

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## First Prize Essay

"ON STONEY PEAK"  
By Edna Roberts

In the south of California, where the Sierras slope to the sea, I found Jem Brockway's cabin. High on a shoulder of Stoney Peak it nestled and though wild winds must have swept over it to the canyon below, it looked comfortable enough. There was a low, rough bench beside the door, and a well in the yard. Old Jem, as I came up the yellow road that led to the Peak was drawing a pailful of water, sparkling in the sun like melted diamonds. He gave me a drink and asked me to "set awhile." A little wistfully, he added, "It's kinda fur off from folks, up here."

So I stayed the long summer afternoon, and when, in the still, cool dusk I made ready to go, Old Jem pleaded with me to stay. It was a beautiful place, and I was tired of the noisy little hotel to which I should have to return, far below, so I stayed on. That night I heard Jem Brockway's story.

"Twas the Spring of '96 I married Mary Forman," he began. "She was a mountain girl, an' lived all her life in the Sierras. Like a woodsprite, she was. That brown, an' purty, with hair, stranger, that was like dawn from Stoney Peak up yonder." His dim old eyes were tender as he talked. "I've got a picter of her in the cabin, but there wasn't no picter ever took could ha' got Mary's sperrit into it, save one, and that one was painted; no one but Mary and me—and him as painted it—ever saw it."

"Mary was a preacher's daughter. Been to grammar school, she had, and taught school down South Creek way when I fust knew her. There was two or three men Mary could a' had but she figgered I was the likeliest of them fer I had prospects then. We was real happy together, the fust of summer!"

"Twas about time fer the fall rains to come along, when thet artist feller come here. He was walking up the road—like you done today—and Mary was at the well, and she give him a drink."

"Thet begun it. He said, right away, thet he wanted ter paint her, and he come back real often. After a while, I told him to go ahead, fer I'd allus been a rough sort of man, and Mary she liked dainty things. She planted thet rose-garden. . . Jem's voice was, suddenly, a little unsteady."

"I can't make those flowers bloom, the way she did," he continued. "Somehow, they seemed to want to grow fer her."

"Well, the artist come every arter noon—to git the best light, he said, an' he painted her in the little glade back of the house; standin' beside a big rock, with her hat off, and a sort of brown dress on. Fer a while I went back with them, and watched him work. He was as pleasant spoke a young feller as I have ever see, and Mary, she liked him, too. Then I found more things to do to

keep me busy, and I didn't go back to the glade so much."

"The fall rains was an awful long time comin'. Forests begun to get sort of dry-like, and Ranger O'Brien got to watching the skies anxious. Needed water in the town, purty bad too, but our well never went dry, so we was all right."

"Purty soon—bout a month later, I guess, I begun to notice a difference in Mary. She was quiet and shy with me and she didn't laugh so much. So I began to watch her, and I see she was worried about something. When I asked her, she wouldn't tell me what it was, though she was sweet and mighty tender when I was with her. She begun crying, nights, too. Thet was after Doc Simmons come by one night and stayed fer supper. I didn't notice, then, but I was wondering what was bothering Mary."

"Then I see her, and the artist feller. He was going away the next day, and the picter was all done. He'd set it in the cabin to dry. They was comin' down the hill, where they'd gone fer a walk, and they didn't see me. He had hold of her hand, and they was laughing like  
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## Junior-Senior Banquet Was Held Friday

Roycroft Inn is Scene of  
Festivities

As I write, I remember the Junior-Senior banquet of four years ago—I should say the rumors of it for I was only a Frosh—but now as a Senior I have eaten and listened my way through two such enjoyable affairs. This year we were privileged to hold the banquet at the Roycroft Inn, East Aurora.

The playing orchestra and the opened doors were our signals to enter the dining-room. The floral decorations were beautiful indeed. After duly appreciating the quaint, beautiful surroundings, we ate and talked till our hearts were content.

After the last olive had been eaten and the shortcake had melted away, the candles burned low and we were toasted by President Luckey with humor and advice, by Gross with more humor and appreciation of our college; then by Donnelly with waves upon waves of humor.

A new and different feature was the presenting of an alumnus, Mr. Virgil Hussey, in the main address of the evening. His topic was, "Milestones," in which very interesting speech he spoke of birth, childhood, school-days, life-work and finally death. He told us about the historical Houghton flag-rush, and the time he unknowingly made a basket for the opposite side in a Purple-Gold basketball game, and all the eight-o'clock classes he never awakened for. All these stories we had been  
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## Annual Orchestra Concert To-nite

Steese and Huffington on  
Program

Don't forget the last big entertainment of the year begins at 8 o'clock tonight. The usual concert price has been cut to the small sum of thirty-five cents. The evening's program is presented by the Houghton College Orchestra of twenty-four members directed by Miss Maxine Morgan. A vocal solo by Mrs. Steese, musical reading by Inez Huffington and a group by the College Men's Quartette as well as several trios by members of the orchestra will add variety to the program. Of special interest is the fact that the regular orchestra will be augmented by professional musicians new to a Houghton audience.

## Missionary in Charge Of Sunday Service

Man from Philippines Here

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world as a witness to all nations, and then shall the end come." "And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou was slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

With these scriptures Rev. G. D. Strohm, returned missionary from the Philippines began his message last Sunday evening. The truth was stressed that ere the Lord comes back the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be preached to every nation and tongue. Such being the case the task of the Church is still incomplete.

The speaker said that in the island of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago there are still many tribes, each with its distinct dialect, to be reached with the Gospel. The Alliance Mission, which Mr. Strohm represents, is responsible for about  
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## Shadows

First Prize Poem

Cloud shadows  
Making mountains seem patch-work quilts  
Spread over the knees of a giant.  
Pain shadows  
Seeming cruel etchings done in black  
Upon the whiteness of a face I love.  
Moonlight shadows  
Using pine and maple trees and all night things  
To weave for lovers a carpet of black and silver.  
Death's shadow  
A thick black fog in which we all are lost  
Till His love lights the way.  
—Ruth Burgess.

## First Prize Story

"ROCKING CHAIR"  
By Kathryn Johnson

"Rocking Chair Facilitates Thought." This startling announcement suddenly met my eyes, while I was perusing the New York Times on the afternoon of January 16, 1931. This was tucked away in an obscure corner on page 53 under an advertisement for scraps of old iron. It started my own brain to functioning. Seriously thinking on the subject and wondering whether it was so, I immediately dropped into a rocking chair, started rocking strenuously, and awaited developments.

Creak!—Creak!—Oh! goodness! will those girls never stop chattering? They sound just like magpies. Don't they realize that I am proving a new discovery? But they keep on and on—"Say, wasn't that History lesson long? I have spent four hurs on it."

"What are you going to wear to the concert tonight? Do you think my green dress is all right?"—"My, but this room is cold! I don't believe that janitor pays any attention to us."—"Let's do some of the exercises we learned in 'gym' today. I can't turn somersaults—especially backwards; I always fall over on my side."—"My, but our room is dirty; I will be glad when the cleaner comes over." On

## Men's Glee Club Gives Final Coucert

Well Performed Program  
Appreciated

The Men's Glee Club brought their year's work to a splendid conclusion when they sang Saturday night at the Brighton Community Church and Sunday night at the Asbury Methodist Church of Rochester in what were probably their final concerts of the year. Leaving here early Saturday afternoon, the men drove to Rochester and in the evening gave their regular secular concert program with one or two slight changes. As has been true before, Kipling's *Recessional* was not only the most difficult piece on the program, but the men succeeded in making it the most outstanding performance of the evening by their precise attack and excellent work in its difficult counterpoint. The rest of the program was almost equally well done, and the fine interpretation of *The Song of the Volga Boatmen* arranged by Loomis and equally fine work on the negro spirituals *Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray* and *Steal Away* by Johnson made these numbers close seconds to the *Recessional*. As usual the quartet was well liked by the audience and Elon Wiles brought honor to himself and the school when he played as a clarinet solo, *Liebesfreud* by Kreisler and answered an encore with the *Londonderry Air*.

After spending a pleasant Sunday with their church hosts and hostesses the men assembled at the Asbury Methodist Church to give a brief sacred concert. Once more they ac-

and on they go until I despair—

Squeak!—Squeak!—I wonder what Mother is doing now? She probably is writing one of her daily letters to me. But I am sure that my brother is not. He might be sitting in front of the radio, or be downtown. Why can men never stay at home? Is it because of their innate desire to be always "on the go"? I never did understand my brother and I am firmly convinced that he never understood me. Perhaps it is just as well that I am not at home, although I should like to see Mother. I can just see (by means of my mind's eye) Grandmother sitting by the table reading. Yet I don't suppose she will stay there long, as she always goes to bed early. Her proverb is,

"Early to bed, and early to rise, Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Now when I am home I go to bed late and get up late. Why? Just to be contrary? No, I think not. It is just my love of talking and I always have so much to talk about when I go home.

Creak!—Creak!—Oh! that reminds me that I have not finished my lessons for tomorrow. Oh, hum! I wanted to come to college; yet studying does become rather tiresome at times! But I must get busy, as I plan to be a dignified "schoolmar'm" some day. If I don't know my books, the school board may say, "Right this way", and show me the door. Well, now, just see how my mind has wandered! To get back to my lessons—there is a fifteen hundred word essay that has to be done by the third tomorrow. But how can I do it until I get an inspiration? And I have to be in the right mood to have one. Oh, inspiration, where art thou? Ah, here it comes! I think that I shall write down the thoughts that I seem to be having while rocking in this chair. Now my French lesson is worrying me—ten pages of translation, some sentences to write in English, and a verb to study! Well, such is life! But I don't believe that I shall bother with it. I shall have time to do that in the morning—

Squeak!—Squeak!—Squeak!—Oh, Glee Club practice at 7:30! Goodness! All I do is to hurry from one thing to the next! I get up in the morning at quarter of seven, only to dress hurriedly in order to be at breakfast at seven o'clock. After eating quickly, I rush back to make the bed, and straighten up the room in case there should be a visitor from headquarters. Then I sit down to scribble a letter home, but finish it to the accompaniment of the bell, which is ringing for my first class. Then, I run frenziedly to the main office to mail my letter; from thence downstairs to remove my coat. Finally, I arrive at class breathless, only to find that class has already started and I have forgotten some of my books! But I enter. After class I tell  
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# THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## Collegiate Sam Says:

"Hush, little Senior,  
Don't be so bold.  
You're only a freshman  
Four years old."—Ex.

## BUILDING

*We are blind until we see  
That in the human plan  
Nothing is worth the making, if  
It does not make the man.  
Why build these cities glorious  
If man unbuilds goes?  
In vain we build the work, unless  
The builder also grows.—Edwin Markham.*

To the colleges is intrusted the four years of life which is so valuable—the period in which the boy becomes a man and the girl becomes a woman. The colleges and universities may erect marvelous buildings and lay out beautiful campuses but their real building is character building. A college should not be judged by its buildings or its beauty but by the students who come under its influence. The college builds for future glory that builds strong character and honest men and women unafraid of life but equipped to meet it most efficiently in the largest sense of that word. To the small college such as Houghton is due praise for building strong character and sending out sincere young men and women stamped with the imprint of four years spent in such an atmosphere. Each of us should be proud that we can call Houghton our Alma Mater.

## Gym. Class Treated

Tuesday afternoon with much grumbling and complaining the College Girls' Gym Class started off on a hike minus their instructor who had sent a student to conduct the hike in her absence. Thunder clouds appeared in the distance and the sun beat down on the group unmercifully. Some fell behind and discouraged returned to Houghton. The brave

hearts who continued until the end found Miss Cole sitting on a hill enjoying herself. She offered to show the group the baby and come back trundling the baby cart. When it was uncovered, behold their appeared sandwiches, pickles, cakes and lemonade. The faithful are rewarded for their efforts. As the rain began to patter on the leaves, the girls gave nine RaHS for Miss Cole and ran to the house for shelter.

## Houghton Happenings

Esther Brayley spent the week-end at her home in Oakfield, N. Y.

Jean Trout visited friends in Rushford over the week-end.

Helen Baker was in Dolton over Saturday and Sunday.

Ruth Kissinger visited Allena Owens at her home in Delevan over the week-end.

Aleene Schaus, Winona Carter and Wenona Ware went home with Ruth Ingalls for the week-end.

Misses Kate Cole and Bernice Davie were the guests of Elizabeth MacFarlane at her home in Cincinnati this week-end.

A group of the Christian Workers had charge of the evening service at the Free Methodist Church in Salamanca Sunday.

## High School Notes

### H. S. Sophs Go on Treasure Hunt

About five thirty Friday night a group of merry High School Sophs started for a picnic. They followed the trail which had been laid out previously. After wandering in and out among the trees and climbing up and down hill they finally reached the spot where the picnic was to be held. A fire was quickly built and a very good meal was prepared and devoured. The remainder of the evening was spent around the fire telling jokes and stories.

### H. S. Frosh Dampened

Saturday afternoon a group of High School Freshmen and their chaps set out for the spring. When we arrived there, we found the place already inhabited. The mosquitoes had beaten us to it. While we were eating hot dogs and joking around the fire, we heard thunder in the distance and soon the rain descended. Soaked! oh my! but no dampened spirits. Just another shower for green but growing things.

### Light Bearers

On Sunday afternoon after a service of song and testimony Miss Ruth Lawrence brought a very helpful and inspiring message to the Light Bearers. Her topic was "Why we as young people should be Christians." She pointed out two main reasons for being a Christian: first, that Jesus needs us and second, that we need Jesus. Everyone is welcome to attend these helpful services.

### Juniors Spend Day at Portage

Early Saturday morning four carloads of merry Juniors started for a day's frolic at Portage. Amid some confusion and a few detours, the party spent the morning exploring the park and developing an appetite. A very lovely spot surrounded with trees and a murmuring streamlet, was chosen in which to satisfy hungry demons. Dishes which at first appeared to be heaped high with goodies now disappeared with amazing rapidity.

The afternoon was spent in ways which suited each one's fancy. When in the middle of the afternoon, storm clouds began to gather, it was agreed to wend our way homeward. The various expressions glimpsed upon the "gangs" faces proved how much they had enjoyed themselves.

## Surprise for Miss Morgan and Mrs. Steese

Mrs. Paul Steese and Miss Maxine Morgan were given a surprise party Monday evening by all their music students. The big room in the High School Building was changed to a large living room with improvised divans about the walls.

The group of nearly sixty started out with a game called "The Musical Love Song" directed by Mrs. Thomas. Then "What Am I?" was played. Every person wore a tag on his back representing some song or musical term and went around to ask his friends what he was. As soon as anyone guessed what he was he was able to have a new slip put on his back. Margaret Loftis with seven slips to her credit won this game and received an egg beater for her reward.

The climax in fun was reached when the group was divided into two sides, each person being a letter of the alphabet. Then Professor Kreckman read off musical terms and the right letters ran to the front and formed the word. It was much fun to see which side would get the word spelled first.

A group of girls served light refreshments to the guests, and then several short speeches were given for the two music teachers. Florence Smith, Harry Keller, Velma Harbeck, Miss Hillpot and President Luckey spoke words of appreciation to Miss Morgan and Mrs. Steese. Miss Hillpot presented gifts to the two honored guests and they in turn expressed their thanks for the surprise party they had been given.

After the singing of the Alma Mater the party ended. We all say heartily: "to our young music teachers who are leaving us."

## Soph Sunday School Party

If you had been present last Thursday at 5 p. m. in front of the College building, you would have seen about twenty girls of the Sophomore Sunday School class crowding into cars that were to take them to a quiet spot for an outing. Their destination proved to be the Boy Scout Camp. Shortly after arriving Miss Fancher proved her skill in building a camp fire. It was not long then before the savory smell of roasted hamburger increased the already enormous appetites. Crowding around the fire the group ate heartily while enjoying their social time together. Dusk came too rapidly but everyone left, feeling that camp life would be ideal.

## Men's Glee Club

(Continued from Page One)

quitted themselves as befitted representatives of Houghton when they repeated the *Recessional* and the spirituals, besides giving several other numbers that included a prayer-song *Remember Me* and the anthem *The Lord is My Light*.

The Men's Glee Club has received many compliments upon the evidences of training and practice that have been shown in their performances this year, and Houghton may well be proud of this one of its musical organizations and congratulate herself upon having a professor of the ability of Professor Kreckman who has obtained such fine results in working up an entirely new program with a group composed largely of new men.

## Announcement of Commencement

Dr. J. Gresham Machen has been secured as the Commencement speaker. Dr. Machen is a member of the faculty of the Westminster Theological Seminary at Philadelphia, Pa. The world knows Dr. Machen as a scholar, writer, and champion of Christian fundamentals. Those who have studied under him, know him also as an extraordinary teacher whose lectures are crystal clear and deeply earnest. He is a student adviser in the Seminary, and has his finger on the pulse beat of student life with all its moods and problems.

Rev. John J. Coleman of New Castle, Indiana will preach the Baccalaureate sermon. Rev. Coleman was a theological teacher on the Houghton faculty from 1913-1920. From Houghton, Rev. Coleman went to Central College to act as president of that college for two years. At present Rev. Coleman has a pastorate at New Castle Indiana.

## Track and Field Schedules

The annual Track and Field Meet will start at 10:00, May 23 and stopping at approximately 12:00, will begin again at 1:30 p. m. The officials are as follows:

Announcer Virgil Hussey  
Assistant Announcer Leon Hines  
Starter Paul Steese  
Assistant Starter Chester Driver  
Referee & Head Field Judge Allen Baker

Assistant Field Judges  
Dietrich, Albro, Miller, McGowan  
Judges at Finish F. Wright, L. King  
Head Timer Willet Albro  
Assistant Timers

Wolfe, Stark, Stevenson  
Clerks of Course  
Purple—Fero, Lapham  
Gold—Thomas, Rinaldi

Scorer Cyril Little  
Assistant Scorer Warren Thurber  
Inspectors at Turns  
S. Wright, M. Pryor, H. Fancher  
Hurdle Inspectors  
Mix, Harison, Farwell, G. McCarty, Williams, Joslyn, Hume.

## ORDER OF EVENTS

Men's 100 yd. Dash  
Girls' 100 yd. Dash  
Mile  
Men's High Jump  
Girls' Hurdles  
Men's 220 yd. Hurdles  
Men's Shot Put  
Girls' 75 yd. Dash  
Javelin  
Girls' 220 yd. dash  
Men's 220 yd. dash  
Intermission till 1:30  
Men's 440 yd. Dash  
Pole Vault  
Girls' Broad Jump  
Girls' Shot Put  
880 yd.  
Discus  
Men's Broad Jump  
Girls' High Jump  
Men's 120 yd. High Hurdles  
Girls' Relay  
Men's Relay

## VEGETARIAN LOVE

"Do you carrot all for me? My heart beats for you and my love is as soft as squash. But I'm strong as an onion for you're a peach. With your turnip nose and your radish hair you are the apple of my eye. If you cantaloupe with me, lettuce marry anyhow, for I know weed make a pear."—American Boy Magazine.



## COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

- Friday, June fifth**  
8:00 p. m. Cantata, "Esther", Bradbury sung by the College Chorus
- Saturday, June sixth**  
8:00 p. m. Class Day Exercises, School of Theology  
The Strong Bible Reading Contest
- Sunday, June seventh**  
6:00 a. m. Morning Watch  
10:30 a. m. Baccalaureate Service  
Sermon by Rev. John J. Coleman,  
New Castle, Indiana
- 7:00 p. m. Vesper Service  
8:00 p. m. Annual Missionary Service  
Address by Rev. B. I. Eddy returned  
Missionary from Africa
- Monday, June eighth**  
10:00 a. m. Class Day Exercises, High School  
8:00 p. m. Annual Oratorical Contest  
Awarding of Bird Greek Prize  
Awarding of Strong Bible Reading Prize  
Awarding of Leonard F. Houghton Oratory Prize
- Tuesday, June ninth**  
7:00 a. m. Senior Class Breakfast, College  
10:00 a. m. Class Day Exercises, College  
8:00 p. m. Concert by the Department of Oratory and the College Glee Clubs
- Wednesday, June tenth**  
10:00 a. m. Commencement Exercises:  
Address by Dr. Gresham Machen, Philadelphia, Pa.  
High School  
School of Theology  
School of Music  
College  
6:30 p. m. Alumni Dinner  
The Alumni Dinner will be followed by an Alumni business meeting.

## Philippine Missionary Speaks

(Continued from Page One)  
eight hundred thousand souls. This group is divided into three divisions—Roman Catholic Filipino, the Mohammedan Moro of the Sulu, and the Pagan with his diverse customs, religion, and language.

It is the aim of the Mission to reach these people by means of natives trained in the Ebenezer Bible Institute located near Zamboanga. Seventy percent of the youth of the islands have been trained in government schools; hence they speak English as well as their native dialect. These young people are the hope of the island, evangelistically speaking.

Mr. Strohman's message contained an inspiring testimony of the working of God's Spirit among some of these pagan tribes on the island of Mindanao. Fifteen years ago a missionary couple began their work in the district near Margosatubig. By means of a model farm the confidence of the natives was finally secured; however at the end of six years only a few had been converted. Now there are about two hundred members in one church, and a large number of Sunday Schools have been established in outlying districts mainly by natives.

Within the last eighteen months the Spirit has been working in a miraculous way by opening hitherto unreached tribes. In one instance two hundred and fifty were saved in six days through the instrumentality of a native, named Antonio, a student of the Bible School, assisted by converted high school boys. The assistant pagan priest and his family were saved, and the meeting house was dedicated as a church. Idols have been burned, and the assistant priest is now preaching about Jesus. Other tribes and cities have been reached, and hundreds won to Christ.

This mighty working of God's Spirit was not accomplished without

effort and cost. God's people in America had prayed, the missionaries had labored faithfully, the students had consecrated themselves to the Lord and pled for souls in nights of prayer. But that was not all. This revival meant the loss of a valuable motor launch, and the loss of two Christian women, a native and one of the finest missionaries on the field who were enroute to open a pagan tribe. Let us pray, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

## Junior-Senior Banquet

(Continued from Page One)

told in a vague way but now we have them first-hand and like it. Mr. Hussey inspired us all to make our lives worthwhile and, "if your engine is not running smoothly pull into life's garage and get fixed up."

This thoroughly enjoyable evening came to a close as the Seniors sang the class song and the Juniors then bade us farewell with a delightful little song which goes like this—"We're the class of '32 Bidding you good-night.

We've enjoyed entertaining you, Everything has been just right. Oh, here's to you Class of '31 We wish you luck and happiness. So! Here's to good old Houghton days.

Rah! Rah! Seniors."

As a Senior, my reactions following this banquet are at once happy and sad. Happy, because the Juniors entertained us so wonderfully and made us feel as if they really enjoyed doing this for us. But sad, for it is our last Junior-Senior banquet.

The Seniors certainly have appreciated the good spirit which has existed between these two upper classes, and Juniors, we want to thank you heartily for the expression of your good-will which you gave us last Friday night in the form of that wonderful banquet.—A Senior.

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## Wesleyan Methodist

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**"On Stoney Peak"**

(Continued from Page One)

children, over something they'd done. I recollected as how Mary never laughed so much with me lately, and of a sudden I was mad; insane mad, so it shook me inside. I hid till the feller said goodbye, an' then I went into the kitchen. Mary was singing, something slow and sweet, and she come to meet me, with sich a look in her eyes as would have told any man in his senses that she was as true as when I married her. But I didn't notice, and, like a fool I told her what I thought and suspicioned of her."

"She never answered, just grew white and breathless, and says, sort of hurt-like, 'Why, Jem!' An' I slammed out an' left her. Fer two nights I didn't go back, and when I come home, she was waiting fer me at the gate. Ef I'd only been tender to her then—but I don't suppose it'd made any difference in the end. I didn't know she'd burned the picter, and sent the artist feller back without seein' him. I only saw she growed whiter every day, and set it down ter pinin' fer thet artist."

"Two weeks went by, like that. We hardly spoke. There hadn't been no rain neither, and folks come up from the valley to drink our water. Then fire broke out on Old Stoney, about ten miles above the village."

"Folks date time, 'round her, from thet fire, stranger. When Ranger come by askin' fer fighters, I went, 'thout so much as lookin' at Mary. Ten miles, ain't nothin' to a forest fire, and all of the village-people down yonder began to climb the mountain above the fire-line. Lucky there was no wind, or it'd finished the hull place in an hour."

"We got her checked some that morning, but she broke out in several places again arter noon. By thet time the men was all about dead. Some of the women come down to the line with pails of water fer us; Mary was one of them, but I didn't see her."

"I was workin' down along Spring Cliff way. There's a lot of pine down ther, and it was hotter'n fury itself. The open bed of Spring Creek helped some, though, and when we'd got her purty well controlled I went up the bed to see she didn't break across further up. I thought I told Buck Jonson where I was goin', but he didn't hear me."

"Fer they told Mary I'd disappeared. She knew Spring Cliff was dangerous, and jumped right to the idea I'd gone over the edge. She got searching parties out, and they combed the place for hours. The fire was going out, and they was clouds in the sky. I knew it was going to rain, so I didn't hurry back."

"Mary herself, when the men came back, slipped away to look for me. Faithful heart of her! She'd never stopped lovin' me. No more had I her! Trouble was, I didn't trust her."

After dusk thet night I come back. A few folks was still up there near our cabin, and they stared at me like I'd been a ghost! Naterally—they thought I was!"

"I went right off to look fer Mary. When I was alone up there I had realized what a tarnation fool I'd been to my wife, and I was amin' to beg her forgiveness. I knew she'd fergive me, because she was always talking of divine love and fergiving folks over an' over again."

"When folks knew I hadn't met Mary they was frightened. Every-

one loved Mary. Fer a while we waited fer her, and then set out to look fer her. It was raining when they found her." The old man's voice faltered here, and stopped; he gazed across at the sky-line of the mountains opposite, without moving, for a long time. A purple haze was gathering in the valley, and the myriad night-creatures were beginning to sing. "She was dead," he said then, softly. "They found her at the foot of Spring Cliff. She'd died—looking fer me." He was silent again, and night drew closer around us.

"I ain't seen much to life, sence Mary died," Old Jem continued. "Death'll be welcome. I guess it's been my punishment, to have to live an' live, an' live—without her. But what is it the Good Book says, 'Judge not?' They're true words, stranger. Doc Simmons showed me why I'd been too hasty with Mary. Yes, it's true... 'Judge not'... I judged, an' wrongly, son, an' I've suffered."

**"Rocking Chair"**

(Continued from Page One)

Miss Isenberger of my predicament. She excuses me, but serenely states that I ought to have a little negro boy with me all the time to remind me what I should do. In the afternoon I have another hectic time trying to change my "gym" clothes fast enough so that I can arrive at the library in time to get *Jeffersonian System* by Chaney, in which I have to read 100 pages. After glancing at the topic sentence of each paragraph and making an outline of these points, I go quickly upstairs to Glee Club rehearsal. Thus, hastening from one thing to the next, all day long I finally tumble into bed, and immediately doze into dreamland.

Cre-ee-ah!—"Say, what is the matter with this water? When I turn on the faucet, the water just drips. You know, my Mother used to make me wash my hands and I didn't want to; now I want to and can't. Oh, Susie, come here and see whether your magnetic personality will make this water run again!" I wonder myself why it is that Houghton is doomed to have a shortage of water. It is certainly hard on the teeth to be covered with suds and not have enough water to clean them! But the teeth are not the only sufferers. When one is covered with lather from head to foot, from temple to toes; and no water comes—But these discomforts are far too many to recite and—

Sque-ee-ak!—Boo, Hoo! I wish that I could go home. It is such a lovely day and I know that my Mother will be looking for me."—When I first came to college, I did not realize that I should ever become homesick. I thought I was immune to that disease. Yet it struck me in the same way that it strikes everyone else. I was in a heart-breaking condition when the thought dawned on me that I should not see my home again for months. I could not eat. I thought the days would never pass. The first week of college was the longest that I ever spent in my life. And yet I overcame this attack! After I became interested in college life I was all right—until I went home for the first time since my arrival here—. I suppose now is the time to say that I never went home again. But yet, I do not believe that I shall ever make that statement again. Why? Do I like to be homesick? Oh, no, but now home has a singular attraction for me. Yes, the place I never appreciated before has come to mean much in my life and I am al-

ways eager to go home—no matter what the weather.

Cre-ee-ak!—Susie and John! Mary and Ebenezer! Helen and Silas! On and on until I counted fifty couples! The sly glances, the holding of hands, and murmurs—all were there at the concert last night. Well, nothing but the impressive sight of the Men's Glee Club could turn my eyes from all the other attractions around me. As I watched the harmonizing D. D's march to the platform it caused me to be proud that our college has such handsome men. (Is it any wonder that Houghton is called the match factory?) The saddest part of the whole performance was their exit. Yet, sad to say, "All good things must come to an end". Of course, there was more on the program, but everyone forgot that, being lost in sweet dreams of the beloved men who had just sung "I've Been Listenin'". Although one lady sang a very beautiful solo, all I can think of is the remark I heard (whispered, by the way, while the song was being sung). "She's got her piece of cloth on a different hand". (The lady was left-handed and held an orchid chiffon handkerchief). And that reminds me of that small, indescribable step which upset the equilibrium of many. Indeed, puts me in remembrance of the "official movers." I wonder how much salary they received. They certainly deserve a great deal, as the stage would not have been properly set for the performance without their kind supervision. Then, too, I have been pondering why two bows are necessary for a piano solo—

Creakity!—Creak!—I think that the green dining hall is very conducive to getting an appetite. It has a certain psychological effect with the green walls, green pepper and salt shakers, green sugar bowls and creamers, green and white luncheon cloths, and the green tables. The students that were here last year especially appreciate them, as I have heard what the dining hall looked like then. But as I was saying, mentioning the influence that this place has on my appetite—when I come down to meals, it is surprising how the sight of that room makes me feel as though I need food. Although the food may not be exactly what I relish, yet I gaze at the green landscape for awhile, and dreaming over its beauty, I have my meal eaten before I realize it. I think it is a fine thing for a college to have such a nice dining hall, as it keeps the stu-

dents feeling well with the world. (The way to a man's heart and sometimes to a woman's is through his stomach).

Sque-ee-ak!—Squeak!—Isn't it surprising how sleepy one can become when he is really interested in something?

Creak!—Squeak!—Creak!—What? Have I been dreaming? I must have become so interested in my new project that I fell asleep. Anyway, I carried out the experiment.

**A. H. D. Elect**

The Anna Houghton Daughters met with Mrs. Helen Stark last Thursday afternoon. Kate Cole assisted Mrs. Stark.

The meeting was chiefly given over to the election of officers for the coming year. The results were as follows: President, Anna Fillmore; Vice-President, Crystal Rork; Secretary, Sarah Osgood and Treasurer, Marjorie Ackerman.

**H. S. Class of '29 Holds Reunion**

The town of Portville was stirred to activity and excitement last Friday night by the distinguished looking group which assembled within her boundaries; in fact she was so excited that the electric lights refused to function. She is not to be blamed, however, for that distinguished looking group happened to be the Class

of '29 of Houghton Seminary. The group included not only the class itself but their respected Class Mother, Mrs. VanWormer, Mrs. Bowen, the "in-laws", and the "in-laws-to-be."

We gathered around a beautifully decorated table lighted by the soft glow of candle light. After partaking of a delicious four-course dinner we spent the evening in reviewing former relationships and forming new ties of friendship. At the close of an enjoyable hour Mrs. VanWormer presented Mr. and Mrs. Stark with a steamer rug with the best wishes of the class for a safe and happy voyage. After singing the Alma Mater goodbyes were said and we separated, hoping that we might spend many more such happy hours.

**They Got the Pancakes**

Brrrrrr—rasped the alarm clocks cheerfully. Not quite so cheerfully, sleepy-eyed girls piled out of bed at 5:45 on Thursday morning. What could it be that would get nineteen girls up so early? Neighbors of Mrs. Clarke could probably tell you, for nineteen girls make lots of noise when they are once wide-awake. And what a joyous bunch they were! The reason was pancakes and maple syrup. Hot flapjacks with rich golden syrup disappeared rapidly until everyone was full to the groaning stage. The members of the girls' Freshman Sunday School class greatly appreciate Mrs. Clarke's hospitality in making this delicious breakfast possible.

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