

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Official Student Weekly

VOLUME XXIII

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., May 15, 1931

NUMBER 27

Boulders Distributed On Monday

"Idylls of King" Used as Theme

Every student in Houghton anxiously awaits that "some day in May" when the Boulder shall appear. Boulder Day this year came Monday, May 11th. Since Monday Boulders have obstructed the college halls, have held up classes and have even interrupted the progress of chapel. The old saying, "a rolling stone gathers no moss", does not apply to Boulders because a roving Boulder certainly gathers autographs.

For days before the Boulder appeared the anxious questions were heard, what will be the theme of this year's Boulder? To whom is the book dedicated? What are the really different features of this annual? Now everyone knows and it sounds as if everyone were satisfied.

As one picks up a 1931 Boulder and opens it, he first sees a panel depicting a knight of old following the Holy Grail in the distance. The frontispiece is a beautifully colored picture of the perfect knight, Sir Galahad. When the present staff sought a theme for their annual, thoughts were forward-looking, so they chose for the eighth year book an idealistic theme—the Future of Houghton. To carry out the theme the associate editor selected fitting quotations from Tennyson's "Idylls" (Continued on Page Three)

Gymnasium Gaily Decorated for Party

Frosh Entertain the Junior Class

As one person was heard to remark, the gymnasium has never looked so beautiful as on last Friday evening when the Freshman class was host to the Juniors. The Freshmen, working early and late, had transformed the gymnasium into an aquarium where fish floated about under the surface and numerous balloons gave the effect of huge bubbles rising to the top of the water. A realistic touch was added by a moss-covered rock in the center surmounted by a bowl containing real fish.

The chief entertainment was provided through stunts of various kinds, among which were the famous Frosh Orchestra, quartet, a school-room scene, a monologue by Howard Pasel, and last, but not least, a most clever puppet show by the guests of the evening.

The party was brought to a close by a Grand March and delicious refreshments served at tables placed around the sides of the gym, while a radio provided music "while they ate". The chaperones were Professor and Mrs. Stanley Wright, Miss Davison, Miss Gillette and Miss Noss.

Many thanks are due to each and every one who helped in any way to make this evening one long to be remembered by both Freshmen and Juniors.

Perry Editor Speaks In Chapel

Guy Comfort Talks on Houghton's Future

On Friday, May 8, Mr. Guy Comfort of Perry, New York, addressed our College assembly. We always feel greatly privileged to have Mr. Comfort bring to our attention the wonderful history of our beautiful Genesee valley. For several years he has been in contact with the historical setting of our county and he most kindly gives to us each year small bits of information which aid in our appreciation of its topography.

In his last visit to our institution Mr. Comfort gave us a detailed review of the history as connected with the magic lore of Indian folk tales. However, on Friday Houghton's promise of a glorious future was presented and we as students feel urged on to make the best of a country which claims our best.

Track Meet To Be Held Next Week

One week from tomorrow will occur the annual athletic meet between the track team of the Gold and the track team of the Purple.

The Gold are defending their last year's records and even hope to better some of them. The Purple will be there with the old time fight.

The new material is creating much anxiety. Each year sees new records set by new students. This year the new participants who are rating high are: Harold Elliot, and Foster Benjamin, both fast on the 100 yard dash. Paul Johnson is rated as a iron man in distance running. Harold Hume is proving quite efficient at hurling the javeline.

The girls' contest will prove just as interesting as the boys. The Purple girls have the slight edge.

Lets everybody stay over next week-end and make it a big day. We are hoping to see some of the Alumni on the campus too.

High School Holds Junior-Senior Banquet

The Seniors and faculty of the Seminary were privileged Friday evening to be present in the studio of station JRS and to hear the splendid program which was broadcasted by members of the Junior class. Among the special features of the evening's program were selections by heretofore untried talent as well as two solos by Miss Elizabeth MacFarlane and several moonlight songs rendered by Miss Jewell, the announcer, and Miss Miller.

After putting their guests into the cheerful state of mind necessary to stimulate the proper flow of the gastric juices, the Juniors escorted their guests to the annex. Here the Seniors learned with astonishment that they were in an aeroplane, of which

(Continued on Page Two)

College Orchestra To Give Concert On Next Friday

Outside Musicians To Be Used

Next Friday, May 22, at 8:15 p. m. the Houghton College Orchestra under the direction of Miss Maxine Morgan will present their annual Spring concert. An unusual feature of this year's program is the fact that the orchestra will be augmented by several very fine professional musicians from out of town.

Special features of the program will be a vocal solo by Ruth Zimmerman-Steele, a group of humorous musical readings by Inez Huffington and several numbers by that ever popular College Men's Quartette—Hines, Turnell, Cronk, and Ebner.

Ushers for the affair will be the Misses Marion Hewitt, Helen Baker Margaret Lewis, and Leanna McGowan.

The complete program is as follows:

Stars and Stripes Forever *Sousa*
Orchestra
Violon Trio: Famous Valse *Brahms*
Williams, Clegg, Kellogg
Vocal solo: Angel's Serenade *Braga*
Ruth Zimmerman-Steele
Violon obb. Maxine Morgan
Poem *Fibich*
Funeral March of a Marionette *Gounod*

Orchestra
Musical Readings:
Gee, I'm Scared *Smith*
I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust *Warner*

Inez Huffington
at the piano—Luciel Wilson
Viennese Melody *Kreisler*
La Media Noche *Stoessel*
Trio: Serenade *Schubert*

Flute—Doris Clegg
Violon—Maxine Morgan
Piano—Margaret Carter

Quartette:
Deep River
Song of the Ship
Spooks
Hines, Turnell, Cronk, Ebner
Medley: Anchors Aweigh and
Washington and Lee March
Alma Mater
Orchestra

Burgess Elected Editor of Star

Sometime ago the nominations for Editor and Business Manager of the STAR and Business Manager of the Lecture Course were made by the E. L. B. Wednesday, May 13th was chosen as the day for the election of these candidates by the student body.

Ruth Burgess, assistant Editor of the 1931 Boulder, is the new Editor of the STAR. George Wolfe will aid her in the position of Business Manager of the weekly. Lawrence Strong is the 1931-1932 Lecture Course Manager.

The voting ran fairly equal for all offices except the editorship. It has

(Continued on Page Two)

Glee Club Broadcasts From Buffalo

Morning Concert Given in Ebenezer

The Men's Glee Club gave two sacred concerts on Sunday, May 10, the first one at Ebenezer Sunday morning, and the second in the Churchill Tabernacle in Buffalo Sunday evening. The entire concert was broadcasted as a part of the regular Sunday evening service. In addition to the very pleasing reception given to the club at the Tabernacle, numerous favorable comments have since been received from those who enjoyed the program via radio. This is the third concert which the Houghton Glee Club has given at the Tabernacle. Plan had been made for the club to broadcast on the "Back-Home Hour", but this program has recently been discontinued.

Much commendation is due the Business Manager of the Glee Club for securing dates which so successfully advertise the merits of Houghton College.

Expression Club Gives Literary Program

Six-thirty by the new chapel clock, and another Expression Club program was presented. The meeting this Monday evening was in charge of Miss Rickard and her English students. Does this give you a clue to the program? Sophomore English? Correct! There was a complete course in English literature interestingly presented in the same length of time as one ordinary lecture period.

The readings which were grouped into two periods, covered the span of English literature from the earliest legends of the Norsemen to our present modern poetry of twentieth century bustle. In spite of the short space of time allotted to the program the readings were so carefully selected and so well presented that we were given a very interesting and unified review of English prose and poetry.

More Seniors Sign Contracts to Teach

The number of Seniors who have secured positions for next year has been raised to ten. Charles Leffingwell will teach Mathematics and Science at Panama, New York. Elma Williams has signed her contract to teach French and History at Genoa, New York. Edna Haynes has secured a position at Kendall, New York in the French and History department. Esther Tomlinson will teach at South Wales, New York. Congratulations, Seniors!

CORRECTION

We regret that an error was made in the STAR of May 1st. Ethel Thompson will not teach in Holland, N. Y. next year.

Glee Clubs Present Home Concert

Combined Clubs Render Pleasing Program

Wednesday night the Men's and Girls' Glee Clubs were presented in their annual home concert. Comparatively few availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing the program. This may have been partly due to lack of cooperation on the part of the weather man.

The men opened the program with Kipling's "Recessional," set to music by Woodman. This number is perhaps the most difficult ever attempted by any Houghton Glee Club, and the men deserve much credit for its successful performance.

The next group given by the Men's Club was composed of two negro spirituals. Especially noteworthy was the *a capella* number, "Steal Away". The harmony and interpretation of this number were splendid.

As the men sang the "Volga Boatmen", one could feel the steady rhythmic stroke of the galley slaves and imagine coming down the river, and then receding in the distance. The next two numbers, "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" by Andrews (words by Tennyson) and "Songs My Mother Taught Me" by Dvorak are always favorites.

In their last appearance, the men sang two typical American Folk (Continued on Page Two)

Senior-Sophs Hold A Big Pow Wow

Letchworth Park Scene of Activities

Shortly before the majority of the Houghtonites wended their way toward the dining room, the Sophs and Seniors embarked in their various chariots and fairly raced toward that favorite resort—Letchworth Park. Once there, everyone, except the long-suffering martyrs engaged in preparing large quantities of delicious food to fill the ravenous, rapacious mouths of those other pleasure-seekers, immediately hurried eagerly to view the falls. The Genesee still seems to be running full force—but the majestic grandeur of the scene held one enthralled by its beauty.

As it grew darker and "night was drawing nigh", as if by magic the footsteps of all those people turned toward the fires blazing brightly through the trees. A long line was formed and laboriously made its way past a long table gathering in its wake large quantities of wieners and rolls, pickles, potatoe salad, cookies, krullers, coffee and last but not least, any variety of pop for which a preference was expressed. The food certainly hit the spot as evidenced by the strong desire for second and third helpings which people were starving to have.

After everyone was satisfied, a large circle was formed and many

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College.

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Collegiate Sam Says:

Students! Now is the time to introduce the thirty-six hour day.

THANKS

Now that the regular staff is returning to its duties again, we wish to sincerely thank the Faculty and the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes for their splendid work. Some time during each school year the opportunity to publish the "Star" is passed around among the classes and faculty. This is not done solely for the purpose of giving the regular staff a vacation. Through the actual publication of our college weekly the classes can best realize the amount of work which the regular staff must do to give the "Star" to them each week. As one temporary editor put it, "The Star is no small job." It is easy to glance through the "Star" and say, "Well, not much news this week." Some body else scouted around for that news and put it in the "Star". When you are on the staff and news is scarce, you are dashing around with "that sinking feeling" wondering where you can find some news, a joke or almost anything that will fill space. No one realizes just how much copy one "Star" can eat until he tries to fill up the form some week. Work on the "Star" is fine for developing the powers of persuasion, the quality of patience, and the ability for leadership, not to mention a score or more other benefits. Certainly such an opportunity should be passed around! Again the staff sincerely thanks all of you who helped to publish those four splendid issues.

Cornell College to Try Novel Project

A small group of high school students of exceptional scholastic ability who have completed three years of high school work are to be entered in Cornell College in September as fully classified freshmen in a project being carried on by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The project is an attempt to accelerate the progress of the gifted student by saving one year in the traditional eight years of secondary school and college work in order that the student may have more time for training in a profession.

The North Central Association has appointed as supervisors of the project Dr. Floyd W. Reeves of the University of Chicago, who is directing the survey of educational institutions being carried on by the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. Carl E. Seashore, dean of the graduate school of the State University of Iowa.

Immediate supervision of the project at Cornell will be under the direction of Professor T. R. McConnell, dean of the college. Miss Alice R. Betts, dean of the women, will personally act as advisor to the women.

—Exchange.

Alumni News

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Entry visited in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hess of Beulah Beach, Ohio are visiting her parents in Houghton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arden Burt of Fredonia, N. Y. announce the birth of a daughter, Ann Marie, on May 6, 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clay recently announced the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Clay was formerly Miss Claudene Ackerman, a member of the College graduating class of '30.

Home Concert

(Continued from Page One)

Songs, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" by Foster, and "Stars of the Summer Night" by Woodbury. The performance of these numbers was excellent.

The Girls' Club opened their share of the program with "My Creed" by Garrett. This song, with its sentiment, is always appreciated.

Their next group, consisting of two Folk Songs, "Senorita," and "River, River," and "Little Orphan Annie" by Thomas, was greatly enjoyed by the entire audience. The girls should be commended for the manner in which they follow their directress.

The Girls' last group, "Goin' Home" by Dvorak, and "Listen To the Lambs" by Dett was one of the most appreciated portions of the program. The latter number was sung unaccompanied. In these numbers the girls reached the climax of their performance.

A group of girls was presented in songs of a lighter vein. The words to two of these songs were written by Mrs. Steese.

The Male Quartette—Hines, Turnell, Cronk and Ebner—added a touch of humor and was much appreciated. "The Drum" by Gibson was especially fine.

To close the program, the clubs combined in singing the Alma Mater and a chorale. The latter number is an old type of music that is again being revived, but has been little performed in Houghton.

Professor Kreckman and Mrs. Steese deserved much credit for the fine program which they directed. We wish also to commend the accompanists upon their fine performance, and their sympathetic cooperation with their directors.

With the type of music Houghton has been presenting, the students should be developing a cultured musical taste. We regret that a larger audience could not have enjoyed this program.

Soph-Senior Party

(Continued from Page One)

songs were sung in "close" harmony with great spirit and hilarity. Every once in a while a group was seized with a violent desire to cheer, which they did with great gusto. Finally, after an exchange of courtesies between the Presidents of the two classes, the Alma Mater was sung and the party broke up with hearty expressions of "we had an awfully good time" heard on every side. Chet's ability as a policeman director traffic was given full scope as one by one, the cars traveled up the hill and around the corner—trying not to stall or land in the mud.

Houghton Happenings

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Joslyn visited their son and daughter Sunday.

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

Betty Cambier spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Rochester.

Edna Haynes was in Kendall, N. Y. Saturday.

Ruth Durivage was entertained at the home of Emily Derby in Olean over the week-end.

Charlie Moon has returned to school after an attack of the chicken-pox.

Kathryn Baker was called home on account of the death of her grandmother.

Jean Trout spent the week-end with Kathryn Johnson at her home in Falconer, New York.

DINNER PARTY

A group of faculty members and students were entertained at the home of Miss Christine Van Hoesen at a dinner party Saturday evening May 9th. It was a delightful occasion with a three course dinner and an enjoyable evening of laughter with many new ideas in games. The group almost forgot to come home. Roberta's rear tire went flat. Her group were stalled by the roadside after mid-night.

Star Elections

(Continued from Page One)

been a time honored custom that a Senior should edit the STAR. The E. L. B. nominated Clifford Bristow '33, for the editor's position but the opposition was too strong. Miss Burgess claimed two thirds of the votes.

Out of 295 votes cast Miss Burgess received 223, Bristow 72; Wolfe 189, Frank 106; Strong 162, Cronk 133.

This is the first year that the entire student body has voted on the STAR officials. It should make for better cooperation between the staff and the student body.

H. S. Junior-Senior Banquet

(Continued from Page One)

President Luckey was the pilot and Mrs. Bowen the co-pilot. Several able mechanics were present, who reported on the sound condition of the plane. Mary McIvor, Kenneth Eyer, Emily Ross, Malcolm Cronk, Kenneth Wright, and Verne Dunham were the speakers of the evening.

After the singing of the Alma Mater the plane landed safely on the campus of Houghton College and neither the guests or the crew were forced to come down "a Russian or a Pole."

The Junior class and their adviser are to be complimented on the successful conclusion of the Junior-Senior banquet.

Every spring, policemen are accustomed to searching fraternity houses at the University of California to find lost and strayed articles. One house yielded a tombstone which had wandered from a cemetery twenty miles away.

My Impressions of Move-Up Day by a Senior

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players: They have their exits and their entrances."

As a freshman, I entered Houghton College in the fall of 1927. Gradually the fall faded into winter and spring was not far behind. May came and with it a memorable day, when a special chapel was in order and I with my comrades marched around and filed into the vacancy left by those who had been freshmen before us. Each fall I have returned, each spring I have filed with the rest of my class into the vacancy left by those preceding me. The wheels have turned, it is again spring and May. Last Thursday for the first time with trembling hands I swung the robe of achievement upon my shoulders, and placed the crown of distinction upon my brow, and with my comrades I participated in my last move-up day in Houghton.

Each year I have watched the seniors come in on move-up day, and thought of what it meant to them and what it would mean to me. This year as I marched in I thought of those to come after, of what the past four years have meant to me and of what they would mean to me in the immediate future.

I listened to the splendid talk by Mr. Gerald Scott, and likened him unto the traveler who stopped to build a bridge at even tide for the youth that might pass that way. He who had passed on had returned to give to us of his experience that we might build a better triangle than he had built.

Like all things there is the solemn and the gay side. That night we again assembled, and each class that is to follow as well as the faculty, that has been giving us the guiding hand, gave of their store of wit and humor. Yet even here, underneath the gaiety, could be found that deep abiding presence of the Maker that holds men's destinies in His hands. The assemblage at the bonfire was all too significant. How after all a bonfire really resembles one's four years at college. We enter here as pieces of wood, insignificant, bunglesome, and green. The Maker and the faculty take us into their keeping and when we have come to our fourth year of successful endeavor they touch the spark and we go forth to light the world with the finest flames of life, changed from a dark and dull world to one of life, light and beauty.

I have made my entry and slowly but surely crossed the stage and am now upon the threshold of my exit. On the new stage which is to come may the memories of Move-Up Day always be with me, and may I never falter, but ever onward go with the mark of many more move-up days upon me that I may prove true to Houghton and all she means to those who pass through her halls.

You may beat a train to a crossing a dozen times, but if you fail the thirteenth attempt, the other twelve don't count.

First Convict: When does you-all leave heah, boy?

Lifer: De fust.

First Convict: De fust of when?

Lifer: De fust chance ah gits.

—Ex.

Spring Pageant

A Pageant of Christian Liberty is Houghton's opportunity to demonstrate the splendid cooperation that exists between all her organizations.

The students of the Oratory department and Expression Club under the leadership of Miss Rothemel are sponsoring the pageant. Miss Wenona Ware with her splendid capabilities has been chosen as student director of the pageant. Miss Ruth Brandes as costume marshall is daily demonstrating her artistic abilities in preparation for the final pageant picture. Miss Inez Huffington is drilling the students in their expression work. Kenneth Wright is our ever faithful property and platform marshall. Aleene Schaus is our publicity marshall and assures us that we are to have a great crowd. Elsie Chind is the marshall of the committee of finance. Bernice Davie is our music marshall and has enlisted the Men's Glee Club, the College Girls' Glee Club, as well as the High School Glee Club, the orchestra, the soloists and also the little children from the Kindergarten department with them symbols.

We are sure that as you glance over these preparations you can realize that this out-door pageant is going to be something worthwhile. Our object in giving this pageant is to give a student farewell to Helen and Price Stark so the offering will be given to them as our start in the interests of their work. How better could we wish them "God speed"?

The pageant will begin at 7 p. m. Monday May 25th. Come and bring your friends.

My Impressions of Move-Up Day by a Frosh

The chapel bell rings. The usual mass straggles into the large room. We are no more than comfortably seated than we are told to march again. Gaily-hatted Juniors and Sophs file forward. Meekly but curiously we follow. Fooled! We end up a few rows in back of where we started. Horrors! The Inquisition has been revived! Relief. It is merely the noble Seniors marching forward to their position of honor, the Frosh chapel seats. We become glad that there is only one Move-Up Day a year. It seems chapel speakers become long-winded when they are allowed to give advice. At last the ordeal is over. As the strains of our Alma Mater fade away, we are allowed to pass out, being reminded of the program at 7:30.

We arrive to find that we are attending a joint funeral, seance, and patriotic meeting. The anxious Frosh do their best to lay the beloved Seniors away only to have them revived and extolled by the Sophs and Juniors; the former predicting their future and the latter presenting them with small aids for obtaining their greatest goals.

We are then adjourned to the bonfire where, when we can forget the varying heat and cold, we become enthralled by the dancing shadows. After a confusion of songs and snake-dances, we depart, wondering whether or not three years will find us in the position of the honored rather than that of the least of ones who do homage.

Boulder Distributed

(Continued from Page One)

of the King" and from these quotations the artist created the drawing work for the division pages. Miss Jones and Mr. Alexis are certainly to be complimented on this excellent piece of work.

The dedication of the Boulder fit splendidly into the spirit of the annual. "To thee, a greater Houghton we enthusiastically dedicate this eighth volume of the Boulder."

To build a bigger year book was not the aim of the staff. Rather they chose to build a different Boulder which would be distinctive. Hence one finds several new features in this year's annual. The double page-larger and more distinct pictures of each of the college classes, except the Seniors, has been used. Something very different for the humorous section has been worked out by the staff. Here appears for the first time "The Boulder Son", a "take-off" on the STAR and very unlike any STAR one ever was privileged to see. This "Son" is dated May 15, 1950 and gives startling news of the activities of the members of the class of 1931. A feature of interest to the alumni of the institution is the new Who's Who Among Houghton Alumni. At the beginning of the year the staff requested the alumni to nominate those whom they considered worthy of a place in the Who's Who. The five who were the almost unanimous choice of their friends were Henry Clark Bedford, Ira Bowen, Benjamin J. Clawson, James Seymour Luckey and John S. Willett. Another enjoyable feature is to be found in the last section on the page of student ads. Some of these ads furnish a bit of rare humor.

The editor of the 1931 Boulder spoke in warm appreciation of his staff and their willing cooperation. To Mr. Thurber and his able staff all who are interested in the Year-book should give a word of praise for giving to them such a splendid book.

President Luckey was requested to read the dedication and say a few words. "Great events cast their shadows before them," President said. Before us now are some of the greatest opportunities to make this institution what the founder wished it to be—a greater Houghton—with the advent of a greater Houghton is not to come a change of ideals for they are to remain for all time. The objectives of Houghton are three-fold—to have an institution that shall do standard work, to provide an institution which will always rate its students for their intrinsic value and to place the emphasis on Christian character. We need greater material assets but by a greater Houghton we mean a larger enrollment and a greater number which may come under its influence.

What is a Laugh?

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peak of life with light
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hear's it.
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.
A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!
—Author Unknown.

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Count de Coupons

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Hury Cane.

Dear Hury:

Sure it does. I get all warmed up talking to him.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

I saw a black hen lay white egg yesterday. It there anything wonderful about this?

Alta Tude.

Dear Alta:

If you think there isn't just try it.
Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

Where do you get the authority to say that there are over three thousand haunted houses in New York City?

Ima Lone.

Dear Ima:

I read in a New York paper the other day that spirits could be obtained in over three thousand houses in New York.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

What did you say when your hostess told you that she made pies before you were born?

Hugh Mann.

Dear Hugh:

I told her that it must be one of those that I was trying to eat.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

Why do the Scotch play golf so well?

Eddy Kett.

Dear Eddy:

Because it's a gift.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

They tell me Smith will take anything he can get his hands on. Is this the truth?

Amie Too.

Dear Amie:

And How! Why every time I get through shaking hands with him I count my fingers to see if they are all there.

Count de Coupons.

"Killed in Action"

Second Prize Story

Daybreak in France. The rickety truck slewed to a stop in the muddy streets of a war-torn village. A large, bulky figure wearing a blue band very conspicuously on the right arm dropped off the rear of the truck.

"C'mon, bum. Hit the ground."

A slim bedraggled youth climbed from the truck and was immediately grabbed by the M. P.

"Thanks, bud." The M. P.'s voice was more cheerful as he shouted to the truck driver. Why not? His job was about done.

An arm waved a flippant farewell from the cab of the truck, which slowly gathered speed and disappeared in the drizzling rain. After a quick glance to get his bearings, the M. P., showing the youngster before him, started for a doorway over which was a board bearing the words, "Headquarters, Company E, —th regiment." Entering the door,

he saluted and addressed himself to a young officer, who, with an older man in a sergeant's uniform, was seated behind an old table covered with maps, orders, cigarette stubs, and matches.

"Captain Hastings?"

"Yes."

The officer raised his head showing a tired face lined by the strain of months of active service. "What can I do for you?"

"Private Callahan reporting with prisoner, sir. Picked him up about forty miles from here. Charged with being A. W. O. L. and assaulting an officer in the face of the enemy. The colonel sends his respects and says for the captain to press the charges."

The captain turned to his companion at the table, who had been paying close attention to the words of the M. P.

"Another court martial! That makes four since we came across. But I suppose we can't get out of it. Not when the colonel says to press charges. It'll look bad on company records though. Wish there was a way out. How about it, sergeant?"

The old veteran shook his head. "No, sir. I'm afraid the captain will have to follow the colonel's instructions."

The captain sat for a moment gazing into space. Perhaps he saw five black marks on the war record of his company. He shook his head briskly. "Orderly!"

"Yes, sir."

With a smart salute, a trim soldier in the far corner of the room came briskly to attention.

"Summon the guard and have the prisoner removed."

As the guard took the prisoner from the room, the captain picked up a packet he had been about to open when interrupted by the M. P. After a quick glance through orders within, the captain tossed them listlessly on the paper-strewn table. The sergeant questioned him with a glance. The officer nodded.

"Yes, it's them. We move up tonight."

The sergeant thought for a second. "Pardon, sir. What are you going to do with the prisoner?"

"You mean the fellow the M. P. just brought in?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know, sergeant. Colonel won't call a general court martial till we get back in billets again. Suppose I could hand him over to the M. P.'s till we come out. Huh! Wish the darn kid had got shot resisting capture. These court martials look bad for the company."

"Will the captain pardon a suggestion? The service used to have an old tradition, sir."

"Yes. I've heard it. The kid's pretty young though. Don't know whether he'd go through with it. Well, we can give him a chance. It'll be a bad trip up. The Boche are rather restless. Orderly! Have the guard bring the prisoner."

Fifteen minutes later the youngster stood before his commander. The sergeant had disappeared.

"Private Mason, you've got some rather serious charges against you."

"Yes, sir." The answer was listlessly given.

"The company records have you down as A. W. O. L. for the last two weeks. Might overlook that as your previous conduct was good, but—the colonel is preferring charges of assault on an officer in time of war. You know that means general court martial and possibly—the firing squad."

"Yes, sir." The attitude of the prisoner was even more listless.

"However, the company's moving up today."

"Yes, sir." The prisoner's tone was a bit hopeful now.

"You're going along."

"Yes, sir!" The prisoner came to rigid attention.

"Draw iron rations and join your squad. Remember, you're still technically under arrest."

"Yes, sir." The youngster saluted and turned to leave.

"Private Mason."

"Yes, sir?"

"Good luck and—ah—goodbye."

* * *

A driving rain swept the column struggling forward through the intense darkness of the stormy night. In the northeast, the black night was lighted by the almost continual flash of guns. Rumors of a new Boche push ran along the slow-moving column.

Back with his squad Private Mason trudged along through the wet blackness of the night. As he marched with his eyes on the heels of the man ahead, the parting words of the captain ran through his mind. Good luck and goodbye. What did the captain mean by that goodbye? It might have been merely an attempt to show him that the captain would try and smooth over that last escapade. Gosh! But it was a lot of fun to sock that pompous young loogie on the jaw and see him sprawl in the mud. What if he was from G. H. Q. he had no right to kick that poor pup. But gee, maybe the captain meant something else when he said goodbye. Oh well, what difference did that make? The next morning he would be at the front. In a week he would be back in rest billets with enough glory and honors to cause the charges against him to be dropped. He would—

His thoughts were interrupted by a figure that loomed along side of him. It was the old sergeant.

"Tough luck, kid. Is there—ah—er—any message I can send to the folks?"

Taking the youngster's stupefied silence for a negative answer, the sergeant gave him a friendly slap on the shoulder and disappeared in the wet night. The astonished youth turned to his buddies.

"Say, what did that guy mean with that message stuff?"

Surprised at his squadmates' silence, he looked at them more closely. They turned away. Suddenly he knew. He was not coming back.

* * *

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The front! Lines of ditches zig-zagging across a muddy, stinking field. The eerie silence broken now and then by the whine of a shell going east or the clatter of a machine gun seeking a target. Suddenly there was a crash. Mud flew in all directions and a horrid stench rose into the already foul air. The shell settling into a steady barrage that crept toward the line of ditches, plowing the already torn field as it advanced. Then it settled on the ditches. For about twenty minutes it continued to play upon the trenches, and then—silence.

A green cloud slowly rolled along the ground toward the ditches. Clang! Clang! Ga-a-a-as! There was a frantic scurrying in the trenches as drab-uniformed men sprang to the firesteps, adjusting gas masks as they prepared to meet the attack that usually followed a barrage.

In one of the trenches, a slim masked figure hesitated before taking his place on the firestep. His quick glance noticed a wounded sergeant laying in the bottom of the trench with no protection against the gas cloud rolling down from the north east. Quickly he stopped to adjust the wounded man's mask. D—n! The air line, pierced by a shell fragment, was useless. Grimly the figure adjusted his own mask on the sergeant and, stepping quickly to the firestep, faced the mortheast.

On the rolls of Company E, — the regiment is the name of Private Mason. After it are three words, "Killed in Action."

—Robert Kotz.

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Vivian Stevens

(read by Malcolm Cronk)

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Class Will Florence Smith
Emily Ross

(read by Florence Smith)

Vocal Solo Elizabeth MacFarlane
Prophecy Florence Clissold
Kenneth Wright

Vocal Solo Florence Smith
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