

IN THE GENESEE COUNTRY

The HOUGHTON STAR

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Second Prize Essay and Third Prize Poems of the Literary Contest

A Reflection of Paradise

Ethelyn Lupton

'Twas midnight, but not a star in the heavens
—No twinkling diamonds—not one;
The sky gleamed with clouds of ethereal hue
In the land of the midnight sun.

'Twas majestic—the sight of those purple-blue
clouds
As they lazily floated by
And gracefully trailed their billowy folds
—This was Norwegian sky!

'Twas still,—a lone watcher in deepest awe
stood
On the bank of a silvery stream
That mirrored reflections of varying forms
And the rays of the sun's mystic gleam.

'Twas splendid—this vision of radiant light
And to a weary soul given;
I cried to the Artist in humbleness, then,
"If this can be earth, what is heaven?"

Jackie's Prayer

Erma Anderson

The moon was round and full and red
When little Jack got into bed;
He gazed long at the great bright eye,
Then shut his own with a tired sigh.

"Dear God, keep muvver the safest You can,—
Don't let her cry or miss her 'man';
I didn't want her to go away,
But fink she'll come for me some day.

She said for me to p'tect my dad,
For he'd be awful jonesome and sad,
'Cause now he hasn't muvver either
Since she went with the dref'ul fever.

So I'll be muvver's own brave man;
I'm tired, and all tucked in real tight,—
Help me to live the best I can,
I guess, dear God, I'll say good night."

The Dollar Down Complex

Martha York

So popular has installment buying become that it is possible today to buy almost everything from chewing gum to private yachts on the installment plan. This system of paying has grown as a mushroom, and now there is hardly anything but carfare that cannot be paid for at so much down and so much periodically.

The merchants have taken advantage of the public's stupidity and have been so emmeshed in their nets that they will soon be mortgaging the future income of their children to make "easy payments." In my home town, almost all the jewelry shops and many of the clothing stores are run on the installment basis. Their enticing signs read: "It's O. K. to Owe Kay;" "A Dollar Down and Three Cents A Day;" "Dress Well for Two Cents A Day;" and so forth.

Just recently did I discover the reason that installment plan businesses are so numerous. What a pity that the poor doped public cannot realize that instead of paying ten per cent interest, as premium for getting what he wants a year ahead of the time, he is paying twenty-four per cent for the time accommodation! The merchant's pockets are being lined as they would rather make a sale on the installment plan than for cash. Why not?—he can get twenty-four per cent from his buyer and he

Winners of Literary Contest for 1927

The following are the results of the Annual Literary Contest. The first prizes will be published in the Boulder and the second and third have been or will be published in the Star.

Poetry:

First Place, "Blow, Winds, Blow"

By Roberta Molyneux

Second Place, "Fate"

By Florence Long

Third Place, "Jackie's Prayer"

(a tie) By Erma Anderson
"A Reflection of Paradise"

By Ethelyn Lupton

Stories:

First Place, "O, Somno Crudele"

By Vivienne Crippen

Second Place, "Jip's Decision"

By Elsie Bacon

Third Place, "The Wail of the Haunted Trail"

By Ruth Crouch.

Essays:

First Place, "No Midas' Touch About It"

By Iva Benning

Second Place, "The Dollar-Down Complex"

By Martha York

Third Place, "The Seasons"

By Aletha Fairfield

Second "Acres of Diamonds"

Friday evening, Dr. Bernard C. Clausen delivered his lecture entitled "What Are You Worth" to a very appreciative audience. This lecture which he has delivered many times is recognized by critics as the second "Acres of Diamonds," the lecture which won such fame and glory for Russell Conwell. Dr. Clausen's lecture was freighted with thoughts and utterances that fairly gleamed with the striking personality of the speaker.

Dr. Clausen's message was the expression of a wise counsellor's mind concerning the intrinsic value of each and every individual's life. No one, regardless of how young or old, how great or small he was, could fail to grasp the golden truths of Dr. Clausen's clearly defined lecture. According to his lecture, the true value of a person's life is measured solely by the difference between the happiness that exists before and after the death of the individual. It can never be known how many lives have been brought to a realization of their true value by Dr. Clausen's lecture and his great personality which sends his messages home to the hearts of his hearers.

can borrow money at four per cent to carry on his business. Some people would have us believe that it is a necessity many times to own something before they have it's purchase price, and that therefore this dollar-down plan is beneficial. For instance, one lady says it is better to buy an electric washer on the installment plan, and enjoy it's benefits while paying for it rather than breaking her back over the wash tub while waiting to gather together the purchase price. I will grant that in a few rare cases, the plan may be wise, but as a matter of fact, the orgy of installment buying is largely confined to luxuries. A large company making heating plants some time ago decided that if it was logical to buy radio sets or clothing on credit, it certainly was logical to buy a heating

(Continued on Page Three)

President Luckey Travels in Interests of the School

President Luckey for the past few weeks has been visiting the conferences in the interests of the school. May 1 to 8 he will attend the World's Christian Fundamentals Association in Atlanta, Georgia. He is chairman of the committee on Modernism in the Theological Seminaries whose purpose is to discuss the different phases of Modernism. Probably the trustee for the Bryan Foundation, proposed by our President, will be elected at this time.

Ask Yourself These Questions

Do I trust Christ as well as I do my best friend by giving Him my entire confidence and devotion?

Do I put Him first in my daily program and make room for Him to partake with me of its activities?

Will not my love for Christ cause me to "break a box of ointment" for Him occasionally?

Will I want to neglect communion with Him in order to chat with someone or play a game? Can I afford anyone or anything to break the sweet relationship I hold with Him?

Can He trust His riches and presence with me if I love Him more in word than in truth?

Can I bear to trifle in such a manner that an on-looker will question my professed love to Christ?

Do I love Him merely when it is easy and deny Him when others blinded by sin fail to recognize His wondrous beauty and mock His precious cross?

Can I conscientiously spend the entire Sabbath visiting and grudgingly give Christ only the morning service?

Do I love Him enough to want His image on my forehead, in my conversation, and in my life?

If I cannot answer these questions clearly, am I what Jesus wants me to be?

Find His Plan

After vacation, those who love the Lord looked eagerly for the Tuesday evening prayer service. From the opening hymn to the close God's presence was real and His Spirit near. The verses of Scripture from Psalms 37:3-5, read by Mr. Meredith, began with these words: Trust, Delight, Commit." These verses are full of the promises of God to lead, direct, and supply the needs and desires of those who trust in the Lord and commit their way to Him.

Especially good was the thought presented by the leader that God has plans all made for our lives. We do not need to ask God to formulate plans; our part is to find and accept what the infinite God has planned for us. The hymn "What a Friend we Have in Jesus" as the conclusion to the service reiterated and summed up the thoughts of the testimonies and prayers.

In the few weeks remaining to meet in prayer let all who read these lines determine to be present each time with a heart which not only submits but acquiesces to the whole will and plan of God.

Wife (with sudden thought)—"Dear, would you like to have mother for supper?"

Husband—"No, thanks. My digestion isn't what it used to be."

1000 chickens and 999 laid eggs.

What was the matter with the other one? He was head man.

Awake - Wait

"Awake to righteousness and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame."—I Cor. 15:34.

With this startling scripture as a basis for his remarks, our pastor brought a message Sunday morning which should prove very helpful, especially to Christians interested in the unbelievers all about them.

The doctrines of the resurrection, the ascension, and so forth, present to the unbelieving mind so many difficulties that they become stumbling blocks. Even when Jesus wished to teach his disciples, He found it necessary first to bring about a double separation—a separation from the crowd, and a separation from their own reasonings or contentions.

The apostle spoke as he did in the text because Jesus Christ had come to declare the Father to men, and here in the Corinthian Church were those who were without the knowledge of God. To-day uncounted millions are accepting the denial of the Biblical teachings concerning Jesus Christ; and yet, perhaps there are more cults, more religions seeking to solve the mysteries of the unseen than ever before.

It is not a lack of credulity that keeps men from coming to Jesus Christ; nor is it always unwillingness on their part, for no man can come to Him except the Father draw him. Do not charge the sinner with stubborn rejection. Omnipotent power must interpose and draw the sinner. It is the privilege of the Church so to bring souls to God in prayer that that which has blinded them shall be removed and they shall be enabled to come to Christ. It is impossible for men to awake without the help of God.

"I speak this to your shame." Why? God's people ought to be so godly that one in their midst not knowing God will realize his need, not by criticism, but through his lack, even as the child to whom an empty plate is handed, while every one else at the table has a well-filled plate, realizes his lack.

The evening service was one of those rare occasions when our pastor draws lessons from the wealth of his personal experience. Surely the Lord blessed the message to many hearts.

He took up reasons why we do not have a uniform and steady consciousness of God. Dry times come to those who have not failed in their spiritual life through sin. "God giveth power to the faint," but to the sinful he giveth reproof. In Isaiah 40:31 we read that they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. When we are not conscious of sufficient spiritual strength we should not blame others, nor ourselves always, but we should wait upon the Lord. Waiting implies an attitude of obedience, of absolute confidence, of perfect composure in God. We need to take time to be holy and to permit the influx of divine accessions of grace.

Don't Miss It!

On Monday evening, April 25 another opportunity to hear Houghton's musical talent will be offered. A public recital will be given by the Music Department in the College Chapel from six-thirty to seven-thirty. There will be no admission charge.

The program consists of both vocal and piano numbers and will be worthy of a good attendance. If you say you do not understand music well enough to appreciate it—when can you find a better time to learn than the time you are now spending in school? An education that does not provide some knowledge of the best musical works and at least a degree of appreciation is incomplete. Make the most of your opportunities!

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Easter Program

Our attention was called once again to the sacredness of the Easter season by the program in chapel on Friday. The History of Lent, Palm Sunday and Easter, and a talk on the words of the cross as given by various members of the Oratory department, were both interesting and inspiring. Two Easter anthems were also sung by the members of the conducting class.

The Seasons

Aletha Fairfield

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY IN LITERARY CONTEST

When the Creator of all looked upon his handiwork, he found that man was prone to become discontented with his lot. Therefore to relieve the monotony of life, he created the seasons; spring, summer, autumn and winter.

Although every season has its own particular attractions which cannot be possibly overlooked, spring is undeniably the most delightful season of the year because it brings forth new life and restores beauty everywhere.

Miss Spring arrives the last of March. Every phase of nature makes extensive preparations for her coming: the dull gray sky becomes a pale blue, making the whole world brighter; the air is freshened and made sweet by the balmy and life-giving breezes that blow gently, giving new vigor to all nature. The golden sun peeps over the horizon lending warmth and strength; the newly arrived birds awake and hold a concert of the sweetest music—sweeter even than that produced by Peter Pan. The ground becomes soft and warm and is covered by a rich carpet so that the tiny feet of Spring may not be hurt as she trips lightly over it. The early violets and May-flowers raise smiling faces to receive her welcome kiss as she gaily passes by.

Then comes the mystery of Spring—the creation of life—life that is more abundant. Every tree and shrub pokes out tiny buds that grow and expand until the miracle of a leaf appears. Soon the nakedness of the tree is covered by silvery-green leaves which shelter and protect myriads of beautiful birds.

Later the fruit trees don their delicate, pinky-white dresses. One might easily imagine the world in this gala attire was fairyland. Soon, however, the petals fall slowly, softly to the ground where they form a white carpet and make the air heavy with their perfume.

Spring becomes more mature as she develops from adolescence into womanhood. The sky becomes a deeper blue; the air, warm and heavy; the ground covered with an abundance of growing things and in the air there is a delightful scent of new mown hay.

Summer stalks forth with its severe storms that accompany the long, hot days. The blue of the sky gives place to heavy gray clouds; the trees toss their towering heads and there is a scurry of leaves, papers and tiny animals which seek shelter. Then comes a deep hush for a brief time, but immediately the storm breaks in all its fury. The rain comes in sheets; the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls along like billows till the whole earth vibrates. Shortly the storm ceases, the sun appears and smiles upon a clean fresh earth.

Summer is the time of sports and picnics. Land and water become popular playgrounds for golf, tennis, croquet, canoeing, bathing and camping. What a world of fun is looked up in summer when the days are long and cheerful, the nights, cool and refreshing! The summer days become shorter and cooler until autumn with its harvest arrives.

The birth of the spring and the growth of summer have not been in vain for each tiny seed that awoke in the spring has brought forth after its kind—nor did the pinky-white petals fall reluctantly from the trees for no reason, because in their places fruit weighs down the trees by a heavy burden. The autumn is the maturity of the year.

Our hearts are no longer made glad by the enchanting music of our feathered friends for they have felt the approach of "Jack Frost" and have left for the sunny southland. Only the crickets and locusts remain and their song furnish the funeral march of fall.

Even when the world is made bright by the sun and the forests are decked in their gala

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THE DOLLAR DOWN COMPLEX

(Continued from Page One)

plant that way. But to their surprise, the public was rather indifferent to the idea; it was far more thrilled at buying fur coats, jewelry and automobiles "on time." Such is the lure of the "dollar-down." What a rush there would be if marriage matches with European nobility could be bought on time payments!

I have some very interesting friends who have learned the lesson that installment buying has to teach, and since they have reformed. I think they will not object to my telling their story, and by so doing, benefit the public at large.

Edward and Jean had been sweethearts since high-school, and a year after Ed's graduation from college they were married. Jean's mother planned the wedding—and a wedding it was! Half the town attended the affair and their stack of wedding gifts was awe-inspiring. Poor bashful Ed was glad when the "splurge" was all over and he and Jean ran away from all the advice-giving relatives. They spent their honeymoon in a little log cabin in the Maine woods, enjoying, (as only honeymooners can) each other's companionship and the ease and informality of camp life. The three weeks ended all too quickly and they had to return to the city once again.

However their new little house was waiting their arrival and everything had such a rosy aspect, that they were glad to come. It was about two months after they had come home that two of Jean's old girl friends and I went to see her one afternoon. She was more than pleased to see us and was oh, so proud to show us through her darling little home. And well she might be for it was truly ideal.

It was just about two weeks after this visit that I left the city and was gone almost three years. Upon my return some of the first friends I looked up were Ed and Jean. I found out from one of the girls that they had moved from Market Street to Highland Terrace. I was quite surprised as Highland Terrace is in the "four-hundred" part of the city. Undaunted, however, by this change in their address and apparently in their circumstances also, I called on them. Jean looked the same smiling classmate I had known her, but my, how different her surroundings than the last time I had seen her. The house was one of these new English types which are so popular now. (Isn't it interesting to notice lately how styles in houses actually differ from year to year almost as much as cloak and suit styles?) Jean and I had been chatting for about ten minutes when Ed came hurrying in with this exclamation; "I just paid the doctor another ten dollars on his bill."

Jean said, "Oh goody, two more payments and the baby's ours."

She did not mind my knowing this added fact about their money affairs as she had just been boasting about how much had been paid on the different pieces of furniture, the automobile, the radio, the house, and so forth.

It was about a year after that that Jean and Ed sold their beautiful home and car and moved out of the unyielding requirements of "society." They moved in an inviting though unpretentious home in the suburbs. They were both so much happier as they were living within their income and had no unpaid installments hanging over their heads. Also the life in a home was so much more delightful than in the large city "establishment" that was run on a hotel basis, meeting the demands and comparing favorably with the wealthy of the city who could really afford it. After their experience they had both decided that it is by far the best to use the pay-as-you-go system. They still have their share of friends and love to entertain them, but it is no longer on the installment plan!

Installment buying, as a habit, is weakening to character because it leads straight to serfdom. If anything is un-American surely that is.

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A Prof. was strolling down the hall
And thought he heard a kiss;
He jammed his ear against the wall
And what he heard was this:

"Think you can learn to love me, Ed?"
A maiden young did sigh.
"Why not? I passed my Calculus,"
Her hero did reply.

Two Irishmen were working on a building,
when Mike mistook an elevator shaft and
plunged down five stories.

Finally Pat missed his friend, and hearing
a moan from the shaft, looked down.

"Are ye there, Mike?" he called.
"Yis," said Mike. "But Pat, be careful
when you come down. That first step is terrible."

Scottie (In Solid Analytic Geometry class
while watching Miss Davison do problems on
the board)—My, Lane, it makes me tired to
watch her work.

Modern Girl (to fiance)—Hugo, what a
charming little ornament you have sent me.
But what is it? It is made of gold but it is
not a broach, nor a ring, nor a bracelet; I have
never seen anything like it. What is it?

Hugo—A thimble.

Possibly one reason why more Americans do
not see America first is that the billboard men
won't let them.

THE SEASONS

(Continued from Page Three)

attire there is a feeling of something lacking,
for the flowers, the grass, and the trees are
preparing for the winter rest. Autumn is a
sad time for it seems that life could never be
revived in the gaunt trees or in the withered
grass and vines. The days become sharply cool
and much shorter. The last few days of autumn
are bleak, dull and bare.

"Jack Frost" pays his respects more frequent-
ly. Finally, we awake one morning to find
that the ground is covered with a soft, warm
white, snow-blanket that protects the tiny seeds
and bulbs that have settled themselves comfortably
to dream of spring. The days become
very short; the sun loses its warmth; and the
sky is a dull, heavy gray. Masterful winter is
upon us. The mercury drops very low and the
crunch of the snow bespeaks its cold spirit. To
sit by a great open fire and dream, while the
old North-wind rattles the windows and whines
through the stark, shivering trees, is delightful.
The wind as it moans in the night is the death-knell of the year.

The stars in the winter's sky are inspiring—
clear, cold, sparkling and distant, giving one
a feeling of insignificance. The moon's rays on
the snow make a path of diamonds that dazzles
the eye. The air is cold, crisp, and bracing.

Now ends the year, for winter is the old age
of the seasons. Only the wind sobs out its
sorrow at its death.

Hubby—The new minister is fine. He al-
ways brings the truth home to you.
Wife—Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely to
have a husband like that?

Trom—My white horses eat more than my
black horses do.

Bone—Why is that?

Trom—I have more white horses than I do
black.

Two Irishmen, one accompanied by his wife,
met on the street. Said Pat to Mike: "Let me
present my wife to ye."

I never believed in dreams until one night
I was eating flannel cakes and when I woke up
the flannels were gone.

Pansy—That was the most unkind cut of
all.

Petunia—What was that?

Pansy—I showed him one of my baby pictures
with my father holding me on his knee, and he
said, "Who's the ventriloquist?"

The new definition of a grapefruit is as fol-
lows: It is a mixture of a lemon, a dose of
quinine and a pumpkin.

He—What would you say if I were to kiss
you?

She—How could I say anything if you were a
good marksman?

Say, do you know who invented electric illum-
ination?

Sure, Thomas Edison.

Naw, Noah. When he let the elephants out,
didn't he make the first Ark light?

A new one on Central

He was newly arrived in this country and
was none too familiar with the use of the tel-
ephone. So he took the receiver and demand-
ed: "Aye want to talk to my wife."

Central's voice came back sweetly: "Num-
ber please?"

"Oh," he replied, perfectly willing to help
out, "she bane my second vun!"

He—The doctor prescribed for me, but I
couldn't follow his prescription.

She—Why couldn't you follow his prescrip-
tion.

He—He told me to take one pill three times
a day, and you can't do that.

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