

Sophomores Boys are School Champions

For the second time this school year the Sophomores maintained their position as the best class basketball team in Houghton against the Seniors.

This victory was more decisive than the other, but the game did not belong to the Sophomores until the last part of the last half.

Neither team played as well as when they have appeared on the floor against other teams. The old rivalry between these teams, this game being the last of the series, and a wildly cheering crowd that was very strong for the Seniors, brought to play a nervous tension in both teams that did not permit the freedom of action, the swift, effective pass-work, and the enjoyment of the game that deserves the highest commendation.

At the very start the Seniors secured a good lead of some eight or ten points with almost faultless shooting in the first few minutes. Howland appeared in a new position for him at center, but the usual luck was not with him. Scott, Steese and Donahue kept the gain in the bag for the Seniors during the first half.

At the beginning of the third quarter the Sophomores had a lead of three points to make up. They did not get started until late in the third quarter. From then until the last of the game Dyer, Lane and Fox were beginning to get down to some real basketball, working together for several goals which gave them the game at 31-23.

A class championship series it held next year will probably be between the Sophomores and Juniors of that year. The Freshmen of this year with a year's working together will place higher undoubtedly than they did this year.

Pass! Pass! Pass!

Prior to the year 1905 basket ball might truly have been termed indoor football, so rough had it become. Invented in 1892 by Dr. Naismith of the Y. M. C. A. training school in Springfield, Mass., we find the first great epoch of its history closing in 1905. By that time it had already passed thru the stages of nine, then seven, and finally five man team and from peach basket to iron hoop baskets.

I said a five man team: well they were theoretically. That is there were five men on the team but it was a sort of five to one combination. The man who was lucky enough to get the ball was for the time being the team. Immediately he would start up the floor for a dribble with all the men of the opposition endeavoring to stop him. Passing to a team mate seldom entered into his head. All he could see was the basket somewhere at the other end of the court. Those were the days a player could not depend on cleverness; he must have strength. The game was a fight and nothing else.

In 1905 a coach with a little more foresight than the rest suddenly conceived that there were five men on the team and that a team of five men could advance the ball up the floor by passing it from one to another infinitely better and faster than one individual who dribbled. Putting his idea immediately into practice (I think in the University of Pennsylvania) he won a championship the first year.

(Continued on Page Four)

Library Concert

One of the most pleasing entertainments held at Houghton College during the year is the Library Benefit Program. This program is prepared and given by the combined Music and Oratory Departments. This year a very pleasing program is being prepared and will be given on Friday evening, February 25, at 8 o'clock. To this all the friends of Houghton are cordially invited.

"Boulder" Work Advancing

Pictures Nearly All Taken

From now on to the close of the school year a great deal of effort will be concentrated upon the 1927 *Boulder* in order that the book which bears that name shall indeed be worthy of the school which it represents. For the past few days the photography work has been rapidly nearing completion. About seventy-five individual pictures and ten groups have been snapped which will leave only about twelve pictures to be taken during the latter part of March.

The *Boulder* staff has selected a beautiful, unique cover for the coming book, and has planned several new features which should prove to be interesting. The first aim of the annual is wholly planned, and by the first of the month will undoubtedly be in the hands of the printers.

We wish to express our appreciation to the student body for the kind co-operation which they have manifested, and sincerely hope that by May twenty-fourth we may place in the hands of each student and many alumni a copy of the best *Boulder* that has ever been published. We are now waiting for the alumni and old students' subscriptions. There are also some in the student body who have not as yet subscribed. Remember, our subscription manager is now Merrill Lindquist. Students, and old students, mail your two dollars immediately.

Delightful Social Hour

Last Friday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. J. S. Luckey, about fifty of the ladies of Houghton village and those connected with the school enjoyed a most delightful social hour together. The spirit of companionship and friendliness which prevailed made those who were present feel that such occasional times of social fellowship are very helpful as well as pleasant. They are especially helpful here because the work in which many are engaged tends to keep them from becoming acquainted with each other. During the afternoon both foreign and local talent furnished an enjoyable program. The foreign talent entertained by means of the radio. The home talent consisted of Mrs. C. A. Ries, Miss Mildred Gillett and Miss Bertha Rothermel, who furnished a piano solo, a vocal solo and a concert of readings, chosen to give a glimpse into many kinds of homes. At the close of the hour a delicious lunch was served.

The event was under the auspices of the Anna Houghton Daughters.

—Library Concert, February 25, 1927—

Sweet Hour of Prayer

The last student's prayer meeting before the revivals was characterized by a burden of prayer for those who are out of the fold of God and not yielded to his will. The scripture lesson brought from I Samuel 12:22-23 by Miss Dyer showed the responsibility placed upon each of us to be faithful in prayer. "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." The hymn "Sweet Hour of Prayer" brought again to our minds that prayer is not only a responsibility but a sacred trust and privilege. It is a time of blessed communion with the Father in which we learn how to co-operate with Him in soul winning. This week's service was truly a sweet hour of prayer.

When we sang "Rescue the Perishing" we felt a call from God to labor, work and pray for the salvation of precious souls who are without God. Let us answer the call and be much in definite prayer.

Molyneux Valentine Party

Saturday evening a group of girls were excitedly hunting shattered hearts when the unexpected entrance of a male aggregation ended the serenity of the evening. However "Jacob's" wild scramble to catch his elusive "Ruth" created laughable diversions for the disappointed females who thought they were going to have a delightful Old Maidish evening. The "Gold Dust Twins" were fit subjects for the moviemaker's camera, and the two demure old fashioned ladies played their role to perfection. Likewise there were two sweet young things in white, wearing their hearts on their sleeves and a youngster with cur's.

Yetter couldn't fall clear into the fire place toasting marshmallows; but Densmore certainly succeeded in getting his toasting stick tangled up with everything and everybody. But if any one says Stevie can't consume sandwiches, jello, cake and cocoa, ask Mrs. Molyneux!

Several hearts were lost, but of course that was to be expected at a Valentine Party.

"Neosoph" News

The elected officers of the Neosophic Society for the coming semester are as follows: Pres.—Donald Furguson Vice Pres.—Thelma Grandall Sec.—Phyllis Estabrook Assistant Sec.—Aleda Avers Treasurer—Willard Smith Sergeant-at-arms—Erwin Mattoon Program Committee—Homer Fero

The program of the evening was pleasantly different from those of the past and it thus was a sample of what the future is to bring forth. The "Neosophs" have many enjoyable and profitable Monday evenings to look forward to.

After an opening song by the society, Elsie Cind took charge of the evening's devotionals. Our new president, Donald Furguson, then gave us some valuable information in an informal little speech entitled, "What the Neosophic Society has Accomplished Last Semester and What it should Accomplish." Following this interesting number we received some good advice from Cosette Phillips in a tale on "proper Conduct in a High School Society." To refreshen our memories and remind us concerning the standards of our society and her laws and rules, Ethelvn Lupton read our Neosophic Constitution. Willard Smith then gave the final number of the evening's program which was in the form of a delightful piano solo. Miss Rothermel was critic of the evening and in her humorous and yet serious report gave us many helpful pointers and suggestions that we shall endeavor to put into practice. This was the first meeting we "Neosophs" had been privileged to enjoy the presence of the Misses Rothermel and Burnell (Inc.) in our midst. Come again "Twins".

Mission Study Class

Topic: China.

Prayer: Harold Webb, Paul Steese.

Life of General Feng: Viola Roth. "Wherever he went, he witnessed for Christ." "His soldiers are not bandits like other soldiers, but Christians in truth and deportment."

Viewpoint of a Chinese: Blanche Gearhart. Grievances: (1) extra territorial rights of foreigners; (2) ruling of Shanghai which is 90% Chinese by a non-Chinese Committee; (3) tariff. Two of his strong statements: "Americans have preached Christ, yet the Chinese and others have not seen the effects." "It is not easy to follow Christ in China."

Short discussion of present current events led by Miss Sartwell.

The next service which will occur after revival meetings, shall consist of a study of the Moslem world, conducted by the Student Volunteers.

W. M. Church Announcements

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

Another Precious Sabbath in Houghton

Whenever the preacher gets God's will concerning his messages, the Holy Spirit honors the truth. On Sunday morning, February 6, 1927, our pastor, as usual, gave us a God-directed message on the Spirit-filled life. Acts 19:2 contained the question of the text. The subject was in line with the desires already created in many hearts, hence the thought that God is able to bring his Spirit to one seeking the baptism. An indubitable witness of the gracious work, when performed, brought comfort and inspiration to those who were seeking.

It is evident that Jesus planned for his disciples as he plans for each of his followers. These disciples learned that they could not carry out the Master's plans for them without the power he had provided for them in Pentecost. Jesus had never suggested to his disciples a service on a lower plane than this.

Three things are involved as the result of being with Jesus: (1) A knowledge of the fact that they must become Spirit filled to do the work given them in the field of service.

(2) A conviction that it was their privilege to receive the Holy Ghost. This was not a reasoned conclusion. The human reason must be subject to the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit can take one a step beyond the place attained by reason. I Cor. 2:9-10.

(3) A complete yielding to God to be made holy and to be set just where God wants one. The seeker finally reaches the place where all he has to do is to tarry and receive the blessing. No new faith is required to receive our inheritance in holiness.

Sunday evening. Text, Rev. 1:7.

As previously announced the pastor spoke concerning the second coming of Christ. He stated that the exigency of his coming is on us now even though he tarry through many years. The spirit of devotion is a necessary requisite to the knowledge of this truth. One must believe all that Moses and the prophets did write. Only those who knew the first advent of Jesus before the event took place knew the event when it did take place. The same will be true at the second advent.

A brief comparison of the two advents reveals startling contrasts. In the first coming he was rejected by kings, government, and civil authorities. At the second coming he will be King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The joy attending his first advent will be changed to sorrow when he comes again. Compare Luke 2:10-14 with II. Thes. 1:7-10. The weakness and suffering of the first will be changed to power and great glory. Compare Isaiah 53: with Rev. 19:10,11. The second advent will mark a time of great separation. See Matt. 24:37-41; Luke 17:26-30.

God set his seal on the services of the day by giving twelve of our young people a vision of their privilege in the gospel. A precious altar service witnessed the power of the Holy Spirit as he faithfully deals with the honest hearts.

We are on the eve of a mighty revival. God is with us and we have no fears. May great grace be poured out upon us all.

Prof. F. H. Wright

Athenian Society

Monday, February 7, 1927.

The following officers were elected:

President,	Ellsworth L. Brown
Vice President	Paul A. Roy
Secretary	Martha Loyer
Treasurer	Faith McKinney

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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EDITORIAL

"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Isaiah 53:5.

Of late we have often heard the prayer—"God send us a gracious revival." Certainly we cannot doubt God's willingness to answer this prayer, providing we do our part. I believe during some period in the life of every individual the great God speaks clearly and definitely to the soul of every man. The question is left to him whether or not he will follow that voice. If the voice of God, or we might say the call, is answered in the affirmative His spirit will come into that life and thus make it fuller, richer and deeper, not only to himself but to his fellow men. A negative answer to the voice of God often means a ruined life, a life of sorrow and one spent in gain of worldly pleasure and knowledge. For a time the individual may seem prosperous but Jesus said "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal, for where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

A revival is a time in which decisions are often made, either for or against Christ. Christian student are you filling the place that God would have you fill? Is some unsaved soul judging Christianity by your life? True it is that people ought to judge Christian standards by the principles and precepts layed down by Jesus in his precious ministry here on earth, but they don't. No, the unsaved are largely looking to the example of the Christian, therefore let us let Christ have full sway in every detail of our life.

Our unsaved friends often point to the failure of others as their reason for not accepting Christ. This certainly is a discouraging attribute, but man's failure is no reason why God should fail in filling his mission. Let us face the question of life fairly and squarely for surely after all it is a serious one. Stop and reason for a time and you cannot help but see the reasonableness of a life hid away with Christ.

WHAT CAN PRAYER DO?

What can prayer do? Those who have not learned the privilege of prayer ask that question with a sarcastic tone—as much as to say, "Why waste your time in that way?" But those who have an experimental knowledge of prayer are conscious of deriving from their communion with God immeasurable benefits. They know that prayer is answered. They have prayed in darkness and have found light; they have prayed in sorrow and have found joy; they have prayed in weakness and strength has come.

Prayer brings us into the very presence of the Almighty where we find forgiveness, calm security, and sweet communion. Prayer enables us to enjoy fellowship with friends who are many, even thousands of miles away. We have one common meeting place—the throne of grace.

"Prayer changes things." We feel that prayer has charged the atmosphere of Houghton in the last two or three weeks. God has been answering the prayers of the Christians, first, by searching their own hearts and second, by working on unsaved hearts. We have had a proof of the statement that "the evangelist does not bring the revival in his traveling bag, but it is prayed down." for did not the revival spirit begin in our midst this year before the evangelist arrived? This is due we believe, to the earnest praying of the Christians and their obedience to God's voice.

If God continues to work in the hearts of our unsaved friends, it will be because men continue to pray. Hudson Taylor said, "Move men through God by prayer alone." The earnest prayers going up from the church, the dormitories, and the college does much to bring conviction upon the unsaved. God's promises are sure and has he not said "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much?"—James 5:16.

The best way to answer the question "What can prayer do?" is to pray in faith and let God work. If each of the Christians would pray definitely for at least one soul, God would work wonders in our midst. Though we cannot all sing, play, or preach, we can all pray and God will enrich our lives if we do. We believe with the poet,

"Yes, God hears and answers prayers today
In the same old fashioned way."

I Resolve

To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!

To see to it that I grow and gain and give!
Never look behind me for an hour!
To wait in weakness and to walk in power!
But always fronting onward toward the light
Always and always facing toward the right,
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray—
On with what strength I have
Back to the way! Charlotte P. Gilman.

Have You Heard That

Professor Ries motored to Rochester Saturday.

Mrs. P. B. Loftis, who has been ill, is improving.

Mrs. George Clarke is recovering from her recent illness.

Rev. David Anderson spent the week-end with friends in Nunda.

The library has just received thirty eight new volumes for the oratory department.

Joe Hortan has returned to school after being absent several weeks on account of illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Silsbee and son, Lavorne of Cohocton spent Sunday with relatives here.

Rev. J. J. Coleman, president of Central College, Central, South Carolina, has been visiting his grandson, Robert Coleman Merideth.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams have returned to their home in Marion, Indiana after spending a few days with their daughter, Mrs. Herman Baker.

Miss Verna Stear, pastor of Middlefield, Ohio, church, and a former student here, is spending ten days with friends and attending revival services.

Wilbur Clark took the Ladies Quartet, composed of Merrill Linquest, Luella Roth, Goldie Davison, and Viola Roth to Batavia Sunday. The quartet sang at both the morning and evening services of the Wesleyan Church.

Mr. E. G. Dietrich of Syracuse, president of the Board of Trustees of Houghton College was operated upon last week for appendicitis. We are glad to hear that Mr. Dietrich's condition, though still serious, is somewhat improved.

Library Concert, February 25, 1927

Brother of Mine!

Although it has been my lot to have the opportunity for close study of the "genus trater" his mental processes and purpose are as inexplicable to me as is the ecstasy with which a hen greets a worm. Not long ago this particular brother seemed to regard the bathroom much as a condemned man regards the gallows. He insists that soap in his ears, even around the outer edges, which surely seemed a safe distance from the center, would eventually cause deafness. He evidently felt that a coating of dirt should be worn as a protection against chill winds and warm ones as well.

But at length hope began to dawn in the heart of his feminine relatives. He would occasionally wash without undue prodding. He began to comb his hair. Then suddenly he took up his abode in the bathroom. In vain did the rest of the family beat upon the locked door. The older members warned him of the dangers of selfishness. The younger ones taunted him with the name of "sheik" and swore they would muss his hair up if he made them late for school. He deliberately removes the toothbrush from his mouth and callously tells them to go to the kitchen sink.

I learn from other sisters that this exasperating condition is not uncommon.

One cannot appeal to the moral sense of a being who shows no signs of possessing such a thing.

Mental persuasion is equally hopeless; he cares no more for logic than does a mule.

Emely Derby.

Snarks From a Joke-smith's Anvil

Margaret Loftis (speaking about house-keeping) When I keep house, I am going to have all high-chairs

Prof. Wright (In Educational Psychology class) When I was married, I spent my last ten dollars for a marriage license. I don't know anybody who ever started with less than that.

Crocker (jumping to his feet,—I beat you, Prof. I borrowed the ten dollars.

Resourceful

Mr. Newlywed—Darling, did you sew that button on my coat?

Mrs. Newlywed—No, sweetheart, I Couldn't find a button, but it's all right now. I sewed up the button-hole.

It is much harder to live down a bad reputation than it is to live up to a good one.

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Harvey Jennings

A son at college wrote to his father: "No
mon, no fun, your son."
The father answered: "How sad, too bad,
your dad."

A dentist pulled a young man's tooth
A pin was in the chair;
He felt the pain, and cried, "O, doc,
Do the roots go down to there."

Our Genesee!

The following poem was written by Miss E.
L. Parsons of Mount Morris, for the twenty-
eighth annual dinner of the Society of the Ge-
nesee, which took place at the Hotel Commo-
dore, Perry, N. Y., on Jan. 24th. Miss Par-
sons, it will be remembered, taught French for
a few weeks here at the beginning of last year.

The sun may shine on many a spot
Where ignorant folk have cast their lot;
They dwell at ease
Where are no trees,
No streamlets rambling o'er the land,
And nothing higher than your hand.
Well, that is not the way with me!
My cabin near the Genesee.

When'er the rover spin a yarn
Of wondrous views, of foreign tarn,
I call to mind
That none will find
More pleasing sights than nature shows,
To friendly eyes, or those of toes,
Within the vale where wander free
The waters of our Genesee.

A devious course those waters take,
From southern heights to northern lake,
They haste along
With varying song,
Now murmuring through a valley choice,
Now rushing on with joyous voice
To leap, with a tempestuous glee,
The cataracts of our Genesee.

Our fertile plains, our upland mead,
Are unexcelled—the world's agreed.
Here's Paradise!
Gem without a price!
We glory in the rich supply
Of treasures rare beneath our sky.
And boastful say, "There cannot be
A country like our Genesee!"

What I Have Learned in 1926

As I look over the year that just passed and
attempt to enumerate the gains of lasting val-
ue that have come to me, I can see the steps
I have taken for advancement, and, let me say,
the significance of those steps can never be
minimized. I may slide back into old customs,
old thoughts and actions but never can I en-
tirely remove from the crannies of my mind
the impressions which time and thought have
put there. Unconsciously the brain has been
the subject of impressions which cannot be
erased.

The active mind will soon forget what verbs
take e or a or i in Latin; what the varied angles
in geometry are named. This is to be expect-
ed. But the lessons learned in concentration
and perseverance are carried through life,
used in the everyday problems until a bright
and keen mentality puts an edge on the mind.
Already I have felt the growth of the body
within the shell. Metamorphosis is slowly
taking place, developing a consciousness of
newer worlds.

Will I ever go under the blue sky at night
and, while gazing into the heights of the hea-
vens, forget the wonder of the workings of the
infinite universe far beyond the abutty of any
mortal to conceive or appreciate? It is at
those moments that I have an ever increasing
respect and reverence for my Maker and Mas-
ter who made all. Yet man, a mere atom in
comparison to the whole, is little lower than the
angels in the Great Master's plan. It has
made the petty things of life grow ever smaller
and more insignificant under the broadening
outlook which confronts the ever-expanding
mind of man.

Never shall I be able to express the value
which the study and reading of literature has
brought to me. Measure the height to which
a soul in gladness can soar or the depth to
which it can sink in despair; express the thrill
in the song of the lark at early morn or the
gentle and diverting twitter of a swallow at
twilight; describe the glory of a sunrise or the
grandeur of a sunset; put to music the roar of
a waterfall or the tinkling of a tiny brook as
it dimples over mossy stones and swirls
through swirling eddies. Then when I whis-

per that a master of language or a painter of
word pictures can do these things, I remem-
ber that they have done them for me.

Companionship has meant more to me in
the past year than I can express. Perhaps it
is because I have missed the old friends, that I
have turned more eagerly to the new, hoping
to find there the same comradeship, peace and
understanding which abounded in the old.
I have not been disappointed for the friend-
ships formed here are, I feel sure, to follow me
through life. Whenever I meet one of these
dear people in the future I will know the
meaning of a true friend. I will not need to
smile with my lips while a question of insin-
cerity remains in my heart.

But the most I am thankful for in this
year in Houghton, the thing that has gone
deepest and will remain the longest is my closer
touch with God. Always I have revered
Him and worshiped Him, but now I feel the
sweet peace that comes to one whose soul has
come to the foot of the Cross and laid his all
at the feet of his Lord. I have learned to
trust, to have faith, to believe.

Pearl Weldon

—Library Concert, February 25, 1927—

"Ode to H. H."

O Houghton Hall's a great old place,
There's not another like it!
Its memories time can ne'er efface,
But back to Houghton Hall will race
From where on earth we hike it.
I've traveled east, I've traveled west,
A thousand miles or more;
But such a great old place for rest,
I've never struck before.
There's feathers on the easy chair,
The floor is turning gray,
The springs are out the sofa
Where we snooze from day to day.
The plaster's falling off the wall,
(It does not bother us at all—
We let 'er lay from spring to fall!)
The floor is swept but once a year,
The beds made once a week,
There's coats or shoes on every chair,
The wash-bowl has a leak.
The mattresses are losing hair,
The furniture is getting weak,
(One must sit down with care.)
We smash, each week, an old antique;
Full vengeance will the landlord wreak:
But, still, we like to room there!
When a mosquito comes around,
We simply catch and brand it!
The bed-bugs have all left for town—
They simply could not stand it!
O we consume a lot of grub,
We lose our shirts when e'er we scrub,
(Find 'em months later—in the tub!)
And when our monthly stipend's spent,
It does not bother our content,
We sell a stove to pay our rent,
And start another argument.
Between Ake's hymns and Moulton's jazz,
The organ gets no rest at all;
The neighbors give them both the razz
And underneath their beds they crawl
To shut the awful music out,
For there is none, however stout,
But what that music can appall!
The furniture is never dusted,
With rust the stove is nigh encrusted,
The plumbing features are all rusted;
The window panes are being busted,—
Which makes the Dean of Men disgusted.
The bedroom door is sticking tight,
The wardrobe is an awful sight,
And half the blooming lights won't light,
We have to hunt bedclothes at night,
And bathroom pipes are frozen quite.
The faculty are all beguiled,
The sinks with soot are all defiled,
There's ashes in the corner pile,
But, still, we like to room there!

—Library Concert, February 25, 1927—

Disgusted lady—Does your mother know
you smoke?

Small boy on the street—Say, does your hus-
band know you speak to strange men on the
street?

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VALENTINES

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J. S. Luckey, A. M., Pd. M.

President

Houghton, New York

Former Houghton Girl Found Hanging.

A fatal step may end the most happy life. The most cultured, refined, beautiful and best loved are no exception to the same fate. A father's devotion, a mother's fond care and love or a brother's or sister's companionship will not shield them when they desire to take the step.

Such was the illustration last Monday evening when one of the highest educated, most refined and vivacious girls was found hanging in the home parlor, surrounded by all the luxuries that go to make a happy life. Late in the evening she was missed and careful search failed to reveal her whereabouts.

The telephone was used without results. Her friends were called to help search for her. Finally the almost heartbroken mother returned to the parlor and there to her horror and surprise found her beloved girl hanging.

How must that mother have been affected by what met her gaze! There was that daughter hanging to her sweetheart's neck begging him to subscribe to the 1927 BOULDER in order that he might be better informed as to the College Life of Houghton, by reading the biggest, best, and brightest annual ever published in Houghton College and Seminary.

Attention, Students!

We have a swimming pool in our gymnasium at Houghton. This is conceded to be one of the finest indoor pools in this part of the state. In order to be eligible to the use of this fine pool our students took individual physical examinations. The results of these examinations are worth noting. There were about one hundred seventy-five candidates. One possessed a slight heart trouble, a few disclosed active skin disease of a temporary nature but not a single instance of any trace of disease due to impurity in moral life. The physician remarked that it would be difficult to find a cleaner group of young people anywhere.

Now why think of this at all? First I want to impress upon you young people to whom I have made reference that God and your parents have blessed you with wonderful possibilities. One cannot overestimate the value of a strong, healthy body. Treasure it, for when it is once broken down it is difficult to repair. Indeed, it may never be restored to a healthy condition. One's happiness and success are largely dependent upon good health.

But I especially exhort you to make that strong, young body a fit temple for the Holy Spirit by permitting Him to come in and make the soul sound and healthy. This will make it possible for you to owe to your Lord for service, yourself at your best. What a privilege is yours!

F. H. Wright

EXCHANGES

In the College of the City of New York, five of the instructors failed to receive passing grades when graded by students. Only ten of them received A's.

Taylor University, Indiana, has concluded a very successful revival campaign, which was an extension of the upland M. E. Church revivals.

Wheaton College is building a new \$75,000 addition to the present Main Building. It is to be called the Blanchard Memorial, in honor of the late Presidents, Jonathon and Charles Blanchard.

Gems of Thought

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts

And begin to count the blessings in your cup,

Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see

It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.

Then take this little rhyme,
Remember all the time:

There's joy aplenty in this world to fill life's silver cup

If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

The Year's First Valentine Party

Cupid is no respecter of persons! This was proven once again, (I suppose making a high-water mark of something above the billionth place), last Friday evening, February 4th, at the Long Dorm. There, after the strenuous basket-ball game in the gym had been captured by the Sophomores from the Seniors, and most of the enthusiasts had hied themselves to their books and studies, a Valentine party was given under the auspices of the Markee "Sorority". Apparently there were none who offered resistance to the wily darts of playful Cupid for everyone, "chaps" and their charges alike, was seen to have his or her heart pierced, it one may presume the badge which each wore was token of the state of the heart.

It was surprising to see the reasonableness of Cupid's choices when it became a matter of dividing the members of the party into couples at the time refreshments were served. We would not think of mentioning names, however, it was rather coincidental to see particular couples were paired by matching paper hearts.

The hour of parting came too soon—too soon, alas, for time to choose a spokesman from the large representation of budding orators among the guests. Finally, however, the spirit of appreciation was expressed in such a rousing cheer that all were assured that the party had been a success.

Greetings From Central College

Again the students of Houghton were favored by having the president of one of our sister colleges present at chapel. On Monday, Feb. 7, Rev. J. J. Coleman, President of Central College, brought to us the greetings from Central College. We were glad to hear that, although the student body is not as large as it has been in former years, there is much hope for her in the future.

The message of Rev. Coleman was instructive to every young person who is "building for character". Our lives should be made up of proper proportions of clean fun, honest work and sincere worship. If we thus shape our courses under the guidance of Jesus we will be fitted for life to come.

KEEP ME FROM TURNING BACK

My hand is on the plough my faltering hand;
But all in front of me is untilled land,
The wilderness and solitary place;
The lonely desert and its interspace
Dread husbandry and for the year of pain
What harvest have I? Only this paltry Grain,
These poor lean stocks, My courage is outworn.
Keep me from turning back,
The handles of my plough with tears are wet,
The shares of rust are spoiled, and yet - and -
yet -

My God! My God! keep me from turning back. Selected.

—Library Concert, February 25, 1927—

PASS! PASS! PASS!

(Continued from Page One)

From 1905-1927 the idea of "Pass the Ball" has never grown cold. This development should prove a valuable basket ball heritage to us in 1927. Pass! Pass! Pass that ball. It is echoed and reechoed by every basket ball coach in the land. It means more to a team than all the trick plays, scientific methods of attack and defense, and brilliant individual dribbling, that the team could ever perfect. How many times out of one hundred trials can you place the ball in exactly the correct spot for a team mate to make a perfect shot? Try it. Pass to the point of the chin for a lower pass throws the receiver off balance. Use two hands whenever possible. Few players are able to perfect more than one type of pass. Always use the same one—don't fool—practice and Pass! Pass! Pass! until you win.

(I had intended, as I said last week, to confine my efforts this week to a description of "The Pivot" but after being a privileged spectator at the contest between the "Frosh" and Sophomores, I felt constrained to change my article.)

"Dad" Tierney.