

The Houghton Star

**...Old Student...
Number**

Volume II, No. 5

January 1910

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 the 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 your attention to the fact that we are sole agents for the celebrated International Tailoring Co. 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 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.

Lynde Bros.,

Houghton, N. Y.

REMINISCENT.

By "Militant Suffragette."

I was a student at Houghton last century. Happy days! I knew they were, too. I didn't belong to the crowd who flung their books, yawned and said, "Oh dear, I wish school were out!" but I had a sort of presentiment that we build our foundation for future usefulness in school and that mine wouldn't be very broad or stable unless I watched out. You never hear a man complain that he is too well prepared for life. So this little feeling egged me on, and, whether dilatory or prompt with my lessons, at least half, or possibly three-quarters of the time I "Trotted up to the Judge's stand all right and just in time" like Mark Twain's watch.

But in some things I builded better than I knew—Latin, for instance. My teacher, who was silent as the Sphinx, didn't tell me, but I discovered it when I got out and began to compare the Latin of other youngsters with mine own. And to this day I remember some words and can recite the first line of Caesar verbatim!

In my fussy old age I made a practice of reading prefaces. I think I laid the foundation of this odious habit when I read the preface to Cicero. I have never really been sorry (though its as old maidish a thing as concealing one's age) for I found some inspiration in it that followed me through all my Vulgate reading career. It told me that whoever could correctly translate Latin into good English was master, not only of Latin, but what was better of his mother tongue. That made me take a special pride in rendering the philippics of Cataline's Nemesis.

Ah, welladay! For fear you think I had no limitations, or know not that I had limitations, I must tell you about Geometry. You know those lines of Pope's: (I'd laugh now if it

happens I am quoting someone else) "Words learned by rote
A parrot can rehearse—"

I learned Geometry thusly. Is it any wonder I was surprised nearly out of my senses when I solved a few "originals" in a recent review? But psychologists say we never forget and perhaps my mind in phonograph fashion was simply reeling off the elucidations my classmates long ago gave of those self-same problems.

I thought when I left Houghton the world would some day hear from me, but up to now I've said nothing above a whisper. Youth is full of those fancies, especially extreme youth. I left too soon. Like Micawber, I have always hoped that something would some day turn up to take me back before I reach the age when my brain cells refuse to expand to accommodate new ideas.

I may have already reached that point. Tuien sabe?

Votes for Women.

A few weeks ago a relative and another man waited for me while I conversed a few minutes with a woman. Relatives and candid friends are the only ones I know of who can afford to be rude and he grumbled when I joined them.

"It beats all," he said, "what these females can find to talk about. If they were together continually they'd talk continually. I guess their conversation must be scandalous. They surely can't be saying good things all the while. It's all gossip I guess."

Now this is like the "mother-in-law" and Newly-wed" jokes dead and buried so long ago that it stinketh yet is resurrected again and again and rehashed for a nauseated public. So I bridled instantly or quicker.

"Well," I snapped, "suppose we do gossip! So do you! No worse for a

crowd of women to gossip in a home than for a gang of cracker-barrel-holders to gossip in a store!"

"But," he broke in, fearing I was really warming up to my subject, "we don't scandalize people—we talk politics."

"Politics, your grandmother!" I shrieked. "What do you two know of politics beyond the names of your President and Governor! To show that you don't," here I reduced speed and temper, "I'll just give you a chance. Who is the Speaker of our National House of Representatives and who is the President of the Senate?"

Rude Relative, to appease the wrath he had so justly aroused, admitted quickly and meekly that he didn't know. He spoke truth, too. Candid Friend said he knew Joe Cannon was something, but didn't know what!

That was the extent of their knowledge. Yes, and Rude Relative was a

person of some standing in the community and had been an office holder in our own Empire State.

R. R. is wiser now, for I lectured him on Civil Government and Civic Duty at convenient intervals; also on equal suffrage and one day he asked me the meaning of the word Suffrage. Alas for the erudition of our electors that is so great women can not measure up to it.

But my planting and watering has already borne golden fruit, for yesterday he magnanimously informed me that he really had no objections to woman suffrage.

I thought this the psychological moment to secure for my cause another advocate. So I said, "Very well; whenever you hear this subject discussed, don't simply listen, but put yourself frankly and decisively in favor of it and when you have a chance vote for it."

And I think he will.

LETTERS FROM FORMER STUDENTS.

Recollections of Houghton Sem. Houghton Seminary, its pleasant associations, its topics of interest, all become fresh in our minds as we recall and ponder over its interesting scenes.

Although only a student for two brief terms during the years of eighty six and seven, we feel that Houghton's influences are of great and lasting benefit; and all our associations with our fellow students and teachers are held in grateful remembrance.

A few of those we have occasion to remember we must mention by name. There was Alice with her long curls, whose efficiency as a teacher in English Grammar was highly esteemed. There was Miss Davis with her pleasant greetings and sunny face. There were Professors Dodd and Grange, who were tireless in their efforts to maintain good order and to instil

into the youthful minds those stately truths and principles that are necessary to the forming of noble character.

Our acquaintance among the students was more or less limited and many whose faces were then familiar have passed beyond our knowledge. There are, however, a few whom we still know and whose friendship we prize.

We still remember the call and kindly greeting of Willard Houghton. If we became homesick we should come down to his home, he said, and he would sing us a song.

The old boarding house at the foot of the hill, conducted by Mr. Calkins, was our home during our stay in Houghton, and was the scene of much that was interesting, of hard study, of pleasant association, and merry making. There was John who rode down stairs in a dish-pan, and Mary Rosie who persisted in entertaining

gentlemen friends during evening hours, to the perplexing of school authorities and the amusement of fellow students.

But we remember best, perhaps, the more serious part—the scenes of family worship in the boarding house, the students prayer meetings, the talks given by Mrs. Depew, of precious memory. Especially do we feel a love and have a home feeling for Houghton because it was there that we first sought a personal interest in our precious Saviour and his redeeming power.

Sara Chamberlain

In 1902 I was a student at Houghton Seminary. None of you old students will remember me, for I was a backward, awkward kid, looking more than I was looked at. This last didn't bother me much though, for I found so much to look at.

How the old times haunt me! All the old memories are keeping tryst with me tonight. No one ever enjoyed Houghton Seminary more than I, no one ever enjoyed the Neosophic society more than I. Those beautiful, restless, confident children. I did not call them children though. They were to me as a group of eager young Olympians might have seemed to a Grecian shepherd lad who chanced to glimpse them at their revels. My heart welled with pride—yea, and my eyes welled up with tears sometimes—they were so brilliant, so witty, so superbly clever! How I exulted in their prowess and gloried in their promise!

No one enjoyed their teachers more than I did, some I resented at first; all I revered at last. In the chapel of my memories, where my heart spends its holiest moments, I have placed them.

I have pondered that year now for seven years. My conclusions are far from ripe; much that I saw then is yet a problem. But I think that, for that year, less that is cynical will ever contend in my life with more

that is reverent.

I bear away from that year at least one treasure. I have folded up in my memory the bright brave lives I studied then as we press violets and keep the shadow and form of their beauty, the ghost of their perfume, after the essence has vanished.

Martha

Silas W. Bond, President of the school at Miltonvale, writes:

It gives me great pleasure to respond to the cordial invitation to write a few words of greeting to the hundreds of old students and friends with whom it has been a pleasure to work for these many years, and to say something to them of our new school in the West. Even when saying the things about our new school no one expects me to forget the happy memories which cluster around Houghton Seminary. It was there that we began with a little handful of students, two the first day, and thirty-six the first term and practically grew up with them and those whose who followed, until we had one hundred eighty-three on the roll and six others taking music who were not on the roll. It was only natural that we should become greatly attached to the place, the school, and the hundreds of young people. We never expect to have warmer friends, nor more pleasant associations than we have had for years in Houghton Seminary. We tried to do our best, and put all there was of us into the work to which the Lord called us. We shall always feel sorry for our mistakes, faults and blunders, and regret that there was no more we could do for the young people committed to our care. If we had known how, we could have done much more; and if we have gained any wisdom by experience and are any better prepared to build up a school and help young people in 1910 than we were in 1896, we shall be able to put just that much more into the Western School.

It is our purpose to do our very best, and already the severed ties are becoming tenderly linked around the young people of Miltonvale.

Nobility of character is just the same in the East as in the West and the precious Blood makes young people look and act about the same no matter where they live, so we have very much the same quality of young people here as we have always worked with in Houghton. If any of the old students should drop into our meetings, the new faces and the new surroundings would be the only new things. Our students here sing and pray and rejoice just as others have done, and in the class room they average as in other schools. We have a noble company with high ideals and lofty aspirations for the largest and best service possible in the Master's vineyard. Their devotion was manifested in our revival meetings, now in progress, when we came to the Thanksgiving vacation. In place of going home or visiting, as would have been fitting at any other time, many of them gave up their anticipated pleasure and remained in the work of soul saving. Of course we are having victory and many are being saved.

It is quite impossible for me to say much about our plans in so short an article, but it will always be a great pleasure to keep in touch with all of our old students. I plan to answer every letter I receive so if there is anything you would like to know about the Western School, I shall be glad to hear from you; or just a cordial letter about yourself and your plans will always be greatly appreciated. Most of you hear from me often in the Wesleyan, but about all I will know of you is what you write me.

My sincere wish for each of us is that we keep where the Anointing may abide upon us and fit us for best service. The highest, noblest, and best may be ours if we strive for

it. The great coronation day is right ahead and this old world has nothing with which to compensate us for the loss of our crown and mansion. Then whether your lot may be cast in the East, West, North or South, the West extends to you each the right hand of fellowship and pledges her best efforts to prepare as many as possible for the great Commencement Day of the endless pleasures at God's right hand. Mr. T. J. Pomeroy writes thus of his work in Topeka:

We are receiving His smile of approval upon us. He graciously condescends to meet with us at each service in a marked manner. And right in the regular services we see people saved and sanctified. Praise His Holy Name.

Mr. W. Jay Curtiss writes in reply to a request for information concerning the old students:

I, personally, have rather lost track of most of the old students, but have in mind one of the boys who was well known in Houghton about 1886 and '87. The old students will remember him by his nick-name, "Billy." I refer to F. W. Wilford, whose home was in North Olmstead, Ohio. I called on Mr. Wilford a little over a year ago and found that he had purchased the old homestead and was doing very nicely. As he is a man that is given but little to writing, I thought that probably his whereabouts and circumstances might not be well known. I call to mind a great many pleasant remembrances of my three years spent in Houghton and often think of many of the old students, but my business has taken so much of my time in the past that I have had but little time to inquire about old friends.

We should very much have liked a letter from our African missionaries. There was not, however, sufficient time to communicate with them, and we shall have to refer you to the Wes-

layan for tidings of this band of noble young men and women, most of whom have been with us once as students. We have in hand, however, a fragment from a private letter of Mrs. Clarke's, written not long after the opening of the new mission. We assume the responsibility of its publication.

"We have a beautiful location here at Mabai. We are on a large plateau, surrounded at some distance by a circulating valley and high hills. Our house, too, is quite ideal for the tropics. As I sit on our spacious veranda facing the north-west, writing this letter, I can see many gnarled old locust trees, patches of corn, peanuts, and cassava, further back the beautiful rice fields and their picturesque little houses for the busy bird drivers, and back of all these the wooded hills. The air is ragrant with the perfume of the orange and other tropical blossoms. Birds of rare plumage are every where in evidence and the canary and whip-poor-will cheer us with their melodious notes."

Comes a voice from Miltonvale, and this is its burden:

O hurrah for sunny Kansas!
And hurrah for our new home!
Hurrah for Miltonvale College
And help to make it known!

—L. A. Johnson.

Luella Newton writes from Chases Lake:

You do not know how I miss the associations of Houghton. I wish you you might enjoy the scenes that surround me on every hand.

Miss Roma Brawley, head nurse in the operating room of Hurley Hospital, Flint, Mich., wishes the staff, the contributors, the readers, all, a bright and happy Christmas and a successful and prosperous New Year.

Mrs. Anna Boardman Smith is for the third time a missionary in the

British Colony of Sierra Leone, West Africa.

Her work is principally teaching the mission children in the school. She has general oversight as matron of the United Brethren station at Rotifunk in the Ronietta District.

Soon she and her husband expect to go farther inland and open up a new station among the Konos, a people whose borders have not yet been reached even by the Mohammedans.

While Mr. Smith was away, recently, exploring the Kono country, Mrs. Smith and the lady doctor who has charge of the hospital in that town, passed through some thrilling experiences. They proved equal to the emergency, however. Once they even checked the natives who were fleeing before what seemed to be a renewal of the massacre of eleven years ago. Mrs. Smith is enjoying her work and gives Houghton Seminary much credit for her ability to carry the Gospel to this far distant land.

Many of these items are somewhat indefinite and many of them are not at all complete. We have had some trouble in obtaining exact and full information, but we thought you might like to know a little, even if we could not tell you very much about them. Of course but a small percentage of the old students are represented here, but we hoped there might be a few whom each of our readers would recall.

Dr. H. J. Woodhead, M. D., is located at Forksville, Pa. The long drives over the mountain roads appear to be agreeing with the Doctor. Mrs. Etta Walldorf Woodhead also has a salutary effect upon that vicinity.

Robert Molyneaux is teaching this winter in the High School at Sometown, Pa. Robert says he is an agriculturalist, but not a farmer. When asked to explain the difference, he

said, "A farmer farms to make money, an agriculturalist makes his money some other way and spends it on his farm."

Elmer Vaughn is living on the old homestead in Sullivan Co., Pa. He is carefully rearing five hearty young Wesleyans who will soon do honor to their father.

Some time ago the Business Manager received the following communication, "Please change the address of the 'Star' from Miss Lula Crawford, Pittsford, Mich., to Mrs. J. A. McPherson, Osseo, Mich." We wondered last spring when Jason left us why he was so reticent about his plans for the immediate future.

Stanley Wright.

Old Students from Cattaraugus.

For twenty-five years the hills and valleys surrounding the village of Cattaraugus have been sending sons and daughters to Houghton Seminary. Some one may be pleased to see the name of a former friend among this partial list of those who are or have been dwellers among these hills.

Miss Mary Luce lives with her father near Cattaraugus.

Mr. Elbert Benson is living on his farm near South Dayton.

Mr. E. G. Dietrich has an excellent position with a manufacturing company in Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hurlburt's present home is at Allegnay, N. Y., where Mr. Hurlburt is engaged in the contracting and building business.

Mr. George E. Waller resides at Little Valley, N. Y. For several years he has been school commissioner for the third district of Cattaraugus County.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Houghton reside in Cattaraugus, where Mr. Houghton is engaged in business.

Mr. Glenn Hall is now at Houghton giving his children the advantages of the Seminary.

Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Bullock are now living on the farm owned by Mr. Bullock's father. Mr. Bullock's health has improved remarkably during the past three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dietrich and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dietrich are living on the Dietrich homestead.

Ralph Fancher is living on his farm on one of the near by hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Perkins are, at present, living at Cattaraugus.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Allen are residing in on their farm near Dayton.

George Stieger is in Miltonvale.

Mabel Scott Higbee resides on the John Higbee farm.

Neal Mosher has married and bought a farm.

Clyde Lee is attending High School and working in the post office.

Miss Beulah Pickup is at home.

Miss Marjorie Pickup is attending High School.

Miss Bessie Fancher is completing the Teachers' Training Class course at Cattaraugus.

H. L. Fancher.

Earl Houghton and Grover Babbitt are attending Syracuse University.

A number of former Houghton students are attending school at Miltonvale, Kansas. Among the number are Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Markee, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cookson, Wesley Dow, Ami Cookson, John Yancey, Vestal Markey and L. A. Johnson, who [is] they tell us, President of the Excelsior Literary Society in that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carnahan are farming and bringing up Miss Margaret Elaine Carnahan, in Viola, Ill.

Several of our old time student are teaching at Central S. C. Mr. Walter Thompson is it's President and Mr. and Mrs. James Hancock belonging to its faculty.

Miss Jessie Benning is teaching in the junior room at Ellicott, N. Y.

The Rev. Charles Sicard, who preaches at Levant, N. Y., recently

visited his mother and other relatives in Michigan.

Mr. Floyd E. Washbon is taking a three month's course at Cornell.

Miss Edith Howe has been teaching school since she left Houghton. She makes her home at Groton, N. Y.

Edwin Dunbar resides at Myack, N. Y. where Mrs. Dunbar teaches music in the Christian Alliance School.

Rev. W. R. Emerson is the pastor of the W. M. church at Bristow, and the Treasurer of the Iowa W. M. conference.

E. R. Dodd, widely known as an evangelist, is the pastor at Forksville, Pa.

Miss Bessie Edgar is taking a course in millinery at Aberdeen, So. Dak.

The Misses Stoll are teaching at Hinsdale, N. Y.

George Schultz is studying music at Jamestown.

Miss Gertrude Preston, pastor of the W. M. church at Olean has been quite ill recently.

Mr. Benjamin Clawson, who graduated from Oskaloosa College last spring is at present teaching in that school.

Miss Nora Lawrence was married on Christmas Day, rumor saith, to a rich bachelor. We are unable to be more explicit.

Ernest Hall wins his degree this year at Hillsdale College, Mich.

Mr. Pomeroy is pastor of the W. M. church at Topeka, Kansas.

At Rome, N. Y., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Wales, their daughter, Florence, was united in marriage to Willard Francis of Houghton.

Earl Lynde is serving Gov. Hughes in the capacity of private secretary.

Frank Stevens is the Presiding Elder of the Evangelical church at Cambridge, Mass.

Della Easton is the principal of a school in the Adirondacks.

Mr. Luther Grange is a lawyer and real estate agent in Wheaton.

Mr. Gordon Edson is engaged as civil engineer on the barge canal at Brockport, N. Y.

Eugene Warburton, first graduate of the Houghton Seminary, is preaching in the Rochester conference.

Miss Maude Woodbridge is taking training class work in teaching at Madrid, N. Y.

Merton Chamberlain is the principal of a school in So. Dak.

Roy Smith has been very ill of typhoid fever, but has recovered.

Walter DeLap is working in Chicago for Hitchcock-Hill Co., wholesale grocers.

Miss Rena Lapham is teaching in Houghton.

Robert Jeffrey is chaplain in the hospital for epileptics at Sonyea, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Readett reside in Houghton.

Leman Babbitt is enrolled in the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Carl Howden is a banker at Fillmore

Miss Marie Tucker was recently married in Paris to Arthur Hartmann an accomplished violinist of foreign birth.

Miss D'Estelle LaBruyere is at a boarding school in Northville, Mass.

Miss Reita Hall is studying music in Grand Rapids.

Mr. Ambrose DeLap is preaching at Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

Mrs. Katherine Greenberg Woodside is spending the winter at Salinas, N. M.

Rev. A. D. Fero is a minister in the Allegany conference.

Miss Bessie Palmer is nursing in Pittsburg, Mass.

Mr. Vener Sibley is preaching in Michigan.

Bert Shephard is running a restaurant in Kansas.

Fred Willis is in commerical business in New York city.

Dr. Madison is occasionally in town.

(Continued on page 15)

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,	Stanley Wright
Associate Editor,	LaVay Fancher
Philomathean Reporter,	LeRoy Fancher
Neosophic Reporter,	Theos Thompson
Local Editor,	Shirley Keyes
Business Manager,	Ray Sellman
Assistant Manager,	Maurice Gibbs

Editorial.

We promised for this number an editorial by an old student. We have done our best and Mr. Greenberg has done his best to provide that editorial.

Mr. Greenberg wrote on the train on his vacation trip to Montana, but it failed to arrive with him yesterday in Houghton. Professor Greenberg is, however, attempting to write something this evening.

Since the last paper went to press the new staff has been elected. Mr. Stanley Wright, who needs no introduction to the readers of the Houghton Star, will succeed the present editor. Our subscribers will rejoice with us in the selection of an editor so well qualified for his work. Mr. Wright is this year a senior in college. He has been in Houghton for eight years, and has consistently done good work in whatever place his talent put him. Mr. Lavay Fancher is the new

assistant editor. His talent and fitness for the work has, no doubt, been evident to the readers of the Star, as well as to our self. Mr. Ray Sellman succeeds Mr. Wright as business manager, and Mr. Maurice Gibbs assists him. Mr. Sellman and Mr. Gibbs were fixed upon after much deliberation and will do everything that is possible to make the paper a financial success. The Houghton Star is to be congratulated on her new staff.

The old student's paper is not so widely representative of the old students as we had hoped it might be, yet we have heard from a goodly number. We have found in looking over the articles much that has interested us, much that we are sure you will appreciate.

In behalf of our subscribers, in behalf of the staff, we wish to express sincere appreciation to those who have so kindly contributed to this paper.

We think we said good-bye in our last paper and we will not prolong our farewell in this. A beautiful New Year to you all.

With this issue of the Houghton Star, the first year of its life closes. The management wishes to express its gratitude to all its patrons for their co-operation, for it is that co-operation which has made this first year a successful one. It is only a continuation of it that will make succeeding years successful. If you find a little slip in your paper this month it is but another reminder that the year has closed. Permit us to urge that renewals be promptly made.

The new management will take up the work with some problems partly solved, but facing harder new ones. It is with high hope of future success that we committ them all to Ray A. Sellman and his assistant.

Stanley Wright.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

By Luella Newton.

There is much speculation about the stars these days. Astronomers are on the alert for the returning comet. Eager discussions and possible explanations of the Star of Bethlehem are everywhere heard.

But the star for which I watch with the greatest interest is the one that appeared last winter for the first time in the history of the world and which has baffled all the astronomers who have been watching its upward course. Though, comparatively speaking, it is only as a small luminary, it is remarkable for the amount of light it conveys.

For five months I have been two hundred and seventy miles from Houghton, but the cheering rays of the Houghton Star have reached me away up among these northern hills—eight miles from any railroad. For nearly four months I have been teaching in this pleasant little hamlet of Sperryville, and no work this side of Houghton was ever more delightful.

I have a neat little white schoolhouse with a roomy porch and large play

ground. It stands in the pleasant valley of the Independence, whose waters make music for us every day. Chases Lake is but a mile away. It is a picturesque lake, nestling among the foot-hills of the Adirondacks and surrounded by tall pine trees—a delightful place in summer and attractive to the skaters in winter.

Two or three minutes' walk from the schoolhouse brings one to a bubbling spring in the edge of some woods. Here one day in October we found many pretty ferns and some violets. Wont it be a lovely retreat next spring.

But best of all my surroundings are the children for who could pass a dull or uninteresting day with thirty happy boys and girls around them? Yes, in spite of the fact that I often think of Houghton and wish for the college work, I am happy and contented for I feel I am in my place at present.

I should be delighted to hear from any former classmates. My address is either Chases Lake, N. Y., or Lowville, N. Y.

THE HOOK WORM.

By Dean Bedford.

We are told that many of our neighbors in the South are infected with this parasite. It is a sucking worm about an inch long and looking like a piece of soiled thread. There may be several thousand of them in one individual, causing loss of blood and leakage through the intestinal walls. The symptoms are general disturbance, retarded development, unwillingness to work, mental defectiveness and a disposition to mud-eating. Thymol followed by Epsom salts effects a sure and easy cure. Some time ago the press reported the gift of \$1,000,000 to be used in driving this hookworm from the land.

There are moral symptoms so nearly analogous to those given that we raise

the question. Is there a moral hookworm causing loss of vitality and general leakage? There is a general disturbance, a breaking down of creeds, a departing from accepted standards. Jesus Christ is relegated to the rear as a back number and finite reason enthroned in a lump of mud is worshipped as lord of all.

The functions of the soul are paralyzed, the work of reform is retarded and a merited criticism is heaped upon the church of God. The cause is in individual life.

Unwillingness to work is a very common symptom. The preacher is in the shafts, tugging away with all his might to make the thing go, while his people sit on the seat and sing,

"Trusting Jesus, that is all." They can sing psalms and urge the man in the shafts to greater effort, but when it comes to any personal strain or sacrifice, they have the "ailment" all right. Trust is always commensurate with consecration. They only can truly sing "Trusting Jesus," who give themselves to him to DO his will.

Mental defectiveness is another symptom. We have, as is supposed, a congress made up of intelligent men, most of them church members. However, we have a serious comment on the keenness of their perceptive faculty, in that, this year they spent four months trying to figure out a tariff schedule which it appears will not amount to anything, and all the while the saloon is costing the country an amount eight times as large as the tariff, four times as large as the Steel Trust, five times as large as the sum paid for bread and thirteen times as large as the sum paid for religion and churches. But the legislators are such because their constituency are afflicted with the same complaint. Christian (?) voters pray alright and look wise 364 days, but on the 365th, when they get into the booth alone with the government upon their shoulders, the hookworm gets busy

and they suddenly lose their wits.

The disposition to mud-eating is the last named symptom. We do not know a more appropriate name for the apparent relish with which so-called christians allow the substitutes which are presented to them from the pulpits. Mud is no more unnatural food for the human stomach than some preaching is for the soul. No wonder the moral complexion of the church is bad, the spiritual functions blocked and reform retarded. Such abnormal appetite suggests either a constitutional or parasitic cause.

Another hookworm? Indeed! It is depravity. Its cure requires the thymol of Bible conviction, the salts of genuine repentance, the healing balm the blood of Jesus and the tonic of the Holy Spirit. It don't take a million dollars, but an unconditional surrender of all. Let the Christian church return through her pulpits and schools to the cross of Calvary and to Jesus Christ. We cherish our Alma Mater because she has ever thus reared her children. Unnatural food-stuffs and quack remedies have been rejected, while her sons and daughters have grown strong in soul and vigorous of mind upon the "old corn and wine of the kingdom."

KEEP SMILING.

By Roma Brawley.

While slowly wending my way through a crowded department store yesterday in our busy little city, my eyes happened to rest for a moment upon a very neat and attractive little motto on the wall, which said—"Keep Smiling!" I wondered if, after all, that was not a good bit of advice which every one might keep in mind and benefit therefrom.

Much is written these days in the way of post cards and mottos on this subject, but do we stop to consider how much real, intrinsic value is put upon a bright, cheery face? And

do you and I, personally, make the best of every opportunity and, figuratively speaking,—smile?

What a difference it makes in the atmosphere of a room and what a helpful influence upon the occupants of the room, if a bright, cheery countenance presents itself! On the other hand, note the effect of a dark gloomy face. True, one cannot always be without trouble, but we should not dwell upon it. It only brings into high relief the little details which grow with prolonged meditation. Worry is a most harmful enemy to us all.

Don't indulge in it until absolutely necessary and then don't do it, for it only complicates matters. 'Tis the little things which possibly might have been avoided that cause the heart aches many times.

Let us every one be on our guard and see that we are doing what we can to help make the world brighter and happier, with a cheering smile to greet one and all.

'Tis easy enough to look pleasant,
When life goes by like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

HOUGHTON SEMINARY PAST AND PRESENT.

By Ralph Davy

Somewhat more than fourteen years have passed since I first saw Houghton. Wonderful indeed are the changes since then. Upon my first arrival I was much surprised to find a considerable portion of one side of main street of the village bordered with a field of growing corn. As soon as possible I bent my steps toward the Seminary grounds. The old Seminary building was then reached by a board walk extending along the foot of the Seminary Hill to a point directly in front of the building, then by a series of flight of stairs the height was scaled. Thistles grew on every side. Thistles grew to the right hand and to the left. Thistles grew under the walk, thistles leaned over the walk. Thistles protruded through crevices in the walk until I wondered if they were not there purposely to remind us that instead of being a royal road, the road to knowledge is rough and thorny.

The Seminary building itself presented a good appearance. Equipment, however, was sadly lacking. Instead of the present well equipped labora-

tories there was but meager equipment then in the physical laboratory. Instead of the present splendid library and well furnished reading table there was a library which appeared to be largely made up of books which had been donated by persons who found them to be a burden and who gave the books to get rid of them. Reading table there was none.

The corn field has disappeared and in its stead appear beautiful dwellings and a fine new store building. Instead of standing aloft as did the old Seminary building the new building is surrounded with the beautiful homes of the President and his co-laborers, as well as the homes of many others who have taken advantage of the splendid location. While the new is so wholly unlike the old yet there is one most important point of agreement. In the old days young men and women were sent out, who, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, took a bold stand against every form of unrighteousness, the same thing is occurring today. Long may it so continue.

HOUGHTON STUDENTS IN OBERLIN COLLEGE. ✓

At the request of the editor we will try to give a brief account of the three Houghton Seminary men who are establishing the reputation of their alma mater in Oberlin college this year. These men feel the grave responsibility which rests upon them and are doing their utmost to do credit to the Seminary.

Mr. Boardman, who graduated from the college department of the Seminary last June, is enrolled as a senior in the college. He is specializing in mathematics and physics and is distinguishing himself as a thorough student. The professor of mathema-

tics recently offered Mr. Boardman a scholarship in order that he might pursue his studies next year for his master's degree.

Mr. Frazier, a junior last year in the Seminary, will be graduated from the college at the close of the summer school in 1910. He is displaying his usual talent in the thorough mastery of his work. History has a great attraction for Mr. Frazier and his high grade in his tests indicate that he is more than "making good."

Mr. Rindfusz is enrolled as a junior in the college. He is carrying extra work and at the close of the summer session will lack but 10 or 12 credits of graduation. He is devoting much of his time to chemistry, geology and minerology, and in these subjects is attaining high standing. It is no uncommon thing for Mr. Rindfusz to get a "5" in his geology test. There is no doubt about these men being work-

men of whom we need not be ashamed.

There is also a former student of the Seminary who has been attending the college and is a junior this year. Because of his upright manly Christian character, as well as his high intellectual attainments, Mr. Kinney is held in high esteem by a large circle of friends. Well might the Seminary boast of her sons and daughters when such young men are sent forth into the world from her halls.

This article would scarcely be complete without mention of Miss Vera Jennings. As a "special" Miss Jennings is devoting much of her time to American and English history. In her work she is manifesting a characteristic determination to master, and of course, is achieving success. She will return to her duties in the Seminary next year abundantly qualified for her work.

H. C. Bedford

A RETROSPECT.

By Grace Blair Strong-

Back to the "Old Sem." up the steep hill!

Remember it? Not an old student but will!

Recollections most vivid, whate'er may betide,

Make our minds see it still, tho' we've gone far and wide.

Not very pretentious the building, but oh!

It was vibrant with life but a few years ago!

And many, they say, of our noblest and best

Have gone from it's walls to meet life's final test.

So often we hear that one we there knew,

In the conflict of life has been tried and proved true,

And gladness springs up in our hearts at the thought,

As though 'twere a brother or sister who wrought!

Among those who are now blessing earth with their lives,

We count ministers, teachers, and minister's wives;

Yes, we boast some real live College Presidents, too,

And a long line of brave missionaries we view!

Many more find in various callings, success,

And pride in their progress we freely confess;

Many forces united their lives to inspire,

But at Houghton was kindled their ambition's fire.

Our wise, faithful teachers we will not forget,

Their lives and their precepts abide with us yet!

How much that is good in us, to them we owe,

Eternity's records only can show.

We found food for the soul as well
as the mind,

And, toward helping each student
his Saviour to find

Each one did his best; that mind,
heart and soul

Might blend in one pure and
harmonious whole.

We're glad for past, present
and future,

And true in every remembrance,
O Houghton, to you!

May your hopes be victorious over
your fears,

And peace and prosperity grow
with the years!

'Tis the "Old Sem." no more, all
things are now new,

We give thanks for the broader
advantages, too;

But each old student's heart must
with gratitude thrill

At the thought of the dear "Old
Sem" on the hill!

IN MEMORIAM.

By Wm. Greenberg.

Dedicated with deep gratitude mixed with sorrow to H. A. G.

Throughout his life the author of
the following lines has been fond of
tin horns. Knowing this, his friends
gave him a very pretty one as a Christ-
mas gift in 1903. It proved a consol-
ation in his lonely hours and in his ef-
fort to call his family to breakfast a
strong ally. Constant use wore out
the little friend which he commem-
orates in his poem.

H. A. G.

That old horn has ceased its braying,
No more in sweet notes playing,
On the sleepy ears,

Of Prof's little dears,
Who in their beds are staying.
No more will its musical chime
Hasten on the wheels of time,
While the students sit,
And the hours flit,
To the old clock's ticking rhyme.
As on each rosy Monday morn
I'll light my fire, all forlorn,
I'll call to mind,
That I'll never more find
Such delight in my "childhood's"
horn.

FORMER STUDENTS AND FRIENDS.

Walter Hall is filling the W. M. in the world.
pulpit at Driftwood, Pa.

Miss Bessie Tucker is teaching art
and music near Brooklyn.

Mr. Richard Bruce and Miss Maude
Cutchail, both former students of the
Sem., were married last summer.

W. Jay Curtis is raising fowls at
Ransomville. His business in this
line is advertised as one of the largest

The readers of the Wesleyan are very
familiar with our old students in
Africa and in the connectional work
at Syracuse and we will not attempt
to name them here.

Miss Stella returned Friday from
Olean hospital, where she went for
an operation.

Miss Alpha Bedford is studying
millinery in Buffalo.

Renew Your Subscription Promptly

Santos Hand Cleaner.



See the wonderful Santos Hand Suction Cleaner at Benjamin's Furniture Store. It has a rotary pump and hence furnishes a continuous suction all the time and works better than bellows or piston cleaners which clean in a wave like manner.

A large wheel furnishes speed to the pump and makes the operation of the machine very easy.

This cleaner removes dirt from carpets, draperies, chairs, bedding, etc., without raising any dust and thus makes your home as free as possible from many germs of sickness.

It saves much hard work in sweeping and dusting and does away with the hardest part of house cleaning.

Benjamin's Furniture Store has the agency for the celebrated Santos hand cleaner. Call in and see it and operate it yourself.

Benjamin's Furniture Store, Rushford, N. Y.

Crandall's Pharmacy, Fillmore, N. Y.

Is at Your Service for Drugs, Stationery, Photo
Supplies, Kodaks and Toilet Preparations.

Our Prices Are Right.

Prescriptions given careful attention by licensed persons.

Stop, Think, Act.

Though dissolution is the inevitable fate of everything mortal, the old world moves on just the same. There has been a change in the name but the business is the same. The firm formerly doing business in college hall and known as M. A. Gibbs & Co. has dissolved but the business will go on in the same place and your trade is solicited by one of the old firm.

M. A. Gibbs,

Houghton

Chas. M. Stewart Edith W. Stewart

Physicians and Surgeons

Hume,

=

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Economy, Style and Quality

Are always at an exclusive clothing store.

Honest Goods at Lowest Prices

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Call at J. H. & G. B. Crowell's

And look at their stock of Suits and Rain Coats. A fine line of samples to make to measure suits.

We sell the famous Hickey, Freemon & Company's clothing.

Shoes and Rubbers in large assortment. See our line of Rubber Boots and Felts.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Sweaters, and Underwear.

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Main Street

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Houghton, N. Y.

Just a Moment

Do these cold nights make you think of the cold winter coming? We can supply you with many things to keep you warm

**Bed Blankets, Comfortables,
Sweater Coats, Underwear.**

We are already receiving Ladies' Fall Suits and Separate Skirts. Have you thought about your winter furs?

We are sole agents for the Queen Quality Shoes.

John H. Howden, Fillmore, N. Y.

Houghton Seminary Conservatory of Music

Maximum Efficiency--Minimum Cost

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terms and full information ?**

James S. Luckey, President,
Houghton, New York

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And Been Disappointed,
Now Try
Michaels, Stern & Co.'s Clothing
And See the Result**

**We not only have clothing at the right price
for you but we have equal values in Hats,
Furnishings and Shoes to match
the clothing. Try us.**

Colburn & Coy, - Hume, N. Y.

Karl Clothing Co., Olean

Every line of advertising costs money
and we can only afford to spend the
money to advertise Real Values
which will bring continuous
patronage to our store.

**Such Values as These are Bound
To Attract Attention.**

All Wool Black Rain Coats, 52 inches long,
in military or regular collars, \$13.75.
Just the kind of coat most needed
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Suits, Overcoats, Hats and Underwear in an
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