

THE HOUGHTON STAR

OFFICIAL STUDENT WEEKLY

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HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., MARCH 20, 1931

NUMBER 21

Jrs. Outweighed But Win Easily

Surprise for Early Arrivals

"If you come at ten minutes to seven, you'll see a great surprise"—and everyone having an enlarged bump of curiosity, a crowd awaited the "great surprise" with tense eagerness. Various guesses as to the nature of the surprise were suddenly hushed as a strange figure came limping slowly in. An old lady clad in sombre black, long black robes, black mitts on her hands one of which convulsively clasped a cane, the other clung tightly to a birdcage with its golden occupant swinging on its perch. On her back was a huge placard on which was printed "As you Think We Are." This figure slowly paced haltingly around the floor, pausing every little while to rest and peruse the little orange hand-book through her spectacles. The laughing, buzzing applause ceased rather abruptly as a long line of grave figures in cap and gown, wound slowly around the gym—on the back of the first was the sign "As We Were." Barely an instant after that, Zim, all in white with notice "As We Are" on her back, came rushing in leading Fritz who pranced gayly around the floor. Following her came *The Team* in suits—the climax of the whole affair. We have a very clever faculty, in case you weren't already aware of that fact. Next the piano stool assumed the place of honor in the center of the floor and Theda appeared tenderly carrying an inanimate mascot and placed him, in state on his throne. Then amid enthusiastic applause, the Junior dorm arrived gayly apparelled in sailor suits of various colors, pranced around their mascot, then paused and sang a delightful little ditty ending with a rousing cheer for the faculty after which brightly colored berets landed on the floor. They raced off amid peals of laughter. Yes, it was a great surprise and we surely enjoyed it!

The contest proved to be a very wild affair especially during the first half. During the later part of the game however both teams seemed to lose some of their pep due no doubt to over training. The Faculty had the edge on the Juniors as to weight but the Juniors early took the lead and maintained it throughout the game. Kissinger lead the scoring for the Juniors while Kate Cole and D. Burnell shared the entire scoring honors for the faculty. The score was 19-3 favorable to the Junior side.

MRS. STARK SURPRISED AT PARTY TUESDAY

Mrs. Stark surveyed her hitherto model husband in amazement Tuesday night when he said, "No! I'm not going to sit with you tonight!" Before the matter assumed the proportions of a martial rift thirty girls

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The Final Boulder Drive Begins

Fine Book Promised

The "Last-end" drive for Boulder Subscriptions is now in full swing. On Wednesday, Subscription Manager Paul Vogan turned his force of twelve Junior girls loose, armed with subscription blanks, and ordered them to "sell the last few books".

The Boulder Staff were unusually optimistic last fall when they made plans for the book—at least, from one standpoint. When the order for the amount of books went to the printer it stated that 400 would be found necessary to fill orders. Only once in Boulder history have that number been sold. However the report which has come to the STAR is that the alumni are exceptionally interested this year and a goodly number of books will go to them.

In the past, many of the students have waited until the annual has come out and then subscribed. Evidently the "financial repression" has not hit the college or the alumni or somebody, and it looks as though the first to subscribe will get books, and those who procrastinate will get left.

The Class of 1932 have told us repeatedly that this Boulder will be THE Boulder, but we have to stand for that every year about this time. They have promised us something new in themes. They say they have new scenes that will set everyone a talking. There is a new alumni section, a feature section which has never been tried before, and some advertisements that everyone will read.

The staff have a relieved look, so we take it that the copy is all in. Anyway, we are anxious to see the 1931 Boulder.

—HC—

Public Speaking Class Gives Debate

Prohibition Enforcement

Friday, the thirteenth and alcohol! What a potentially dangerous combination! Nevertheless the two were mixed before the eyes of the student body on that date when that most controversial topic was debated by Miss Rothermel's Public Speaking Class. On one side of the platform one could almost detect the shades of diminutive camels pacing back and forth. While not there in body, at least the dry "spirits" of these creatures gave support to the Negative. But as the students considered the Affirmative side they almost regretted that they had not brought umbrellas and rubbers to protect themselves from the flood of booze issuing from the twenty-five speak-easies back of the Savings Bank on the corner.

The question for discussion was "Resolved: that present enforcement of Prohibition in this country is harmful to a community." The Affirmative side was upheld by Inez

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Keuka College Glee Club Is Coming April 11

Japanese Girl Is Soloist

The Houghton College Men's Glee Club is pleased to announce to the students of the College and to the people of Houghton that they have secured for a concert the Keuka College Girls' Glee Club. The concert will be given on the evening of April 11.

The organization consists of a talented group of well trained and experienced voices. They are under the capable leadership of Miss MacQueen and come to us highly recommended so that we feel sure their varied program will meet the approval of those who hear it. For the past three years the Keuka Girls have sung over WHAM at Rochester. They have been extremely popular on the air.

The Glee Club has promised to come here for an exchange date with the Men's Glee Club of Houghton College later in the Spring.

The Men's Glee Club is convinced that this will be one of the outstanding concerts that Houghton will hear during this school year and they are desirous that every person shall avail himself of the extraordinary opportunity.

After the concert the Men's Glee Club will entertain at a reception in honor of our guests.

Miss Iko Tashiro, a native of Japan, will appear on the Keuka College Girls' Glee Club program, as a piano soloist. Miss Tashiro has won the favor of her many College friends as a very talented musician. Many times she has appeared as soloist in surrounding districts where she has gained equal recognition. Her part on the program will be one

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Henry R. Barnett Passes Away

The community was saddened by the sudden death of Henry R. Barnett on the evening of March 18. Although Mr. Barnett was not in good health, his death came as a shock since he had been able to be about town for some time.

Henry R. Barnett was born March 7, 1859 in Hortland, Niagara County, New York. During the early part of his life he lived on a farm on Chestnut Ridge near Lockport. In 1909 he came to Houghton to live. Mr. Barnett, who was converted in 1877, has been very active in the Camp Meetings held each summer in Houghton.

Mr. Barnett leaves to mourn his loss, besides his widow, two sons Wallace F. and Clarence H. and a great many friends. The Wesleyan Methodist Church and Houghton College lose a great friend in Mr. Barnett.

Fifth Lecture Course Is Coming Soon

Pres. Southwick Will Appear

Wednesday, March 25 the fifth number of the Lecture Course will be presented. An old friend is returning to Houghton to present this program. Dr. Henry Lawrence Southwick will appear at that time and give one of his matchless Shakespearian readings. Dr. Southwick has given two programs in Houghton previous to this appearance, as many of the faculty and upperclassmen will remember. No one who heard him will soon forget his masterful interpretation of "Julius Caesar" and "King Lear". This year President Southwick will present "Othello."

Dr. Southwick is President of the Emerson College of Oratory, and a distinguished classic teacher, orator and artist. He has won enviable distinction as a reader, especially in the interpretation of Shakespeare. The journalists in England and Scotland have praised him as well as the journalists throughout the United States. Such phrases as "immensely pleasing", "a literary treat", "without a peer", "Master in the art of expression and oratory" are to be found in many newspaper accounts. He is a man of broad culture, immensely alive and inspirational to those who hear him.

Each year President Southwick conducts a tour through England, for students from all parts of the United States, to visit, again and again, the shrines which have been dedicated to great men of letters.

Quoting from the Boston (Mass.) Times, "Mr. Southwick is a thorough Shakespearean scholar and a superb elocutionist . . . Lights and shades always harmonize. He has no tricks

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Gold Teams Have a Pancake Feed

Competition Extremely Keen

The Gold teams and their coaches appeared on the floor in the kitchen of Gaoyadeo Hall last Friday night for the final event of the Purple-Gold basketball series—a pancake feed. All of the members were in good trim for the occasion, having as a preliminary cheered strenuously for the faculty women and engaged in a game of their own, and when Professor and Mrs. Baker arrived the signal was acknowledged.

Everyone snapped into the spirit of the affair and did his very best to down the pancakes and sausages. Competition was keen, for a while, and the chefs never once lost sight of their goal till they had reached it. At the end of the half, each had transformed his feeling of hunger and pursuit into one of satisfaction and triumph.

The only casualty which threatened the progress of the group occurred when Syr Up Maple in his effort to escape found refuge on Aleda's lap

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Seniors Dine At Portageville

Neva Henry Wins Honors

Since the Senior class had decided that it was up to them to start the social season for the second semester, they set out Monday evening for Portageville where a delicious dinner awaited them at the Joyce Hotel. At seven, with President and Mrs. Luckey, Dean and Mrs. Fancher, Miss Bess Fancher, the class advisor and the honorary members, Mrs. Winnifred Tyler and Mrs. Charles Leffingwell, the Seniors sat down to a sumptuous four course dinner. Homer decided that he had met his Waterloo in the first course, but Professor Fancher dextrously conquered the enemy by skillful manipulations—he was trained in the war. During the next two courses which followed President Luckey succeeded in consuming a large number of that delicacy which comes all the way from Italy—to be exact, he ate four of them. True to his bent, the President propounded an extremely difficult mathematical problem which remained unsolved until Doris Lydia brilliantly gave the answer. President Luckey, with all his mathematical genius, failed to explain why the night falls but never breaks, and the day breaks but never falls.

After every one had made way with all the chicken and ice cream and cake that was set before him, a short informal program followed. The Senior male quartet—Marshall, Homer, Elmer, and Jim—sang the "Volga Boatman." Prof. Lavay Fancher made a few remarks concerning the methods of choosing class representatives for commencement. Then Jim Fisk played a trombone solo, and Lucille Cromell sang "Smiling Through." The quartet sang again and last but not least President Luckey arose to speak.

After a humorous introduction Pres. Luckey soon became serious and spoke to the Seniors concerning the race they had been running for the last four years. As some of the class began to suspect President Luckey was about to announce the Senior honors for 1931. Miss Bessie Crocker was presented with a blue ribbon bearing the inscription in which lettering "Senior Academic Honors 1931 Second." Miss Crocker is a History major. She has a splendid academic record which attests to her ability not alone in History but in Mathematics, Greek, English and Education. Although she has kept a high average

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THE EXPRESSION CLUB RENDERS PROGRAM

The members of the Expression Club presented a very unique program Monday night in the chapel. The program was divided into three parts emphasizing the spiritual, physical and mental or intellectual

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Collegiate Sam Says:

Warning! Mid-semester exams just ahead.

Houghton has lost a friend in Henry R. Barnett. Mr. Barnett has always been a staunch supporter of the college and is the donor of the cup used in our Literary Contest. A life long resident of New York State he has made his home in Houghton for the past twenty-two years and has been a familiar figure about town. The STAR extends to Mrs. Barnett and her sons their deepest sympathy.

SPRING

Well it's here, or will be in a few short hours after you read this. The robins are chirping and there is no telling what will be happening to young men's fancies. The basketball series is over, the Alumni game comes next Saturday and the athletes are looking forward to field and track and have visions of breaking records. It's a great time of year. We have been looking for it since last Fall and soon we will be out playing baseball, angling for the wily trout and doing a hundred and one other things that one turns his attention to in the Spring. While we are looking forward do you realize mid-semesters are only a few days away and we might say while we are in this gloomy frame of mind and thinking of unpleasant things that we hope our mother doesn't do her Spring housecleaning during vacation.—C. S. D.

GREETINGS

Stephen Todd—March 25
Ralph Fuller—March 26

HOOS HOO

"—as far as that's concerned."
Last week—Agnes Currie.

ALUMNI NEWS

Howard Bain visited History Methods class Saturday.

Virgil Hussey from Panama, N. Y. was in town during the week-end. Wilfred Bain, Alton Cronk and Professor Douglas deserted Ithaca for Houghton over the week-end.

We hear that the basketball team which Erma Anderson has been coaching at Livonia High School has won the championship for Livingston County this year. Good work, Erma.

Harriet Remington of New York City has been spending a few days with Mrs. Nellie Fox. "Remy" goes on the air during the children's hour from the National Broadcasting Company.

Keuka Girls' Glee Club

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of the many extraordinary features of the concert which a large audience will hear.

Miss MacQueen, the directress of the Keuka Girls' Glee Club, is a graduate of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, and now is head of the Music Department at Keuka College. Great credit is due Miss MacQueen for her work as displayed by the Glee Club. She directs with great firmness and grace at all times having the perfect attention of the Club Miss MacQueen is also a fine pianist as is shown in a group of numbers which she accompanies and directs from the piano. We are looking forward to this privilege of meeting Miss MacQueen.

Public Speaking Program

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Huffington and Adrian Everts; the Negative, by Clifford Bristow and Hulbert Marvin. The three main object for consideration were: (1) Is present enforcement increasing lawlessness? (2) Has present enforcement been detrimental to social conditions, and (3) Are economic conditions worse under Prohibition? The decisions of the judges, which came from "on high", favored the Negative. The high-light of the program was Mr. Evert's "aesthetic gin" and his noble determination to immediately restore the saloon to the corner which the audience generously applauded. Therefore, as the reporters for the class parties always say, "a good time was had by all."

Gold Pancake Feed

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The lady's absence was necessitated, and her return brought considerable astonishment to "Prof", for at first he believed that Miss Fillmore was close beside him.

The last half of the event proved to be as enjoyable as the first. From enthusiasts the participants became resigned to the dishes and by jolly cooperation set things in order once again. Then the Gold Girls presented plaques to Paul and Mixie as tokens of sincere appreciation of their efforts. During the remaining quarter, the little mouse in the corner who was disappointed about "the" sandwich was unable to hear the various topics of conversation because music from the victrola just stuffed his ears, but he did surmise that there will be several who will try out for the discus-throw next spring.

The time was up, and all went away laughing, for it had been an evening of real fun. Cheers for the Gold !!!

HOUGHTON APPENINGS

Lucretia Clarke visited friends in Bolivar Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. O. G. McKinley is spending a few days at home.

Donald Berry is again on the sick list.

Beatrice Sweatland visited in Rushford over the week-end.

Betty Cambier is at her home in Rochester recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

Mary Lytle's father died Monday night. The students extend their most sincere sympathy to her.

Louise Zickler visited Mable Norris Saturday and Sunday, at her home in Arcade.

Dorothy Crouch and Kate Cole attended the evening service at the Baptist Church in Rushford, Sunday.

Elsie Congdon spent the week-end in Ebenezer, the guest of Ruth Kissinger.

Rev. and Mrs. Dean Bedford of Rochester are spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Crandall.

Charles Woodhead went to Olean Saturday to visit his son Curtis who is ill.

Joseph and Louis Shipman, Albert Roth and Malcolm Cronk conducted the service at Black Creek Sunday morning.

Professor Frank Wright was principal speaker at the Parent Teacher's Association at Sardinia recently. He heard many good words spoken of the work that Houghton teachers are doing there. Evan Molyneux is principal and Mrs. Louis Shipman and Miss Ruth Crouch are teachers there.

Seniors Dine

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in her courses at the same time she has found time to work, to play basketball and to engage in other extra curricular activities.

Pres. Luckey bestowed first honors upon Miss Neva Henry. The one who receives first academic honor is also the Valedictorian of the class at commencement time. There seemed to be no question in his mind as to why Miss Henry should be first. She has seen the beauty of Mathematics and taken that course for four years. Although Mathematics is her true field, she has minored in French, History and Education. Miss Henry's activities have not been confined entirely along scholastic lines. She has played basketball, been a member of the Boulder Staff and this year she is Editor of the STAR.

President Luckey was the first to congratulate the honored ones. The Seniors brought their gathering to a close in the time honored way—by singing the Alma Mater. The Seniors were soon bound Houghton-ward and wishing for many more good times before they must part in June.

Pres. Southwick Coming

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of delivery, and reads his lines with such delicacy of finish, such suggestiveness and acute sympathy, that even to those who know their Shakespear well, his interpretations come with a forceful light-giving power."

Christian Workers

Four weeks ago the Christian Workers, under the supervision of F. H. Wright, took the responsibility of entering an open door for service at Black Creek, N. Y. The church there had been closed for a year. It is in reality a community church and has a great field of service. Reverend Joseph Shipman was appointed as preacher for a few Sundays an appointment that has been satisfactory indeed. With his loyal helpers, he has been able to arouse a fine interest in the work. The Sunday School numbers sixty and the congregation about eighty. The good people of Black Creek are responding loyally to our young people which in turn encourages our organization to do its best.

Alternating with the Mission Study Class on Wednesday nights from 6:30 to 7:30 this organization meets for prayer and Bible study in the High School auditorium. Outside speakers will be chosen to assist local leaders in bringing to the group information and training especially in personal work. These meetings will be open to all students, faculty members, and townspeople. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

Y. M. W. B. CONDUCTS EVENING SERVICE

"Home Missions" was the general topic for the Sunday evening program which was in charge of the Y. M. W. B. Kenneth Wright, Theda Thomas, and Louise Zickler gave readings showing the attitude of the mountain boys and girls toward life. Miss Zimmerman and Henning Turnell sang as a special number, "Out of the Ivory Palaces." Mrs. Lee, who has visited several of our mission stations, gave a review of our work on all the fields. To conclude the program Rev. McKinley talked very inspiringly on "Home Extension."

Expression Club

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sides of life. To illustrate the spiritual side a Bible drill was presented in which various types of Bibles such as the Gideon, the Missionary's the Widow's and the young Soldier's Bible were represented by Kenneth Wright, Alvin Barker, Dora Waite, Winona Ware, Howard Pasel, and Lawrence Strong. For the closing number of this group Dora Waite and Alvin Barker sang a duet, "Tell Me the Old, Old Story."

The purpose of the Emerson Physical Culture exercises was well illustrated in a Drill by the Club. Correct posture, development of muscles, development of the body in relation to both the whole body and its parts were emphasized.

The third part of the program dealt with the training of the intellect, Howard Pasel gave a humorous selection, "The Encyclopedia" very effectively. Inez Huffington and Lucille Wilson rendered a piano-logue "Take Me Back to Baby Land."

The Club expects to present its next public program April thirteenth.

Up—"A solitary diamond on the right hand is no sign that a girl's engaged."

Down—"Perhaps not, and still on the other hand, it may be."—Ex.

An Incident of the Civil War

The whole world about them was red—the red of sunrise; red, red mud; a thin red line of autumn trees, and worst of all red blood on their uniforms, on the dirty rags that bound up the festering wounds—different kinds of red, all burning, searing into their brains. All the weary night the thin, ragged formation of men had been creeping along in the damp, clammy dew, from rock to rock, hiding behind bushes, trees and shell-torn trenches lost in the last retreat. Nearer and nearer they drew to the red-winking watch-fires of their enemy, until now at last the dawn, and they could rest in the grove of trees they had gained until the artillery came up and they had to go out again into the shambles on the hillside. For two weeks they had been on the move, ragged, hungry and wet through the endless rain and endless red mud. The men were glowering; their murmurs rose threateningly when they at last stretched out under the soggy trees. A curt-spoken order silenced them, but there was the red light of murder in their eyes as they glared at the square-shouldered back of the officer who had interfered. Tall, unpromising, he stood with crossed arms—there was no light at all in his gray eyes—steel-like, they were, to match the steel-gray on his temple and the lines in his steel-hard face. The men hated him with a repressed smoldering intensity that was held back by the force of military discipline. The low, harsh whisper of the young subaltern expressed the sentiment of all of them. "He was never meant to die," said the boy, responding to the mutinous whisper of the man on his right. "He'll kill the rest of us—we'll die as Captain Blake did—and Jem and Joe Leo—die like field rats in this advance because he will not wait for the reserves. Die like dogs—all of us—but he'll live! He was never meant to die!" The boy's whisper grew strained and high, intense with passion. But the low, ominous murmur of his neighbor was calm.

"There are bullets," he said, "that will kill anyone." Silence fell there and the men settled uncomfortably for the long watch. The still back of their leader was silhouetted against the paling glow of the sky as he kept guard. The men could not see into the anguish of the heart under the ragged uniform; they saw only the gray, unyielding form; felt only the force of a stronger will.

When the call for the charge came, they were half asleep—and stumbled blindly out into the open after the brush shelter borne by their leaders.

The young soldier and his companion were in the rear, and as the column slowly advanced under shattering fire, they kept close watch behind. Fifteen minutes after they left the grove a compact blue-gray appeared crossing the hill two miles to the rear. The reserves were coming! Hope of life and rest flamed in them, but the older man, as he ran ahead to report, had a smothered curse on his lips and a queer, baffled gleam in his eyes.

It was a long time later; the reserves had come up and the column had gained the hill-top only to find their enemy fled, save for a few valiant men who had held the redoubt. In the bitterness of this half-victory for which they had sacrificed so much

they had become quiet, a sort of hopelessness settling on them. The young subaltern had been separated from his former comrades and was following a litty dry gully leading to the right of the fortifications when he heard a shot, close by, and came suddenly around a turn in time to see a man in the uniform of his company drop on one knee and fire again. A figure ahead of them wavered, half-turned, and fell. A rush of anger, and disgust over came the boy—the figure that had fallen also wore the familiar uniform; it was a square shouldered, erect figure, but had fallen now, limply, curiously sprawled. A cry of loathing and warning burst from the young fellow's lips, as he raised his gun to sight on the traitor. The man turned quickly, with a furtive start; the boy recognized his companion of the watch even as he fired. A queer joy came over him as the sound echoed along the gully and watching the man crumple to the ground he knew his practise in snap-shooting had stood him in good stead. Turning, with a shudder from the results of his deed, he was aware that the fallen officer was watching him, raised on one elbow. He had thought the man was dead, but he bent over him, conflicting emotions swaying him—the old hatred fighting now with an infinite pity. The steep-gray eyes were dimming and there were new lines of anguish in the officer's face, but he smiled into the brown eyes of the soldier who supported him. "Thanks," he murmured. "It was very gallant of you." His eyes went to where the dead man lay. "He was my brother," said the faint voice, "my half-brother. Our mother loved him best, but he was a scoundrel. Dad knew it—and, dying—gave his legacy to me. Not much—just this stone." In his open palm lay a ruby, a piece of frozen fire-light in a setting of beaten gold. "Take it," he continued, pressing it into the boy's hand. For a long while he lay silent, and the boy, watching saw the end draw near. Slowly the gray eyes opened once more. "He wanted the stone," the voice said, in a curious, detached manner, "Funny." Then, wistfully, "He loved me,—once." And as the first evening star came out a soul had left its prison. The boy tenderly brushed the hair away from the stern face from which now the lines of sorrow had been erased. It was a beautiful face, he saw, with a tender, wistful smile on the stern lips. He raised his eyes to the soft gray of the skies where shone the lonely evening star and seemed to see the face of the captain there. "Dear Christ," he whispered, and the sacred name fell reverently in the evening hush, "now there comes to Thee the soul of a man!" The sky was pityingly soft, and a cool breeze brought the sound of distant singing down the ravine as he rose and softly left the presence of the dead.

The young subaltern was my grandfather, Andrew Harmony; after the war he tried to find some relatives of his captain, but failing in this, kept the great ruby and had it set in a ring for his bride. It was a genuine Pigeon Blood. During the Great War it was given to the melting pot.

B. G.

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Dear Lotta:

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Dear Count:

Don't you think that anything that goes fast, goes farther?

Anis Thetic.

Dear Anis:

Money don't.
Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

Why do you always eat just before going to bed?

"Hi" Wahl.

Dear Hi:

You see I always get up too late to eat breakfast and make my eight o'clock so I eat breakfast before going to bed.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

Why did you buy two Austin roadsters?

"Oct" Ober.

Dear "Oct":

Going to use them for roller skates.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

I have heard a rumor that someone is going to play the assassin some day in chapel. Can you confirm this?

Lo There.

Dear Lo:

Sure can. Some day someone is going to get peeved and shoot that mouse that runs over the feet of the fellows in the right flank of rows J and K.

Count de Coupons.

The Mouth

The mouth is the front door of your face. It is the aperture to the cold storage room of your anatomy. Some mouths are the picture of peaches and cream and others look like a hole chopped in a brick wall to admit a new door or window. The mouth is the hotbed of toothache and the place to keep your tongue.

A mouth was never made too small but some were made extremely large. It is the doorway out of which comes beautiful words of hope and courage, and through which pass cold custard, kraut and cod liver oil. Some people sleep with their mouths adjusted for kissing.

The mouth is a baby's crowning glory, patriot's fountain head and the tool chest for pie. Without it the politician would be a wanderer upon the face of the earth and the dear cornetist and saxophonist would go down to unknown graves. With out it married life would be a perpetual summer dream. The hired man could not be called to dinner, and no one would ask you, "How does this weather suit you?"—Ex.



KEUKA COLLEGE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Phyllis Estabrook Signs Up

The second member of the Senior class has found a position for next year. Phyllis Estabrook has signed her contract to teach at Allentown for the coming year. She will teach seventh and eighth grade and conduct music in assembly. Congratulations, "Phyl" and good luck for next year.

Mrs. Stark Surprised

(Continued from Page One)

demanding that she sit with them. During the singing of the first song our ex-dean sat (pardon me! stood) with a speculative look in her blue eyes and finally demanded, "Say you don't happen by any chance to call yourselves the girls of '27, do you? Her question was ignored as we knew from experience that it was impossible to conceal anything from our efficient ex-dean. Her resourcefulness was demonstrated further when she rapidly gathered together a suit case full of St. Patrick gifts to take to Africa with her. (Why not? There are snakes in Africa, aren't there?) The Fancher house was certainly easier to travel around after she had untied it.

And then how we did talk! The conversation seemed to be regularly punctuated with "Remember"—and that is the way we parted.

We pay tribute to our beloved ex-dean and wish her God speed upon her mission.

A Chinaman's Version of Our Future

Teachee, Teachee,
All day teachee,
Night markee papers,
Nerves all creepy,
No one kissee,
No one huggee,
Poor old maidee,
No one lovee,

—Exchange.

A Word to Wise

Dear Girls—

1. Keep away from track men; they are unusually fast.
2. Never take dates with biology students. They enjoy cutting up too much.
3. The football boy is all right; he will tackle anything.
4. The tennis man is harme'ers but he enjoys a racket.
5. Watch out for the baseball man; he hits and runs.
6. Be careful of dramatic students; they usually have several good lines.

Ex.

The following analysis of a very well known element in every day use has been advanced by a chemist at Indiana state teacher's college.

Element: Woman.

Occurrence: Found wherever man exists. Seldom in free state, with few exceptions, the combined state is to be preferred.

Physical Properties: All colors and sizes. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with film of composite material. Balks at nothing.

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WASTE BASKETS
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and may freeze at any moment. However, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical Properties: Very active, possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones. Violent reactions when left alone. Ability to absorb expensive food at any time. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages very rapidly. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.—Ex.

FROM FRONT TO REAR

Tramp—"Madam, I was at the front—"

Kind-hearted lady—"My poor man. Another victim of that terrible war. Here's a dollar. Tell me how you got into these straits."

Tramp—"I was going to say that I was at the front door an' nobody answered, so I came around to the back. Thankee, mum."

4 Per Cent

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10 years gone -- how about the next 10?

SIT down and figure out how much money you would have today if you had saved, in the past ten years, 15 to 25 per cent of your income.

THE NEXT ten years will slip around just as quickly as the past 10.

Start now to take care of that percentage of your income heretofore spent with nothing to show.

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