

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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NUMBER 9

Landon Portrays Literary Figures

Sketches and Impersonations Open Lecture Course

The 1931-1932 Lecture Course had as its opening number, Sidney Landon on Friday, the thirteenth. Many of the faculty and older students remember with pleasure his previous entertainments here and were delighted to hear him once again. Connected with Ithaca College, he is one of the foremost impersonators of today.

With a mirror in his hand he applied cosmetics with no cessation in his speech. Then, turning his back to the audience, yet continuing his discourse he applied a wig and also a mustache, when necessary. As we beheld his conceptions of literary men with whom we have become acquainted through their works, we were almost startled at the likeness. We felt as if we were in the presence of these very men so remarkable were his impersonations.

Mr. Landon chose as his first character Robert Louis Stevenson. Prefacing his impersonation with a short sketch of his life, he portrayed Stevenson in his declining years with death rapidly approaching.

We appreciated the subtle humor in the selection he chose from Charles Fairar Brown, better known as Artemus Ward. He very cleverly represented Brown with a sandy-colored wig and mustache delivering a lecture in low tones and hesitating voice. *Babes in the Woods* proved to be a rare (?) discussion of art in its various phases.

Rudyard Kipling's outstanding characteristic—gentility—was aptly represented. We could fairly feel his stately demeanor as he gave his famous reply to his sister-in-law.

Another impersonation was that of F. Hopkinson Smith. He represented Smith, that great master of three trades, giving his friends his impressions of a farmer in Venice, a farmer from Unionville, Back of Troy, up York State way. The portrayal was vivid and a delightful funny-bone tickler.

The culmination of the evening's program proved to be a dignified, true-to-life characterization of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It showed him an old man looking forward to rest in "God's Acre."

The deep silence at the end of each impersonation and then the hearty clapping were certainly indicative of the audience's appreciation of Sidney Landon's art.

Class Basketball Series

The Junior girls triumphed over the High School lassies by an almost unbelievable score. The Juniors displayed good team work and accurate shooting which could not be checked by their smaller opponents. The result of the game was 48-2 which proves that the winners will be keen competitors for all oncomers

Opera Star Once Appeared in Ho'ton

Mr. Bonelli, one of the baritones of the world was a member of the Corella-Bonelli party who gave a concert in Houghton in October, 1919.

Here is the write up of the Corella-Bonelli Concert in the October, 1919 STAR.

"It gives us pleasure to announce that the concert given by the Corella-Bonelli Company on October 7th was a success in every respect. Of the four participants, Miss Collingsbourne, the violinist, was most popular, and was encored again and again. We rarely hear so good a voice as that of Mrs. Bonelli, the soprano. Every one was delighted with her rendering of Eckert's Swiss Echo Song. Miss Hyde, the pianist showed splendid technique and those who have a knowledge of good music say she was wonderful in the Crescendo of Chopin's Polonaise. Mr. Bonelli showed good voice control and was remarkable for volume. He was particularly entertaining in comic and dialect songs."

Now skipping twelve years we find Mr. Bonelli the recognized artist. The General Electric Company are featuring one artist a week by means of radio. Mary Garden and John McCormack are examples of the type of artist featured; and Mr. Bonelli had one of the programs lately.

Starks Write of Voyage to Africa

October 3—It will soon be three days that we have spent on the great wide ocean. We began to pull out of New York harbor about 4:30 o'clock Wednesday p. m. We watched the folks on shore as long as we could see them or until other piers shut them off from view. Mrs. Stea and some of her children from the Jersey City Church together with Flora Brecht, a returned missionary and two other missionary volunteers from New York were there to bid us goodbye. Our brother Morgan and his wife remained with us until sailing time. We watched the buildings and lights recede as we pulled out of the harbor. When we went to bed there were still many lights on shore which could be easily seen.

We had so many happy surprises awaiting us when we came to our cabin—beautiful roses from the Anna Houghton Daughters Organization at Houghton, boxes of candy from friends, several baskets of fruit from relatives and a host of letters from almost all of our friends it seemed. I have sorted them out and have discovered that we have at least one for each day of the voyage and in some cases on some days several. The folks from Houghton sent a large package of steamer letters; Mr. and Mrs. McCarty sent an envelope of clippings and so forth for each day of the voyage and then there are so many others from individuals. The Anna Houghton Daughters and

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NOT ICE

Due to an anticipated gastronomic cataclysm this coming Thursday, no STAR will be perpetrated next week.

On this account we urge our patrons to read this issue twice.

Literary Club Elects Officers

The new literary club formed by the STAR staff met at its usual time Thursday evening for the purpose of organization. The officers elected are as follows:

Clifford Bristow—President
Walter Alexis—Vice-President
Ruth West—Secretary
Forrest Cummings—Treasurer.

The president appointed a membership committee and a program committee. Both committees will begin work immediately.

Freshman Boys' Sunday School Class Active

Last week the Freshman Boys' Sunday School class decided, at the suggestion of their teacher, Fred Ebner, to make the week one in which the members might make a special effort to gain more members for the class. Monday evening they met for a brief season of prayer. Tuesday each member made an earnest effort to attend Students' Prayer Meeting Thursday all the talented singers of the class attended choir rehearsal. Friday each member put forth special effort to invite someone to Sunday School the following Sunday. As a result we gained one member but we do not intend to stop our efforts now. We plan to continue striving for new members, moving upward day by day.

If you are a Freshman boy, come to our Sunday School Class Sunday. You will be welcomed by all. If you are not a Freshman boy, come to Sunday School just the same. There will be a class for you, and we are sure that you will be welcome in that class.—P. C.

First Thanksgiving Proclamation Found

Few Americans, we are told by the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission, know that the first National Thanksgiving Proclamation was issued by our First President, George Washington, in 1789; and still fewer people know of the interesting history of that priceless document. On October 3, 1789, George Washington issued his Presidential Proclamation calling for a National day of Thanksgiving on Thursday, November 26.

This proclamation went into effect and was soon forgotten. No one apparently attached much importance to the Document itself. It was completely lost sight of. Most likely it

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Scenic America Lecture Presentation

Mr. Markham presented his illustrated lecture on "Scenic America," Wednesday evening, November eighteenth in Houghton College Chapel.

By mean of his colored slides, he guided his audience in imagination through the national parks of the Rocky Mountains including the Yellowstone National, the Grand Canyon and so forth. The unique effect produced as he showed the sun rising was applauded by the audience. As a whole the pictures were highly colored and beautiful. Many were humorous and interesting.

Mr. Markham has traveled mainly on the lecture courses of high school and his lecture is better suited to high school pupils than to college students. While we appreciate the addition of a number to our lecture course, we feel that the number could be improved upon.

Indian Program Entertains Audience

Monday evening at 6:30 in the chapel, members of the Expression Club entertained their audience with an Indian program.

The numbers which consisted of readings by L. Zickler, Miss Rothermel, and P. Crumley, an Indian pantomime, two piano solos by Margaret Carter, a vocal solo by Mable Farwell and two numbers by a Hawaiian musical trio, were appreciated by the audience, especially the Hawaiian trio and Crumley's recitation, nevertheless the usual Expression Club audience has much to learn in the way of courtesy toward participants in the program while they are performing.

Plattsburg Alumni Chapter Convenes

Of times in dreams, we are transported to the places dear to us, but not so often in reality. Yet, once more, we of the Plattsburg chapter, were made to feel as though we had the setting for our "get together" in Houghton, itself. It was with delight, that we welcomed one of the faculty, who made every one present feel as though he had always known him; thus creating the atmosphere which actually does exist in Houghton, that we are one large family.

We were especially privileged in having Dr. Carter, the music supervisor of the state department of our "Empire" state with us.

"The Purple and The Gold" were very much in evidence about the dining room, as well as other objects that could not help but make the former students feel that such a friend as Mrs. Geo Stevenson had woven her own sincere feelings for Houghton into the creating of a color scheme so familiar to all.

It is sufficient to say that the din-

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Paul Harris Thrills Students

World Conditions Reviewed in Fascinating Manner

Wednesday morning chapel gave the Houghton College student body and faculty an opportunity of hearing what the majority of the student body expressed as one of the best addresses ever delivered from the platform. Paul Harris, who is an extremely clever, keen and sensible man, sent out by the YMCA in the interest of peace, made the audience laugh one minute and weep the next. One quotation from Harris expresses his personality and his success in moving the student body Wednesday morning, "I am more concerned whether young boys and girls are becoming desperate and do evil things than whether I go to Heaven or not. Heaven will take care of itself if I look out for the other!" He had the trait of humbleness which so many lack. He can travel much, talk with the leaders and best thinkers of the world and be a big man himself without acquiring obnoxious ego; he is as humble as anyone could be.

His address was concerned with the problems which the World is engaged in solving and man's relation to these problems. The first is the problem of dislocation of good. "Wheat here and starving people there," as he expressed it. The second is the problem of how to banish war. "The next war will be a hell let loose," said Mr. Harris. A short resume of his visits to some of the notables of the world and their ideas of how to solve these problems concluded his talk.

Viscount Robert Cecil said, "If we can't get men to come to grips with war then there is no hope for civilization."

Sir Arthur Salter said, "If nations can't meet around conference tables to solve their problems, we have no hope."

Einstein holds to the idea that young men should refuse to kill, then there would be no war.

Gandhi said concerning the depression, "If man has wealth and does not transform it, it will be destroyed." also, "We do not have to succeed, we have only to find what is true and tell it."

Paul Harris showed how gentleness not force always wins, basing his assertions on quotations from the Bible.

Many of the students went out of the chapel with their minds changed, many under conviction. Gandhi rose in esteem, Russians are not so deplorable as was suspected except for the attitude of the government against churches.

We sincerely thank the faculty for being instrumental in obtaining the services of Mr. Harris. "World citizen" is a word with personality now. We should like to have men of his intellect, experience and personality on our Lecture Course.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Collegiate Sam Says:

Who wouldn't want to go back to the good old daze?

JUST A THINKING

In school we count time from one holiday to another. Just at present the date upmost in our minds is November twenty-sixth. To-day is exactly five days before Thanksgiving.—Thanksgiving—turkey—Pilgrims! Oh, why must we live some six hundred miles from the New England coast; so near and yet, so far. Thanksgiving would mean so much more to us if we had only been born in Boston,—Plymouth,—even Providence! After all, though, what difference does it make?

"As a rule, a man's a fool.
When it's hot, he wants it cool.
When it's cool, he wants it hot—
Always wanting what is not."

Let's be thankful for the turkey: there's many another nearer the rock who will not be finding a wish bone in his dinner that day.—W. L. Z.

PAUL HARRIS

All those who heard Mr. Paul Harris Wednesday at chapel, heard a live message concerning world problems, felt the strong fine personality of the man, and were challenged to "think."

It seems to us that Mr. Harris is the ideal world citizen, not a man with his head "in the clouds" but a man with real ideas and definite objectives.

One class recently undertook the difficult task of finding a noun worth while to characterize Mr. Harris. Following are some of the nouns submitted: scholar, genius, peace-maker, orator, world citizen, diplomat, pacifist, reformer, citizen, thinker, man, dynamo, christian, teacher, crusader, leader, statesman, challenger, realist.

But it is impossible to summarize the qualities of the man. He is too great. His message was vital, alive, thought-provoking.—R. B.

LIGHT BEARERS

Sunday's Light Bearers' service was in the nature of a prayer meeting. After a testimony and song service and a special song by Florence and Gordon Clark, Florence Smith brought a short lesson from Samuel. The remainder of the service was given over to prayer. Special prayer was made for the present Senior classes and for those who do not seem to have as deep an experience as formerly.

We believe that these services are

of great benefit to us as young people. So many have expressed an appreciation of them as a means of grace. Come and make these services yours.

BORN

An announcement was received recently stating that Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Johnston, Elmira, N. Y. are the proud parents of a son, Ernest Ellison, born November 10. Alumni will remember Mrs. Johnston as Pauline Ellison. Congratulations



Little Rock, Ark.—It looks as tho' the gentlemen of the U. S. Senate will have to refrain from calling each other unpolite names during the 72nd Congress. Gov. Parnell of Arkansas, this week, named Mrs. Caraway as U. S. Senator from that state to succeed Hon. J. W. Caraway, her late husband. "She is entitled to the office held by her distinguished husband—", said the governor on making the appointment. Mrs. Caraway is the first woman to begin a term in the historic body, but not the first to serve there. Mrs. R. Felton of Georgia served on November 21 and 22, 1922 by courtesy appointment. She was 87 years old at the time.

Cambridge, Mass.—If there is one thing or person near and dear to the hearts of University students either past or present it is the star quarterback of a winning football team. And those students and alumni will ever fight to preserve the good name of said quarterback. Ted Husing, announcer of C. B. C., discovered this during the game between Harvard and Dartmouth. He made some remarks which were not the most complementary to Barry Wood, Harvard's star quarterback. No one exactly walked up and punched Ted in the nose—physically, at least. But when he returned to New York there was a letter from the Harvard Manager of Athletics saying that Mr. Ted Husing was henceforth and forever barred from broadcasting from the Harvard stadium.

New York City—Down in old New York there is a bit of brotherly love even tho' there are thousands of unemployed. A few days ago, a young lad and his dog entered the office of the Unemployment Fund. The boy expressed an earnest desire to help those less fortunate than he. "My folks are poor," he said, "and all I've got is my dog. So you take him—he is an awful good dog—and sell'm; maybe the money will help someone." So the dog was sold. Bids came from here and there. They were all excepted, the dog went to the highest bidder, who returned it to its original owner and the fund was \$300 richer.

Salville, L. I.—"Heaven" came within one of getting doused with a fire hose this week. "Heaven" is a negro rest home owned by Rev. Mr. Divine. The neighbors complained that their peace and quiet has been disturbed on several occasions by the shouting of new converts. Police warned Rev. Divine that any more complaints would be reason to quench the fervor with water.

Stalingrad, Russia—The Soviets are returning to the "six days shalt thou labor" idea. After years of the five-day-work, one-day-rest plan, orders have been issued to work six days and rest the seventh. Better physical rest and time to repair machines was given as reasons.

Ossining, N. Y.—One of the big games of the week-end will be fought out in the "Sing Sing Stadium" between the "Big House" Eleven and

PERSONALS

The Misses Bernice Davie and Dorothy Crouch spent the week-end in their homes in Oneonta.

Elizabeth McFarlane, Katherine Baker and Eddie Dolan went home for the week-end.

Miss Dora Waite assisted in the services in both Friendship and Castile Sunday.

Miss Aura Matott went to Friendship with Mr. Arlin and Miss Noss Sunday night.

Miss Kate Cole, Louise Minnis Edna Strotton and Mildred Lambert went to Perry Saturday afternoon.

Christine Padgett, Esther Brayley, Rena Potter, Ruth West, and Ruth Lawrence went shopping in Wellsville Saturday afternoon.

Lost & Found

FOUND—Fountain pen and black beret.—Alvin Barker.

LOST—Three-ring notebook.
E. Roberts.

LOST—Two vocal numbers, "The Cry of Rachel" and "Oh My Heart is Weary." Finder please return to —Edith Stearns.

LOST—A small gold pencil. Please return to Ruth West.

FOUND—A key. Enquire at librarian's desk.

First Thanksgiving Proclamation Found

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was misplaced or attached to some private papers in the process of moving official records from New York to Philadelphia, or from Philadelphia to Washington. All we know is that the original document was not in the official archives of the Government until it was "found" in 1921 by Dr. J. C. Fitzpatrick, then Assistant Chief of the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress, and now Editor of the forthcoming George Washington Bicentennial Commission series of Washington's Writings.

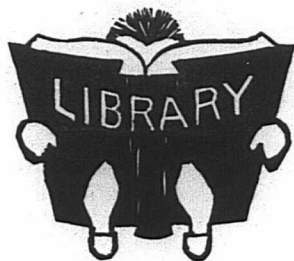
It was at an auction sale being held in the American Art Galleries of New York City. Dr. Fitzpatrick, an expert on Washingtonia, examined the document and found it to be authentic. It was written in long hand by Wm. Jackson, Secretary to President Washington at the time, and was signed in George Washington's bold hand. Dr. Fitzpatrick purchased the document for \$300.00 for the Library of Congress, where it is now kept as a treasure. And no amount of money could remove it.

the Part Jewis Police Dept. Chief of Police Moorehead, Mgr. of the Bluecoats and cheerleader de luxe, said that his men will wear shin guards and nose protectors. (Last week during the game, two men of the Naval Militia were carried off the field on stretchers). "Red" Hope, who probably will lead cheers for the Black and White Eleven, is assured of this honor for time to come (his sentence is 60 years). You should hear the boys respond to "Red's" command. "Com'on now, Sing, Sing for dear old Sing Sing!"

Know Your Campus

Dear Schoolmates:

Every body is talking about Thanksgiving now; Thanksgiving means Pilgrims, and Pilgrims mean Indians. I don't know that any Pilgrims got this far west, but as for Indians, in 1620 the woods were full of them. They owned, that is the Seneca tribe did, all the land around here—even the college campus. By the way, these Senecas were no relatives of the Seneca of Roman fame; name is a corruption of the Algonquin *Sinneken*. One of the main towns of the western branch of the Senecas was Caneadea, or Gayoyadeo. The council house of Caneadea formerly stood across the river about opposite the present campus. It was a small log cabin with a dirt floor, a built-in bench extending all the way around the sides, and a place at one end for the council fire. There is a picture of it in the library; the original is now in Letchworth State Park. The old trail from Lake Ontario to the Ohio River followed the path of the present state road. The shortest route to Buffalo from Caneadea cut across our campus and followed the Houghton Creek for a long distance. Years later when the streams of pioneers began to pour into the Ohio Country, the Genesee Valley became part of the northernmost of the three great routes to the West. A canal was dug connecting the Erie Canal and the Ohio River. Thousands of emigrants packed their household goods on the barges and were towed past the spot where Houghton College now stands. But the canal like the old trails, is gone. Some of the stones forming the sides of the old locks can still be seen in a few places, but in general all that remains is a deep ditch. Now the former tow path supports the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad. During these earlier years Houghton was a typical pioneer town. The people were true sons of the border. There was a tavern (this is still standing,—opposite the church,—but has since been remodeled into a dwelling-place) where the travelers tarried and the townsfolk gathered to drink and decide the fate of the nation. The chief occupation then seems to have been horseracing. Houghton was noted in the surrounding country for the very thing. Indeed, Main Street used to be called Jockey Street. When the country became so densely populated that the government set aside reservations for the Indians, there was one given to the Caneadea Senecas. The western boundry of this extended along Main Street through Houghton. Later, as the Senecas had decreased in population, their land was taken away from them. Those who still lived were sent to the Salamanca Reservation. However there were some of the Indians who refused to leave. One of these was Copperhead. He became known as the last of the Caneadea Senecas. At first he lived on the hill in back of Gaoyadeo Hall, across the creek. Then he moved his wigwag to the edge of the campground, next door to the Pines. There he died and was buried. Only a few years ago his body was removed to its present resting place and the Boulder was erected over it.



"Shadows on the Rock"
Willia Cather

Among the works of fiction published this autumn there is Willa Cather's "Shadows on the Rock". a tale of Canadian pioneer life between the years 1697 and 1713. The main incidents of the story, however, are limited to little more than one year, October 1697 to November 1698, that of the death of Count Frontenac. After serving for ten years as governor general of Canada, at the call of his King Louis XIV, he spent nine additional years of his old age in rescuing New France from devastation by the Iroquois, and in restoring order. Now, he is awaiting eagerly, but in vain, his recall to his beloved France.

As reappointed governor of New France, the Count had taken with him to Quebec his tenant-apothecary, Euclide Auclair with wife and little daughter Cecile. In Cecile the story of New France is centered in contrast with loyalty to old France exhibited in the Count and his dependents, Euclide and Madam Auclair.

The making of a livelihood in Paris had become so nearly impossible for Auclair that he and his wife hoped by this sojourn in the new world to improve their fortune to the extent of being enabled to return and spend their later years in comfort among their kindred in France. With the Count's patronage and with the confidence of the people gained through his kindness, his scrupulous honesty and skill, Auclair had become the much sought physician of Quebec. His home life as conducted by Madame Auclair according to the best old French traditions was a model for other homes and an attraction for all of French Quebec, who like the Auclairs, were homesick. They watched eagerly in the spring for the ships from France, and sadly watched them depart in the late October days.

The story opens with Auclair watching the white sail of the last ship to France sink gradually from his sight. Madame Auclair had died, but not without having carefully instructed her daughter in household duties so that every detail should preserve the traditions of old France to which she hoped the father and child might one day return. Out of her love for mother and father, Cecile devoted herself faithfully to maintaining this French home in the new world until she loved it for her own sake as well, and with an added love for its new-world environment. She also watched the ships sail back to France, but her deeper interests were in her "Kebec". Her father's talk of returning with the Count at his recall by the king, raised in her mind a silent but gradually growing protest. New France founded on the rock was for her the place where her inherited traditions of home could best be sustained and imparted to others.

The nostalgia of the older people in contrast with the adaptiveness of

Starks Write

(Continued from Page One)

other friends sent books and other gifts to be opened at different times on the voyage. Surely folks have been better to us than we deserve, but we do appreciate every kind act in our behalf. The good Lord will have to reward each as we are so sure He will do. We go to the package of letters each morning almost as eagerly as you would run to the mailbox after the mail man had arrived on the rural route.

We have a very interesting group on board—twelve of us in all and every one a missionary. Of course this number does not include ship officers and crew. However, the captain and chief steward and other officers seem to be very fine men. The chief steward is a Scotchman from Scotland, the head waiter is a Dutchman from Holland and there are Germans, Japs and so forth among the crew and officers. Among the passengers there are two single ladies who are returning to a Presbyterian mission in the Camerouns—very fine ladies indeed and fundamental in doctrinal belief. Then we have a man and his wife who are Dunkard missionaries returning to interior of the French Sudan. They do not dress like the Dunkards with whom we come in contact. They too are very fine Christian people. Then, to add excitement to the voyage we have a Doctor, his wife and three children who are United Brethren and who work not so far from our stations. The youngest of their family is about six months old. Then of course our own Miss Carter, a nurse, has her cabin next door to us. She seems to be a very fine girl, slightly older in appearance at least, than I had anticipated. Oh yes, I forgot to say that the captain has a personal servant, "Frankie" by name, who is a negro directly from Freetown. He speaks some English. You can imagine that already Price has made his acquaintance as have most of the other passengers. It is strange what a warm feeling one experiences toward him. I am sure it is not going to be hard to love these black people.

Thus far we have had a very smooth sea. We haven't even had a hint of a seasick feeling although the Doctor's wife has been in bed most of the time. In fact we have not seen her in the dining room since the first night at supper time. Our cabin is located at midship, just under the captain's quarters. They tell us that on this boat the passengers have the very best location on board. Our cabin is fairly roomy containing the double bunk—I mean double deck bunk—a folding table, a ward robe, the lavatory, and a chair. Some of the passengers say that the accommodations are much better than on the other ships of this same line.

We are in love with the ocean. I like nothing better than to sit on deck while I watch the waves come and go. I am sure that I could ask for no better vacation or more complete rest than we are having. We only wish that some of our friends could enjoy it with us. Our meals have been fine so far. Though it is an American line we have tea served us each afternoon. Tomorrow, which will be our first Sunday on board, we are to have a service at which Price has been asked to speak. The others maintain that since he is a new missionary, he should speak first.

I trust that you will all be long-suffering with regard to the appearance of and the mistakes in my typing. I am just beginning to get ac-

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"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts." *Cornell Widow.*

"I hear Jones is bankrupt. How come?"

"He went to raising frogs, expecting to get a lot of greenbacks, but they all croaked."

Mr. Meeker: Striking a woman is the last thing I would do.

The Mrs.: It sure would be if I was the woman.

"Been seeing a good deal about a balanced ration. What is your idea of a balanced ration?"

"Peas on a knife."

"Look! Isn't that an Indian woman going down the street carrying a pa poose on her back?"

"No, the wind blew an Austin against her back and the driver in it can't unhook it from her dress."

—Pathfinder.

Pep: She's no flapper.

Pepper: I'll say she ain't. She was having dates when the Four Horsemen were riding hobby horses.

"You say he's a holdup man and yet his business is legitimate?"

"Sure. He's a button manufacturer."

"How's your new garden going?"

"Fast. I can't keep my neighbor's chickens out."

Sal: What did you say to that cop when he stopped you for speeding?

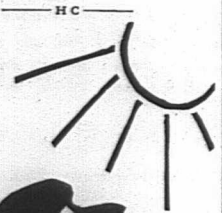
Pal: I called him an old crab.

"What then?"

"He pinched me."

"Whaddaya consider the height of human incompetence?"

"A drum-major with an inferiority complex."



With'er 4 - Kast

Nov. 20—The barometer of intelligence shows a decided raise due to the recent brain fever.

Starks Write

(Continued from Page Three)

customed to it again. I am so grateful for the typewriter. We shall try to write a bit from time to time and then mail it at St. Vincent since that will be our first stop. I am making carbon copies of the voyage news but will try to write a personal note as well.

We will stop again at Dakar on the coast above Freetown.

October 12—We are still feeling fine. We have been in the trade wind now for a time and the sea has been somewhat rougher. It is several days now since we crossed the line, so to speak, which places us in the tropics. The heat of the sun becomes quite intense during the middle of the day. I dare not be out on deck since I do not have a helmet yet. I shall be able to purchase one in Dakar Thursday but that is still three or four days hence.

We have been very interested in watching the flying fish which have been with us for some time now. They look like silver as they glisten in the sunshine. They raise themselves from the water by means of their lateral fins and fly through the air some times quite a distance or until their fins become dry. Occasionally one sees a school of them take to the air at one time. The officers tell us that before long we should be seeing sharks since they infest the waters of this region.

If all is well, we shall arrive at St. Vincent, one of the Cape Verde Islands to-night, then at Dakar on Thursday.

October 14—We arose early yesterday morning to watch our entrance into the harbor at St. Vincent and what a beautiful sight it was! Rising abruptly from the water's surface was a great mass of solid rock mountains. At a distance here and there could be seen the dim outlines of other similar mountains. They are supposedly volcanic in origin and form the group known as the Cape Verde Islands under the dominion of Portugal. At the entrance to the harbor one of the most picturesque lighthouses imaginable is situated on a small rock mountain which rises in the harbor. We went ashore in the morning in a small row boat. Such sights as greeted our eyes! We saw several naked children on the streets and many other partly clothed. The dirt and filth which seem to abound almost everywhere made one sick at heart. When we came home to ponder and to compare their lot with ours we realized anew how great our responsibility is to such as these who are less highly favored than we.

As the freight from our boat was taken ashore women were waiting at the wharfs to take a very heavy sack of sugar between two of them. They place it on their heads and carry it to its destination somewhere in the city while the men stood or sat idly by watching the process. The children arrived in small boats almost as soon as the West Kebar had dropped anchor and began begging us to drop coins into the water so that they might dive for them. It was very interesting to watch them but less interesting when two, diving for the same coin, attempted to settle their quarrel under the water.

Helen and Price Stark

GIRLS

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Library

(Continued from Page Three)

their children to the new world, though carefully preserving the best traditions of the old in the new, is skillfully made implicit in Miss Cather's story, through daily incidents that mark the simple current of the year. From the October of the departing ships, it moves through the events of the "long winter" to spring and the joyous welcome of returning ships; then through the summer of Cecile's first journey from home, with her own and her father's young friend, Pierre Charron, to visit another pioneer household which is kind in interest, but visit another pioneer household which is kind in interest, but lacking the neatness of her well ordered home in "Kebec". Thus the year rounds again to October and the sailing of the ships without Auclair and the Count whom it has not pleased his majesty to recall. Then again it is November when the dying Count commits to his faithful friend, the apothecary, the sad task of sending his broken heart to France for burial, and Auclair realizes that for himself there will be no return.

The contrast between the spirit of the New France and that of Old France is heightened in the devotion of the Ursuline nuns and of the good old Bishop Laval whose seminary had been a center for training missionaries the bear the cross into the terrible Canadian forests and along the rivers sounding the gigantic falls. Upon these teachers and cross-bearers, nostalgia for the old world had no claim. In their work was their habitation while building an enduring spiritual city.

The conventional atmosphere of her story emphasizes the motive of her title, *Shadows on the Rock*, and unites it with the more exclusively spiritual theme of her previous book, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. As a historical novel of pioneer life in the late seventeenth century, *Shadows on the Rock* surpasses in scope its companion piece in the story of the Archbishop though the latter is more intensive in its spiritual effect. In both, Miss Cather has advanced upon her earlier and purely aesthetic sketches. Miss Cather's art has deepened into the current of a nobler social and spiritual theme. In their retrospect of life against the westerling sun of civilization, the cross has carried with it all that endures through time. Here is an artistic unity, an abiding quality usually lacking in the popular novels of the present day.

—C. M.

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GIRLS

Charles E. Scott has written a thrilling book on *Chinese Twice-Born* which has recently been placed in our library. It has been described as a book of "thrilling demonstrations that there is only one Gospel." Dr. Charles G. Trumbull, Editor of the "Sunday School Times" says of the book, "You will not be quick to lay down this book if you start reading it; open it at random anywhere and you will find yourself in the midst of a life story, or a bit of unusual local colour, or a discussion of manners and customs that will hold you by its graphic telling and its reading charm You will know more about the Chinese themselves, and the nation as such, after reading this book than you have known before." This book will be a real inspiration to every Christian who longs for the advancement of the cause of Christ on this earth.

High School Notes

At a recent meeting of the student body the following officers were elected:

Pres.—Elizabeth McFarlane

V. Pres.—Mary McIvor

Sec.—Gladys Jewell

Treas.—Hazel Fox

Notice that they are all girls, too.

The following poem was presented to Mrs. Bowen by one who gets a great deal of fun out of her Cicero class:

Dreams are doomed to disappointment;

Sweet surprises sadly rare;

Days and nights are endless boredom, Almost more than we can bear.

But a few more days of plodding Crushed with such a weight of care.

And we'll find our resting place We'll be buried in despair.

Would you know the reason for it— Why, when all around is fair,

We should be so pessimistic, Seeing dullness everywhere?

Surely there's a reason for it, For our looking at life so;

We are Senior, Juniors—students— We're the class in Cicero!

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Plattsburg Alumni Chapter

(Continued from Page One)

ner was most appetizing but that was of secondary interest, inasmuch as we were anticipating the messages of the various speakers.

After the President's, Mildred Stevenson's, address of Welcome, we listened to a speech on "Why I Shall Send My Children to Houghton," given by Sarah Davison Banker. Then, Mr. Robinson, the pastor of the Mooers Wesleyan Church made us feel that the church was backing the college in all its activities.

Dr. Carter in his address, mentioned his pleasant memories connected with his interviews at Houghton. Those of us, who knew Miss Hillpot, could not help but feel that we would enjoy having her hear his words of commendation for her work as well as the responsive interest to suggestions which has been demonstrated in the music department.

Professor Wright gave us a flash-light view of Houghton from the day of the seminary on the Tucker Hill to the present college with all her additional attractions for young men and women who are serious minded in desiring a real Christian education.

After these inspiring addresses, we truly felt that it had been like getting home after a long absence, and we shall anticipate the next "get together" on a date satisfactory and convenient for the college representative.

Dorothy M. Meade.

Plattsburg Chapter Representative.

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