—

Of course I heartily favor woman suffrage, simply because it is justice. I have very little patience with argu-



ments pro or con as to whether it would do any good or not. As we would say in law, all of this is utterly immaterial, irrelevant and improper.

I have never heard any arguments that answered the plea for justice for women. If I thought that woman suffrage would open every saloon in the United States and every gambling house I would heartily favor it, just as I would favor the right of men to govern themselves, if I thought they would do the same thing. I believe in self government. Let us get that first and we will discuss the other matters afterwards. I should say that from thirty-five to forty-five per cent. of the vote is that of women. The bet-

ter class of women vote; the lower class do not vote so generally. Woman suffrage seems so natural and so right in Colorado that it has ceased to be a matter of discussion. You might as well start a discussion as to whether men should vote or ask the same questions about men. Of course, woman suffrage does not demoralize the home or cause divorces. I am, however, inclined to think that male suffrage does, and there are ten arguments against male suffrage to one against woman suffrage, in my judgment, if there be any arguments at all on the subject that to me is so simple that it has long passed the domain of debate.

Sincerely yours,  
Ben B. Lindsey.

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## Class Prophecy.

By Luella Newton.

One day last June, I sat musing over my Vergil lesson. The day was warm and the lesson as usual was long, and I thought at first it was not very interesting, but something happened which changed my first impression completely.

Whether it was the weather that caused me to fall into a drowse, or whether some muse of Virgil's age cast a spell over me, it is hard for me to say; but in some mysterious way I found myself transported to the Grotto of the Sibyl.

At first the strangeness of the place bewildered me, but I soon grew accustomed to the dim light, and looking about me I saw in one corner the form of the Sibyl writing upon some leaves and laying them up about the cave. Timidly I approached her and said, "O Sibyl, pardon the intrusion, but may I ask about the future of some of my school-mates in Houghton?"

Without looking up she replied, as she hastily continued her writing, "It is no intrusion, my friend; you will find the prophecies you desire in the corner at your right." So saying she lapsed into silence again.

Just as I turned to find the leaves to which she referred, a great blast of wind swept through the cavern, scattering the leaves about in great confusion. It was with much difficulty that I managed to secure a few of them before the wind had carried them away into the dark recesses beyond.

When I stepped outside into the light, imagine my surprise to find the name of my classmate, Minnie Hart, written upon the uppermost leaf. Eagerly I read what followed:

"She is destined to be an old maid school teacher. Once she thought she was called to be a Wesleyan minister's wife, but as she grows older and wiser she will find that her calling is in another line, and she will be supremely happy in her sphere."

Slowly the words melted away and in their place there rose a vision of a school room in a kindergarten and there sat Minnie. I knew her at a glance even though her hair was streaked with gray and a pair of glasses made her look strangely old-fashioned. Her dress too was of a different style than any I had ever seen; but her

smile as she looked down into the eager little faces gathered around her was just the same as I had seen so many times, and as the vision vanished I could not help thinking of the happy picture they made.

The next leaf appeared with this inscription: "Ethel Julia Hester has a strenuous life before her—the career of a woman lecturer. Feeling the great needs of the age, she will join that great body of women who are doing so much toward driving out the evils from the nation. And no small part of the work will come to her hands traveling from state to state she will become known as the most energetic worker in the cause of temperance since the days of Carrie Nation."

The words seemed to glow as I read them, but suddenly they vanished and I beheld a vast assembly listening intently to the words of a woman standing before them. Her face was aglow with enthusiasm and the audience seemed spell-bound by the eloquence of her discourse.

But the scene quickly faded and I eagerly looked at the next leaf. There before my eyes were these words: Elsie Fredarica Greenberg will enjoy the pleasures and cares of a busy housewife. She has other ambitions now—even aspiring to become an authoress and cartoonist, but Cupid is watching for her and before long her views will be completely changed and she will gladly lay down her pen to take up the more arduous duties of the home."

Again the words faded and once more a vision rose. This time a picture of peace and plenty came to view—a cosy room in a pleasant home, with a family circle gathered around the cheerful hearth. The little ones were watching with great interest the pictures their mother was drawing for them on a slate, while the oldest daughter was reading aloud mother's latest story in the "Houghton Star."

Slowly the picture faded away, but who shall say that Freda had not at-

tained her high ideal? I looked at the next leaf wondering if a happier scene were to appear, but all was blank.

And that was all I could read, for presently everything grew dim and faded into daylight, and there I found myself awake, still sitting under the old oak on the campus.

"How strange," thought I, "Can it really be? I wonder what the girls would say if they knew what the fates have in store for them.

But I never thought of mentioning it to them nor, indeed, have I spoken of it to anyone, and it would doubtless have remained buried in my mind yet had they not demanded that I should tell them what I knew of their future.

I hope, my dear friends, you will not blame me if it is not just what you may wish. I have no authority over the Fates. Had it been in my power to fashion a future more pleasing, I would gladly have done it. But the fates are unchangeable. So be resigned to them.

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Years have passed since that memorable day when the Sibyl opened my eyes and allowed me to read the future of some members of the Class of Nineteen Nine; and although I marvelled at the time, why she withheld the future of the gentlemen in the class, it is no longer a source of wonder. I can now readily see that it was best that she should withhold some of those startling revelations else I might never have been able to return with the prophecy.

But, as I said, years have passed and I have become somewhat used to unexpected occurrences. I was, however, much surprised when I read the following paragraph in a Washington daily newspaper, dated June 21, 1925.

"Strange things are always happening but we have not yet reached the stage where we are not surprised by such happenings. The unexpected event took place last evening, when Harry J. Ostlund, for years the senate librar-



ian of the large Carnegie Library of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Uma Thorwald, a talented young lady of twenty. All who know Mr. Ostlund remember him as the staid, quiet bachelor that he has been during the ten years of his labor in the library, and his most intimate friends are surprised to learn of his marriage. It is commonly reported that he had never met Miss Thorwald until less than a month ago when she came to this city as Assistant Librarian. His many friends join in wishing him success in his new venture."

I laid down the paper and strolled out into the park, my mind filled with memories, but presently I was aroused from my reverie by the horn of an approaching auto, and, glancing up, whom did I see but Mr. and Mrs. Ostlund passing by in company with the Vice-President.

But I must tell you of another surprise that was in store for me. That same year I had the privilege of listening to the Shubert Male Quartett. Imagine my astonishment upon their appearance to discover that one member of that quartet was a graduate of Houghton Seminary. Yes, the bass singer was none other than Mr. Charles Floyd Hester, of the Class of 1909.

After the concert, I made my way to him and was surprised to find that he remembered me. He told me of his trip through Germany and France from which he had just recently returned, but, he said, though he might travel around the world he could never forget Houghton, and he hoped that he might some time have the privilege of singing there on their Lecture Course. I trust that his wish may some day be granted.

The following spring I had the opportunity of attending the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. Here I met another member of the Class of Nineteen Nine—Mr. Wellington Neville, D. D., LL. D., now the presiding Bishop of the Conference. I was very glad to hear of his success as a pastor, and to learn how fearlessly he had championed the truth of the gospel. It was also stated that he was to start for India the next year, where his cheering presence will be a source of encouragement to those who are laboring in that field. Such men as these the world is still needing and it is hoped that many may follow in their steps. Material is not wanting and we are assured that many more will thus be sent from our beloved Alma Mater.

Messrs. Leland Boardman, William Frazier and Ralph Rindfusz and Misses Alpha Bedford and Vera Jennings expect to attend college at Oberlin next year.

On May 11th, in commemoration of Professor E. W. Bruce's 60th birthday, the students of the Theological department gave him a pleasant surprise and presented him with a bible as a gift.

## For Up-to-date Clothing

Gents' Furnishings and Shoes be sure to see Cohen first. Positively the best and largest assortment in this section at rock bottom prices

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Having been fortunate in procuring part of the surplus stock of Suits and Rain Coats from Cohn & Berlin, clothing manufacturers of New York, at about one-half their actual worth, we are going to give our patrons the benefit and in order to move them quick we are going to sell them at \$9.50 and \$13.50 respectively.

There are about 200 Suits and Rain Coats and they comprise all the latest models in serges, thibets, greens, olives, tans, grays, etc.

These suits were made to sell from \$12.00 to \$20.00 and are rare bargains. Do not fail to avail yourself just at a time when you need a summer outfit.

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For a limited time with every iron bed and spring sold for cash we will give a pillow bolster free. It will cost \$1.25 extra if bought alone. Our floor is full of Rockers and as an inducement to move them will give 10 per cent discount for spot cash on any rocker.

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# Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Seminary

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## Departments:--

High School	Theology
College	Music

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If you wish to keep in touch with the work of Houghton Seminary, read the new catalogue. The departments have been rewritten, and the advanced growth of the institution has been indicated. Every prospective student will want one and every friend of the school should have one. A request on postal card directed to the President will bring it.

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



# **Announcement**

We desire to express our best wishes for a successful school year for the students and faculty of Houghton College.

We shall endeavor to give the students the same courteous and efficient service of past years and furnish the best goods at reasonable prices.

Our stationary, tablets and pencils give exceptional value for the money. Our stock is large and gives a wide field for selection.

We desire to call attention to the fact that we are sole agents for the celebrated International Tailoring Company. The perfect satisfaction given our many customers in the past is ample evidence of the success of these "Made to Order Clothes." We would be pleased to show you our full line of guaranteed "all wool" samples and quote you satisfactory prices on them.

Our groceries are purchased from the best wholesale houses in Western New York and the rapidity with which these goods are changed always insures fresh goods. Satisfaction guaranteed on all goods.

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## Gems of Education--First Prize Oration.

By W. LaVay Fancher.

The growth of the theory and practice of education has been and is an evolution. Primitive conditions present a striking contrast to those at present, while differences between the separate eras are hardly less marked. In primeval times knowledge and proficiency were acquired by imitation; in succeeding years by precept also. Nations, affected by environment or influenced by circumstances, conceived and transmitted to posterity different systems of education. From the almost limitless territory of educational history, watered by the streams of the national, the social and the institutional life of the races of all time, "we, the heirs of all the ages," gather the chosen jewels of worth. Many are found that we throw aside after close scrutiny. Others we treasure.

There are countless definitions of the term education. No two thinkers state its meaning in the self-same way. If we agree that the ideal today is the production of symmetrical character, we must accept the definition of the Swiss, estalozzi, that education consists of the harmonious development of all the human powers. Taking Herbart's Interpretation, we have a physical, a mental, a moral and a spiritual development. Whence came this conception, thus expressed? Where were the educational jewels of this crystalized ideal obtained? Not in one century or from one clime, but from the whole wide world did they come. Would you know the places of their discovery and know to whom you are indebted? Then come with me across the broad Atlantic, round Good Hope's Cape, past Madagascar's isle, beyond the spice-scented shores of Ceylon to India's sunny strand. Not many educational gems can be found here, for baneful caste has sapped the virtues and blighted the progress of the race. We find only the amethyst of self-reflection.

Then on, through monsoon-haunted tropical seas, along the Asiatic coast, up to the oldest of lands, China, the ancient. Here, after more than fifty centuries of national existence, we find the same predominating features of education still emphasized as in the days when Confucius gathered up wisdom, old in his day, pleaded for the nation to "walk in the beaten paths." Two precious jade-stones we find, government control of school and equal educational facilities for rich and poor. Alas for the flaw! For Chinese women have no part in education.

Now we pursue our course toward the west. What need to stop at Persia? Why waste a moment here? Gone is her power; long since the peal of the conqueror's trump sounded through Susa's stately halls. Persia possesses but the fragment of her former prestige. Once the mistress of the world, she sits, like Babylon of old, in her desolation. Of necessity her education was martial. Alexander of Macedon taught her the lesson, so oft repeated, so imperfectly mastered even yet, that the nation that lives by the sword shall at last perish by the sword. Cyrus and Cambyzes and Darius dreamed of universal dominion and the mountain winds, sighing through their ruined palaces, tell us of the vanity of human desires. Yet, even here, we find the turquoises of temperance and truth-fulness.

Egypt has been called the school-master of the nations. To her came the scholars of all races, seeking inspiration from her wisdom. Surely here many precious gems can be found "Boundless and bare, the lone and level sands stretch far away." Searching among her ruins, we find many glittering stones, only to drop them regretfully ere we depart. The jasper of scientific knowledge gathered from the mine of the practical and shaped on the wheel of investigation, is all that



is of value to us.

Come now over the blue Mediterranean to Phoenicia, mother of letters. She carried learning through all countries, though she originated none. Farther inland lies the city of David, beautiful still, though it has been the prey of the spoiler for more than eighteen hundred years. When the sceptre departed from Judah and the Roman eagles screamed in exultation over Zion and Moriah, the rabbis saw that the only hope for their country lay in an educated people. Here first sprang up schools in every community. Here first was compulsory education found. Fidelity to faith and ideals, the mark of the chosen people of God in all ages and all climes, is symbolized by the topaz, whose gleam greets us as we search.

The Orient! The rising sun! Look at the jewels we see, how the colors shine out. Purple of amethyst, green of jade, blue of turquoise, red of jasper, yellow of topaz—reflection, government control of education, truthfulness and temperance, scientific and practical investigation, compulsory education,—all these lie here before us. But their gleam is that of the morning. Westward, ever westward, moves the light and westward with the course of empire we go, seeking gems that shall reflect the full sunshine of midday. "Greece, that point of light in history." "Except the blind forces of nature, there is nothing that moves in the world today that is not Greek in its origin." If we think with Shelley that our laws, our literature, our religion, our art, all have their roots in Greece, we may expect to find many treasures here.

But in vain do we search in Sparta. From the standpoint of ideals primitive Greece was nearly uniform. The Spartans clung tenaciously to their racial tendencies, continuing as a martial tribe, over-estimating the importance of a physical training and losing sight of the individual in the social organization. They secured

stability for the state, but failed to make reasonable progress. The Athenians, however, developed amazingly, becoming the most emancipated from tradition and the most comprehensive in their conception of a true educational ideal of any of the nations of antiquity. Physical training had its charms, but it was not the supreme ideal. The moral nature was cultivated, the intellectual nature was developed, the aesthetic tastes were fed; love of knowledge, liberty and beauty were predominating characteristics. Greater emphasis was placed upon individual worth, causing man to esteem himself more highly and to forward his own interests and those of the State by a persistent and increasing endeavor. Surely the ruby, second in value only to the diamond, is no bad emblem of the genius of the Greeks.

"The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." Rome, the mistress of the world, with her discipline and her genius for law! The carnelian represents fairly the sterling virtues of the people. Devotion to the State, reverence for law, the habit of unquestioning obedience and the wise use of authority, the respect paid to women, all tended to lift her people above the level of the surrounding nations. Through her widely separated provinces and vast tributary states lived countless thousands whom she must govern wisely. Inevitably a more complex system of government than had heretofore existed must be formulated. For her institutions and her laws, and for the dissemination of Grecian culture, we owe Rome a mighty debt of gratitude.

But "conquered Greece led captive her rude conqueror." At the moment when reliance on the Grecian ideals was weakening, when faith in Roman standards was lessening, when the Roman government was becoming despotic and Roman life corrupt, a new, vital, moulding influence came to

change all educational standards, an influence born in Heaven, but suited to the needs of mortal man—no less a power than that of Christianity. It was not the Spartan ideal, exalting the physical, nor the time-honored Athenian extolling the intellect. Contrary to these, it sought for the noblest in man through the moral nature. Comprehensive in its scope, it appealed to all. No more where this doctrine spread was noble birth the test of fitness, since the Lord of the Universe chose to be come a humble artisan. Nor was vast wealth essential, for the Teacher had not where to lay His head, and was dependent upon his friends at Bethany. No more were martial achievements the test of rank, for the king of the Jews was the Prince of Peace. Fatherhood of God, brotherhood of man, equal rights of men and women, these new teachings may be represented by the pearl of price. Surely nothing more precious can be found.

But mankind was not ready to fully accept these teachings. Other gems less valuable but more dazzling caught the public eye. The jacinth of asceticism became the symbol of Christianity throughout the civilized world. Pagan literature was no longer tolerated, and the long night of the Dark Ages closed in, because of Christian opposition to honest investigation. The church, the representative of the Light of the World, was obscured by the clouds of ignorance and superstition. But behind them the light of an awakened Christian conscience was still shining to break forth in the coming Reformation. The church never wholly forgot that her mission was to teach. She was unequal to the training of the masses, but she did good work among the favored few. And she kept, hidden away in secret places, the old Latin and Greek manuscripts.

The intense individualism of the Middle Ages was in part at least a reaction from the stern rule of the church. In the reaction from asceti-

cism great stress was laid upon the active life. Intellectual accomplishments were not highly prized, but much emphasis was placed on physical training. Searching in the granite quarry of Feudalism, we find the beryls of manliness, courage, devotion to the right as it was understood and kindly interest in the cause of the weak and helpless.

Travel has a liberalizing influence, even though it be taken for the sake of war. Especially is this true when the war is a just one like the Crusades and the foe is as cultured and scholarly as the Saracens of that day. As many layers of stone unite to form one state so vassals and barons free and subject tribes and states, united in the endeavor to restore the Holy Land to Christian control.

Compayre says: "It has been truly said that there were three Renaissances: The first, which owed its beginning to Charlemagne, and whose brilliancy did not last; the second, that of the twelfth century, the issue of which was scholasticism; the third, the great Renaissance of the sixteenth century, which still lasts and which the French Revolution has completed." Scholasticism is not to be considered as a jewel itself. Rather is it the gold which holds together the Aristotelean ruby and the Christian pearl, together with the sardonyx of reason. The third and most important Renaissance was characterized by a greater realization of the ideals of the middle ages. Closely connected with and doing for the North what the Renaissance did for the South, was the Reformation. Each sought to enhance the value of the old and to add to the collection. From the one came the re-cut gems of classic literature and the opal of individual liberty. From the other came the emerald of an universal elementary education.

Gradually the dominance of the languages vanished from the curriculum and more and more Realism



“that type of education in which natural phenomena and social institutions, rather than languages and literature were the chief subjects of study” was sought. This was a glorious discovery and furnished one costly sapphire for our collection.

Now for the setting of the Jewels! Behold the crown, our educational ideal, the symbol of the process whereby humanity is to be raised above the level of the beasts that perish and made to rank among the Sons of God. Fashioned of no base metal but of gold tried seven times in the fires of affliction, the pure gold of character, it is set with the gems we have gathered. Their colors no longer conflict, but are harmonized into one perfect whole. On either side the front are glorious sapphires, one of Realism, the other representing the naturalistic, psychological and scientific tendencies of the last three centuries. Between them blazes a diamond, like that which shone above the lists at Camelot—the pure white light of Truth.

At what a cost this crown has been formed! What deprivations have been undergone! What woes have been endured! What a long period of time has witnessed its formation! The jade of equal chance for all, which China offers, has stood the test of many hundred years. The ruby, that emblem of the Greeks, though brilliant and dazzling is the product of the life-long labor of thousands and thousands of slaves. The Roman carnelian, which is so firm and so useful to us, is found in soil pierced by the crosses reared for her enemies and saturated by the life blood of her citizens. The Christian pearl which means so much to humanity was purchased by the torturous death of the Son of God.

Is it not true that harmonious development must be our ideal if as individuals and as a nation we would be at our best? China excluded the spiritual and crippled individuality. She has not advanced. The Hindus

extolled the spirit but lost sight of the active life. They have become self-centered and non-progressive. The Spartans emphasized the physical training. Their nation was overcome. Their bequest to posterity is slight.

The Greeks fell from the graces of morality and were borne away into the cess-pool of debauchery. The Romans barred the spiritual, neglected the intellectual, became corrupt in their morals and failed as a nation.

Have we considered the downfall of these nations? Have we rightly learned our lesson from the past? Are we putting in practice the ideal that we so willingly espouse? Does a physical, a mental, a moral and a spiritual training signify to us more than mere words?

It is true that to be an able man one must first be a good animal, but does this signify that the physical training should be made supreme? Let those who maintain this position remember the fate of Persia and of Sparta.

We confess intellectual training is not valued by the masses as it should be. Yet all, from the child of the multi-millionaire to the son of the poorest, most degraded black, may wear our educational crown.

The moral must have its place. It must be taught. It must be inculcated into the very life and being of the student, or he will exist a mere animal or a dangerous intellect.

The spiritual, which comprehends the beauty and grandeur around us, which utilizes imagination, which sees new relations, which is quick to exalt a noble purpose and finds its truest satisfaction when in unison with laws of higher origin than those devised by men, is a factor that cannot be slighted.

Governments and institutions dominated by men of one impulse have been short-lived. The hope of the perpetuation of our government and the liberty of our people lies in harmoniously developed individuals.

## 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,  
Associate Editor,  
Business Manager,  
Assistant Manager,

Alison Edgar  
Estella Glover  
Stanley Wright  
Ralph Rindfusz

We have neither time nor space to write for this issue a formal or lengthy editorial. We would like to commend ourselves again to the long suffrance of our subscribers and to extend to each of them a hearty greeting. We think we would like, too, to gossip a little about things as they are here in Houghton just now and possibly about things as we would like them to be.

The new students are the center of interest this week. We asked President Luckey if he had a word for the paper and he answered, "say we have a fine bunch of new students." They are arriving on every train. And O, how welcome they are!

We rejoice, both for his own sake and for the sake of the school in the arrival of each new student. When we think how much Houghton Seminary has meant to many and many of her students and how much some of them have meant to her, we cannot but realize how large with possibility are the days that are here. Some of these students will stay by us for years, will develop power now perhaps unsuspected, will take on fullness and ripeness of wisdom and stature as the years go by. Others, as they have drifted here, will drift away, unmoved,

uninspired—drift away, contently trifling with the talents God meant they should mightily develop. And we do not know yet which of these new students, whom we so gladly welcome, will belong to the first and which to the other class. Yes, the new students are among the things that are and it is perhaps sufficiently evident what we would like them to be. We lose this year, on leave of absence, Professor H. C. Bedford and Miss Jennings, both of whom expect to study in Oberlin. We shall miss them greatly, but we do not intend to linger now on the debit side of the account. We have plenty of assets.

There is Mr. Ostlund, presiding genius now of the library.

There is Mr. Fancher, a Greek of Greeks, holding down the professorial chair with an aspect as scholarly, a demeanor as weighty as though he had sat no where else from the earliest recollection of man.

There is Miss Whitney, preparing to teach us French with a Canadian accent.

Then there is the old guard—the faculty we have admired more and more as the months and the years have gone by.

There are literary societies, the Neosophic and the Philomathean. Nobody thinks they are ideally constituted: the membership of the Philomathean is perhaps to heterogeneous and that of the Neosophic too large. Nevertheless there was good work done in both societies last year and we are looking forward with much interest to the work this year. There is no lesson more worth learning than that of making the best of what we have. Everything that a literary society can be to anyone our society can be to us. Any development which anyone can get out of any society, we can get out of ours. Then let's get it. It is appalling how much we need it and how unwilling we are to take it—and that "we" is not only the editorial, but the ecclesiastical "we." An



editor who cannot preach a little once in awhile is worth less than a preacher who cannot edit a little on occasion.

We are sensible that we have but begun on the things that are, but we must say a word about the paper this month. We are not deriving at this writing our customary support from the staff. Mr. Rindfusz, who served in a double capacity, delivered his farewell address in Neosophic society a week or two before commencement and his place is not yet filled. Miss Glover arrives we hope today. We do not know when to expect our local

editor, Miss Keyes. We have just heard that, only a few days ago, she lost her only brother. We grieve with her in her severe affliction.

We have introduced in some sense to take the place of the items, which must in any case have had much to do with vacation, a few vacation experiences briefly written up by a number of the returning students and teachers

And now we enter upon we believe a year that will be memorable in the history of Houghton Seminary. With high hopes the students are gathering in for a new and beautiful year.

### Vacation Experiences, Items, Etc.

At the close of any vacation it is natural for the mind to survey the period with feelings of pleasure or remorse. Though the term vacation in it's root meaning, implies a being free from duty, students and members of the faculty of Houghton Seminary have not allowed themselves to accept any such interpretation of the word. They feel none of the remorse which follows the pleasure seeker's vacation. Though they laid aside their books for a time, they never ceased to work for the school they love. As a result Houghton Seminary is reaping a rich harvest. Her halls are resounding with the tread of an army of new students much larger than that which was enlisted at this time last year. Truly all loyal Wesleyans have reason to reflect with pleasure on Houghton's vacation.

H. R. Smith, Jr.

Thirty miles out of Boston, amid the green New England hills, there lies a little village, noted as a summer resort—a place of rest and quiet—where the business man, after a strenuous day's work amid the noise and bustle of the city, can find rest and peace. This same little town is more to me, far dearer than it could possibly be to the stranger, who seeks refuge there for the few summer months, for to me it

is "home." There it is that I spent the greater part of my vacation. Four hours each day I devoted to practice and once each week I went into Boston for lessons in piano, advanced harmony and counter point. Three weeks of the summer I spent at the seashore, and while this was perfectly delightful, I count it as only incidental as compared to the pleasures and comforts of "home."

Bessie V. Farnsworth.

The most important feature of my summer vacation is the fact that it was very uneventful. I went home after a year of hard work in school and for a few days did not try to make much disturbance of any kind. While others may have experienced more or less of the unusual, my lot fell to me in a quiet little hamlet ten miles from Lake Ontario. The most of the summer up to near the middle of August was spent in the hayfield. During that time I helped to do three hayings besides the one on the home farm.

To break the monotony one day was spent so as to cause the minds of a company of young people to revert to it with pleasure. We went for a drive and enjoyed the treat of bathing in the waters of old Lake Ontario. Aside from this day the summer has been to me quiet, yet pleasant.

Maurice A. Gibbs.

1 -

My summer was pleasantly spent at the Chautauqua circles, have come to me and I wish to pass them on to you. Among the many things which I enjoyed was a recital given by Mr. Battis. He impersonated characters from Dickens. Uriah Heep, Mr. Micaber, Little Nell's Grandfather and others fairly seemed to step out of the pages before us. Let us keep in our hearts these words during this school year and I believe they will help us to be faithful to the duties of each day and to love the Lord with all our hearts.

Vera Jennings.

Frederica Greenberg.

I have just spent my fourth pleasant summer vacation in Houghton. One of the privileges that I have enjoyed the most is the opportunity of becoming far better acquainted with the estimable citizens of the place than is in any way possible during the school year. While my time has been taken up with much work on the farm, I have had a very enjoyable vacation.

H. J. Ostlund.

A pleasant experience during vacation was a fishing trip to a little mill about five miles from home. With plenty of lunch, fishing poles and bait, about twenty set out to see who could catch the most fish. The girls were very unsuccessful fishing, but did much better at rowing. Before returning home, we fried the few small fish which, in spite of all the noise, had dared to come close enough to be caught.

Marian Day.

One of the most enjoyable weeks of my vacation was spent in Cincinnati. I left home early in the morning and after traveling for about seventy-five miles, reached my destination at eight o'clock. I spent the week with friends who were camping there. Before returning home, I had my first automobile ride.

Lura Miner.

"We study the word and the works of God."

"Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst."

"Never be discouraged."

Dear School Friends:—

In thinking of the coming year these mottoes, given by Bishop Vincent, to

The summer vacation was made an opportunity for canvassing some of the conferences for new students and funds for the school. The result of the canvass was very encouraging in both particulars.

Two students, Theos Thompson and Ray Sellman, canvassed the Rochester and Lockport conferences respectively, and Professor Bruce canvassed the North Michigan conference. The Educational Secretary, Rev. E. D. Carpenter, was also in the field and reports encouraging prospects for the school.

The unusually large number of new students now being enrolled may be credited to the canvass, together with the interest and activity of the old students.

E. W. Bruce.

According to previous arrangements, I spent my vacation helping Brother Wm. Frazier hold gospel tent meetings.

We left Houghton June the 24th and commenced our work at a camp meeting held at Elkland, Pa.

From there we went to Estella in the same state, where we held a ten days meeting. The next place was in Berry Town, Pa. This town is situated about thirty five miles northwest from Estella. We went there by wagon. The trip was very delightful, as the road led over a very high mountain, known as Barkley Mt. At this place God wonderfully manifested His power and heaven rejoiced because of many who were saved from sin.

We then came back to New York state where we held two ten days meetings. Then returned to Houghton to attend the camp meeting here.

In a great many respects this vacation has been one of the most delight-



ful vacations I have spent since coming to Houghton, because I was working for the King of Kings and seeing lost, perishing souls saved from a life of sin

David Scott.

The Class of 1909.

College: Mr. McPherson has taken work in the Michigan conference.

Mr. Boardman will attend Oberlin College this year.

Preparatory: Mr. Ostlund is back in Houghton as college freshman, librarian and assistant in English.

Miss Hart will teach school near her home in Pennsylvania.

Miss Ethel Hester is expected at Houghton to study music.

Mr. Floyd Hester will be with us as a student in the college.

Mr. Neville will continue his work as pastor of the Methodist church at Black Creek and take up college work at Houghton.

Miss Freda Greenberg will probably teach school during the coming year.

Music: Miss Keyes is expected at Houghton to complete her work in the preparatory department.

Miss Woodridge may perhaps be with us later in the year.

Miss Bedford expects soon to leave for Buffalo to take a course in millinery.

H. L. Fancher.

Notes From a Summer Diary.

Thur. June 25. The day has come to leave for the summer vacation. Anticipate a good time.

Fri. June 26. We left Houghton on the five o'clock train yesterday, rode all night on the N. Y. Central R. R., encountered a wedding party at Syracuse, a gay company. Reached Albany at 3.30 o'clock. Slept one hour and visited the capitol building. Came to our destination at 11 a. m. This is a fine little hamlet, a quiet spot. Am enjoying my visit.

Wed. July 8. Came over the mountain today, sixteen miles, right into the heart of the Green Mountains.

Sat. Aug. 1. Have stayed here in

Rochester, Vt., three weeks. My sister and I have enjoyed every minute of the time. There is a peculiar attraction about this place. The brooks are as clear as crystal and the water splashes and dashes down over the rocks and runs in and out among the old moss grown logs. The deer come out and feed in the meadows as fearless as when in their primitive state. Around about on every side the mountains rise forming a circle. The stillness, at night, is broken by the howl of the bear on the mountains and whip-poor-will calling to its mate.

Mon. Aug. 17. Came over from Vermont today. Am here at Hague, on Lake George.<sup>86</sup> A very pretty place. The mountains all day are flecked with sun and shade. One of these bald old sentinels curves in a semi-circle way to the east; every morning the sun rolls above it like a great ball of fire.

Thurs. Aug. 27. Yesterday we drove over thru the heart of the Adirondacks eighteen or twenty miles. Sometimes we came to places where we counted thirty or forty mountain peaks. Today we came back. Darkness came on early. Fear soon followed. The mountains were safely crossed and reached home soon after nine o'clock.

Friday Aug. 28. The star day of vacation. A party of four drove up Lake George four or five miles and heard Gov. Hughes deliver a fine address to the young men of the Boys' institute. Then we went thru a fine museum; a beautiful and curious place.

Sun. Sept. 5. Back in Vermont again, now in the city of Rutland, where we spent the Sabbath and leave on the early morning train for Houghton. We attended morning service at the county jail. Ten women and one hundred men marched in, clad in Sunday uniform. They took part in the service and when three convicts stepped out and sang in clear tones, "Tell Mother I'll Be There," there were few dry eyes in the room. The evening

service at the M. E. church was inspiring and helpful. Tomorrow our vacation ends, but we are glad to get back to our dear old school on the hill.

Mirian L. Churchill.

July 1st was the celebration of the Confederation of the provinces into the Dominion of Canada. On the same day, also, three miles above the old historic town of Prescott, on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, was unveiled the monument erected this year to the memory of Barbara Heck. Barbara Heck was the founder of Methodism in America. For over one hundred years the grave has been marked by a small head stone, but

now there stands a three thousand dollar pillar of granite. Honour to whom honour is due.

LaCanadienne.

The greater part of my vacation was spent in Houghton, as I was away only a few days. Very few of the students remained in town, but occasionally we met one. On the fourth of July I had the privilege of hearing C. N. Howard of Rochester speak on the subject, "How to Fill the Dinner Pail." I enjoyed this very much. Altogether I had a pleasant vacation and enjoy living in Houghton in the summer as well as in the winter.

Aurilla Jones.

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### The Houghton Camp-meeting.

The camp meeting of the Rochester and Lockport conferences opened August 28th. The services were conducted by Dr. J. N. Bedford, Brethren Hendricks, Frazier, Dodd and others. The meetings were well attended. There were thirty-three tents on the grounds besides the boarding tent. On Sunday the auditorium was more than full.

Great interest was manifested in the evening service. The truth was preached with unction and power, and there were seekers for pardon or cleansing at every altar service. A goodly number received the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal saviour; several were sanctified and many others blessed and made stronger in the Lord. The meeting closed Sept. 2.

Florence Judd.

No doubt the most important feature of our camp meeting was the course of bible lectures given by Dr. J. N. Bedford.

While these were highly intellectual, they were also deeply spiritual. In them he introduced to us the first pair, making known their glorious possibilities as they left the hand of God in creation. Next he led us to see by scripture references the awful enemy, who before his fall, perhaps, had occupied a position next to the throne of God. He made known to us something of his power as he contended with Christ for supremacy in the affairs of men. He showed that because of man's free moral agency, the battle field between Christ and Satan is found in this world. After man's fall, God's plan for making known the way of salvation was by a process of selection, as with Noah and Abraham. At the close he showed by scripture and chart the rapturous things in store for the saints of God at the second coming of Christ.

Mrs. Bowen.

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### How to Fill the Dinner Pail.

By Louella Jean Newton.

It is an established fact that Houghton is the place where one may enjoy Independence Day in the quiet sensible

way. This year was no exception to the rule and although there were celebrations in nearby towns, yet a large



crowd mindful of the treats of former years, gathered on the Houghton camp grounds to listen to C. N. Howard of Rochester. The day was fair and people came from all the country around to hear "How to Fill the Dinner Pail."

At two o'clock the auditorium was filled and the program began. After music by the band and singing by the Bedford quartet, Mr. Howard was introduced. It is unnecessary to describe him, as he is well known to all. Those who have heard him once, remember the pleasant smile that frequently lights up his face and the forceful manner in which he says what he has to say.

In beginning his discourse he said, "Some people are well-fed, while others are unfed; a few are over-fed, but multitudes are under-fed." Then he spoke of the empty dinner pails through out our country especially in cities. Some of us did not know of New York's breadline and were surprised to learn that five thousand six hundred men were fed at one o'clock one night last winter in the Bowery, while at the same time there were four other such breadlines in various parts of the city, where thousands more were being fed. There were seven thousand and abandoned wives in New York last year, yet there are no breadlines for women. Where then do you find the thousands of starving women? You will find many of them in the river. Some are found in houses of sin; but for every hungry man there is one hungry woman who will starve rather than sin.

Not only women suffer, but also the children. Forty-two children fainted in one school one day last winter because of no breakfast. Upon investigation it was found that in the city of New York, there were seven thousand four hundred school children who had bread and coffee for breakfast, nine thousand nine hundred who had bread only and seven hundred eighty-nine who had no breakfast at all. In the

public schools of Chicago fourteen thousand children came to school one cold winter morning without breakfast. "Not only are there empty dinner pails," says Mr. Howard, "but there are no dinner pails."

There is a multitude of men, women and children in this great land of the free whose dinner pails are not full. The question is: How are they to be filled? Who is to fill the dinner pail? The working man? No. The professional man? No. Then Mr. Howard showed that the farmer is the only one who can fill the pail. In the first place, he provides the crops to fill it and secondly, he keeps the nation from debt by furnishing crops for the foreign market. "You cannot have a prosperous Houghton, a prosperous college, a prosperous church, unless you furnish a customer for the farmer."

The brewer claims to be the farmer's greatest customer, "but," Mr. Howard says, "when the brewer says that he lies." He did not hesitate to accuse them of lying, but proceeded to show up the falsity of other claims made by the brewers. For instance, they claim to have paid \$3,600,000,000 for wages in a year, \$369,000,000 for raw material, \$271,000,000 for licenses and yet deny that they have received \$1,000,000,000 from the American people. How much dependance can you put on what comes from such a drunken source? Statistics prove, however, that \$1,500,000,000 were spent for beer by the farmers last year. The liquor men are like two cross-eyed men that Mr. Howard told about. "They do not look where they are going and do not go where they are looking. "At present," he says, "these liquor men are seemingly religious and are looking up—but they are going home in the opposite direction."

If the statement of the brewers were true, then the more one drinks the more one owns. But this is not true. New York state has the most rumshops of any state in the union;

Maine has none. Yet forty-nine out of every hundred in Maine own their homes, while only seventeen out of every hundred in New York own their own homes.

The question is raised, 'How can the cities be run without the brewer?' 'Easily,' says Mr. Howard. 'Let every man who patronizes the saloon drink a little more water and take an occasional bath and that is readily managed. For every dollar revenue the saloon gives it takes twenty-five dollars to pay damages. Now I don't have to be a fool in order to recognize one when I see one. But still someone asks, "What will you do without the saloon?" I answer, we'll raise less hell and more hogs.'

Everyone will agree that it would be far better to grind the grain into flour and make it into bread instead of converting it into beer; for besides being better for the people it would cost much less, since when made into beer it cost the people over a billion of dollars more than when made into bread. Why then, from a financial standpoint, as well as from a moral standpoint, do we not act wisely in

this matter?

"When we have men," says Mr. Howard, "who will go up to the Holy of Holies in the Temple of our nation on election day, wearing a man's hat and thinking for himself and putting the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the ballot, then this nation will be free, and the dinner pails will be full and the pantries in our homes will also be full."

Mr Howard's speech was full of interest from beginning to end although two hours long, and was interspersed here and there by little anecdotes right to the point. Mr. Howard is a man who likes to see everyone have "a good time," for he says "good fun that is clean is what young people need and religion should not make one too solemn to smile." We believe Mr. Howard's religion is not a gloomy kind. Among other things he said, "I believe in prayer. I like to see a man on his knees on election morning. But I want him to hurry up and say "amen" and hurry down and put his prayer into the ballot box."

May we have more prayers in the ballot box this fall.

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## My First Impressions of Houghton.

By Mary Wilcox.

When I arrived at my destination, I began to look around wondering to what sort of a country I had come. It is perfectly natural for people to use their eyes when they find themselves among new surroundings. I could see a few things although it was quite dark. However, I did not have much time to dwell on the scenery, for my time was taken up greeting old friends and meeting new ones.

As I found more time to take observations, I could not help but think how conducive everything seemed to health, study, and communion with God. It was so quiet and restful—just the place to calm tired nerves and weary minds. It seemed to me that I never

saw more beautiful scenery. As far as I could see there were glorious colored hills, valleys, and mountains. I found that about the best place from which to get a good view of the Genesee river was the upper story of the old Seminary building, located on what used to be called Jumbo Hill. I suppose it used to seem like a pretty hard climb to the students, especially if they happened to get a late start. When the sun shone on the river it looked like a long silver ribbon.

I was also much impressed with the beauty of the new seminary building and the ladies' dormitory.

The camp ground, located on another hill, is also beautiful for situation.



It is a favorite resort for a great number of people during the warm months.

I noticed, too, that people made new pupils feel right at home from the first. There seemed to be a spirit of peace, good will and kindness pervading the very atmosphere. Surely, those who have the privileges of Houghton have much to thank God for and with his help should strive to grasp all the golden opportunities to make the most of themselves for Him.

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## What Houghton Has Meant.

By J. S. Willett.

The close student of history knows that geographical environment has much to do either in developing or narrowing national life. Its influence is none the less potent on the community and individual. The selection of Houghton, N. Y., as the home of an important educational branch of our church work showed a recognition of this principle in molding and expanding those favored with attendance at Houghton Seminary.

Nature's effort to make the place ideal has been re-inforced by sturdy, thrifty, and, in the main, upright inhabitants. The deep, clear straight lines of Gospel truth found early lodgment and under the fostering care of a deeply spiritual church there has been no abatement in their power and sin in many forms has been driven out. Hence the saloon, gambling dens, pool-rooms, with all of their blighting attachments for student life, find no place of refuge here. Under these advantageous conditions we entered as a student of Houghton Seminary in the fall of 1894, and for seven years of consecutive work we reaped long and lasting benefit from our Alma Mater. During that time every year noted advancement in the line of equipment for more accurate and broader work and since our graduation a new and commodious building with still better surroundings and thoroughly modern equipment, has taken the place of the old building. In this splendid progress every true alumni feels his heart beat

faster and loyalty to his Alma Mater deepens.

In our student days we were blest with contact with a strong, vigorous and studious faculty, devoted to the spiritual as well as the intellectual life of their pupils. Some of those teachers are still members of the present faculty and we here record our deep gratitude to them for the help and inspiration they have been to us.

From the stand point of an alumni we may be pardoned if we state, since we have personal acquaintance with the most of the present faculty, that it is a source of encouragement to know that the future interest and guidance of our Alma Mater are in the hands of such efficient, forceful, scholarly, noble-minded and consecrated Christian men and women and that the high ideals of manhood and womanhood which they set forth as possible of attainment receive added emphasis for their worthy lives.

What did our years in Houghton Seminary mean to us?

1. The revelation of how little we knew and how much there was to know
2. The stepping upon the threshold of a new life full of stimulating possibilities awaiting our conquest.
3. An increased reverence for the mind God has given and a recognition of the responsibility attached there to in directing and developing it for profitable service to God and man.
4. The begetting of an unquenchable desire to learn as much as possible

of God and His works as revealed in the bible, nature, nations, and men.

5. The deepening of spiritual life through contact with a devout, religious church and pastor, faculty and students.

6. The forming of friendships that are of lasting benefit and a source of continual strength in the hour of need as well as of plenty.

7. The valuable and inexchangeable privilege of learning through ministrations to surrounding neighborhoods the joy of winning souls for Jesus Christ.

8. Finally, "whatsoever things are

true, whatsoever things are honest, what so ever things are just, what so ever things are pure, what so ever things are lovely, what so ever things are of good report," the schooling, the discipline, the high ideals of our Alma Mater, stimulated and impelled to "think on these things."

Of incalculable, inestimable blessing was the opportunity to enroll as a student of Houghton Seminary, and we can repay her in no better way, thoughtful compensation is impossible, than by helping to send all the young people we can to her halls.

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