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December 16

MISSIONARY NUMBER THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Bit?

COLLEGE LIFE IN PRINT

VOLUME XX

HOUGHTON, N. Y., DECEMBER 9, 1927

NUMBER 10

MISS EDNA MEANS GREAT ENTERTAINER

Wednesday evening, the fourth number of our lecture course was presented by Miss Edna Means, a professional entertainer. The program was all that we expected it to be, and we think we are safe in saying that no Houghton audience has been more attentive and appreciative. A varied program of humorous and serious selections was given; the longest of which was "Yellow Butterflies." The Negro and Italian dialect pieces were especially fine, and given so exactly that we were immediately transported to the Southland and Sunny Italy. Caricatures like the "Non-progressive Farmer" were remarkably given. The whole program had for its theme "Day by Day", expressing the various experiences of every day life. All the numbers contributed to the central thought. The program was delightful and decidedly enjoyable. Miss Means proved herself to be a talented reader, indeed.

A program was given in Chapel by Miss Means, which was a splendid foretaste of the evening program; and which created a great deal of interest.

We are more than delighted with our Lecture Course this year; every number proving to be interesting, educational, and entertaining. Especially have we appreciated these programs by Miss Means, first because Miss Means truly knows her art and truly interprets it, and secondly, because we have had an opportunity to be entertained in the finest sense.

BAIN AND WING IN ACCIDENT

Adventures by Night

Late one evening (not long ago) Bain and his worthy friend Dick Wing started from a distant city (Rochester of course) to return to their Alma Mater and to resume the duties and Responsibilities of another week. As they set out, they noticed that the sky was dark and forboding, with the promise of snow, rain or what not. These impending signs did not seem to quell the spirits of the daring "night riders" in the least; for Bain mentioned that many and oft were the times that he had battled the snow drifts on his pilgrimages to and from Rochester.

When about twenty some odd miles from the city, they encountered a sleet storm which rapidly coated every unsheltered thing with ice. This made travel nothing short of hazardous. However the two undaunted, continued their homeward journey. Soon they were forced to stop to scrape the frozen moisture from the wind shield of their benzene hack (speaking in the modern vernacular). Just as they were again, ready to start, without a sound of warning, there was a loud crash at their rear, which undoubtedly was the cause of their car lunging forward some twenty feet in a most unceremonious way. Almost instantly Bain and his mechanic were out to learn the cause of their accident. To their surprise and dismay they found that a buggy of the Ford coup species had rammed them from behind, and was standing in the near-by ditch with one wheel broken, and steaming furiously. The occupants of the offending vehicle were standing around

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JUNIOR TEAMS IN WIN OVER SENIORS

Junior Girls Gain 17-1 Victory
Tight Defense Features Last Game
Mosher High Scorer.

The first round of play for the class championship of the school, came to a peaceful close last Friday evening, when the Juniors took the measure of the Seniors in two rather one-sided contests, 17-1, and 31-8.

Although won by a lop-sided score of 31-8, the boys' game showed two of the best defensive teams to put in their appearance in the series. The Senior team succeeded in stopping the high scoring combination which snowed under all opposition last year, holding Lane, Dyer, Miller and Fox to sixteen points, Fox and Miller going scoreless from the field. It was up to the Juniors' new center, therefore, to pierce that tight defense, and pierce it he did to the tune of fifteen points. The big center's scoring kept the Juniors always out of danger.

The first quarter revealed little scoring; both teams showed little ability to advance the ball beyond quarter court. Mosher's three goals gave the Juniors a 6-0 lead as the quarter ended.

From the first quarter on, the class of '29 forged slowly but steadily ahead, Mosher's spectacular shooting taking the pep out of the Senior defense as the end of the game drew near. During the last half, Dyer slipped down court to put in four field goals for the winners, besides playing a fine defense game. To Miller of the Juniors, however, the best performance in guard duty must be attributed, as "Stan" held his man scoreless, besides contributing several fine point-gaining passes. Captain Seeley Austin, of the Seniors, also played an excellent defensive game. Joe Horton, always a dangerous shot scored the Seniors' other six points.

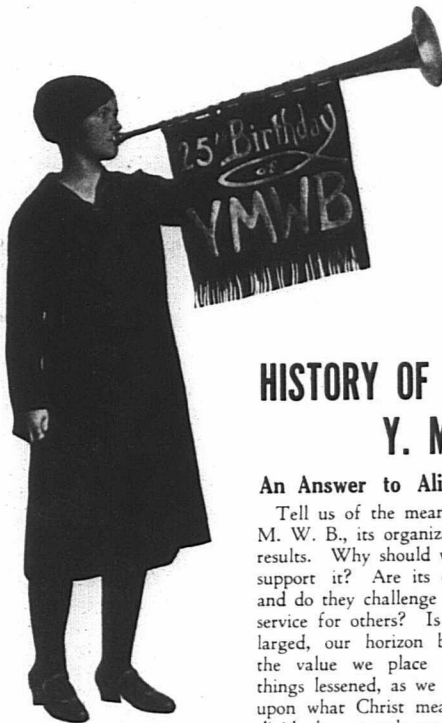
Junior Girls Win over Seniors

The Junior girls' team, captained by Erma Anderson, won easily over its more inexperienced Senior competitors, to the score of 17-1. The outcome was never in doubt; the Juniors getting off to an early lead when "Dimples" Fox sank the first field goal of the game early in the first quarter. Fox, Anderson, and Cole continued to mount up the score while the Senior team went scoreless until late in the final quarter, when "V" Roth made good on a foul try. "Fluffy" Albro, captain of the losers played her usual steady game, but had terrible luck in shooting. The playing of the Juniors revealed no individual stars, each member of the team performed well.

FRESHMAN GIRLS WIN DECISIVE VICTORY OVER SOPHS

With a wildly cheering throng of green and white supporters urging them on, the Freshmen girls led by "Al" Folger, trounced the Sophomores in the most interesting battle of the class series thus far. With visions of their second straight championship dimming rapidly, the ex-champions fought gamely, but their shooting was away off form. Captain Beattie, always a scoring threat was forced to go scoreless. Time and again the Sophomore center dribbled

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HISTORY OF THE Y. M. W. B.

An Answer to Alimami's Call

Tell us of the meaning of the Y. M. W. B., its organization, aim and results. Why should we, as students support it? Are its efforts worthy and do they challenge us to a life of service for others? Is our vision enlarged, our horizon broadened and the value we place upon material things lessened, as we think together upon what Christ means to any individual or people and of what our share should be in making him known?

Y. M. W. B. means Young Missionary Workers' Band. It was organized December 10, 1902 in response to the appeal of an African war chief for a mission in his town. Chief Alimami was not favorable at first to missionaries entering his country, but his little daughter, Kanya's pleas changed his thought. Once he really saw the value of missions, he would not be denied.

Earnest prayers were offered that his call might be answered. The founder of the Band was doing deputation work in the home-land. One night while riding on the train he saw a little child, who had been still in its restlessness by gifts from the passengers, empty its handful of pennies into the hands of the Candy Man in exchange for all sorts of

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IMPORTANT!

Y. M. W. B. Service at Church

A special program is being prepared in honor of the 25th birthday of the Y. M. W. B. and will be given next Sunday evening in the church beginning promptly at 7 o'clock. The first part of the program is given by the children and the last part by members of the Senior Band. You will not want to miss any of it. The children's part will be brief but very interesting and if you are late at all you will miss some of the best parts. The children are working hard on their pieces and are expecting you to come and hear them. Don't disappoint them and yourself too.

The program ought to be a matter of intense interest and earnest prayer to every person in Houghton. Is it nothing to you that 53,000 Mohammedans are begging for the Gospel and depending upon us to send it? Remember, if we reach our goal of \$50,000, a missionary will be sent to them, but if we fail, no one will be sent. Will 53,000 people from the northern part of Africa meet us in the Judgment and blame us for not sending them the Gospel when they asked and begged for it? God forbid! Let's do our best by having a good, liberal, silver offering to send in their behalf. This whole evening's program will be what we make it. Let's make it a success!

MY VISIT TO GUNGAI JOTRA

Or a Religious Fair

During my life in India, I have visited many religious fairs or "Jotras" as they are called in the Gujarati language. In order to reach many of them, the traveler is compelled to walk, while other fairs are so far away, that one must find some vehicle in which to ride. Quite often those "Jotras" which are close by also require a means of conveyance because of the rivers which are impossible to wade. Personally, I prefer walking, since riding in a "gardi" is not the most enjoyable sensation.

The fair which I am about to describe, was located about three miles from Pardi, where I stayed while at home. We left the bungalow about seven o'clock in the morning, riding in a gardi (cart) with a covered top. The two horses were feeling fine that morning, and consequently, we started out with high hopes for a good time. We had not gone far, however, before we realized that we were not the only ones who were traveling toward the "Jotra". For as far as we could see ahead, there were bullock carts of all descriptions. Everybody was at

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THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

What Are They?

Every student in this school is a volunteer. Not a day passes but that we each volunteer to do something, either worthwhile or otherwise. There is a particular group known as the Student Volunteers. No doubt those who do not have the privilege of attending their meetings or belonging to their number, would enjoy a little insight into the activities of this band.

The Volunteer is one who has yielded his life to Christ to be used on the foreign field; hence the meetings are always of a missionary nature. Once a week the group assembles, and studies from such books as can best throw light on the different lands. As many countries as possible are studied from a missionary viewpoint, for the motto of the group is "The evangelization of the world in this generation." The Volunteer feels the responsibility of gaining as much knowledge as is within his power.

The labor of the Houghton band has not been without visible results. It is now represented on the field by active missionaries, two of whom are Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Banker.

The state organization of Student Volunteers holds a convention every year. Here the missionary-to-be comes in contact with those who have had actual experience. Thus his vision is enlarged.

The international organization holds a quadriennial convention which occurs this year in Detroit, Michigan. Speakers of great repute will be there. Among these, are included John R. Mott and Sherwood Eddy. The delegates from the Houghton Volunteers will indeed enjoy an opportunity which comes but rarely. We all share with them as we work with them, so that we can make the benefits of this convention common to us all.

We have no right to send out missionaries unless we mean to back them up by prayer.—John R. Mott.

MASUMBO GIRLS' SCHOOL

"White" Christmas Offerings for Y. M. W. B.'s First Mission Station

Those who attended the November meeting of the Y. M. W. B. and listened to Miss Yorton's impassioned appeal for her beloved Africa, recall her statements concerning the need for a school building in Masumbo. Whereas, during the earliest years of our work in the darkened continent, it was very difficult to induce parents to send their children to school, now facilities are taxed to the utmost to accommodate those who are desirous of an education. This can be the more readily appreciated when it is remembered that the girls are given not only scholastic training, but also domestic. They are taught sewing, etc. Furthermore, Miss Yorton told us of the offer of the government, to give Masumbo school a certain liberal grant of money, provided certain requirements were met.

Houghton students have the honor of raising the first four hundred dollars for the construction of a building which will help to relieve overcrowded conditions, and will probably bring to our school the recognition of the Sierra Leone government, and their

(Continued on Page Four)

IN LABRADOR WITH DR. GRENFELL

Adventures in the Land of Ice

Formulate your ideals, and then go after them to make them real! That's how I got to Labrador in the summer of 1922. It was my privilege to serve in the main hospital at St. Anthony, where Dr. Grenfell's home is located on a high hill overlooking his extensive mission compound. St. Anthony is only one of a dozen or more of his beacon lights along the shore.

Across the door of the hospital building, are carved these words: "Faith, Hope, Love; but the greatest of these is love." I lost no time in

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THE HOUGHTON STAR



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

"A True Reflection of College Life."

Entered at the postoffice at Houghton, N. Y., as second class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized Oct. 1923.

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

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Collegiate Sam Says:

If the Bible has meaning and value for you, give it a chance to have the same for others.

EDITORIAL

THE JOYS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

One of the greatest tragedies of our earthly existence, is embodied in the fact that it is practically impossible for an individual to fully realize the true worth of a certain period connected with life, until that period has gone beyond physical grasp, passed away into the history of the age. At the time of pleasure's culmination, our minds apparently fail to grasp the whole significance of the joyful opportunities which are ours. It is only through comparison and contrast which comes in later life, that we gain an accurate understanding of the past moments fraught with comfort and delight. Therefore, as I turn my mind's eye to my childhood, and direct its gaze into the misty recesses of memory, down past the comparatively few milestones of my life, I find there, not years of trouble and toil, but periods of pure satisfaction. At that time, my spirit often rebelled against trudging to school day after day; now I find an inexpressible longing in my heart for those days to be repeated. How sad that the freedom, irresponsibility, carelessness of "district school" life has passed into eternity, gone forever and ever! No more can you who have come to man's estate, feel the unrestrained childish ecstasy of "Prisoner's Goal", "Hide-and-go-seek", or "Pom-pom pull-away." That privilege has passed into history, never again to return. Those days were the best in my life; yet little did I realize it then. During that time, my undeveloped judgment told me that I was being forced to do things against my will, it whispered that I was enduring hardships which were wholly unnecessary. Now I am convinced that I was drinking the sweetest possible nectar from the crucible of life's experiences. Recently I returned to that old country school house, and upon looking through the window, I saw again the same book case, the same scarred desks, the same recitation bench—articles of furniture which played an important part in my younger life. My mind and emotions were stirred, and I would fain have sung with the poet, "Turn backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight, and make me a boy again just for tonight." The best days of your life and mine have undoubtedly gone by, yet, the second best days of any individual's life who elects college as a preliminary to worldly activities, are those spent upon the campus and within the halls and classrooms of the institution selected. Youth indicates that stage of the journey which is full of pleasure, teeming with delight. We may bear a few hardships here; but remember that they are as naught in comparison with some of those which we will later meet. We should comprehend more clearly the magnitude and significance of college days, and then diligently endeavor to make the most of the opportunities offered. Appreciate the value of youth, realize the pleasure that is embodied therein, and enjoy this life while you may.

Christmas with the Anna Houghton Daughters

Anna Houghton Daughters will have their annual Christmas party, Saturday evening, December 17, at 7 o'clock in the library. This is a get-together for all members and

their families. The exchange of gifts will be on the same plan as last year. Each member is requested to bring a plate of home-made candy. Come and have an enjoyable evening together.

I have seen in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been.—Robert Moffat.

IN THE LAND OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

In the door of her one-room, windowless, and cheerless cabin, Aunt Susanne was standing. A tall, gaunt, bare-footed mountain woman ageing with her cabin, she seemed to me a very bit of the mountain to which the cabin clung. Her face was covered with wrinkles, and showed the suffering which had come as a result of "the misery in her back, and the hurtings in her head." Her form was bent by the toil-filled days which had been hers since she had been able to grasp a hoe and "plow the corn" on the steep hill-sides. Yet in her eyes there gleamed the light which is seen so often in the faces of the older mountaineers, as they understand that their vague hopes and longings have been realized in better educational and living conditions for the younger folk.

On the opposite mountain side and in the valley between, boys and girls who lived at a boarding school for mountaineers, were busy at their tasks. I found my glance going from Aunt Susanne to the others. She was unable to read or write. They had opportunity to study as far as Junior College there. She was enveloped in the superstitions of her mountains. To them had come knowledge of a Christ whose love protected them, a God who was with them on the hardest trails in the darkest forests, as well as in their homes. Aunt Susanne lived in a windowless cabin. Their homes had "sunshine glasses" (windows). She cooked her food at a fireplace in unwashed dishes. They ate food cooked in sanitary kitchens. Her shoulders bore the stooped position so peculiar to mountaineers, giving one the impression that life's burdens had proved unbearably hard. They met their daily tasks with upraised head and erect shoulders, confident in their trust in Him whom they loved, and in their ability to accomplish things. Aunt Susanne had never had a childhood for she had of necessity worked as soon as she could follow the older ones to the field. Most of the students had known the usual joys of childhood, or their younger brother and sisters were enjoying them. To Aunt Susanne the days stretched ahead in a weary length without hope or anticipation. To the younger folk the to-morrows came as a promise of tasks accomplished, of promises fulfilled, or of new desires to be realized later.

Seeing the woman, so typical of the mountaineers, and the students, "the hope of the hills", so typical of the younger folk to whom men and women filled with love to God and His people of the mountains, had brought opportunity for advancement in so many ways, I felt that here indeed was the answer to the frequent question, "Is it worth-while to help the mountaineer?"

—Vivian Sanders King.

ANOTHER GOOD MEETING

There is real joy in Christian service! The fifteen enthusiastic workers who traveled to Silver Springs last Sunday evening will testify to this. It was a cold drive, and the windshield of the bus persisted in freezing over occasionally, yet the blanket-wrapped crowd within the car, were immensely enjoying the trip, especially the hearty singing.

We were cordially welcomed to the M. E. Church by its kind pastor, Rev. Edmunds. In introducing us to the well-filled house, he remarked that he was glad our band of Christian workers had "the chill off." May we ever keep on fire for God and away from formality and coldness!

Mr. Harold Webb was in charge of the service and Mr. Joseph Shipman directed the song service. There were two splendid special messages in song, one by a mixed quartet and the other by Mr. Shipman. The message of the evening was brought by Mr. Ernest Crocker. His theme was "The Bible, The Word of God." The exaltation of the Book rejoiced every Christian, and the logical proofs brought forth as regarding its divine inspiration, challenged the intellect of every hearer. The service was one of inspiration to all who ministered, and we trust that some word spoken may have helped some soul!

WELCOME, HOUR OF PRAYER!

Tired from the whirl of the day's activities, spiritually dulled or nervously strained by contact with busy life, many hearts have found peace for their turmoil and strength for their weakness at the Tuesday evening prayer meeting. This prayer meeting, instituted primarily for the students, has served its purpose well, doubly so perhaps, when one has attended regularly, regardless of the amount of work calling for attention. Indeed, one receives a greater blessing when a sacrifice of time is involved, providing he closes his interest to everything but God. No mortal can ever know what victories have been won and what defeats have been avoided because of the students' prayermeeting, since mortal beings can never measure by tangible means the endless power of prayer.

This year's weekly services have not been less appreciated than those of previous years, because little mention has been made of them. The evening of Nov. 29th was a precious season devoted mainly to prayer. Special emphasis has been made in the last few meetings of the necessity of a vision that lures us to higher and deeper achievements in God. May the All-Mighty help us to see our opportunities in Him and also to seize them with a grip that means business.

FRESHMAN BOYS TO OPPOSE H. S.

Freshman Girls Meet Theologs

The last games of the class series to be played before vacation, will come off tonight when the strong Freshmen team engages "Cliff" Mix's High School aggregation, and the Freshmen girls meet the Theologs, whose surprising victory of the High School team is still current gossip.

The Freshmen teams are both expected to win although the boys will receive tougher opposition than in their first game. It is expected that the High School will concentrate their forces on "Long Jim" Fiske, whose twenty points featured the Freshies first win.

Now let me burn for God.—Henry Martyn.

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ALUMNI NEWS

Letter from Stanley Wright

Mr. Joseph Horton
Alumni Editor
Houghton, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Horton:

Some days ago I received from you a sort of modified income report blank, inquiring very definitely into my personal affairs. Now, since you have made so bold as to do this, I just think I shall take my quill in hand and type you a few notes that will bristle with disinterest to you and all others. I shall try to follow the form of your inquiry as I recall it.

As to my occupation, I am a minister, but just at present I am commingling some high school teaching with that occupation. In fact, of the seventeen years since school days eleven of them have been spent in preaching and six in teaching, four of these in our church school at Central S. C. Enjoy my work? That's partly what I do it for.

The only educational institution that I have attended since leaving Houghton, aside from the School of Experience, from which I hold no degrees, is Oberlin College. I attended that College during 1910-11, Pro-

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GEO. C. CAWARD, Prop.

fessor H. LeRoy Fancher and I being the second batch of students that Houghton sent to Oberlin. Please make no inquiries of Professor Fancher concerning those days.

Married? I'll give you two guesses. To whom? To my wife, young man, to my wife! She used to be Miss Edna Bedford. We graduated together in the Preparatory Class of 1906. I understand that similar things have happened in Houghton since. May the tribe increase! I note that you fail to inquire concerning the unimportant matter of children, but there are some, five of them. There is one boy, the oldest, starting high school this year. Now, possibly you are not familiar with children young man, so I will explain that the other four are all girls and all younger than the boy. Is that clear to you?

The most interesting experience I have had since leaving Houghton?

1. Raising a boy.
2. Raising four girls.

"What experience from school life do you remember most vividly?" Now, you have started something! But I will choose for you e pluribus unum. I was the goat that was ridden off to the first inter-collegiate fray into which Houghton ever entered. It was the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association Oratorical Contest in the winter of 1908-09. The Contest was held at Colgate University. I had unfortunately won the home contest against some mighty men, and thus had to fight at Colgate. That year we came up against Colgate University and Syracuse University. Houghton was so fortunate as to win third place that year, but we learned whole lot of things. I was under the personal care and supervision of Professor H. W. McDowell. We orators had to appear on the stage in full evening dress. I rented mine in Syracuse on the way down. Now, to get into that thing was as much of a mystery to that good Professor as it was to me. With the task about half completed we discovered that some essential part of the contraption was missing. We did not dare risk undoing what we had already done, so it became necessary for that dignified Professor to go shopping for parts, for I assure you that I was in no position to do so. But he never hesitated. I do not recall what was lacking, but I think it had to do with either the drive shaft or the clutch. Possibly it was only a wrist-pin. I have tried through the years to forget what happened that night when the rest of our fellows first saw me!

You are treading on rather hallowed ground, my boy, when you ask about "crony or pal" back in those years. There came to be four of us, inseparable, locally known as "Ern" "Sappy", "Bildad", and "Zeke". The first three of these have come to be known in the halls of fame as Ernest Marion Hall, Ambrose C. DeLap, and William F. Frazier. I hesitate to disillusion you, Mr. Editor, but really nothing of great importance has happened at Houghton since that particular outfit left that institution.

And now, if at last I am to speak the name of my favorite teacher during those years of 1902-1910, here, indeed, do we tread on hallowed ground. Almost unlimited was the contribution that all those men and women poured unstintedly into my young life; the years have been long enough to enable me to evaluate fairly accurately the meaning of it all. But as I speak that one name that must ever stand out in sacred relief, it is with stirring emotions, the depth of which you, my young friend, will not know for another two-decades,—the name of Howard W. McDowell.

Sincerely yours,
S. W. Wright, '10

Doctor—Did you hold a mirror before her face to see if she were breathing.

Nurse—Yes, and she opened her eyes and gasped, and reached for her powder puff.

THINGS THAT WE MUST ACCEPT

—Howard E. Bain—

There are things that come in these lives of ours;
Things that are laden with care.
Things that are joyous and full of delight,
And things that are easy to bear.

Then there are things that we can't understand,
And we don't know why they should be.

But they come as if bidden by an unseen hand
To puzzle you and me.

With them they bring both laughter and tears,
Happiness, as well as dismay,
And as we live on through the changing years,
They still keep coming our way.

Together they make up the game of life,
Those things that we can't intercept.
So let us take them as part of life's strife,

They are things that we must accept.

SUNSHINE AND ROSES

Asked to pray for warm weather so that grandma's rheumatism might be cured, a five-year old boy knelt and said, "Oh Lord, please make it hot for grandma."

Doctor (examining unconscious engineer)—Did that automobile hit the engine?

Fireman—No the driver slowed up to let the train go by and the engineer fainted.

He had spoken to her on the street, and she was properly insulted.
"I don't know you from Adam," she said indignantly.
"You should," he retorted. "I'm dressed differently."

Teacher—Give me a sentence using the word female.

Boy—Here comes the Santa Fe mail train.

Teacher—What excuse can you give for being late?

Johnny—I ran so fast -I-I-I didn't have time to think one up.

Five year old Jimmy—"Wouldn't it be nice if while mamma was getting a permanent wave, Papa could get a permanent shave?"

Because of the lack of space in this week's Star, it was impossible to include the last installment of "Dad", Tierney's article, entitled Purple Gold. Next week, however, the remainder of this splendid article will be published. Watch for it! Editor's Note.

BAIN AND WING IN ACCIDENT

(Continued From Page One)

their battered chariot examining their injuries. Two escaped unhurt, while a third who had thrust his facial anatomy through the heavy glass wind shield, was much the worse for his experience. Poor fellow! he was bleeding in many places, for his head had seemingly caught on all sides of the sharp glass. Bain and Wing then played the part of good Samaritans and took the unfortunate Italian and his wine-smelling companions to a near-by town, where the former received medical aid. Our two venturesome students then resumed their homeward journey, and ere many hours passed, they arrived in Houghton at an early hour (early in the morning). On their way home they saw five cars parked wrong side up in the ditch, so they felt that they were not the only ones to be unlucky on the slippery highway.

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HISTORY OF THE Y. M. W. B.
(Continued From Page One)

sweets. Like a flash the solution to Alimami's call was solved by faith in the children. But faith and works go hand in hand, so then and there a letter appealing for one cent a week from our boys and girls was written and sent to the Wesleyan Methodist. The week following another letter announced the name Young Missionary Workers' Band, and the organization was launched. Did it work and were missionaries sent to Masumbo? To be sure. In six months two missionaries were sailing for Alimami's town and the end was not yet.

The work has developed into Junior and Senior Bands with conference leaders in every conference, with a strong Senior Band in each of our Colleges. The first Junior Band in Houghton had in it many boys and girls whose names are now familiar to our readers as men and women worthy of mention such as Dr. Ira Bowen of Pasadena Technical College, Prof. Tremaine McDowell of Yale, Prof. Ray Hazlett, Director of English in Houghton College, Joseph Markee, a pastor in Allegheny Conference, Dorothy Jennings, wife of Prof. Fall of Hiram College, and others.

Though small in its beginnings, the Y. M. W. B. has been a great source of inspiration to thousands of young people and a spur to the older ones. It has taught our young people to think of others, to deny self, to exalt Christ. It has placed upon them responsibility and taught them leadership. It has put into the Church treasury about \$375,000.00. In place of one mission field and one station of twenty-five years ago, we now have three fields, twelve stations in Africa, ten in India and six in Japan. We have also had a share in mission work in South America.

Could the curtains be drawn, you would see the old and young turning from their heathen ways, their faces radiant with a new light, you would see mission houses and chapels taking the place of Moslem prayer-grounds and fetiches, you would see yet other chiefs, like Alimami, calling for the Light, but with calls yet unanswered. You would see fields white unto harvest waiting for harvesters, building to be erected, schools to be taught, the sick to be healed, and the multitude to be told the old, old Story.

Do these needs present to you a challenge?

Mary Lane Clarke

**IN LABRADOR WITH DR.
GRENFELL**

Adventures in the Land of Ice
(Continued From Page One)

rolling up my sleeves to prove that I came to help in that service of love where humanity needs careful fine-combing; where a man "needs to have his jaw pitched down" by the process of having a few rotten stumps pulled from his mouth; where blind eyes need careful and hourly treatment to restore sight after the removal of cataracts; and where souls need coaxing back to life and strength.

One day, just as a shipload of patients were coming into the harbor, a telegram came from a nearby station, "One child dead, another child dying, send help at once." Again it was my privilege to be the one chosen to brave the wild waves, and quell an epidemic of Whooping Cough and Typhoid Fever. In five days, I cared for fifty-three cases of Whooping Cough, three of Typhoid Fever and various other ailments, and watched night and day by the side of a dying child.

On my return, the waves rolled so high, that we were in great peril in the little trap boat; but God who watches over all, guided us into a sheltered cove, and there we found rest for the night in a fisherman's hut.

The next morning, my aspiration ran high, and as I rolled along on a smoother sea, I breathed a prayer to God, part of which is given below.

Though I'm tossed upon life's sea,
Help my soul in calm to be,
Though life's ripples lure my way,
Teach me still to watch and pray.

In the roughest of life's sea,
Father, lift my soul to thee,
Drawing power from above,
Light and life in perfect love.

Upon the wheel of Dr. Grenfell's ship, are carved these words: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." This truth becomes a reality in Dr. Grenfell's Labrador Mission
—B. M. Rothermell

MASUMBO GIRLS' SCHOOL
"White" Christmas Offerings for the Y. M. W. B.'s First Mission Station
(Continued From Page One)

financial aid. Besides, the four hundred dollars which we shall raise at this time will give us a part in helping the Y. M. W. B. to go "over the top" in its Anniversary offering of fifty thousand dollars.

The idea of self-denial is not an innovation in 1927. Houghton students have carried on like campaigns at least twice before and each time they have brought the full amount of the goal. Four years ago, they made up their minds that their friend and comrade, Floyd Banker, should not remain in America when the only thing that kept him from his chosen field of service, India, was the lack of transportation money. They set their goal at four hundred dollars, and raised five hundred-eighty. The following year, they decided that the little girls of our school in India should not have to sleep in the open air while Americans were indulging themselves with the superfluities of life. Therefore they denied themselves and took up an offering of five hundred dollars for a new dormitory.

No, self-denial is not an innovation in 1927. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that though he was rich yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich."

**MY VISIT TO GUNGAJI
JOTRA OR A RELIGIOUS FAIR**
(Continued From Page One)

tempting to make the other fellow eat his dust; and there was certainly enough of the latter material. After leaving the government road, we found the journey much more difficult, the road being full of ruts and heavy, thick dust. The hot sun, beating down upon us, also added much to our discomfort. Before long, we came to a river where a dead body was being buried. The bearers were in the middle of the stream, bathing their bodies and washing their clothes, in order to cleanse themselves from the defilement which they believe comes from touching a corpse. Therefore, we had to await our turn to cross.

In due time we were allowed to cross the water; but upon arriving at the middle of the stream, the horses decided that the path was too precarious, and started to turn around. By this time the water was almost level with the bed of the cart. Realizing the danger, I grasped the reins, while the driver got out of the vehicle. Taking hold of the horses' bridles, the man soon led us to safety. Once across the river, it did not take us long to reach the sacred spot, where about 1500 people had gathered to wash away their sins in a pool of muddy water. Some plunged immediately into the water, while others acted more deliberately, sticking one foot and then the other into the filthy liquid. A few sat around the stream as it flowed from an opening in the stone wall. After bathing, the people donned dry clothes, while they spread their wet garments on the ground to dry. Afterwards, they

went to the temple to worship the gods and to offer sacrifice. Their sacrifices usually consisted of flowers, and a small crudely-constructed lamp. These sacrifices were obtained just outside of the temple.

I am unable to paint a very vivid picture of this religious festival; but I can truly say, that it was sad to see these people trying to satisfy themselves on the husks. No doubt a little satisfaction comes to them in feeling that they had done their duty. Yet some with whom I have talked, admitted that they felt no different after bathing than they did before.

Oh, that they would allow Christ to come into their hearts and wash away their sins. It would give them a peace that passeth all understanding.

Arthur Doty.

FRESHMEN GIRLS WIN DECISIVE VICTORY OVER SOPHS
(Continued From Page One)

for close shots, all in vain. Lapham and Dyer also had terrible luck in finding the basket.

On the other hand, the "Freshies" were at their best, due partly perhaps to their unfaltering support from the gallery. Throughout the game, the Sophomores concentrated their efforts to check the girl who upset them in the first game, and this time they held "Bess" Crocker to one field goal; but, with Crocker stopped, Matthews proceeded to fill her place in the scoring column, netting three pretty field goals. The Freshmen scoring should be attributed, in part at least, to captain "Al", whose dribbling and passing brought the ball to the Freshmen end of court continually.

Only in the first few minutes of play, could the Sophomore supporters have entertained any great hope for victory, when "Peggy" Lapham dribbled down the side, to score a nice bank shot and give the Sophs a brief lead.

**THE WORLD
AND CHRIST**

The prospects are as bright as the promises of God.—Adoniram Judson.

The world is my parish.—John Wesley.

While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or of Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the foreign mission fields.—Ion Keith Falconer.

I will go down, but remember that you must hold the ropes.—William Carey.

You can do more than pray after you have prayed, but you cannot do more than pray until you have prayed.—A. J. Gordon.

The extent to which the work of Bible translation and publication has been carried, is indicated by the statement that, with perhaps some minor exceptions, there is not a race, even in Africa or the Pacific Islands, that has not the whole Bible or at least some portion of it, in language it can understand, while some of the versions, notably the Arabic and Chinese, reach almost untold millions.—Edwin M. Bliss.

Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.—William Carey.

A pessimistic missionary is a contradiction in terms.—Bliss.

God helping me, I will go myself.—Melinda Rankin.