

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Rev. E. W. Black Greets Student Body

Explains the Secret of a Successful Life

To the student body, greetings:

Your editor asked me if I would give you a word from my pen. I do so with pleasure, and I have chosen for my subject, "The Life that counts most." I take it for granted that every student at Houghton wants to make life a success; not a partial success, but success in the fullest sense of the word. Now in order to do this there are a few things that are absolutely necessary. I mention four.

First, VISION. Things that are worth while are done first in the mind or will. This is true whether you build a house, a road or an engine. Therefore be a dreamer—get a vision; be definite; have a purpose in life. A life without vision or purpose is like a ship without rudder, chart, or compass. Such a ship would touch few ports if any. So is life without a vision.

Second, the life that counts most must have courage. I would like to underscore that word COURAGE. Many lives have failed not because they lacked brains or vision—they had both; but they failed because they lacked courage. If Mr. Ford had not had courage as well as vision, probably we would have been walking instead of riding in an automobile.

Third, the successful man or woman must not be afraid of hard work. That is part of the price that you pay for success a great many people are sitting around waiting to get a pull. The successful man does his own pulling. Did you ever see an old hen with about twenty-five little chicks? About nine times out of ten the most of them will be hale and hearty. On the other hand did you ever see a hen with but one little chick? About nine times out of ten it will die. Get the lesson; learn to do your own pulling.

Last, but not least, take God into account. This is the first and most important thing to true and lasting success. Do you remember what Jesus said to his disciples, to men who were going to do the big things in life, the men who were going to help form and shape civilization and make destiny? He told them to put God first; not second or last but FIRST. "Seek ye FIRST the Kingdom of God." Matt. 6:33. He then gave them a promise. (Look it up.) But that promise was conditional. They must put God first. One of the disciples said to Jesus, "Lord teach us to pray." Christ granted his request and gave him a pattern of prayer. The very first petition in that prayer was "Thy Kingdom come." He was teaching him to put God first. Open your Bibles; turn to the first book, the first chapter and the first verse. It reads—"In the beginning God." God first. But some one says, "I can

make a success in life without putting God first". If you mean by success money, fame, honor, or social distinction, you may get all that and more; but if you leave Christ out, your life will be a failure. You may get gold until you can pile it mountain high; wisdom until you can vie with Solomon; honor until your brow could bear no more, but if you say "no" to Christ, you will miss the best and biggest thing in life, and sometime you will realize that your life is a failure. I intreat you, in the name of Christ, take God into account and put him first in your life.

Do you desire success? Get a vision; have courage; work hard; put God first.

Lofgren Lecture Thrills Audience

Mr. Lofgren, a member of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, lectured at Houghton College Thursday evening, February fourth as scheduled. His lecture included the showing of five reels of interesting film photographed at the region of the South Pole. The hazards encountered during the passage of the specially constructed ship, "The City of New York" through the ice pack as well as the unloading of supplies and equipment for the long stay, separated from civilization were vividly pictured. Life during the months of continuous darkness and months of continuous daylight as Byrd's men lived it was interestingly portrayed especially the scenes in which Byrd and his men attempted to establish more friendly relationships with the penguins.

Climaxing the picture was Byrd's trip to the South Pole in his aeroplane and the dropping of the American flag on the Pole.

Mr. Lofgren brought with him one of the husky dogs born at the South Pole and typical of those used on the expedition.

Instrumental Students Give Recital

The School of Music has taken a great forward step. This took place Tuesday afternoon when another feature, previously unheard of in Houghton, was presented in the College Chapel. At that time seventeen of Professor Sorensen's pupils took part in a public recital under the auspices of the Department of Orchestral Instruments. The following proved a very pleasing program.

Violin Quartet
Sarabanda Carl Bohn
Parry, Hess, Crumley, Merrill

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Rev. E. W. Black

Special Evangelistic Services

February 9-21

Morning: Chapel 9:45

Evening: Church 7:30

Tuesday night marked the opening of another of our Revival series of another of our revival series and a song by the male quartet, Rev. Black, the evangelist, brought the message. Some of the main points of his sermon are shown by the following. America needs a heaven-sent Holy Ghost Revival. We want a revival that will rebuild our family altars; that will make us profoundly solicitous for the salvation of others; that will make church attendance a delight; that will make the church member keep his vows and that will promote thoughtful, prayerful reading of God's word.

The conditions for promoting a heaven-sent revival rest primarily with us. God will come when we meet the conditions. When we bend the knee God will bend the ear. We need to be humble and confess our sins.

For his topic Wednesday night, Rev. Black chose "Is thine heart right?" We can be right with our fellow men and still not be right with God. We cannot be right with God unless we are right with our fellow men. We can be church members, love the preachers, pay tithes, sing in the choir and still not be right with God. A mere reliance upon a profession of religion will not get us into the kingdom of God. We are either on God's side or we are not, either for him or against Him. There can be no neutral position. A person is either believing the truth or believing a lie. Therefore we can see that we are either dead in sin or alive in God. Every one of us is sending out influence making it easy or hard for others to go to heaven or hell. There are three reasons why we should get right with God. First, life is so short and uncertain. Second, Eternity is so long. Third, there is the possibility of saying, "No", for the last time. We can get right with God by turning to Him and repenting.

CHAPEL SERVICE WED.

"A one world man" was the topic chosen by Bro. Black for the first chapel service of this series of meetings. Under this topic four main

(Continued on Page Two)

Purple Gold Teams Divide Their Honors

New Students Register

Owing to the fact that several students of the first semester who are expected to register for the second semester have not done so as yet we have not been able to obtain accurate registration figures. However there are, up to date, seven new students in the College and Theology departments. They are as follows: Ethel Doty, India; Robert VanDeventer, Syracuse; Clifford Mix, Houghton; Gordon Loomis, Castile; Loyal Wright, Chazy; Miss Rickard and Miss Rork.

In High School the following new students have registered; Catherine Babcock, Houghton; Eva Julia Todd, Belfast; Walter Sheffer, Houghton and Roy McCarty, Houghton.

White Elephants Exchanged

On Monday afternoon a notice, conspicuously posted, invited the Gaoyadeo girls to attend a new species of party, to be given by the Dean and Matron of the dormitory. The girls were told to bring a White Elephant—an "undesired article"—with them. So at seven-thirty a gay group congregated in the Dining Hall Annex.

The "Elephants" were piled upon the center table, and to carry out the jungle atmosphere suggested by the Elephants, a game of Hunters was played. Peanuts were the prey. Hunter Matthew's team came out way ahead, and their valiant leader received a pencil sharpener—to keep her weapons for the coming Semester's warfare in good order.

Other games were enjoyed and then the mysterious packages were opened amid shrieks of hilarity. Each girl received an Elephant but much trading was gone through before everyone was satisfied with her own beast. And then refreshments were served by our hostesses—ice cream and wafers—Ummm! After this Dora Waite led in singing the Alma Mater, and Gen Matthews in nin rals for Miss Cole and the Dean and we all retired with our trophies.

The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Fillmore and Miss Cole for the good time they gave us.

Rheinverein Elects

The Rheinverein Club met Tuesday after chapel for the purpose of electing officers. The officers as elected are as follows:
President—No election
Secretary—Schauss
Treasurer—W. Robinson.

Purple Boys and Gold Girls Are Victors

Saturday night, January 30 the Purple and Gold squads clashed for the fourth time. Lowell Fox, refereeing the opener, brought the rival girl quintets together for what proved to be the game of the evening; the game that evened up the wins for the Purple and Gold lassies.

Both teams started with a slow but effective offense. The ball was carefully and accurately passed until an opening was secured for a shot at the basket. The score at the half-time was 5-2 in favor of the Gold.

Early in the last half Congdon dropped in a field goal for the Purple to cut down the Gold's advantage, but not for long, as Harbeck and Stratton each netted a free throw. The Purple failed to overcome the lead of their strong Gold opponents throughout the remainder of the game which ended with a score of 11-9 Gold.

Matthews, Hall, and Hewitt played a snappy offensive game for the Gold while Harbeck and Stratton showed strength at the defensive positions.

Congdon, Minnis, and MacFarlane scored for the Purple with Frank as an able assistant while Kissinger played a good defensive game.

The Gold "Tigers" were out to even things up with the Purple "Lions" who had one win in their favor, but the "Lions" proved too strong for their opponents.

At the start of the game the teams looked good but as it progressed both teams became a little hasty in making their passes and many were intercepted either by the opponents or stopped by the surrounding walls. The Purple obtained a ten-point lead the first half with the score 18-8.

The Gold quintet reorganized at the last half began to gain gradually on their opponents until they had but a three point margin. At this stage of the game it was doubtful as to whom the winner would be, but all doubt was removed when the "Lions" opened up with a fresh attack and took their prey by a 42-28 score. Mountjoy was high scorer for the Gold and Morrison for the Purple.

Gold Girls

	g	fp	tp
Matthews, F	1	0	2
Hall, F	2	1	5
Hewitt, C	1	0	2
Stratton, G	0	1	1
Harbeck, G	0	1	1
	4	3	11

Purple Girls

	g	fp	tp
Frank, F	0	0	0
Congdon, F	2	0	4
Minnis, C	1	1	3
Kissinger, G	0	0	0
MacFarlane	1	0	2

Referee: Fox. Timers: Dietrich and Wolfe. Scorers: Joslyn and Wagner.

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Collegiate Sam Says:

Any old stick can make a match if he has the right kind of head on it.

EDITORIAL

It is difficult to find words of honor and love with enough meaning to apply to that "Man for the Ages," Lincoln. Novelists and poets have helped us realize to some extent the humanity of the Great Emancipator, and doubtless all of us have come to reverence the man.

Edwin Markham in his poem "Lincoln the Man of the People," has given a striking and apt word picture of Abraham Lincoln.

"When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greating and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.

"So came the Captain with the mighty heart.
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

WHY?

"The Depression" has been blamed for so many things that it would really be an imposition to lay anything else at its door, (if depressions have doors.). Since this most popular and much used excuse is not to be used, just what is the reason for a certain rumor around school? It has been heard that those taking part in the coming Library Benefit Concert will feel a strain on both nerves and pocketbooks.

Has participation in a public concert become such an honor that students must pay for the privilege of performing?

—R. B.

PERSONALS

Ruth Lawrence spent the week-end visiting in Sandy Creek.

Bernice Davie has moved to the Senior Dormitory.

Lois Sweet spent the week-end visiting in Syracuse.

Miss Marian Hewitt is attending the Olympics at Lake Placid.

Miss Vila Ackerman spent Tuesday in Olean.

Miss Bertha Rothermel spent the week-end with her friend Mrs. Cooper at Sonyea.

Lawrence Strong preached in the Methodist Episcopal Churches at Bliss and Eagles on Sunday.

Miss Fillmore and Miss Kate Cole gave the girls of the big dorm a party Monday night.

Helen Baker and Lucile Wilson have left the girls' Dormitory and moved down-street.

Mae Young, Edna Stratton, Mildred Lambertson, Gladys Davison, Lois Sweet and Ruth Lawrence drove to Rochester last Thursday.

Dorothy Crouch, Bernice Davie, and Elizabeth MacFarlane spent the week-end vacation at their respective homes.

Miss Gladys Davison, Marion Hewitt, Gordon Stevenson, Willard Stevenson and Melvin Ferns have been spending a few days in Mooers.

The following spent the week-end at home: Allena Owens, Elinor Carpenter, Velma Harbeck, Edith Stearns, Theda Thomas, Vivian Bunnel, Florence Keeney, Elsie Congdon, Margaret Carter and Ruth Kissinger.

Purple-Gold Series

(Continued from Page One)

Gold Boys				
	g	fp	tp	
Armstrong, F	1	0	2	
Moon, F	3	0	6	
Parry, C	2	2	6	
Burns, G	0	0	0	
Mountjoy, G	5	1	11	
VanOrnum	0	1	1	
McGowan	1	0	2	
	12	4	28	
Purple Boys				
	g	fp	tp	
Cronk, F	2	0	4	
Mein, F	5	1	11	
Smith, C	1	1	3	
Morrison, G	6	0	12	
Hayes, G	0	0	0	
Weiss, F	2	1	5	
Corsette, F	3	1	7	
	19	4	42	

Referee: Mathern. Timers: Brink & Baker. Scorers: Joslyn and Wagner.

Services Open

(Continued from Page One)

points were given. They are:
1. There is a life beyond this life.
2. There are those that live for this life alone. An illustration of this is the man raking continually and keeping his eyes on the earth while just above his head hovers an angel waiting to crown him with splendor.
3. All the good an unsaved man has is in this life.
4. Get ready for Eternity. We are creatures of Eternity as well as creatures of time.

"A poodle or lap-dog sometimes take the place of babies in the home. Therefore dogs are very useful."

From a freshman theme

ALUMNI

New York-New Jersey Chapter

Now that the holiday activities are over and the great strain and stress of midyear reviews and examinations past, perhaps you would like to hear of a most delightful evening we of the New York-New Jersey Chapter of Houghton Alumni and Students spent early in December at the Sloane House Hotel, Y. M. C. A., 356 West 34th Street, New York City.

This hotel is an excellent place for our gatherings as it is centrally located and the gracious hospitality and perfect service leave nothing to be desired. Our private diningroom was beautiful with snowy linen and bowls of deep red roses. Though only fifteen of our members were able to be present we thoroughly enjoyed the dinner, and the speeches which followed.

Mr. Ray Hazlett acted as master-of-ceremonies in the absence of our chairman, Mr. Stanley Orner. To the enjoyment of the group, Mr. Ralph Davy, Mr. Elmer Davidson and Mr. Fred Bedford were called

upon for speeches. Then President Luckey, our guest of honor, gave us a detailed report of affairs in Houghton, touching on the enrollment of the different departments, the faculty, finances, plans for the present and future and many items of great interest.

Mr. Arthur Bernhoft was elected chairman for the coming year. He responded to the call for a speech, assuring us of his real interest and willingness to do all in his power to keep alive the aims and purposes of this chapter. Grace Bedford McCoy was retained as secretary-treasurer and, with Miss Harriet Meeker as assistant, was asked to serve as STAR reporter as well.

After singing some college songs, the ninth annual meeting of the New York-New Jersey chapter adjourned with our interest revived and active again in the welfare and status of Houghton College.

Grace Bedford McCoy, Sec.
100 Mountainview Ave.
Nutley, New Jersey

Miss Bertha G. Williams is now working at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Instrumental Recital

(Continued from Page One)

Violin Solo	
The Old Rugged Cross	Bennard
Marvin Eyer	
Clarinet Duet	
a. March R. DeBerton and Saenger	
b. Intermezzo	
Brownell, Douglass	
Violin Solo	
Simple Avou	Francis Thome
Forest Merrill	
Cello Duet	
a. Andante	Joseph Verner
b. Allegro	
Carnahan, Elliott	
Saxophone Solo	
Simplicity	Ed. Chenettes
Victor Sick	
Violin Solo	
5th Air Varia	Charles Dancla
Verena Wiles	
Violin Duet	
No. 1, Op. 23	I. Pleyel
Parry, Rhodes	
Saxophone Solo	
Souvenir	Fr. Drdla
DeVere Dodson	
Violin Solo	
1st Air Varia	Charles Dancla
Harlen Tuthill	
Cornet Solo	
Lake of Boys (Concert Polka)	Herbert L. Clarke
Philip Anderson	
Violin Duet	
No. 11, Op. 8	I. Pleyel
Kellogg, Williams	
Cello Solo	
Minuet in G	Beethoven
Harold Elliott	
Trombone Solo	
My Old Kentucky Home (Air Varia)	Clay Smith
Richard Rhoades	

Each of the participants is to be congratulated, on his good work, while some did exceptionally well. Credit is due also to the capable accompanists Margaret Carter and Magdalene Murphy. No doubt remains as to the benefit derived from Professor Sorensen's tireless efforts. This sort of work is essential as the foundation of a good orchestra. We

SOPHOMORE CLASS ELECTS TREASURER

On Tuesday, February ninth, the Sophomore class elected Alvin Barker successor to Lester Fancher as treasurer of the class.

Lester Fancher has registered in Bryant Stratton Business College in Buffalo, New York where he plans to become an accountant.

RECORD-BREAKERS

In the latter part of January, Thomas Armstrong '32 asked for his first excuse from classes since coming to college.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you can break this record or have another record, let us know.

Lost & Found

LOST—Chamois Glove. V. Gordon
LOST—Comparatively new, black leather jacket, somewhere in the lower halls. Finder or anyone knowing the whereabouts of this coat please see Earl Weaver.

FOUND—Ring with black diamond stone.—T. Nelson.

LOST—Large orange Parker pen. Marian Hewitt.

LOST—Wahl Eversharp pencil. Black and White. Graydon McCarty

FOUND—Gentleman's red Eversharp pencil.—M. Dye.

LOST—A Knight.—S. Anderson.

LOST—Parker pen, small black. —Wm. Robinson.

FOUND—Eversharp pencil, variegated blue, in room 14, see J. Rickard

LOST—One pair toe rubbers. C. Stamp.

LOST—Black fountain pen. Margaret Babcock.

FOUND—Pencil.—F. Merrill

LOST—One indented boiler. Has mellow tone.—Wilfred Robinson.

note that the majority of those taking part are Freshmen. What then may not the future hold for Houghton College through its orchestra?

Literary Corner

The following essay was submitted to the Owls Club by Merle O. Brown. He was admitted as a member on its literary value.

JUST THOUGHTS

Most folks are philosophers, but they just don't realize it, because they think a philosopher is a guy who does a lot of useless thinking; but we've all got to have some sort of idea of what life's all about, and the ones that have the best ideas are philosophers. The most interesting hobby in the world is to watch other folks and figure out their philosophy of life from the way they act, and talk.

I remember reading an article about the thoughts of a married woman, and she says lots of true things; she was talking about folks whose philosophy is that you've got to know all the facts about everything in order to get along in the world.

Here's what she says:

"I hate the pessimists who assure me that there's no such thing as brotherly love, or world peace, or honest men, or good women, or happy marriages, or genuine buttermilk—or Paradise!" "I don't hate the people who deceive me. I hate people who are forever trying to undeceive me. I hate the know-it-alls. They make me tired!" "I hate the biographers who tell the cruel truth about my favorite historical heroes and heroines, their little foibles and sordid domestic squabbles, their human weaknesses, and pettinesses. I need my ideal to live by. And what do I care how many baths they took, what forks they used, and how many women they fooled?"

She certainly said a lot in those sentences, and she might have added that truth is a wobbly thing. One minute you see it and the next it's gone, like a beautiful butterfly. But you don't have to get peeved and think there isn't any butterfly just because you can't sometimes see it. If you chase it, and can't catch it, you can still chase it until you can count its spots and get an idea of their color.

The old fellows that did all the head-work to make our modern machines and the Einstein theory and all that stuff were like that. They may not have their butterfly yet, but they ran the risk of brain-fever a good many hours before they gave us safe flivvers and radios that didn't sound like a cat-fight.

But an idea of what it's all about sure isn't all we've got to learn in the world. Using our past experience helps us to know that we better keep good health and an interest in findin' out, even if we don't know it all yet. How can a guy be happy if he lays down and busts a hold-back strap because he doesn't know where the load is goin' to? If he'd pull for all he's worth, he'd get to the same place the load does, and be early for the party, too.

Y'all know that one—
Jes' sing your song an' tote your load,

An' reckon skies is blue;
Don't let them treetoats long the road

Sing louder an' you!

Somethin' we all ought to learn is to go to bed nights and get up in the mornin'. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But think it over. Hate to get outa bed in the morning? I thought so! Doc says it's a symptom of being on your way to eighty—and you needn't laugh if you're only rolling off your

twentieth year. It'd be more sensible to have a good hard cry to get you interested in the state of affairs, and then go to work and do something about it. Think God likes to hear those groans from a million people every morning for sixty or seventy centuries or more?

We ought to get some ideas about other folks' rights, too, and then after we got the ideas, stick to them through everything. Funny, how a fellow gets a lot of high-falutin' ideas one minute that it's wrong for road-hogs to be let off at five bucks per—and the next minute, he rolls around the inside of a curve at fifty and then tries to Jew the cop down to one dollar and a vote at the next election. Funny, too, how willing the good folks are to fold their hands 'n say: "No use; money rules politics, and one vote won't do anything. May as well vote Liberal." An' then, when they get caught by the filthy hand of a Tammany, or some other rotten conspiracy they've given the boost to, they bawl about the world getting worse, and the poor man's got no chance. You can tell yourself your vote doesn't count, but you can't make it true. You can say all that, and still you are just plain yellow. But if you talk clean politics and talk 'em up good to everybody, and kick like the dickens when there's dirty politics in your own town or county, that's doing your share. If everybody did that, with politics—they'd be a lot straighter than they are.

Life's awful interesting, and everybody that can hold a pen or a pencil, or talk, is writing or talking about it. It's got lots of peculiarities. It's surprising to see how useful most everything in the world is, except about one-third of the people; they're mostly ornamental. Ever think how much smoother things would run if somebody had dumped coffee all over Culbertson and Lenz when they were signing their bridge contract—or contract bridge; (never could figure what they wanted to use bridge contracts for, in society), and also, if somebody'd just yell a nice clear-cut "Boloney!" each time some ornamental young lady made her \$20,000 debut in New York or Chicago? Wouldn't it be nice, if occasionally they'd cut off the last two zeroes, and give the rest to some poor newsie that'd like to stop peddling papers and learn more about people and things. Or, if they'd give it toward the education of a minister, so he could help fellows who'd gotten to the end of their rope and couldn't find anything left to live for? But if we were there, we'd be the same way, I guess, mostly.

Funny, too, how folks have to have lots of artificial sports—movies and dancing and cards, isn't it? Sure, I enjoy those things as much as anybody—but they're a lot like artificial sunlight—they're liable to blind you unless you turn your back on them most of the time. They'll do when there's no natural sport around, but that's seldom the case.

Ever think it was sport to go outdoors some cold morning without a coat and walk faster and breathe deeper to keep warm? Try it some crisp-clear morning, and see if it isn't sport. Every try to have your lessons so you could answer every question clearly and qquite completely? Or, every try having your business affairs in such nice order that you could always tell accurately just how they stood and what the next day's work was?

Or, if you're the acting type, ever try to stop acting for an hour a day and let yourself be genuine in everything for just a little while? If you haven't done any of these, try it and you'll see what I mean by natural sport.

Of course, there are thousands of others; most of the things the optimistic, happy-go-lucky man does are sport to him—and yet he's serious in them all at the same time.

If we could all live real, happy purposeful lives, what a world it would be!

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Patient: Is the doctor in?
Attendant: No, he just stepped out for lunch.

Patient: Will he be in after lunch?
Attendant: Why, no, that's what he went out after.

(Over the phone) "Is this the woman who washes?"

"The idea. I should say not!"
"Why, you dirty thing."

Inbriate: Wash you looking for?
Cop: We're looking for a drowned man.

Inebriate: Wash you want one for?

"A woman can make a fool of you in ten minutes."

"Ah, yes, but think of those ten minutes."

"Oh, John," sobbed the young wife, "I baked a lovely cake, and I put it on the back porch for the frosting to cool and the d—d—dog a—ate it."

"Well, never mind sweetheart, I know a man that will give us another dog."

"Well Mrs. Johnsing, "a colored physician announced, after taking her husband's temperature. "Ah has knocked de fever outen him."

"Am he gwine git well, den?"

"No'm," answered the doctor. "Dey's no hope fo' him, but you has de satisfaction of knowin' dat he died cured."

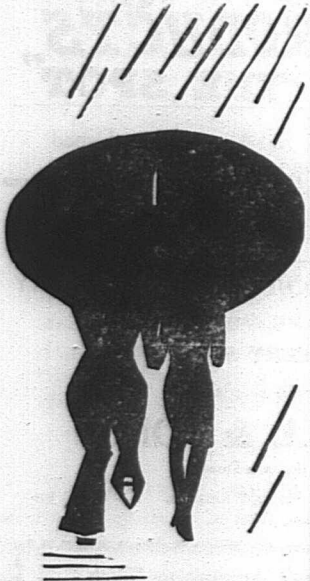
A Bank of England director says that nowadays people have given up saving money. They have also given up wagging their tails, and for the same reason.

—Life.

For success, keep the mouth shut and the eyes open.

For eating grape-fruit, reverse the process.

—H C—



With'er 4 - Kast

Saturday Night—Hot showers

Sunday—"Brite and Fair"

Remainder of week—usual weather.

Arlins Serenaded

Monday evening, February 8, the rites of a beautiful horning-bee were solemnized for Rev. and Mrs. Aubrey Arlin, at the home of Rev. D. O. Beach. At eight o'clock (in the evening of course), the bride, Mrs. Arlin and her groom, Rev. W. A. Arlin, were aroused from contemplative meditations, by the majestic strains of several individual and collective anthems played simultaneously by the College Orchestra Extraordinaire. As the wonderful numbers ended, wild applause broke out from orchestra members, who were highly delighted with their masterpieces.

After repeated efforts, Rev. Arlin was induced to acknowledge the honor done him and his bride. He protested that he could not do justice in the frigid atmosphere which met him as he stood on the steps of his domicile, and as a result negotiations were continued within the house.

Provisional amendments, in the shape of kisses from the bride and cookies from the groom, necessitated some discussion upon the advantages, pro and con, of marriage. Rev. Arlin stated his opinion of the subject briefly. He was not prepared, he repeatedly asserted, to make known his views.

Mrs. Arlin differed with him in her view. She illustrated her point with the story of the bridegroom who, at a wedding dinner, was called upon to give a speech. He arose and placing his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of his wife, began hesitantly. "Friends, this thing was forced upon me."

The final sentiment of most of those present was expressed aptly by one of the distinguished guests. Mr. Merrill said that in his case the subject was too broad for discussion the subject was too broad for discussion.

The best man, Mr. Barker, and an usher, Professor Sicard, were called upon to give an account of their actions, and to predict the next unfortunate couple. Neither did.

Mrs. Arlin played several numbers at the piano, and ended with "Dear Houghton to You", and the Alma Mater. The convention was then adjourned.

It was rumored that another attacking party advanced to the brow of the hill, but made no assault.

—H C—

HESSES TO SAIL

Mr. and Mrs. Hess sail soon for their missionary work in the Philippine Islands. Send steamer letters right away.

Their address is: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hess, 320 G. Mission Road, Glendale, Cal., "Steamer Letter."

Their Philippine address is: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hess, C. and M. A. Mission, Zamboanga, Mindanao Philippine Islands.

—H C—

"I'm sorry, but she said to tell you that she wasn't at home."

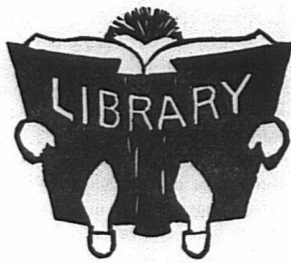
"Well, tell her I'm glad I didn't call."

Youth (arrested for speeding): "But your honor, I am a college boy."

Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

FLOWERS

Oppenheim - Olean



Mr. Trull of the Rochester News Co. made the library a visit this week and left about twenty new books of fiction. These must, however, run the gauntlet of the censors before they can be placed in circulation.

We have just received eight volumes of short stories which won prizes during the years 1924-1927. These represent every type of modern short story and furnish entertaining reading to those to whom the short story appeals.

Prof. Cronk stopped in the library today to assure us that the concert is to be all we can desire. He will give us the program for our column next week. Better read up on *Faust* and *Martha* in Upton's *Operas*. The plot is easy and interesting.

Do you remember how outraged you were when you looked in the Reader's Guide for material for a theme, found just the article you needed and went to the shelves for the magazine only to find it missing? How did it get that way? Some perfectly well meaning but careless student (Could it have been faculty members?) failed to return it after using and so deprived you and all others of future service. Try out the Golden Rule in the use of magazines.

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"Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave, patriotic men are better than gold."

"I will make myself ready and some day my chance will come."

"I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right; but it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

—Lincoln.

Bravery

Caudman—Tell me, Meral, if I were deliberately to pound my finger, would I not be a brave person?

Meral—Yes, Caudman, I think you would.

Caudman—But, Meral, suppose I became angry with you and pounded my finger in order to make you feel sorry for me; would I, do you think, be practicing bravery?

Meral—No, I think not.

Caudman—It would take courage, would it not, for me to pound my finger?

Meral—I believe it would, but it would be courage aroused by a wrong motive.

Caudman—Then, Meral, you think, do you not, that a brave person is moved by some noble motive?

Meral—Yes, Caudman, I cannot help thinking that such is the case with all who are truly brave.

Caudman—Ah! then you do not think that I would be brave if I pounded my finger only to show my courage?

Meral—No, I should hardly think so, if such were the case.

Caudman—Do you believe, Meral, that it is always necessary for a brave person to be moved by a noble motive; or is a brave man one who acts in a courageous manner in spite of fear?

Meral—I do not understand, Caudman, how a brave man can have fear.

Caudman—Let us suppose, Meral, that I were out on a dark night, and just as I was about to go by the grave-yard, a white form should suddenly rise up before me. Suppose I should be terribly frightened, but instead of yielding to my desire to run, I should walk onward to meet the object of my fear. Would I be brave or not?

Meral—You would be brave.

Caudman—But, Meral, I was filled with fear, how could I be brave?

Meral—Yes, Caudman, you were filled with fear but you were not overcome by fear.

Caudman—Then, Meral, you do not think that it is always necessary for a brave man to be fearless in order that he may act in a brave manner?

Meral—No, not necessarily.

Caudman—A brave man, then, is one who acts courageously in spite of fear.

Meral—Yes, I believe that that is a good definition of a brave person.

—Arthur Osgood.

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