

Sin has Many Tools, but a Lie
is the Handle that Fits
Them All.

The Houghton Star

The Last STAR—
Our Story Issue

VOLUME XVI

HOUGHTON, N. Y., JUNE 6, 1924

NUMBER 32

Prize Short Stories

THE QUITTER

Freddy Benson was an optimist. That quality, truly inherent in so few mortals, seemed to be ingrained into his very nature. However, no one seemed to realize the potential possibilities of the lad. No one seemed to place a true value upon his propensities. His true character seemed to have been almost completely lost in the great gulf of unmanageable circumstances which engulfed his whole life. The mention of his name to his school mates brought forth no answering flood of comment upon the victories that he had been able to win or the good things that he had accomplished. Instead, conversation was turned into other channels, or perchance, should the interrogator push his questioning, the questioned might refuse to discuss the subject at all. However, after one had lived among the students for a time he came to realize the reason for this silence. No one told him; but as time went on, he knew, perhaps by intuition, that common consent had branded Freddy, (it is a hateful word to think about) a quitter. But why? A born optimist and a quitter? Impossible! You say.

It does look like an impossible combination, but those who knew him believed beyond question that it was true. They could not realize that man must be eternally hampered in the judgment of his fellow beings. Mortals must always judge from the outward appearance, from circumstantial evidence, and so few of them ever come to understand that this cramped method will lead them to conclusions which are the exact opposite of the truth.

When yet a small boy, Freddy had been caught in the toils of a contagious disease which had spread itself over the community. For weeks he had lain at the point of death, but

Continued on Page 2

THE WRONG MARY

"Hello, Jerry. You look as though you had been up for a week. Tell me what is the matter?"

Jerry McBride looked at his questioner, Rufus Jones, with some degree of contempt for a moment. He acted disgusted with everything.

Rufus Jones, a long-time friend was in no attitude of mind to be turned aside. "Look here, Jerry, I've been in South America for six months and this is a poor reception, I'm thinking. You act as if you had been married to some female sheik who had tied your tongue to the nth degree of impediment. Speak up! Assert yourself; she isn't with you now."

"That's it, Roof. I've been claimed."

"Congratulations! Old man; only I didn't know Mary Raider would turn out to be lord over all."

"Don't kid me. We aren't married and it doesn't look now as if we ever would be."

"What! You haven't married some one else? Foolish man! Lead me to your castaway."

"Please don't get funny, Roof. Haven't you heard?"

"Heard? How could I hear? I've been separated from civilization so long that I feel like one of Darwin's apes that has been resurrected from oblivion. Tell me, what haven't I heard?"

"How much time have you? This story is a long complicated affair."

"It sounds interesting enough to miss a good meal for. However, I should like to have you take lunch with me this noon at the Palace;

Continued on page 4



Houghton College Ten-Piece Orchestra—From Left to Right—Standing: Archibald King, Richard Davies, Charles Howland, Clinton Donohue, Kenneth Beck, Frank Henshaw, and Professor Hazlett. Seated: Walter McMurtry, Joseph Kemp, Alfred Kreckman and Gerald Scott.

Last Prayer-meeting a Good One

Praise God for our students' prayer-meetings! And the last one will be remembered during the coming weeks until in September we come together for more blessed times like these. Miss Montgomery as leader brought a strong message about believing God's promises. Although sometimes it seems impossible to grasp them, yet simply believing brings the victory. We need to learn to apply the promises to ourselves. It takes more courage to be still and wait for things to work out in God's way than to press on in our own wisdom.

The spirit of prayer was upon many hearts and a refreshing season was spent in praying. The testimonies showed a great many students ready to bear the banner of the cross during the summer, and to make a large increase in their spiritual life.

During the ten minutes spent in the testimony service there were twenty-seven students who took part and many more would have been glad to add their note of praise for what they have received from the Lord this year. Here are parts of some of the testimonies given:

"I am thanking God that I am leaving Houghton a different man than when I came last fall."

"The only thing that really counts is to live for God."

"I praise God for His great saving power. The last five months have been the happiest ones of my life. I would not go back to the world for anything. I need your prayers for this summer that I may be faithful."

"I am glad that Jesus shed His blood on Calvary to cleanse my heart from all sin. My greatest desire is that others might know my Savior."

Surely this life is the richest one that can be had. Let us live for Jesus all the summer and the Lord watch over us while we are absent one from the other.

Miss Gifford Speaks at Hume

Some time ago, Prof. Wright, who is preaching in the Baptist church at Hume, expressed a desire to have a missionary meeting held at his church. It was finally arranged for Sunday evening, June 1. General permission being given, a goodly number of students went over.

Miss Louise Gifford of Portland, Oregon, gave the address. She is alive on the subject of missions, and the Lord was with her. I am sure the message was blessed to the good of many who were present. Special music was also provided by the mixed quartette, by Miss Schroeder and Miss Steves and by Wilbur Clark. The messages in song added to the interest and spirit of the meeting. We were indeed glad to see the church so well filled, for the message was well worth hearing as well as being a provoker of thought.

Seniors See Scenery

Why, we Seniors, of course. We planned for a big day of fun and enjoyment, and we surely had it.

We were given a most beautiful day, though the wind felt somewhat cool as we were riding in the morning. There were three who could not go, but the other eighteen were finally gathered together and the four cars were fairly well loaded down with people, cats, and wood. We left Houghton about half past ten and after a few varied experiences such as forgetting the salt, nearly sitting on the pikes, and detours, we all assembled in the Museum at Letchworth Park.

After visiting the Museum we proceeded to the park at the Middle Falls where we were to have dinner. While this was being prepared some started for the bridge. On the way there a dynamite explosion occurred and pieces of wood and stone came flying from somewhere and came to rest uncomfortably near but none of us were hurt, so we proceeded on to the bridge and four of us girls walked across it and back again. However we could not refrain from stopping for a moment to admire the beauty of the falls below, the rainbow just above them, and the picturesque green hills surrounding the scene. It was an inspiring picture, but we had to return for our long walk had but increased our appetites. On the way back we met two of our classmates coming to hurry us to dinner. We gladly responded, and say, what a dinner! We surely were satisfied for once. We took our own picture while still sitting around the table, then things were cleared up and we went sight-seeing. Some went up to the bridge while others occupied themselves about the mineral spring and middle falls. Some of the class had never been to Portage Falls before and they were especially repaid for taking the trip. As the afternoon progressed the party wended its way to the Lower Falls. There also we went exploring, even in places a little dangerous. Finally we all assembled around the lunch basket, eating the evening repast in typical picnic style. From there we all went to the Council House but while there, two of the party, thinking that we were all to meet at the Middle Falls before starting home, left taking one of the cars. Not knowing where they had gone we were troubled and after waiting until it was time for us to be home, we crowded into three cars and started for home. The strays arrived a little later than the rest, safe and sound. We all had a delightful time together, and we hope in the future to have a reunion of the Class of '24 at Portage Falls.

Musicians Needed

Although the Houghton College Orchestra has just finished the most successful season of any organization of its kind in the history of the school, it has been greatly handicapped in its work by the limited number of instruments. Prof. Hazlett is desirous of remedying this defect before the season begins next year.

To accomplish the desired end it is necessary that many of the students help the professor. If there are any musicians in school who do not already belong in the orchestra, they should come out for it next year. If there are any who are musically inclined, but who do not know how to play any instrument, a good long summer of practice would enable them to play well enough to play minor parts. Think it over. The Quartet is especially urged to try this scheme. The instruments needed most are as follows: clarinet, trombone, flute, and cello. Show the old Houghton spirit and come to the aid of our orchestra.

Harmonizers Wind-Up Season

The last two concerts of the Houghton Harmonizers were given last week. On Wednesday evening the boys appeared at Friendship, and on Thursday evening at East Aurora.

At Friendship, the program met with great approval. So great, indeed, was this appreciation, principal Foote of Friendship High School wrote Pres. Luckey a letter declaring the number given by the Harmonizers to be the best which has been given in Friendship this year. He also assured the boys that they have a packed house to meet them, if they appear in Friendship next year.

At East Aurora, the Harmonizers had the largest audience of the season. The auditorium, which seats about six hundred, was nearly filled. All present appeared to enjoy the program, and many of them lingered after the others had gone, in order to voice their approval to the boys themselves.

After the concert, eight of the Harmonizers were entertained at the home of Mr. Frank Henshaw, a member of both the orchestra and the quartet. A sumptuous repast was served, and all enjoyed a very pleasant hour, before returning to Houghton. Every one present voted "Hank's" mother to be a royal entertainer.

Some of the others of the Harmonizers became so overcome by hunger, that they were forced to stop at the "White Star Inn" to assuage their hunger. Judging from the size of

the bill which they charged up to the organization, they must have also laid in a supply of food for the rest of the week, as well.

The Harmonizers are almost finished with their labors for this year. A concert for the alumni, next Tuesday, will end the season. However, plans are already afoot for next year. The organization will be almost intact. As far as they know, all except one of the members are coming back to Houghton, in the fall.

Sophomores Elect "Boulder" Staff After Much Balloting

At a meeting of the combined Sophomore classes of the school on Monday afternoon the members of next year's BOULDER staff were elected. The election resulted as follows:

Editor—Ernest Crocker
Associate Editor—Ruth Rockwell
Business Manager—Frank Henshaw
Subscription Mgr.—Lloyd Tingley

From every standpoint the election resulted as favorably as one could wish and we look forward to the publication of an annual of the first quality next year.

Following the precedent established this year, from now on the BOULDER will be published by the Junior classes of the college, seminary, and theological departments. By this plan the Seniors are relieved from the additional work and strain that is involved in a publication worthy of our school.

The election of editor was hotly contested between Miss Edith Lapham and Mr. Crocker, but the latter's superior experience in matters of the kind probably carried the day for him. He has for two years been a member of the printing office force. He has been prominent in all school activities as well as being a first class student. It is safe to say to those who know him that the position is safe in his hands.

After much balloting Miss Rockwell was chosen associate editor over Miss Dorothy Bennett. Miss Rockwell is an excellent student and we may rely on her to fulfill the duties of her office as well as she does her school work.

Mr. Henshaw was selected to handle the financial end of the annual, probably on account of his success in a similar capacity with the Harmonizers. With him in charge we look ahead to a successful financial year for the BOULDER.

The new subscription manager, Tingley, is a live wire in school, and it is well that his energies have been directed into paths of usefulness. Our one fear is that he will gather in more subscriptions than we can well handle.

Altogether it is the general opinion that the right man has been chosen for every place and that the new staff will successfully carry out their responsibilities. They are competent.

There will be more than the usual amount of work connected with the publication of next year's annual, due to the fact that it will be the first year for Houghton College to put out a graduating class, and it promises to be a banner year for the school and everything connected with it. Good as this year's annual is, we expect a better next year on account of the greater length of time given for preparation and the removal of several other handicaps that have been encountered by the present staff.

With a bigger and better Houghton every year we want a bigger and better annual, and we feel sure that the Junior class of next year will not fail us in accomplishing this end and purpose. But they will need our help and co-operation, so LET'S ALL HELP THEM.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly by the Union Literary Association of Houghton College and Seminary.

JUNE 6, 1924

Entered at the postoffice at Houghton, N. Y., as second class matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized Oct. 10, 1923.

Subscription rates: \$1.00 per year, 5c per copy.

STAFF

E. H. Tierney - Editor-in-chief
Matthew Gosbee - Associate Editor
E. L. Crocker - Associate Editor
J. Harold Douglass - Business Manager
Edith Lapham - Circulation Manager
Mark Bedford - Subscription Manager
D. R. Schumann - Advertising Manager
Josephine Rickard - Copyreader
Prof. C. B. Whitaker - Faculty Adviser

Weekly Food for Thought

But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.—Jude 20, 21.

Editorial

Perhaps the most used and the most abominable sentence in the English language is, "I can't". It is an evasion of the truth, an excuse for "I don't want to," and "I won't".

"I can't get that lesson". "I can't swim". "I can't play tennis". "I can't! I can't! Forever our ears are abused with the hearing of these words. The "I can't" feeling ruins our self-control and our self-mastery more than anything else in the world. The "I can't's" seem to be of two kinds. First, there are those who use the words just on general principles. They never try at all, and because the task may look a little hard they take it for granted that they will not be able to perform it. Then there are those who will try a task by a prescribed method several times and then give up in disgust.

Athletics perhaps furnish one of the best illustrations of the "I can't" spirit. Very mediocre athletes are the first to marvel at the great power of trained athletes. To the average high jumper it seems almost incredible that a human being would ever be able to leap over a slender bar suspended six feet eight and one-half inches in the air. But this is the height that Osborne, premier high jumper of the world, lately cleared. Some immediately say, "I could never do that" and of course they never try. Others may even go so far as to make a scientific study of his form and methods and endeavor to apply them to themselves for a few trials. Finding however that they cannot at first accomplish as much as at their old style they soon return to it. "O, but I can't jump as high that way", they say which is beyond any doubt the truth. Of course it is impossible for the first ten times, for the first hundred times and perhaps never will they be able to attain Osborne's height, still they fail in attaining anything like the form which he has spent years in perfecting because they "can't".

Oratory is another fine example. Suppose that you are a natural orator of no mean ability: You take up the study of oratory under a skilled instructor. This instructor, after studying your faults and your errors prescribed a totally different method for you. At first you seem to have become worse rather than better. You may say, "I can't do it that way", and are even tempted to quit. Slowly however your work improves and at last you are an accomplished orator. You have combined natural ability with your teacher's instruction to make an ideal.

It is a fact that; a man who says "I can't" is usually right. Fight these words with work, which is their greatest enemy.

Nine-tenths of the people in the

world are able to say, "I can't". Step out from them and be one of the last tenth. It is only a question as to whether you want to bad enough or not. Drop forever the worst words ever written or spoken. Those words, slow our purpose, break our spirit, rob us of our courage and our self-control. Leave behind forever, the feeling which is the background for all feeble endeavor and lack of ambition; that demon which bows only to the courage and patience which is able to say, "I can". Try again and again, a hundred times, a thousand times, knowing that with each failure you are stronger but never uttering those words which no one should dare to speak without a blush, "I can't".

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;

There are thousands to prophecy failure;

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,

Then take off your coat and go to it;

Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing

That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

We are going to write some of a nature that has never before appeared in these editorial columns. We wish to congratulate the Gold girls on having for their captain, a girl who has proven herself to be during the last athletic season at least as good, if not a better sportswoman than has ever attended Houghton College and Seminary. With a few stars and only the mediocre support of her side, she played no small part in administering a crushing defeat to the Purple in basket ball. In the late track and field meet, although defeated 11½ to 47½, in the face of almost overwhelming odds, after five of her track team had been dropped that very morning for one reason or another, herself by no means a star but entering every event open to her, and despite the non-cooperation of many of her own side, she has demonstrated that she can take defeat or victory equally well and above all can "Play the Game". She is an example of the "I'll try" spirit as opposed to the "I can't", and is a sportswoman thru and thru. Those who had allowed her to depend upon them and then dropped out at the last minute should feel ashamed of themselves but all Houghton and especially the Gold girls should feel highly honored to have such a girl as a leader in athletics here. Lest you don't know her name, it is Laura M. Steese and we name her Houghton's greatest sportswoman this year.

In this, the concluding issue of the "Star" for this year, the editor wishes to thank all who have contributed to making the publication the success which it has been this year, for the excellent work and hearty cooperation of the staff. He wishes also to enjoin all these that, if the call should come by the new editor for their assistance during the coming season to be there with the same determination to aid him that they have shown heretofore. No one will fail.

The Quitter

Continued from page 1

at last he fought his way clear, and during his convalescence the only response that he would give to words of sympathy, would be the phrase which later became characteristic of him. "O, just a little tough luck, that's all."

As time went on it seemed as if he would never get rid of that tough luck, as he called it. However, his use of the words was not self-sympathizing. It was rather the easiest manner to eliminate useless talk and never ending questions which he seemed naturally to abhor.

Freddy's father, who was an uneducated man caring little for real school work and much less for that branch in which Freddy was vitally

interested—athletics, compelled him time after time to stay out and work on the little farm when he could have been and should have been in school. Freddy never argued with his father, and so when, at the close of his third year in high school, he had been forced to work on the farm during the very week of examinations, he confided in no one. Even when interrogated by his instructors he would only say, "O, just a little tough luck," an answer which they had at last come to expect.

However, the actions of a misunderstanding father injured the son more than anyone knew or could believe. He was a wonderful athlete but almost as sure as there was a baseball or basketball game to be played, or certainly if he were to take part in his favorite sport—pole vaulting in a field and track meet, his father would find some work for him to do. Doggedly he pressed on, and naturally unconversational, the only explanation that he would give to his team mates would be the same old grinning, "O, just a little tough luck, that's all."

"But we need you, you have got to pitch that game against Westbury", said his fellows.

Or perhaps Mr. Brown, the track and field coach, would say, "That track and field meet with Johnston will depend upon the pole vault."

However, the grinning tough luck answer was always all that they could get.

Such a course of events could eventually lead to but one thing. His mates found it well nigh impossible to understand his actions, and slowly but surely they began to feel that their otherwise best athlete was a quitter. How could they think otherwise? He could not, he would not, explain. They came to believe that he would not pitch because he was afraid, and that he would not vault for fear he might not win.

To be branded a quitter is a terrible thing, but to be branded a quitter when one is really just the opposite is infinitely worse. During his fourth year in school he began to feel a real dislike in the air and was at a loss to understand it. However, he characteristically kept silent. The year drew to a close and he was compelled to tell his class mates that he would not be able to take any part in the graduation exercises. It was not until then, when the president of the class called him a quitter in a fit of anger, that the light of understanding broke in upon him. He was cut to the quick, but even in that moment of intense feeling the same old sentence framed itself upon his lips, "O, just a little tough luck, that's all."

The next year found him in college. For the first time in his life he had come out victor despite his father's opposition.

Two years passed by; years that seemed to be full of nothing but work, work, work; hard at it for his father in the summer and harder at his studies during the remainder of the year. These were years in which he heard nothing of the old word, "quitter". Now with the opening of his Junior year, as his spare time became a little more noticeable, he naturally turned again toward athletics. He came out in an endeavor to make his college baseball team and also to practice a little at his old passion—pole vaulting.

His rival for the pitching position was none other than Wilson, who was from his own high school, and who had entered Altoona as a Freshman the autumn before. They pitched on about even terms all through the season, each winning and losing practically the same number of games. At last the greatest game of the season drew nigh. Altoona's traditional enemy, Andover, was to finish the season on the home grounds. Andover's record was unbroken. She had succeeded in gathering a squad which seemed practically invincible in college baseball. However, Altoona was not afraid. Had not the boys in Gold trimmed Andover for five successive years? They could not lose now.

As the team came in from practice, two afternoons before the great

game, Uncle Jim, as the boys affectionately called their coach, threw his arm over Freddy's shoulder and said those words which he had both hoped and feared to hear for so long. "You will pitch", was the essence of his brief communication, and before Freddy could form the words to thank him, he turned and walked swiftly away.

As the news went around that he was to pitch, his name was on every tongue. He was the idol of the school for a day. Everyone congratulated him, and among the first was Wilson.

"I am glad you are to pitch, Freddy", he said, and then paused to add, "I hope that you don't have any bad luck". Then he turned, winked at several of his friends, and was soon seen in an animated conversation with some of them.

That night a dark figure mounted the stairs to the abode of the coach and knocked timidly at the door. "Come in," boomed the coach.

Wilson entered and stood in the middle of the floor twisting his hat in his hands.

"Well, what is it", said Uncle Jim.

Wilson calmed himself and came to the point. "I hate to say this, Uncle Jim, but if Benson pitches tomorrow we will have a quitter in the box."

The coach whistled, raised his eyes to Wilson's face, dropped them again and at last spoke.

"Yes?" was all that he said.

Wilson went on, "He and I came from the same town".

The coach again looked up.

"Back there they will tell you that he is a quitter, that he always has something else that must be done when there is a big game to be played; you have not noticed it because this is the first big game that he has had a chance to pitch in".

The coach pursed his lips and uttered again that little word which can convey so much meaning. "Yes", he said, and Wilson understood it rightly as a dismissal.

But as he crossed the threshold, through white lips came the parting thrust, "You will see, he will never pitch tomorrow."

The next afternoon, when Freddy came in from practice, the coach handed him a telegram. Ripping it open he read these words: "Come home at once. Father."

The first thought that flashed across his mind was the game to be played on the next day. Next to gaining his degree, pitching that game was his greatest ambition.

Almost dazed, the old time grin came over his face, and turning to the coach he said, "I can't pitch tomorrow, Uncle; I have just had a little hard luck".

No other word, no explanation was forthcoming. The coach merely nodded and said nothing but he thought much. Could it be that this boy in whom he placed so much faith was, as Wilson said, a quitter?

Freddy took the first train for home, two hundred miles away, only to be mystified on his arrival by the fact that his father had never thought of sending him a message. When he inquired at the telegraph office he found that no such message had been sent from the village. A little more hard luck he thought, but he was not prepared for the reception, which he received upon his return to his school two days later.

Wilson had pitched a ragged game and Altoona had lost, by the score of two to eight. But what was even worse for him, he found that, that old word, so undesired, so unbearable, had once more been attached to his name. No one could say from whence it had come, or where it had started; but everyone knew that he had left town, without any explanation on the night before the game, and so drew the usual conclusion that he must be afraid. How easy it would have been to explain, but he thought it might sound like sneaking. So, as usual, he said nothing. Perhaps he was stubborn, but Freddy hated explanations, inquiries, and talk, and so things went on.

The rest of the year was a veritable nightmare. The fellows shunned him, the girls, who spoke at all, spoke coldly, and Freddy drew far-

ther and farther into his shell. Asking no favors or sympathy, he received none. There were few in the college who did not really believe that he was a quitter. The old coach spent many nights in solemn thought but seemed to arrive at no solution of the problem. Never before had he made a mistake in his judgment of human nature, but in the case of Freddy Benson all the evidence seemed to point to the fact that he had slipped for the first time. "I must be getting old," was the only explanation that he was able to offer.

At last the spring was over and the students returned home for their summer vacations. No friendly hand clasped Freddy's as he was about to mount the long train for home, no friendly handkerchief was shaken in farewell. In silence, unattended, he departed.

During the long summer days and nights at home, Freddy thought the question through. A weak character would have decided never to go back to Altoona. But he was not a quitter, he would go back, and some way some time he would show them.

The first semester came and went, and ten weeks of the second were nearly over. Freddy did not come out for baseball, but spent his time practicing the pole vault with dogged persistence. Daily he worked, higher and higher went the slender bar across the standards. An inch at a time it mounted, past the Altoona-Andover record of eleven feet, eleven ten, twelve feet it mounted. His form was perfect. His jump was magnificent. The coach, as usual, said nothing, but night after night he wondered if this wonderful athlete could be a quitter. It seemed impossible, yet there was the evidence.

Andover again won the great base ball game off Wilson's pitching, and the time approached for the track meet which was now the only means left for Altoona to retaliate. Reports came from Andover of a great track team, dash men, distance men, weight men, high jumpers, and especially of a pole vaulter who could break the record of ten years' standing. Altoona's coach was silent.

The day approached and at last dawned, bright, clear, ideal. The preliminaries were staged in the morning, leaving only the best to compete in the finals of the afternoon. No one really did his best, just enough to qualify.

Freddy measured his distance on the pole for the last time that morning, walked back to his starting mark, turned and sprinted up the path. His pole hit the hole in perfect placement, his body described a beautiful arc, the few watching the preliminaries cheered; it was indeed a beautiful vault. However, just as he reached the highest point in the arc, something happened; no one knew how, but the defective pole crumpled in the middle and Freddy came down on the edge of the sand pit with his arm pinned beneath him. As he rose, his face twitched with pain, but he said to someone who was helping him, "Just a little hard luck, that's all."

The finals were nearing the end; the vault was the last event of the afternoon, and the meet was a close one. The one hundred yard, the two hundred and twenty yard, and the mile run had gone to Altoona, but the Green and White of Andover had copped the one-half mile, the four hundred and forty, and the broad jump. Consequently the score stood tied, twenty-seven to twenty-seven. Altoona, however, was not able to place a first in the next three events, although she placed second and third in all of them. This left the score, forty-three to thirty-nine, with Andover in the lead.

Freddy appeared with his arm swathed in a white bandage carrying a new pole. His face was white, but his lip was firm. He realized that if Altoona won she must place first and second in this event, and that it was up to him to place first. Something like a titter ran through the crowd. The quitter was going to vault and he was provided with a good alibi; an arm swathed in ban-

Continued on Page 3

GLENN E. BURGESS
REPRESENTING
The Mutual Life Insurance Company
of New York
Income Insurance that Really Insures
FILLMORE N. Y.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Established 1824
TROY, N. Y.
Engineering and Science

Four-year Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Graduate Courses.
Modern and fully equipped Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.
For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and views of buildings and campus, apply to Registrar, Pittsburgh Building, Troy, N. Y.

The National Teacher's Agency,
301 Post Standard Building, Syracuse, needs all kinds of teachers.
Register now. No registration fee.

USE

Gleason's Bread
and Other Baked Goods

Made by

C. W. GLEASON
Belfast, N. Y.

When you see me don't think of Insurance, but when you think of Insurance,

SEE ME.

Mutual Life Ins. Co. of New York
D. R. SHUMANN, Agt.

State Bank of Rushford
RUSHFORD, N. Y.

Capital - - - \$25,000
Surplus - - - \$5,000

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent.

Banking Accounts whether large or small are cordially solicited.

W. F. and J. A. BENJAMIN
Furniture and Undertaking
Victrolas and Records
Also Floor-Coverings
RUSHFORD, N. Y.

Allegany Lumber Co.

Fillmore, N. Y.

A Complete Line of Building Materials

At Right Prices

Shop and Mill Work a Specialty

New York City Shoe Repair Shop

Right Here at Houghton

Shoe Shine 10c

Full Line of Polish, Shoe Laces, Etc.

All Work Guaranteed Prompt Service

Located at Boys' Dormitory

Paul Jassimides, Prop.

HOWDEN'S DRY GOODS

Groceries Shoes Rubber Footwear

All Kinds of Floor Covering

Also INTERNATIONAL CLOTHING CO. Made-to-Measure Clothing

FILLMORE, N. Y.

The Quitter

Continued from Page 2

dages. Many began to leave the field thinking that the meet was lost. But up, up, up went the bar. Those who started to leave were arrested by its progress. At eleven eight and nine, two of the other contestants went out, the Altoona man placing third. Freddy now knew that he could never win the meet, but he would win his event. The crowd stood aghast.

"He will soon quit", said Wilson. But up, still up went the slender bar, twelve feet, twelve one, twelve two, it paused. The Andover man gave all that he had, but after three trials, exhausted with a hard days work, he gave it up.

Freddy's last trial had come. He bit his lip, his face was as white as chalk, he sprinted down the path, clinched the pole and vaulted. A big man with a surgeon's kit shouldered his way through the crowd. Desperately Freddy pushed his pole, cleared the slender bar by a fraction of an inch, and fell heavily into the pit. The big man bent over him and called for an ambulance, as he said to the anxious coach, "The bravest lad I think that I have ever seen." It took more pure nerve than you or I have to win a vault with every muscle in the right arm torn loose from the bone! I warned him this morning not to vault. The pain during the vault itself must have been terrific.

That night Freddy looked out of the hospital windows and knew that the cheers of the crowds on the campus and the bonfires were for him. He had come into his own. It was later found that Wilson had forged the telegram to Freddy, and he was expelled.

The faith of a coach had been vindicated.

HOUGHTON LOCALS

Kenneth Gibbin was at home over the week end.

Grace Wright has been seriously ill with neuralgia.

Clarence Barnett and family are visiting at H. R. Barnett's.

Verna Stear of Middlefield, Ohio, is visiting friends in town.

Edmond Peck of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting his parents for a week.

Arden Burt of Rochester visited friends in town over the week end.

Carroll Hill and Will Lapham are working at Frank Talbott's on Fox Hill.

The trees and shrubs class went on a trip to Portage Thursday afternoon.

C. J. Crandall and family spent Sunday at Charles Yanda's at Centerville.

Fred Warburton of Ithaca, N. Y., visited his sister, Fidelia, the last of the week.

Charles Pockock of Falconer, N. Y., visited Edith Warburton over the week end.

Rev. L. C. Mattson and family of Olean visited their daughters Decoration Day.

Gladys Crandall of Olean, N. Y., and Stanley West of Jersey City, N. J., visited at C. J. Crandall's Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. McClintock wish to announce the arrival of an eight pound daughter, Ruth Eileen, on May 24th.

Mrs. Esther Johnson and son, Billy, returned from Kane, Pa., Saturday. Sarah Johnson accompanied her home for a visit.

Carroll Hussey and lady friend of Jamestown visited at George Hussey's the last of the week.

Maurice Brink and family of Lyndonville, N. Y., and Gordon Edson and family of Hornell, N. Y., spent Decoration Day at Rev. George Clark's.

Mrs. J. C. Long and two daughters, Dorothy and Florence, visited at Penn Yan Decoration Day. Misses Montgomery and Tanner went with them and visited at Watkins Glen.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fall of Ithaca spent the week end in town. Mr. Fall, who is a Houghton Alumnus, is taking graduate work in Cornell under the Fellowship of Palm Olive Company to secure his Ph.D.

Kitterman's Kolumn

I asked him why he ate his lunch so fast and he replied, "I have a bad stomach and in order to keep my meals down I have to bolt them."

Teacher: "Name the four seasons"
Pupil: "Salt, vinegar, mustard and pepper."

A wonderful singer was Hankee. He was never known to get off the key.

He never was known to get off! Aw gwan.

How could he get off when he never got on?

Man in drug store—"I want some consecrated lye."

Druggist—"You mean concentrated lye."

Man—"It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What's it supphur?"

Druggist—"Fifteen scents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

Man—"Well I should myrrh-myrrh, but I ammonia novice at it."

Therom: "A bad recitation is better than a good recitation."

Given: "A bad recitation and a good recitation."

To Prove: "A bad recitation is better than a good recitation."

Proof:

1. Nothing is better than a good recitation.
2. A bad recitation is better than nothing.
3. A bad recitation is better than a good recitation.

F-ierce lessons.

L-ate hours.

U-nexpected company.

N-othing prepared.

K-nocked standing.

Last week Prof. Boardman of the Physics Dept. went home to his wife who says to him, "Are you sure that you are true to me?" And he replied, "Sure, just like any true husband would be." "Well then, who is this 'Violet Ray' you are always talking about?"

Two drunks met; one said: "Shay ain't you the man I met up in Toronto?"

The other said: "No, I never was in Toronto."

The first said: "Neither was I, mussa been two other fellows."

Teacher: "In olden days all writing was done on tablets of stone."

Student: "Cee, it must have taken a crowbar to break the news."

Prof. Fancher, observing his chemistry assistant searching through the chemicals quite perplexed, asked: "What are you looking for Benn?"

Frank Benn: "I am looking for the ignite."

Prof.: "Ignite, why what do you mean?"

Benn: "It says here to take sulphur and ignite."

Student: "The teacher asked me today for Lincoln's Gettysburg address but I had to tell her that he never lived there."

Roseoe Fancher: "My father is a professor so I get taught for nothing."

Gerald Wright: "My father's a minister so I get good for nothing."

Student Vacation Plans

Keith Farnar will go all the way to Buffalo after school closes and he has passed all his examinations. For some time he will labor either as a carpenter or a garageman. Then he will respond to the call of the wild and with Peter Steese, invade Akron. He expects to gather in the cash in buckets full.

Kenneth Gibbon very sensibly has decided to go back to the farm. He will do his part to avert the threatening panic by cultivating the soil.

Agnes Veazey will enter Genesee Normal, where she expects to continue next year. She hopes to enjoy visits from Helen Hammond every other week end as Helen is reported to have nothing to do through the long summer weeks.

Frank Henshaw, in accordance with paternal wishes, will return to East Aurora. There he will act as chauffeur to his father, perhaps driving to Florida where his brother lives.

Contrary to a previous report, Irwin Enty will not sell Bibles this summer. He may stay to work for Mr. Daniels, or he may spend some time in evangelistic singing.

Joseph Kemp will work in Houghton, after a trip to his home in New Jersey, if the Board decides to install plumbing in the gym. It is very important that the gym be fitted up with radiators and shower baths.

Donald Schumann will attend summer school at Ann Arbor.

Until Earl Tierney's return in the fall he will loaf around home, preparing for the strenuous days ahead, and recuperating from those of the past.

Warner Whipple will return to good old Pennsylvania. He suffers much from separation from this state. He will spend some time thrashing pumpkins. In his own characteristic way, he tells how these pumpkin seeds are cut in two and used for canoes on the Susquehanna river.

Eddie Williams, will probably attend summer school at Penn State or Ann Arbor.

Mr. Jassimedes will work in New York City, either in a shoe shop or in an office.

Harold Douglas will work for the Dietrich Company in Syracuse, where he has worked for the last three summers.

The Long family will spend most of the summer at Mooers. Then they will visit friends at Atlantic City.

From Marion College Journal

About a year ago there was conceived in the minds of some, the fact that Marion College needed and could have a gymnasium, and at that time a subscription of five hundred dollars was taken. The real task of building the gymnasium was left until this year. Last fall the students and faculty pledged over a thousand dollars for the "gym", then solicited their friends by letter and received another thousand. Further funds were raised by canvassing South Marion. The building was then started, and now stands nearly completed, a beautiful brick edifice fifty by ninety feet, one that would be a credit to any institution. All the work with the exception of laying the brick has been done by the students, faculty and friends of the college. The "gym" provides not only a place for students to exercise but gives us our much needed auditorium.

Physical Geography Field Trip

Houghton College is located in an ideal place for the study of physical geography. Practically all natural formations included in the study can be found within a short distance of the school. Miss Rork's physical geography class (H. S.) concluded the year's work last Thursday by a field trip to Caneadea Gorge and Moss Lake. After making a few observations to determine the character of the lake, a rousing campfire was built and supper served. A social hour was enjoyed before the class returned home.

Visit the

Thomas Gift Shop
Rushford, N. Y.

Watch Repairing Optical Work

STATIONERY

500 Boxes in Stock.....15c to \$2.00
Write to her six times a week, and buy your paper at

Gilbert's Drug and Department Store
RUSHFORD, N. Y.

The W. W. Bush Insurance Agency

General Insurance
Old Reliable Companies

Rushford, - New York

All Kinds of

FEED and GRAIN

"KELLEY'S FAMOUS" Flour

All Kinds of Grains and Beans
Buyers of

Fillmore Mill Corp.
FILLMORE, N. Y.

LESTER J. WARD

The Rexall Store

CANDY SPECIALS and STATIONERY SUPPLIES
FILLMORE, N. Y.

Rice & Butler

General Merchandise
Fresh Fruits, Meats
and Vegetables

Fillmore, N. Y.

Genesee Valley Power Co., Inc.

Fillmore, N. Y.

Serving:

Fillmore	Belmont	Friendship
Bliss	Houghton	Caneadea
Belfast	Hume	Pike
Wiscoy	Nunda	Angelia

The Red and White Store

?

M. A. CLARK

Houghton, N. Y.

For Sale: Paying Hotel

in village of Caneadea, three miles from Houghton. Come and look it over or write to

Mrs. Kelley, Caneadea, N. Y.

Barber Shop in Houghton Hall

Modern Conveniences

Open: Mon., Thurs., and Sat. Afternoons
Tuesday and Saturday Evenings.

The Candy Kitchen

K. COONIS, Prop.

BELFAST, - - - N. Y.

Home Made Candy

Hot Drinks and Hot Lunches
Ice Cream Parlor

Ready to please the public at any time.

The Wrong Mary

Continued from page 1

then we can have a ride out to the country club; there, in a round of golf, you can relate your lamentations."

"Never! That road is haunted for me. The new hospital overlooks the links now, you know, and around that old life-blighting haven rests my story."

"Boy, you get more mysterious with every breath. King Tut's disciples have overlooked a wonderful opportunity for research in your case."

"Dad has a farm which borders on the edge of the lake. I would like to go out there for a drive and for the sake of fond memories. That's the last place I had a real date with Mary."

"You sound like a dope-fiend poet, but I'll risk going along with you."

Lunch over at the Palace, Jerry and Roof climbed into the former's car and started for the farm.

Jerry McBride was a husky, blue-eyed Irishman whose father had become wealthy from his interests in coal mines. Jerry had been educated at Columbia and had had one year in business with his father.

Roof Jones was Jerry's college chum and had gone to Columbia with him from a little mining town in Pennsylvania. They had played together since they were boys, and for the first time in their lives had been separated for six months. Roof had gone to South America for the University. He had majored in geology, and because of his work, which was commendable in every way, the University had sent him to make some further investigations about which he had written in his thesis.

Again they were together, and although Roof had made some decidedly important discoveries, he was more anxious to hear Jerry's story than to tell his own. As they raced along the boulevard, they passed a little yellow roadster which had a driver whom both of the fellows knew.

"Well, well, there's Mary Wolfe. Stop! Jerry. I would like to have a

tete-a-tete with her."

"I'm not in a mood for a chat with her. Suppose you postpone your message."

Roof had already opened the door, but Jerry slammed his foot on the accelerator, and away they went.

"Now what did you mean by such an action as that? Didn't you see that Mary wanted to stop for me too?"

"I most undoubtedly did. However, it would break in on my trend of thought just now, so I prefer to go on."

"What do you mean? You talk like a dean from some boys' school. You don't mean to tell me that you are getting old enough to become sot in your ways?"

"If you knew what I know you would not question my decisions."

By this time they had reached the edge of the farm and Jerry began in earnest.

"If you are ready for a tale of woe please lend a listening ear."

"Brace up! I'm convinced that you're believing more than really exists."

"Last winter, in January, just after you left, we had a skating party on this end of the lake. There were twelve couples in all, and Mary Wolfe was in the crowd. Of course, I was with Mary Raider. Mary Wolfe was with Bob Shidler. You know that fellow is always out for a good time. Bob skated with every girl in the party and then started out for the center of the lake by himself."

"I really felt sorry for the Wolfe girl and told Mary so, too. She assented to my skating a few extras with her as she seemed to be having a poor time. On one of the trips across the lake with her I tripped myself on a strap and took an extended tumble."

"The rest of this is very vague to me. I fractured my skull and was unconscious for nine days. When I came to I was in the new hospital that you tried to show me again. Who should be at my bedside in nurses' togs but Mary Wolfe!"

"She had been a nurse in France for eighteen months and has a graduate certificate from Long's hospital because of her service. As soon as I was taken to the hospital she applied there for a position as nurse. She explained to them that she was a close friend of mine and expressed her belief that if I could express my desire, I would prefer her as my nurse. Of course she wouldn't have got anywhere if it hadn't been for her certificate as graduate nurse, but they put her on the force. She seems fortunate in having her own way; Mr. Wolfe's spoiled baby, you know."

"Now comes the part that I wouldn't tell to the whole world. Roof, the very day I was hurt I planned to propose to Mary Raider. It's the most peculiar situation that I have ever heard of. I guess my subconscious mind worked all during those nine days. They tell me that I talked quite a little, but I'll never tell you what I said."

"All during those nine days, and after too, as far as that's concerned, Mary Wolfe was more than a real nurse to me; she was a lover who seemed to hang her own destinies on my chances for recovery."

"On the tenth day, in the morning, she came to my bed and kissed me and loved me a little before she even took my temperature. I didn't love her, don't now, but I'm here to tell you that it was no unpleasant ordeal to go through on the first day after my arrival from dreamland. She could tell in my eyes that all she did was perfectly satisfactory to me; and this is what she said:

"Jerry dear, I just won't let myself believe that you're not responsible for all you've said to me. Yesterday you told me that you loved me and asked me to marry you. I wasn't sure that you could understand clearly, so I waited until today to tell you."

"Say! Roof!", exclaimed Jerry, "You would have known that I was perfectly conscious then, when she said that. I even tried to get up, but she held me. It wasn't hard either. I

began to wonder what in the world was the matter with me. Then it all came to me that the dreams I had had of proposing to Mary had been

in the form of a dialogue, and Mary Wolfe instead of Mary Raider had been the party of the second part. It makes me laugh, though I know I ought not. But back to her answer."

"Jerry", said she, "I have loved you for four years and you wouldn't give me a chance to show it. I wouldn't have done what I am doing now for any other man in the world except my father. When you asked me yesterday, I waited for only a moment and then I said in my mind that I would be yours unreservedly."

"But, Mary", said I, "I can't turn Mary Raider down like this."

"Have you proposed to her?"

"No."

"You have to me. Would you go back on your word? Jerry, if I didn't love you I would say go. But, I do, and I am sure I can make you care for me even more than you do."

"No", I said, "I wouldn't go back on my word."

"When will you ask father?"

"What!" broke in Roof, "You haven't done that yet, have you?"

"Yes, and he said yes."

"Merciful fathers!" cried Roof, "what does Mary Raider say?"

"She cried a plenty and says she loves me too. My philosophy has always been that there was but one love from a girl to a man that was genuine; all other girl's loves were false. I'm now changing my philosophy to something practical. Mary Raider says she hopes that something will happen so I can't marry that Wolfe girl. Meanwhile, she continues to love me, herself."

"You need to change your religion so that you can include them both, Jerry."

"You're right. Old Joseph Smith wouldn't have to talk long to me until I would be a life long defender of the faith of Mormonism."

"I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"I've got a plan, you boob. You haven't got a definite date for the wedding, have you?"

"No, and it will be as far off as convenience will allow after an announcement. They are going to announce it tomorrow."

"You come with me for a month, will you?"

"Yes and no. Where, please?"

"We're going to New York City tomorrow; don't say no. We want to start on the early morning train."

Jerry and Roof called their friends by phone and in a few hours had their trunks packed and were waiting for a train. By nine o'clock they were in the city, and by two o'clock the little town of Clinton, Pa., had a rumor that received first place in the evening paper. Along with the announcement of Jerry's engagement and approaching marriage to Mary Wolfe, the headlines were ablaze with the name of Jerry McBride as the subpoenaed witness in a romance scandal at New York City. The information given was not conclusive, but was very suggestive of misconduct on the part of the participants and witnesses.

Mrs. Wolfe and Mary were frantic; Mr. Wolfe was bored. That his only daughter, who had always had everything she wanted, including her own way, should be made conspicuous in such a light as this was exasperating. He would rather spend a fortune buying Jerry's innocence than have his daughter's reputation slandered.

A consultation of the mother, father and daughter resulted in a night letter's being sent to Jerry, asking for particulars. The following telegram ensued:

Mary,

I will clear myself, if possible. Watch the papers for particulars. Jerry.

Mary Wolfe was indignant the following evening when she read and re-read Jerry's message. She knew she was not acquainted with Jerry's life while in Columbia, but she never thought for a moment that she would be colored in her reputation by marrying him. What must she do?

Mary Raider was also receiving messages. Roof was hard at work,

and after some sureties that he obtained, Mary Raider received the following message:

Mary,

Jerry had to buy himself into the trial. He is perfectly innocent. Don't tell Mary Wolfe.

Roof.

Jerry McBride had gone to New York with Roof and yet he hardly realized why he was going. Why can't I get away from it all, he thought. With this in his mind he had consented to go.

However, the morning news which they read on the way contained an account of a law suit which one of their college friends was in. Jerry and Roof read along with interest until Jerry suddenly exclaimed, "I know all about that! That's a lie on him! I was there at the time."

"Horseshoes! There's something to break your engagement over. Get into the trial."

"I don't see how you figure that, but I'm going to get into the trial."

As soon as Jerry reached the city he looked up the name of his friend's attorney in the registry. In one hour he was seated in the office of the attorney telling him what he knew.

"I'd give \$7000 to testify and clear him", said Jerry.

"I guess that isn't necessary, but I am very glad that you consent to testify."

As soon as Jerry could talk to Roof he told him he was going to testify.

"I told him I would give \$1000 to testify."

Mary Wolfe waited for two days and after no definite news had been obtained she bitterly wired the following:

Jerry,

I think for my sake the engagement ought to be postponed indefinitely.

Mary.

About a week later the newspaper blotted out every temporary mark on Jerry's reputation. The trial ended and Jerry returned home.

That evening Jerry called at the Raider home.

"Jerry", said Mary, "Did you really buy yourself into that trial?"

"No! I merely said I'd give \$1000 to testify. I didn't have to of course. Who said I did?"

"Oh dear, that's a relief to me. Roof said so."

"The boob! He knows better. But to change the subject a little. I've been released at the Wolfe house."

"You have?"

"Yes, but I'd rather not stay that way. Will you take Mary's place?"

"Jerry, I have, in my mind, all the time."

Alice M. Lockwood

Dental Hygienist Oral Prophylaxis

Fillmore, New York

State Bank of Fillmore Fillmore, N. Y.

Capital and Surplus - \$45,000.00

Special Attention Given to
Collection of Foreign
Items.

Your Patronage Solicited.

THE PROSPECT GARAGE

Mack & Bliestein, Proprietors

United States and Fisk Tires and Tubes

Tires, Accessories and Gasoline

Exide Battery Service Station

Used Cars

All Work Guaranteed

Phone 53-L FILLMORE, N. Y.

FILLMORE GARAGE

FILLMORE, N. Y.

Second hand Ford Rt. with starter and
Demountable rims - \$125

Second hand Nash Tg.
Fine Shape - \$550

Full Line of New Fords on Hand

Agent for DODGE Cars.

Service Station for Gould & Westinghouse Batteries

Shoe Repairing and Shine

Dayton & Ralston Men's Fine and
Work Shoes

TONY MIDEY

Fillmore, N. Y.

For Best Quality

Cement, Lime, Wall Plaster, Hard
and Soft Coal

Sewer Pipe and Drain Tile

and Reinforced

CONCRETE SLUICE

PIPE

Inquire of

L. S. GELSER & SON

FILLMORE, N. Y.

Houghton College

Founded on the Fundamentals
of the Christian Faith

Chartered by New York State

Expenses Reduced to a
Minimum

SEND FOR CATALOG

J. S. LUCKEY, President

Houghton, New York

The Belfast Blaze

BELFAST, N. Y.

Your Newspaper. Great Advertising
Medium. : Job Work Quickly Done.

FARMS AND HOMES

of all sizes and prices for sale.
Improved eastern farms at
unusually low prices. Many
with stock, crops, tools, etc.

FARMS NEAR HOUGHTON

For further information write

GLENN C. ANDREWS
FILLMORE, N. Y.

HOUGHTON'S GENERAL STORE

Where You Get Service and
Quality with Special Offerings All the
Time

M. C. CRONK

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

WE GIVE THE PRICE

When in need of anything in the line of

Shelf Hardware, Plumbing, Fitting,
and Steam Fitting

Call on us.

W. E. Robbins Hardware

FILLMORE, N. Y.

General Fire, Life, Automobile and Com-
pensation Insurance

Representing

THE TRAVELERS OF HARTFORD, CON.,

and

20 of the Leading Mutual Fire Insurance Companies

M. J. MERVILLE, Phone 2-A Fillmore

CALL AND SEE OUR:

Ladies', Misses', and Children's Sandals

Oxfords and Strap Pumps

Oxfords for Men and Boys

Men's Work Shoes With All-Rubber Soles

F. E. SANFORD, Hume, N. Y.