

LET US GIVE
THANKS

The Houghton Star

LAST STAR BEFORE
VACATION

VOLUME XIX

HOUGHTON, N. Y., NOVEMBER 19, 1926

NUMBER 10

Sophomore Teams Win Over Seniors

The annual autumn Arbor Day in Houghton is never complete without the customary basketball game in the evening. Wednesday being Arbor Day, the usual enthusiastic Arbor Day crowd gathered to witness two games between the sophomores and seniors, the sophomore girls beating the seniors' fair representatives 10-2; while the sophomore boys emerged victorious by one field basket, 16-14.

Both games were practically what might be expected after a day of labor. The girls were unable to sink a shot in the first few dozen attempts. The battle began under the senior basket, where shot after shot was missed. From thence the battle raged beneath the sophomore basket where many open shots were missed. Neither team scored in the first few minutes. In the next two quarters the Sophs displayed better teamwork and slightly improved shooting with the result that they scored 10 points. The Seniors reinforced in the final half by Beattie, the Freshman Star, strove valiantly to overcome the lead but were able to score only once making the final score 10-2.

The last game was proclaimed by many to have been the fastest game of the season. The result was rather poor shooting; good pass-work occasionally. The two teams had met twice last year and the upper-classes' two victories in those games indicated that they would easily trounce the Sophs. The beginning of the game implied an easy Senior victory, when Charley Howland sank the first attempted shot of the game. From that time on until the last quarter the Seniors lead by two or three points. Faster and faster ten tired players tried to play, and again and again a nice "spill" resulted or the ball was lost out of bounds. In a hectic fourth quarter the Sophs tied the score, and a few seconds later won it on a follow-up shot after a foul was missed. To say that the last five minutes of play was rough is to express it mildly; it was played with the majority of the players on the floor the most of the time.

The game by no means proved the superiority of one team over the other but rather gave evidence of the queer turns of fate. Twice last year the Juniors won over the Freshmen in precisely the same manner, as Freshmen lead during the greater part of the game.

For the Master

Last Sunday evening saw a group of the Christian Workers faithfully at their post serving their Master to the best of their ability. Promptly at 7:30 p. m. they began the evening service in the Gainsville Methodist church. They were very hospitably received and had very good attention.

The speakers of the evening were Miss Elsie Chind and Price Stark. The text from which they gave us fresh truths is found in Isaiah 55: 6, 7. Miss Chind spoke from the first part of the text in a very inspiring manner, while Mr. Stark continued the thought in a way that held the audience almost spell-bound. He concluded with a very earnest appeal to any who desired to seek God to take the deciding steps that evening, while the mixed quartet sang "What Will You do With Jesus."

The quartet, which was composed of Miss Ruth Williams, Miss Leona Verbridge, Wilfred Bain, and Alfred Kreckman, also sang at the beginning of the service the selections "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." They sang so deeply in the spirit that our souls seemed lifted nearer to God as we listened. Mrs. Abbie Bowen and Miss Rosaline Churchill sang a duet, "Oh, Make Me Clean," which fitted in very suitably with the rest of the service.

The whole service was very inspiring, and many of the group present felt that it was the best they have attended this year. Surely the work of these students is not in vain.

Arbor Day

Wednesday morning eager eyes scanned the sky, and the powers that be decided that the day would be fair. The bell tolled the summons to work, and gay shouts resounding over the campus proved that the diversion from study was a welcome one. The gang on the tennis court seemed to think that mud-slinging was the event of the day; but they really accomplished the task before them—that of putting a clay top on the hitherto unplayable tennis courts. The "gym gang" was singularly quiet until Scottie arrived on the scene; but with his appearance work and noise progressed noticeably. Pres. Luckey hovered near his domain, then satisfied that the grading was in the competent hands of the Stark brothers he proceeded to look over the rest of the campus.

Miss Rothermel in costume designed especially for the occasion, was at the head of the "Pink ribbon" raking gang. The amount of chestnut burrs and leaves that disappeared from the campus goes to prove that the girls are worth a little.

The windows and floors of all the buildings shone like unpowdered noses. The Chemistry laboratory received such a scouring as never before known in history. We could actually look thru the windows and see the outside world.

During the whole morning Prof. Allen Baker ran to and fro like a distracted hen trying to keep her brood together.

The way the dinner was attacked proved that the crowd had at least worked up an appetite.

Lost and Found on Arbor Day

Lost—a large amount of energy. If found please return to Hotonites.

Found—clean floors and windows.

Lost—much time. Finders please return to Martha York and Charles Howland.

Lost—our dignified oratory teacher. Finder please return to Houghton College.

Found—"Chuck" and "Steve" derbies.

Lost—many weiners and doughnuts between 12:30 and 1 p. m. in the vicinity of the dorm.

Found—a new chemistry laboratory.

Resurrected—Helen's babies, Budge and Toddie. For information inquire of "Ernie" and "Flo."

Found—in backs of chapel seats—the remains of numerous communications plus other things.

Found—an abundance of cosmetics on the visages of Charles Molyneaux, Theos Cronk, and others to numerous to mention.

Lost—a good looking pair of hands. If found please return to Miss Burnell.

Found—in the Star office—a cameo pin plus other valuables?

Found—that some people can work when necessity demands.

Teach us to Pray

"Teach us to pray and search our hearts, O, Lord!" was the prayer of the souls gathered to worship God at the Tuesday Evening Prayer Service. The eleventh chapter of Luke brought to our attention again the way Christ wants us to pray, while the inspired words of our leader, Miss Viola Roth, urged us to let God search our hearts, to faithfully pray, and to have faith that God will supply every need, give inspiration, comfort, and encouragement. The cry for a revival, and the salvation of lost souls, was the keynote of every prayer and testimony.

Let us pray more fervently and more constantly than ever before that God will touch us with divine fire! Thus may our lives so exemplify the Christ that men, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

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PROGRAM

Selection by Kreckman's Orchestra

Piano Quartet—Mary Alice Sloan, Wesley Gleason, Leona Thomas, Alton Cronk.

Vocal Duet—Ruth Williams, Faith McKinney.

Group of Dialectic Readings—Miss Rothermel.

Vocal Solo—Ralph Jones.

Piano Solo—Wesley Gleason.

Reading—Virgil Hussey.

Instrumental Trio—Alfred Kreckman, Gerald Scott, and John Kluzitt.

Vocal Solo—Frank Henshaw.

Reading—Harriet Remington.

Glimpses of Labrador

The Mission Study Class was held in the chapel Saturday evening, Nov. 14. After Mr. VanWormer led the audience in a couple songs, Miss Sartwell read for the scripture lesson two verses from John 14. Prof. Whitaker and Viola Roth led in a word of prayer. Following the prayers Mr. VanWormer and Mr. Roy sang a duet.

Then Miss Rothermel related some of her personal experience as a missionary and nurse in Labrador. First, she showed us two very interesting Labrador rugs. One had for its design a scene of doctors and nurses riding in their sleds behind the dog teams; the other one was a view of icebergs, polar bears and ships.

Miss Rothermel next told of the difficulties in traveling in the northern lands. She also succeeded in giving us a vivid picture of the huge icebergs, of the deep snow, and of the fascinating sea gulls' nests in the icebergs. At this time she read one of her original poems entitled, "Twilight in Labrador".

Likewise, she cited her experience in helping to unpack some of the missionary barrels at St. Anthony during the hours she was off duty at the hospital. She said that some barrels were literally trash, while others contained articles that proved serviceable. This fact should be an admonition to many of us to be careful in packing our missionary barrels not to send anything that we ourselves could not use.

She also told of several very serious cases with which she came in contact while at the hospital. Truly, God must have laid his healing hand upon many hopelessly sick and crippled who were brought for relief, for in almost every instance this relief came in a comparatively short time.

Miss Rothermel stated that the home life in Labrador is, on the whole sweet and clean. The chief diet is fish, tea, and sometimes bread. The latter is as much a treat to them as the Eskimo pie is to us. She mentioned, too, of going fishing with some neighbor fishermen. You see Miss Rothermel is ready for anything.

Very touching was her description of a boat trip that she took in company with some patients. During this trip a treacherous storm raged for five successive days. At this time she preached that sermon we have heard her mention so often, "God is Love". When the calm came she uttered a prayer that she later instilled in the poem, "The Prayer of Aspiration".

Forward! God's One Direction

Slowly but surely the Bus Fund is increasing so that the pledges now amount to a little over \$1000. You see that we have not yet reached our much needed \$1600, but our faith is not at all shaken since we believe this work is God's work and that He always accomplishes His purposes if we let Him.

Continued on Page 4

W. M. Church Announcements

Sunday School	10:00 a.m.
Class Meeting	11:00 a.m.
Morning Preaching Service	11:30 a.m.
Young People's Meeting	6:45 p.m.
Evening Preaching Service	7:30 p.m.
Thursday Evening Prayer Service	7:30 p.m.

The Book of Acts is being discussed at the Thursday Prayer Service

Mr. Meredith Preaches

Because of the absence of our pastor, Rev. Clyde Meredith filled the pulpit Sunday, November 14. Mr. Meredith, who was formerly pastor of the work at Pittsford, Michigan, is now finishing his college work at Houghton.

The message of the morning was based on Titus 2:11-13. The first verse as he pointed out, deals with the scope of the Gospel. The provision is for all, since we all need the touch that only Christ can give, and that he gladly gives to those who open their hearts' doors to him. Verse 12 deals with the steps that we must take in forsaking a life of sin to follow God. We must deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, but the negative side is only part of the Christian life. There is a positive side, when the Holy Spirit comes into the heart, for we are taught that we "should live soberly, righteously, and Godly in this present world." Verse 13 expresses the climax of the plan—the hope of eternal life which is co-existent with the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The message of the evening was one of inspiration and blessing. The speaker drew many practical lessons from the woman who pressed through the crowds and touched the hem of the Saviour's garment. Like so many sin-cursed souls, she had spent her time and means seeking help from earthly physicians, only to find herself in a worse condition. She could not cure herself, so when everyone else failed, she abandoned them and went to Jesus with implicit faith in the Master's healing ability. She did not wait for opportunity to present itself; she pressed through the crowd until she was able to touch his clothes. And lo! in a moment her faith in Christ had accomplished more than all the physicians during her twelve years of suffering. Oh that more to-day, instead of thronging him, might seek to touch His clothes and to realize the joy of a complete cure of the sin disease.

That Spinster Feed

Some of us are not sure as yet just what the Spinsters had in mind relative to the feed that they put up for the bachelors (so called at the party), but some of us will never forget the feed itself. There was absolutely nothing mediocre about it. It was another of those good times that the College Seniors are known to have quite often. The toasts by some of the bachelors were good, but the eats cooked by the Spinsters were better.

Last Friday evening at 5:30, as per invitation, practically every boy of the Senior College class wended his way to the Long residence. All the spinsters were there, and besides, there were pleasant aromas from the kitchen to greet one. Two large tables, decorated of course with beautiful reminders of the Thanksgiving season, were placed end to end. Most everyone enjoys chicken, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, warm biscuits with rich gravy,—but why go further? Between courses such topics as "Senior Privileges" and "Co-education" were discussed by some bachelors who positively couldn't get down to the low level of talking after being up so far in palatal delights.

And just to be economical the party broke up before 8:00.

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EDITORIAL

The Spirit of Thankfulness

We are fast approaching the day of the year when the American people are supposed to set everything aside and offer thanks to God for the manifold blessings bestowed upon us throughout the preceding year. It is certainly fitting that such a day be set apart from all other days to praise the One who has brought the sunshine, the rain, and has made everything upon the earth to grow and bring forth their fruit.

We in America certainly are fortunate. If there is plenty anywhere in the world, we have it. Let us be frank and compare our situation with that of another Nation less fortunate. In the Bible lands, commonly known as the Near East, there are over a million orphans. The children do not know what it is to enjoy a good meal, and many of them are without proper clothing. The Near East Relief daily feed 35,000 besides furnishing them with clothing and shelter. But look at the countless number, whom they are not able to reach on account of funds. This Thanksgiving day, when you sit down to your splendid dinner, just pause for a moment and compare your menu with that of these orphans. Theirs will be something along this order: a stew, bread, apricots, and cocoa. Then remember the number who will not even have that.

As we return thanks to our Almighty God let us remember the Golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them. Certainly if we each endeavor to do our part in carrying out the Golden Rule, it will revolutionize human relationship, as the application of electrical science has transformed modern life. Then and only then will we feel the true spirit of thankfulness.

Thanksgiving and What it Should Mean to Each of Us

In order to understand the true significance of Thanksgiving, it is necessary that we have an idea of its history. It has been said that the history of Thanksgiving started many centuries ago. Also, that this Day had its beginning in several different sources.

It is interesting to know that the "Feast of the Tabernacles", observed by the Hebrews many hundreds of years ago, was a day of harvest festival. This feast lasted for seven days. During this time the people left their homes and lived on fruits and nuts of trees. The seventh day was set apart for sacrifices. The Greeks also had a Thanksgiving Day, at which time they offered up thanks to the God of Harvest, Demeter.

Then in our mother country, England, we find "The Harvest Home," which comes in September. This day was almost as popular as Christmas and May Day. During the reign of queen Elizabeth, no servile labor was allowed and a penalty was attached to anyone doing so.

In our own beloved country, it is needless to say, we celebrate Thanksgiving on the last Thursday in November. Until 1863, however, the president passed a proclamation appointing which day he thought best. The earliest harvest thanksgiving in America was kept by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in 1621. During the Revolution, congress recommended an annual, Day of Thanksgiving.

Now that we have an insight into the history of Thanksgiving, let us consider briefly the significance. It is a day on which we should offer up thanks for the mercies of the past year which our God and Creator has bestowed upon us. I am sure there is no one who can say that God has not been merciful to them. He has not only been merciful to us, but he has blessed us abundantly. He has given us great privileges, abilities, and opportunities. The greatest gift is his Son, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then we have been given life, and life more abundantly. Moreover, we have the privilege of serving others, and helping them on to greater things. In other words, "Let us rise, and lift others with us."

Therefore, friends, let us remember that on the last Thursday in November, it is our duty, it is our privilege, to thank God for what he is continually doing for us. Let this be a day of true and sincere Thanksgiving.

Have You Heard That

Rev. David Anderson is home for several weeks.

Mr. Wilfred Sproll of Fillmore, is clerking in Cronk's store.

Rev. George Clark spent several days in Hornell, recently.

Alice Davis called on Mr. and Mrs. George Clark Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William Calkins are enjoying a new Freed-Eisamen radio.

Mrs. Clyde Rathbun and family have moved into Mrs. Hazelett's house.

President and Mrs. Luckey and Robert Luckey were in Buffalo Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Luckey, of Black Creek, spent Sunday with President and Mrs. Luckey.

Mr. Mark Bedford, a former Houghton student who is teaching in Belfast, was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kunz of Nunda, called on their father, Julius Kunz, at M. C. Cronk's, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Warner, representative of the International Bible House, spent Tuesday and Wednesday in town.

Gladys Fawcett, a former Houghton student is taking training as a nurse in the hospital at Blossburg, Pa.

Rev. and Mrs. Clyde Sumner of Mooers, are the parents of a baby girl, Alice Katherine, born November fourteenth.

Word has been received from Prof. and Mrs. Hazelett announcing the arrival of a son on Nov. 16, named Richard William.

Rev. and Mrs. Stanley Lawrence of Mooers, N. Y. are the parents of a baby girl, Majorie Rose, born November eleventh.

Dean and Mrs. Fancher took their daughter Gwendolyn, to the Warsaw Hospital Tuesday, where she had her tonsils removed.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Woodhead and children, Augusta May, Wayne, and Evelyn, of Olean spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodhead.

President and Mrs. Luckey attended a reunion of the Luckey family at Short Tract. The reunion was in honor of the eightieth birthday of Samuel Luckey.

Miss Kennedy of Hume is assisting Mrs. F. H. Wright with the housework. Mrs. Wright has been suffering from erysipelas, but is some what improved.

Rev. and Mrs. Pitt returned from Cleveland, Ohio, where they have been visiting their daughter Winifred, who is taking training in the Western Reserve Hospital.

Rev. L. H. Moore Speaks in Chapel

We usually look forward to Friday morning as the time when some surprise is in store for us at about Chapel time. Last Friday, Rev. Luther Moore of Cananda made us a visit and took charge of the devotional exercises. He read from his favorite chapter in the Bible I Cor. 13.

Since Armistice Day was just past his talk took a patriotic nature. He read for us two original poems, one entitled "Peace" and the other "Old Glory". Several other selections of a serious and humorous nature were read. He closed his talk with another selection dedicated to "Memorial Day".

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John Kluzitt

As the Home of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution, historical Philadelphia needs no introduction to the average American citizen and liberty-loving foreigner. Pictures of Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell; Congress Hall and Carpenter's Hall, where first met the Continental Congress; Christ Church, now famous especially because of Washington's Pew and Franklin's Grave; Old Swede's Church; the Betsy Ross House; Grant's Log Cabin, and William Penn's Letitia Street House—all represent Philadelphia to every man, woman and school child through out our broad land.

However, this City has not remained as a place of historical interest alone. Spreading beyond its colonial aspiration, it has kept pace with the wealth and the industrial life of the nation until it is now acknowledged "the world's greatest workshop and the world's greatest city of homes." Picture with me, on the one hand a metropolis teeming with industry. There is the factory with its hordes of workers—grimy, sweaty and weary after grinding their day away that the nation may be properly clothed, fed and sheltered. Hosts of mechanics, skilled to their tasks, pass before us, wholly intent upon the needs at hand. Office worker, banker, and merchant, salesman and messenger boy—Philadelphia hires them all! Annually, manufactured goods are produced that are valued in the billion of dollars. The skilled labor required to fill the hundreds of different lines of employment number into the hundreds of thousands. In consequence of the thrift, which has been characteristic of Philadelphia since the days of its Founder, William Penn, a host of prosperous and growing savings institutions have arisen. It has been estimated that there is approximately an account for every fourth person in the city, aggregating deposits of three hundred fifteen millions of dollars. Yes, Philadelphia is "the world's greatest workshop."

To obtain the other view, visit with me the dwellings of our two million citizens. Altogether, there are approximately four hundred thousand homes to shelter the city's inhabitants. Every home is within walking distance of a public park or a square, in fact, there are over one hundred parks scattered throughout the City. According to statistics, Fairmount Park, the largest division of the city's Park System, which totals nearly seven thousand acres, is the largest park with in the limits of any city in the world. Our school children number about 500,000, our churches one thousand, our civic societies fourteen hundred, and our public libraries about thirty-two. Free music is afforded by the City: supported bands and orchestras supplemented by other public entertainment at the City's expense. What other city can compare with Philadelphia as the metropolis of industry and homes. Truly, Philadelphia is "the world's greatest workshop and the world's greatest city of homes."

Practical Education

Imitation of Carlyle

We have undertaken to discourse here somewhat upon the subject of educating the masses, than which subject a pro-founder or interestinger topic the public of the present is not called upon to face. It is profitable that some item of interest engages itself in the minds of the readers in order to stimulate those processes of the intellect which are necessary and conducive not only to an intelligent and

unbiased judgement upon affairs of present moment, but also to an earnest and indispensable correction of unprecedented evils toward whose dismal abyss society, at the present moment, seems to be heading at a rate which would indicate that only an unusual mental awakening to the necessities of the present crisis would prevent a lamentable cataclysm. The false ideal of the present moment offer a subject of reflection which is not to be escaped by a simple dismissal from the mind. A large topic; indeed, one which offers a limitless field to those tireless Great Men which have been called forth by the strenuous times of the Past; but which society, in these ages of Valetism and Quackery, is not able to recognise. To often, in the realm of Education, insincere small men and quacks have been promoted to the pinnacle of the administrative offices, while the sincere Great Men have been relegated to the scrap heap.

The crime wave which is making this country a spectacle of abomination and lowering its standards of morals and ideals far below those to be found in the heart of darkest Africa, has its roots in the black soil of shameless false prophetism. For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacrilegious offensiveness in the very fact that we have removed ourselves so far from worship; worship of God, and worship of heroes. The present education system explains too little by too much explanation. The very miracles of Nature and of God have ceased to be regarded as miracles; everything has been reduced to a simple scientific fact. The scientists do not seem to be able to realize the fact that their deep-sounding phrases and unintelligible jumble of words cannot account for a drop of water or a blade of grass, let alone worlds and universes.

The incredible hypothesis of sham worship and quackish education are being maintained on all sides with fierce emphasis. Well they may! They strive to uphold their false teachings by loud shouting in order to hide the shallowness of their intellects. Man's progress has an essential truth in it which even these poor intellects might grasp if they would but expend the energy to search it out, which they now spend in the mad and foolish bellowings. I say, start with a truth, and no vain expostulations will be necessary to prove it. Every correct and sincere utterance or precept will acquire might in its progress. Better for some of these educators not to attempt to explain the inexplicable, than to waste their energies in vain expostulations. They could better shroud-up their tremors and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of Silence, even of Stolidity.

Let us return, I say, to a system of teaching which is more in accordance with Applied Christianity; to the Whole Duty of Man, not to any such passive Half Duty as our savants are proclaiming at present! The antiquated Mythuses of the past are more desirable than some of the absurd Hypotheses now. Let us cease this Plenary Inspirational struggling, and suchlike: Partial Inspiration can be obtained more easily! Some things man cannot explain; better for him that he does not attempt to explain. Let us each struggle for convictions; then we can convert them into conduct. All speculation is of itself formless; only experience can be fashioned into a system of action as a model for future guidance. Let us overthrow these false teachers which beset us, and return to a state of Worshipfulness of Sincerity.

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President

Houghton, New York

Sparks From a Joke-smith's Anvil

Bob Hess (studying Sophomore English): "If you get all this in my head I'll have it in a nutshell all right."

Remark: "The Sophomore fellows ought to raise VanDyke beards hadn't they?"

"Huh! Foxie and Stan would have to use eye-brow pencil."

Ho—"Oh I think Stan has to shave—"V" said so."

More Soph. Eng.

"Poe's Raven—"

"He's not the only one."

Orators are people who think rapidly through the mouth.

Father—My boy, it's costing me a lot of money for your studies.

Son—I know it, dad, and I don't study very hard either.

The Star Staff is a group that believe in truth. We are of the opinion that two hundred of the old students of this institution could easily be classed in this column as some of the best jokes out.

We will save the students the embarrassment of having their names in print, providing they will keep their eyes and ears open and report to the editor of this column, all clean, live-jokes.

No, I wouldn't say that she's crosseyed, but her eyes are apparently so beautiful that they can't help looking at each other.

The Rock Pile

First Guest—These cakes are as hard as stone.

Second Guest—Sure, didn't you hear her say, "take your pick" when she passed them around?

Not Quite Time

Guest—I suppose I can sit here until I starve?

Waiter—Hardly that, sir. We close at 11 o'clock.

"Mary, I'm thinking of marrying again. Them pore cows uv mine hav'nt known the touch uv a woman's hand since Martha died."

Believed in Signs

"What's this about you and Harold being arrested for breaking a traffic law?"

"Yes! Can you imagine? And we were only stopping under a sign that said "Fine for Parking."

Did You—

Ever see a stone step?

Or a sardine box?

Or an apple turn over?

Or a peanut stand?

Accommodating Druggist Wins Girl's

Lasting Faith

A fair young thing walked into a Lawrence, Mass., drug store and told the clerk to fix up a dose of castor oil and to mix something with it to take the taste away. The clerk went to the back of the store, and coming out again asked the lady if she would like a glass of soda. She accepted the invitation and drank the beverage. Then she asked: "Where is the castor oil?" The clerk smiled triumphantly and said: "You've taken it. I mixed a fearful dose with the soda." The girl turned pale, sank into a chair and gasped: "Heavens, I wanted it for father."

Foaward! God's One Direction

Continued from Page 1

The possibility of obtaining the \$1600 rests entirely on God's children, on their faith and willingness to help. "The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine" saith our Leader. Because of this fact and because He has told us to ask largely, we dare to venture this exploit for Him. Does God want the Houghton students to cease in their evangelistic efforts? This question is answered by the fact that God has only one way and that is ahead, never backward nor around, but through, victoriously through! We wish

neither to be rash, nor reckless, nor extravagant, but we do desire earnestly to be led by God. Consequently, we do not ask you to give contrary to your best judgement; yet we do ask you, God's friends and ours, to co-operate with us in prayer whether you feel led to give or not.

You, who have so kindly and generously pledged, don't forget that your pledges ought to be in by November 25. Besides, make the intervening days from now until then count for God because filled with prayer and participation in His interests.

Athenian Literary Society

The Athenians' certainty that the well known and popular "Steese Gang" would give them an attractive and entertaining program was proven by their splendid attendance, there being the largest crowd of the season. The scene was that of a northern wood's camp, with a bonfire and a crescent moon. "Scottie" referred to the latter saying, "Think of all those we had in Houghton and they never did us any more good than a lump of wood". Ten years had passed and the old "Steese Gang" (with the exception of "Baldy" and "Flop-ears") were gathered about the camp-fire reminiscing about their college days at Houghton. From action about the camp one would think old "Two-jerks" Hussey was about the laziest of the entire gang. At least the blankets seemed more alluring to him than the traps. "Mal Slader's" and "Pete's" actions however would lead one to believe they were not far behind when it came to requiring sleep. "Baldy's" and "Flop-ears" appearance caused great jubilee among the rest of the gang. Their experiences in France as related in the moonlight, proved most entertaining although it is doubtful whether they adhered strictly to the truth in relating said experiences. Even the gang themselves cannot say whether it was "Baldy's" clumsiness that caused him to fall over a cliff and injure a noticeable yet not very important member of his anatomy or whether it was "Cod-liver" Christy's beebee gun that caused the damage. Had the audience not identified the Steese Gang's "physog", they would have recognized them when they sang those well-known songs which very often reverbrate across the campus during study hours at the Dorm. Every Athenian votes this program "A Howling Success"

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