

THE HOUGHTON STAR

VOLUME XXIII

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., MARCH 13, 1931

NUMBER 20

Allegany District Attorney Speaks to Student Body

Mr. Hopkins "Talks Shop"

As a great many enthusiastically said, the chapel hour last Friday was one of the most interesting this year. Mr. Ward Hopkins, former Houghton student and now District Attorney of Allegany County, "talked shop" to the student body. As a topic Mr. Hopkins chose the question "Does Crime Pay?" His topic was of interest to all young people, especially those who are soon going out to face life outside of college.

Mr. Hopkins pointed out that all crime is divided into two main parts, although all Gaul was divided into three parts as he recalled from Caesar. These two groups are misdemeanors which are punishable by one year in the penitentiary and felonies which include larceny, burglary and murder and are punishable by longer terms in prison.

According to statistics the most serious crimes of to-day are committed by young people. In the last term of court in this county, thirty-five individuals were indicted. Of this number fourteen of the crimes were felonies, all but two of which were committed by individuals under thirty-one years of age.

The time to think seriously about crime is before it takes place. Too many take the attitude that the only crime is in being found out. A crime is a crime whether the guilty individual be found out or not. Sometime everyone must answer to his own conscience. You can get away from everybody else but you have to live with yourself. Mr. Hopkins spoke earnestly of his desire to point out to young people everywhere the meaning of one false step and what may follow the one slip. The time to prevent crime is before it happens. Instruction which will set the mind of the youth of the country against crime is a vital need.

Mr. Hopkins said that two important causes of crime are lack of true home life and idleness. Many of the youths of to-day who are sentenced to serve a term of years come from homes which do not deserve the name. One of man's greatest blessings is work. Idle hands are sure to find mischief. The crimes to-day are committed by those who are willfully idle, not by those who are forced into idleness by the times.



The speaker recounted the story of a fellow whom he knew as Slim. This fellow had always been indifferent to what happened to him. He did not care what he did, where he went or where he stayed for a period of time. His indifference led him into crime. He just drifted from place to place until finally one day when he was intoxicated he shot down a man in cold blood. Indifference as to what one does is a great crime against oneself and may eventually lead to crime against society.

In concluding his talk, Mr. Hopkins showed the need to-day of teachers who have the right outlook on life and who know that to be entirely successful they must be builders of character. At the end he recited that noble poem "The Builder":

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Boy! Please Page Mr. Holmes

There have been two mysteries this last week. Three guesses!

First we are mystified as to who broke the photographer's camera when he was here before. Houghton was never noted for its great beauties, still we never before heard of an individual or a group of individuals so disabling a camera as to make it necessary to re-take more than half of the pictures which a photographer took in a day. If we could find the individual who inflicted the second sitting upon us he would only be safe at the top of the belfry on the college building.

Which reminds us of the other mystery. Who took the clapper to the bell and why? Did they perhaps think that the bell being unable to ring, we would be unable to have classes? Noble though, but it just didn't work! Classes went on as before even if the bell ringer was forced to clamber wearily up the

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Eighth Boulder to Appear in May

Bedford Editor of First

Seven years ago this month a group of Houghton students made history for the school. The STAR of March 21, 1924 bursts forth into head lines which announce "We are going to publish an Annual!" Unquestionably there had been previous discussion of the advisability of publishing an Annual, but the definite step was not taken until seven years ago. Some unknown reporter writes enthusiastically, "It is something new, and entirely different from the June issue of the STAR! No name as yet has been chosen for it, but plans are on foot for its publication. The Junior classes of the High School, Theological and College Departments have charge of its publication. The Editor is Mark Bedford; the Business Manager, Donald Schumann; the Associate Editor, Alice Huntsman; Circulating Manager, Kenneth Gibbin. If some one comes to you to sell a ticket, don't turn him away without buying one, for this Annual will be something that all Houghton students and Houghton benefactors will be proud of in years to come."

From time to time during the spring months of 1924 the STAR printed news of the new annual. One article on May 2 says, "Juniors, and all other loyal supporters of the Boulder should take courage. Nearly two hundred copies have now been sold. As soon as you recover your breath after this astounding statement sell another copy. Although classes met as usual, last Monday was devoted to taking of the photographs to appear in the Boulder. The photographers, who came from Buffalo, were very efficient and by five o'clock in the afternoon, every sitting had been made."

"After a day of such arduous labor, we all feel a new interest in what our Annual is to be. Especially are we eager to see the results of the Freshman picture, in as much as it has been said that the class was so green that they were absorbed by the background."

The staff of that first Boulder must have worked rapidly from the middle of March until the tenth of May to be able to write in the STAR that Saturday May 10 was the last day for entrance of material.

It may enter your mind to ask why the Houghton Annual should be called the Boulder. The editors of the 1924 Boulder have expressed the

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ALUMNI VARSITY GAME MARCH 28

Saturday evening, March 28, will close the basketball season with the Annual Alumni Varsity feature. The gymnasium floor will be reserved that afternoon for the Alumni to get together for a short practice—women at 3:00, men at 4:00.

The girls game will begin at 7:15.

The Gold Men Win 1931 Basketball Championship

THE PURPLE GIRLS CO-ED CHAMPIONS

Last Friday night the Gold returned to their old time form and managed to break the tie of two games each. Jim Fisk featured for the winners, scoring ten points, eight in the last half. The final score was Purple 29 and Gold 36. The count is now Gold three victories, Purple two victories.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 11

The Gold think it will be the last game and hope so. The Purple think it won't be the last game and hope so. The Purple were disappointed, The Gold were exalted. They had again won the championship. Three rousing cheers for Jim Fisk, Captain Jim goes to coach next year. We all wish that your team will have a little Gold in their make up.

Many do not know that "Chet" Driver has been giving his time and service in the capacity of coach for the Gold. He deserves much praise for his good work. Homer Fero and his Purple boys need to be commended on their fine sportsmanship. They were fighting every minute. They won two victories when it looked rather dark for them. They were never beaten until the final whistle ended the game in favor of the Gold.

The championship game started with a mighty bang. The Purple obtained the tip-off and Nelson scored the first basket, a short-one. The Gold came back for two baskets. The Gold lineup was somewhat shaken to start. Flint had a slight illness. Both teams sawed back and forth and at the end of the first quarter the Purple were one point ahead 7-6.

In the second quarter Flint went in for the Gold. Roth was substituted

in the first quarter for Bates. Flint and Fisk were active in scoring for the Gold. Dolan was playing the tip-off skillfully, while Frank and Roth were checking tight. The Gold somewhat out played the Purple this quarter, out scoring them 17-7. The score at the end of the half gave the Gold a firm lead of nine points 23-14.

In the last half both teams played about the same as the first half. The Purple scored 14 points and the Gold 18. Flint was dropping the old ball in, scoring nine points in this half. Dolan still continued to show his ability to drive in for the tip-off. He also scored eight points in the game. Farnsworth dropped in two beautiful shots from center which revived the Purple's hopes for a few minutes but the Gold held a ten point margin throughout the last half. In the final minute of play Driver substituted most of the second team. Taylor replaced Fisk who was out on fouls in the last quarter. Armstrong replaced Flint. The game ended much in favor of the Gold—41-28. Flint scored 13 points and Fisk 10 for the Gold. Albrow was leading scorer for the Purple with 10 points. Farnsworth scored 7.

Friday night March 6 the Purple Girls won the basketball championship for 1931 by easily defeating the Gold Girls in the fifth game of the series.

Elsie Congdon and "Vid" Stevens starred throughout the game for the winners. Congdon scored 15 points and Stevens 11 points.

The Gold were somewhat aggressive in the first quarter but were unable to check the skillful floor work of the Purple. The score at the end of the first quarter was 7-5 in favor of the Purple. Hewitt was the leading scorer for the Gold with 6 points. In the last quarter the Gold's hopes were shattered when both Moore and Matthews were taken from the game because of four personal fouls.

The Purple took advantage of the Gold's weak defense and ran up a

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NOMINATION FOR 1932 BOULDER MADE

The constitution which governs the Executive Literary Board states in Article II Section 3, "On the first Wednesday of March the Board shall meet and nominate from the Sophomore class two or more candidates for Editor-in-chief of the Boulder and two or more candidates for Business Manager of the Boulder." The E. L. B. met on Wednesday afternoon March 4 and duly nominated candidates for these positions.

Wednesday morning March 11 after chapel the names of the candi-

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EXPRESSION CLUB TO MEET MONDAY

The members of the Expression Club under the direction of Miss Rothermel will give a public program next Monday night in the college chapel. The program includes the following numbers:

- Bible Drill
- Emerson Physical Culture Drill in Costume
- Humorous Selection—"The Encyclopedia" Howard Pasel
- Pianologues—"Just Be Glad" "Take Me Back to Baby Land" Inez Huffington and Lucille Wilson

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College.

EDITORIAL STAFF

NEVA M. HENRY '31	Editor-in chief
CHESTER DRIVER '33	Associate Editor
CHARLES MOON '31	Managing Editor
ROMA LAPHAM '34	News Editor
BLANCHE GAGE '33	News Editor
DORIS CLEGG '31	Feature Editor
LEON HINES '33	Ass't Feature Editor
EDNA ROBERTS '33	Literary Editor
JAMES FISKE '31	Athletic Editor

BUSINESS STAFF

MARSHALL STEVENSON '31	Business Manager
BESSIE CROCKER	Subscription Manager
LUCILE HATCH	Circulation Manager
GERALDINE PEASE	Assistant Circulation Manager

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Collegiate Sam Says:

Some students never say "well done" unless they're ordering a steak.

ELECTIONS

We think that you will agree that one thing which college should teach us is right attitudes. The time for the election of the Editor and Business Manager of the 1932 Boulder, the Editor and Business Manager of the STAR and Business Manager of the Lecture Course is fast approaching. Since the announcement of the candidates for Boulder offices, we begin to hear some discussion and unfortunately some rash statements. These positions are important. Houghton College will be judged by the type of work which we put into her annual and her college weekly in the future as she has been in the past. The best possible leaders are needed for this work.

Let us put aside our personal likes and dislikes and be an impartial critic. Look at the candidates, weigh them one against the other. Decide which one has the better qualifications and vote for him irrespective of whether or not he is your personal preference. Do not display indifference and jot down one or another when you vote and say, "Oh, well, they have to have somebody and he is good enough." Our elections do not need to compare with political elections and display mud-slinging. That is one thing we can do without very nicely. Let us remember the motto, "The Best for Houghton."

—N. M. H.

GREETINGS

Robert Folger—March 15
Edna Robert—March 20

"My heart is with the ocean," said the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said his sea sick friend, as he took a firmer grasp on the rail.

HOOS HOO

Construct a mental picture of a tall person having dark hair, blue eyes gazing directly from under black brows, and graceful hands with long tapering fingers. This person speaks good English with a peculiar slow drawl, and moves with a slow, stately grace wherever duty directs.

Last Week's—"Doc" Frank.

ALUMNI NEWS

Beulah Brown was in Houghton over the week-end.

Wesley Gleason was in Houghton Saturday.

Alton Cronk spent the week-end at his home here.

"Dad" Tierney of N. Tonawanda attended the basketball game Friday night.

Kenneth Storms, principal of the Freedom High School was in Houghton Saturday on business.

Elsie Bacon was in Houghton Friday and attended the basketball game.

Music Club

(Continued from Page One)

Violin: Minuet in G Beethoven
Sweetest Story Ever Told

Stuets

Doris Clegg, Florence Kellogg
Vocal: When Honey Sings an Old Time Song

Lucille Crowell

II Negro

Reading: In the Morning

Paul Lawrence Dunbar

Inez Huffington

Violin: Nobody Knows de Troubles

Ise Seen White

From the Canebrake Gardner

Miss Morgan

III Modern

Piano: To a Wild Rose

From an Indian Lodge

To a Water Lily MacDowell

Margaret Carter

Miss Morgan told the story of how the Spiritual which she played developed from an old Negro slave's chanted prayer—"Nobody knows de troubles Ise seen, nobody knows but Jesus."

It is to be deplored that certain students who gathered in the back of the auditorium called attention to their lack of manners by creating a great deal of disturbance throughout the program. Some of the less experienced performers were so disturbed that the rendition of their numbers was very inferior to the work done at rehearsal. This rudeness not only proved detrimental to the players, but also to the enjoyment of the audience.

It is not easy to appear on a public program. If a few students are willing to work hard enough to give us pleasure let us be kind enough to "do unto others as we would have them do unto us."

Boy! Please Page Mr. Holmes

(Continued from Page One)

stairs and strike the bell with a hammer to regulate classes. Next time you will have to hide all the hammers if you hope to prevent classes being called together. It was certainly a strange feeling when I first heard the bell ringing, albeit with a peculiar sound, and the bell rope hanging idle. What was wrong and how was the bell being rung? The clapper has been brought to light and the bell ringer may lay aside his hammer and use the rope as usual. Another example of a mistaken sense of humor.

Nominations for '32 Boulder

(Continued from Page One)

dates were submitted to the College Sophomore and Junior classes for consideration until the meeting on Wednesday March 18 for the election by ballot of the Editor-in-chief and Business Manager of the Boulder for the following year.

The nominees are Chester Driver, Clifford Bristow, and Albert Albro.

HOUGHTON HAPPENINGS

Edna Haynes visited her sister in Rochester Saturday and Sunday.

Ruth Ingalls spent the week-end at her home in Allentown, N. Y.

Miss Kate Cole visited her parent at Cuba Sunday.

Lucile Wilson spent the week-end at her home in Panama, N. Y.

Helen Clark went to her home in Kennedy, N. Y. for the week-end.

Helen Wiltzie is confined at the hospital with mumps.

Esther Tomlinson spent Saturday and Sunday at Wales Center, N. Y.

Geraldine Pease visited Esther Burns at her home in Porterville over the week-end.

Isabelle and Eileen Hawn assisted in the services at Driftwood, Pa. Sunday.

Ruth West, Edith Stearns, Marjorie Dye, Lyle Donnelly, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shipman conducted the service at Black Creek Sunday morning.

Mrs. Robert Molyneux and Mrs. Velma Thomas entertained at a surprise birthday party for Corinne Cole Wednesday evening March fourth.

At a recent meeting of the Student Council Elizabeth Cambier was chosen as Freshman representative to the Council to fill the place of Gracia Fero who has become a Sophomore.

Mrs. Edith F. Lee gave a Temperance talk at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Andover. She secured eight new members for the W. C. T. U. as a result.

Mr. Hopkins Speaks

(Continued from Page One)

An old man traveling a lone highway
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm deep and wide
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,

The sullen stream had no fear for him,

But he turned when safe on the other side,

And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old Man," said a fellow pilgrim near,

"You are wasting your strength in building here,

Your journey will end with the ending day,

You never again will pass this way;

You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,

Why build you the bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old grey head.

"Good friend, in the path I've come,"

he said,

"There followeth after me to-day

A youth whose feet must pass this way.

This chasm that was as nought to me

To that fair youth may a pitfall be;

He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.

Good friend, I am building the

bridge for him."

—H.C.—

CHRISTIAN WORKERS ELECT

On Monday the Christian Workers elected new officers for the coming year. The following were elected:

President—Alvin Barker
Secretary—Ruth Lawrence
Treasurer—Mae Collins.

High School Notes

Light Bearers

Last Sunday the Reverend Cooley spoke very appropriately of some of the equipment for the Christian life. He said the individual must be equipped in a three-fold manner for life: physically, mentally, and spiritually. No person, he said, can expect to accomplish the great things of life without being physically strong. This is, moreover, a day in which physical training is stressed, and rightly so. The mental powers, furthermore, must be developed to the highest degree of efficiency if we wish to do great things in life. This phase of education is highly developed. But, he said, the side of life which most often suffers from lack of attention is the spiritual life. This is to the man what the steam is to the locomotive. It is the driving force.

The talk was appreciated by all. Especially was it helpful to those who have recently taken Christ as their Savior. Truly, the Light Bearers have a friend in Rev. Cooley. He has been a friend ever since the organization held a service for him one Sunday evening last year. The organization is looking forward to the time when another such meeting may be held in his church.

Soon the officers of the organization will be changed. The time has come for others to fill in the ranks left vacant by those who are going out this year. A great deal of importance rests with this coming election. Much prayer and a great deal of thought are needed. Pray that God's will may be carried out!

Next Sunday the Light Bearers will hold their usual service in the study hall. All are most cordially invited to come. Come and add your bit to the service!

Student Body Meeting

On Monday there was held a meeting of the student body. A plan was proposed for forming an organization for the recognition of character. Perhaps it will be patterned after some of the honor organizations of other High Schools. The business of getting the organization under way is to be left with a committee.

Anna Houghton Daughters

The Anna Houghton Daughters met with Miss Bess Fancher last Friday afternoon, with about fifteen members attending. Miss Noss was the assistant hostess.

A short program was enjoyed after the business meeting. Miss Burnell sang two solos, "Teach Me To Pray" and "Prayer Perfect." Then Mrs. King, in a very entertaining way, told a tragic tale of Russian life, the story of Tolstoi.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Stanley Wright the Friday afternoon of March twentieth. A very interesting missionary program has been planned.

Faculty Women to Play

Corinne Cole in behalf of the Junior Dorm girls challenged the women of the faculty to a basketball game Friday night. So many of the faculty women volunteered their skill in basketball that the honor of choosing the final team was conferred on Professor Allen Baker. Come out and watch the faculty get beaten.

NO GOOD

"Miss Wood, no good!
Miss Wood, no good!"

The clock went monotonously on proclaiming the sad news to no one in particular, while the subject of the proclamation tossed to and fro upon her bed. The oppressive heat and the stifling air of the warm, July night had driven all sleep from her, and left her to a night of loneliness. Suddenly, she arose and stepped to the open window. The old hotel was situated upon a cliff overlooking a small bay of the ocean. The trees were casting their dark shadows upon the waters. The ocean was comparatively calm, but occasionally the white caps of foam shone out amid the darkness. Soon the beating of the waves upon the shore became as monotonous as the clock, and relentlessly and incessantly poured out the same condemnation upon her sensitive ears.

"Miss Wood, no good!"

"Miss Wood, no good!"

The light was impetuously jerked on, and the weary girl turned to face herself in the mirror. The countenance that looked back at her was thin and pale. No smile lingered there, and no psycho-analyst was required to determine that Irma was decidedly unhappy. A curling iron must needs be applied to the dark brown hair, rouge to the pale cheeks, and other cosmetics in the accustomed manner before the flapper-like air of the day could possibly be assumed. Her large brown eyes, however, were beautiful. She gazed into them thoughtfully as they were reflected in the mirror. Her thoughts carried her back to the Italian settlement in the city, back to the day when she had tried to oblige a friend by teaching there. Her cheeks flushed with shame even now as she thought of the session, with no warning or explanation save the laconical sentence addressed to the Superintendent, "Miss Wood, no good" with a decided emphasis upon the "no." It was this that had induced her to leave her luxurious home and accept her present position as waitress during the summer. Here, unhampered by wealth, she must build up her body, meet a few of the trials of life, and perhaps in the end forget the horrible words "no good" and really be something.

"You're an useless piece of humanity," she told herself scornfully, "but you'll prove what you're made of yet. You can't turn back now. You must succeed."

She said good-night to the weary girl in the mirror, and with her thoughts still running in the same channels, crawled back into bed. It was perhaps an hour that she slept, perhaps more, perhaps less. She was awakened by shrieks and the horrible cry of "Fire!" Terror and fear gripped at her heart, and left her stunned and helpless. The red glare was already being reflected upon the waters. The people were running frantically down the stairs and along the corridors. She must hasten.

She had aroused herself to action, and made her way to the second floor with the crowd, when a sound compelled her to stand still.

"Mother! Mother!"

The frantic, despairing cry of the child pierced the air, but the panic-stricken throng rushed madly on. It sounded again. Irma hesitated. Time was precious. The smoke was gathering about them. It seemed an

hour before she was able to force her way back to the spot from whence the cry had come.

She found him, a crippled boy of five, unable to flee from the doom that threatened him. She gathered him into her arms. He clung to her in simple trust, whispering between his sobs, "I prayed for you and God sent you. You'll take care of me won't you?"

Her heart longed to comfort him to tell him she would save him or perish with him, but no words came. Her mouth was parched and dry. The smoke choked and suffocated her. At last she sank to the floor with heat and fatigue, and in sheer terror lay there unable to move. What agonies the moment cost her! Oh, if the child were only safe within his mother's arms! If she could only save him! Were they both predestined to suffer the terror of the flames, to meet the most horrible of deaths. Oh, it could not; it must not be.

Once more she attempted to gain her feet, only to be driven back by the smoke. She realized that her only hope lay in crawling along close to the floor where there was no smoke. How ghastly was the scene as the veil of smoke seemed to glow with a strange, unreal color cast upon it by the flames! The child clung to her in terror, impeding their progress, and thwarting the very hopes of their salvation. Ever more rapidly the flames made their way, dancing in fiendish glee, casting weird shadows upon the walls, and filling the place with a gruesome light.

The stair was at last reached. If they could only make the descent in safety! How weak were the arms that enfolded the child. How terror-stricken were the hearts that beat so close together. Step by step, the struggle was waged, and each moment brought them nearer to the goal. Little Benny whom she had watched so often playing upon the sands would be safe.

How uncertain are the ways of fate. How often when we feel the safest are we in the most imminent danger. Just as she reached the bottom of the stair and heard the clang of the fire-engines, a flaming brand fell from the ceiling high above her and alighted in her hair. There was a shriek of terror as she cast Benny from her, and attempted to smother the flames with her bath robe. She succeeded only in a measure for her clothing was seized upon by the hungry flame that with savage desire threatened to add one more victim to the list of the dead.

Irma rolled frantically upon the carpet in a mad attempt to extinguish the fire. Benny screamed at the top of his voice. All grew dark before her and she knew no more.

She awoke and failed to understand. Someone was rubbing her eyes. How they pained her! Why need they touch them when they hurt her so? Gradually, she became conscious of sounds about her. Someone was speaking.

"Will she live?" That was her father's voice.

A strange voice answered, "Yes, Mr. Wood, unless something quite unforeseen happens, life is assured. But she may be blind."

"Blind," Yes, that was what he had said. The word sounded far more terrible than death to the unfortunate girl. Why had she not perished in the flames? Again she lived through what seemed a terrible

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Dear Bill:

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Dear Count:

Have you heard about the meanest man in the world?

Jim Crack.

Dear Jim:

Yeh, the guy who throws chewing-gum in the road for Austins to get stuck on.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

I understand that straws tell which way the wind blows! Is this true?

Miss Happ.

Dear Miss Happ:

Yeh, also felts and derbys.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

If a man smashed a clock, could he be convicted of killing time?

Pa Time.

Dear Pa:

Not if the clock struck first.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

What are some of the signs of the times?

E. Conomics.

Dear E.:

Keep off the grass! No hunting! No Parking! Stop!

Count de Coupons.

NO GOOD

(Continued from Page Three)

nightmare, but what was that to the fate that awaited her?

"Benny", she whispered, "Benny".

"Benny is all safe and sound in his mother's arms. Go back to sleep and do not worry. It is all right". That must be the nurse who spoke so sweetly. She was glad the child was safe. Again she drifted away into unconsciousness.

Every day someone rubbed her eyes. Sometimes it seemed they were almost open, but she saw nothing. Her world was a world of darkness. She had paid her debt to the world. Her sacrifice had been made. Her mission in the world was in a sense completed. Why live longer?

Someone was rubbing the eyes, oh, so gently. They were opening. She saw a speck of light. She would not be blind! Life was still before her! How she thrilled with the thought!

"Visitors for Miss Wood". Someone entered the room. She strived vainly to see who it was. Someone was at the bedside leaning over her. A strange, sweet voice was speaking.

"I am Benny's mother. I don't know how to thank you Miss Wood. We were at the pavilion and drove like mad. We arrived in time to see the firemen carry you out, and they put Benny in my arms. Benny's cries had attracted them, and they came in time to smother the flames and rescue you both. You were so brave, so good".

A childish voice echoed the words "So good". One letter changed, but her heart almost burst with joy. Only one letter but what a difference!

—E. J.

Purple - Gold Games

(Continued from Page One)

large score to take the final game with a score of 30-13.

Vid Stevens was high scorer for the series. She earned sixty-three of the Purple's one hundred thirteen points. Elsie Congdon was second with twenty-seven points.

During the series the Gold scored 69 points and the Purple 113.

GIRLS

Purple

	fg	fp	tp
Congdon, F	7	1	15
Stevens, F	5	1	11
Minnis, C	0	0	0
Ackerman, G	0	0	0
Fisk, G	1	2	4
Kissinger, G	0	0	0
Totals	26	4	30

Gold

	fg	fp	tp
Harbeck, F	1	0	2
Davies, F	1	0	2
Hewitt, C	2	2	6
Moore, G	0	0	0
Matthews, G	1	1	3
Fero, G	0	0	0
Thomas, G	0	0	0
Tomlinson, G	0	0	0
Pitzrick, G	0	0	0
Stearns, G	0	0	0
Totals	10	3	13

BOYS

Fifth Game

Purple

	fg	fp	pf
Albro, F	2	2	2
Farnsworth, F	4	4	1
Nelson, C	2	2	2
Miller, C	0	0	0
Folger, G	1	1	2
Ayer, G	1	0	2
Totals	20	9	9

Gold

	fg	fp	pf
Flint, F	3	2	0
Vogan, F	3	0	3
Fisk, C	5	0	4
Bates, C	0	0	0
Roth, G	4	0	0
Dolan, G	1	1	2
Frank, G	0	1	4
Totals	32	4	12

Last Game

Purple

	fg	fp	pf
Farnsworth, F	3	1	0
Albro, F	3	4	1
Nelson, C	1	2	1
Miller, C	0	1	2
Folger, G	1	0	1
Ayer, G	2	0	2
Fero, G	0	0	0
Totals	20	8	7

Gold

	fg	fp	pf
Vogan, F	1	0	1
Flint, F	6	1	1
Bates, F	0	0	0
Roth, G	2	0	0
Armstrong, F	0	0	0
Fisk, C	3	4	4
Taylor, C	0	0	1
Frank, G	2	0	3
Dolan, F, G	3	2	2
Totals	34	7	12

Farnsworth, Purple, High Scorer—57 points.

Flint, High Scorer for Gold in Series in four games—48 points.

Games	Purple	Gold
First—	20	21
Second—	35	29
Third—	38	39
Fourth—	29	26
Fifth—	29	36
Sixth—	28	41
Totals	179	192

Beginning of Boulder

(Continued from Page One)

significance of this name better than we could hope to do. So we take from the first Boulder this:

"Wrenched from the heart of the everlasting hills, riven by the frost of winter and blasted by the heat of summer, weathered by the ceaseless action of the elements, and eroded by the tireless hand of time, requiring geologic aeons in its formation and witnessing cataclysmic upheavals from volcanic fusion to glacial frigid; the boulder still stands firm and immovable—a symbol of permanence in a world of change, a type of all that is most enduring in human achievement and character, and a prototype of the eternal Rock of Ages itself.

"Such a boulder, embedded in its matrix of concrete, marks the final resting place on our campus of Copperhead, 'the last one of the Seneca tribe of Indians that lived in the town of Canadea, N. Y.'—so reads the inscription. The pathetic story of this last simple but noble representative, in the Genesee Valley, of a disappearing race is too well known to need repetition. One June 10, 1914, largely through the efforts of Professor Smith, Copperhead's body was removed from its grave which was in danger from the action of the little stream running through the ravine near the Camp Ground; and with appropriate exercises was re-interred in its present location. A little later through the generosity of Mr. Leonard Houghton a boulder with a suitable plate was placed over the grave.

"The boulder was age-old when Copperhead's ancestors first roamed through these hills, and it will still be age-young when our children's children have been forgotten. New scenes must take the place of the old; countless student generations will come and go. Human life is merely a flux out of which must crystallize character. Only the soul endures. Professor Smith has gone but his spirit and influence can never die. What, then, could be more fitting than that the name *Boulder* proposed by Mr. Keith Farnier, should have been selected to designate the first Yearbook of Houghton College an institution founded on scholarship and character."

C. W. WATSON
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Pepy's Diary

Dear little Sammy was the little chatterbox who delighted in prying into other people's business and sticking his nose into everything he shouldn't. Then he avidly set his gleanings all down in a truly remarkable little book—his diary! The inside stories of all the social scandals and political intrigues all had their places in this marvelous document. This inquisitive little fellow poked his nose into the private affairs of all his friends and spared not even his relatives! It is a gossipy, lively, humorous book—entertaining reading. One entry: "Today is Monday wash day Had a cold dinner."!

White House Conference

President Hoover's White House conference recognized the Rights of the Child and pledged itself to these aims for the American Children.

1. For every child a school which is safe from hazards, sanitary, properly equipped, lighted and ventilated.

2. For every rural child as satisfactory schooling and health services as for the city child, and an extension to rural families of social recreational and cultural facilities.

3. To make everywhere available these minimum protections of the health and welfare of children, there should be a district, county or community organization for health, education and welfare, with full-time officials, coordinating with a statewide program which will be responsible to a nationwide service of general information, statistics, and scientific research. This should include:

a. Trained, full time public health officials, with public health nurses.

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THIS AND THAT

Visitor at Chapel: If all the people who are chewing gum here would give the money it costs to the Y. M. W. B., they could support a missionary.

Salesman: These shirts laugh at the laundry.

Gordon: Yes, I know. I've had some come back with their sides split.

Driver: I wasn't going forty miles an hour, nor thirty, nor even twenty. Judge: Here steady, now, or you will be backing into something.

Englishman (on the telephone): "Yes, this is Mr. 'Arrison. What! You can't 'ear? This is Mr. 'Arrison—haitch, hay, two hars, a hie, a hess, a ho, and a hen."

Teacher: Calling he roll: Mc-Sweeney.

No answer.

Teacher: Is McSweeney sick?

Student: Yes.

Teacher: Does he have the mumps?

Student: No, he's at home.