

THE HOUGHTON STAR

COLLEGE LIFE IN PRINT

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Soph Boys and H. S. Girls Take Class Championship

Senior Men Defeated by Sophomores
after Twelve Consecutive Victories

Score of Girls Game 19-9;
Boys Game 31-27

The Freshmen and High School girls met on the old Bedford arena to decide who was to be champion in this division. The game was fast and well played. Both teams showed good defensive playing; especially the Freshmen with Marion Ackerman and Elsie Congdon at guard positions. Elsie showed the usual ability to handle the ball. The Freshmen were very inaccurate in their tries for the basket. The High School girls showed keen passwork which with the excellent shooting of "Ann" and "Vid" helped them to easily defeat their fighting foes.

The Seniors, undefeated for twelve consecutive games, met defeat the hands of the gallant hoopsters of the Class of '31. Was it because it was their thirteenth game that they lost their long treasured honors? Yes, if you believe that 13 is unlucky. But they were up against a real clever and determined team. The Sophs started off with a bang and were soon leading the Seniors by several points. "Skeets" Roth with his flying tackle seemed to be the outstanding player for the Sophs. He continually broke away and showed fine dribbling to score 8 points. He also went into the huddle and often came out with the ball. Homer started the game with a shot from near center. He also played a good defensive game breaking up many of the Senior's plays to try for a two-pointer. Dennis played a fine game, guarding his man real closely and also contributed 4 points to the victory of his team. "Bob" Folger showed crack ability as a forward and worked many successful short passes.

The Seniors played a wonderful game and made a bold effort in the final minutes to overcome the lead of the Sophs. The Seniors were fighting against odds because Lane had been sick nearly all of the previous week, but he kept up his reputation as long-shot star; he also was high point man of the game, netting twelve points. In the second quarter Dyer sprained his ankle. This seemed to slow him down greatly for the remainder of the game. His scoring ability has been a great factor in Senior victories this year was a terrible set-back in this game. He surely was not in his old Dyer form. Miller showed his ability as field shot, pocketing five baskets in excellent form thus helping to raise the Senior's score. Fox played a good game, but didn't seem quite up to par.

The Seniors took defeat nobly and showed a very friendly spirit. I am sure we all feel that the Sophomore boys and High School girls are right fully qualified to wear the crown for which they have so gallantly fought this school year 1928-1929.

Sophomores			
	PTS	P.F.	
Folger	3	1	
Fisk	10	1	
Dennis	4	1	
Fero	6	1	
Roth	8	2P	2T
	31	6P	2T
Seniors			
	PTS	P.F.	
Lane G	12		
Fox F	5		
Dyer F	0	0	
Lane G	12	3P	2T
Miller C	10		
Kemp G	0	2	
	27	5P	2T

Theologs Enjoy Social Evening

From 7:30 until 10:00 Saturday night, the Boardman "dorm" was the scene of jollification on the part of the Theological students, with Miss Hillpot as chaperon.

After a short period of informal sociability, Joe Shipman started a hymn and Alfred Gross led in prayer. A program of games and stunts followed in which many new and amusing qualities and abilities of several prominent members were discovered.

The game of blind animal afforded considerable activity and interest because everyone was endeavoring to learn what animal's name was pinned on his neighbor's back and no one was allowed to stand in front of anything. Edith Stearns secured the most names. Number fortunes told us many interesting facts about leading theologs; for instance, Alfred Gross works the most (?), Louis Shipman is the most bashful, and Everett Dyer is the most mischievous, and Esther Ries has the longest nose. Several relay races stirred the competitive spirit.

By this time a spirit of relaxation and rest seemed in order, so Joe Shipman proceeded to test the Biblical knowledge of his fellow students by asking a variety of questions about the Bible.

Just when the students were beginning to be embarrassed by their limit-

(Continued on Page Two)

Orchestra P.

In spite of last week's announcements and foreboding announcements, a good representation of the Houghton Symphonic Orchestra, fondly mothered by our beloved dean, Miss Hill, made up a highly successful party on Wednesday evening, Jan. 9. Games of all descriptions calling forth spontaneous hilarity and amusement made every one forgetful of the fast-fleeting time and likewise of studies in general. The game of "Charade" showed the surprising initiative of some and the already well-known guessing characteristics of others. Some of the fun fetching words: charade, watch, cant aloupe, Longfellow, ingratiate, an isolate.

Do you know the musical properties of fishes, of tight shoes, of a dud or dandy fellow, of a wheathervane of an officer in the army, of a child, or of something that is good and pleasing? No? Then be sure to ask your classmate who was at the party for he will never forget (nor will she) the answers which were learned last Wednesday evening.

While none felt anxious to leave at the inevitable hour that at least had to swing around, yet we did so with cheer in our hearts—and stomachs, having been given a treat that should be recorded in the annals of pastry history as marking an advancement in the usually culinary abilities of "Eats Committees" of all past parties.

Has your Star Subscription Expired?

Athenian Members Enjoy Their Slide

Toboggan slides! Slides on the sparkling snow? No, this time the Athenians went on a "lantern" slide. Once they were started it was hard to stop, but they did finally call a halt at Victoria, after a journey of three thousand five hundred miles. The route taken, was across Canada by the Canadian Pacific Railway starting from Halifax.

The entrancing views were witnessed by a goodly crowd who seemed to appreciate their beauty to the utmost. Also the "tongue-twisted" words of the reader were lapped-up with delight by the jovial group. Above all, darkness reigned supreme!

Are You Coming?

Illustrated Missionary Lecture Here Saturday Night

Miss Rickard has consented to give us the lecture on "Children of Mission Lands" accompanied by a select group of 64 slides. The lecture shows that the environment in which the child is raised in mission lands develops the hardened heathen man or woman; but that children of the same lands, in mission stations, develop into fine Christian people.

As for the slides, we must wait until Saturday night to ascertain their real value although their worth has already been assured us; but as for Miss Rickard's wit and oratorical ability, our chapel platform has furnished a setting for it before now when she displayed it to advantage in contests and won the prizes. Most of us have seen it gleam and flash in the class-room. The slides, the lecture, and the lecturer—a wonderful combination. Free, 7-8 o'clock Saturday, Jan. 19, in the High School study-hall.

Latest News from Infinity

Proves to be Quite
Near Houghton

I am sure no one in Houghton realizes how close he is to Infinity. Miss Davison, Instructor of Trigonometry to Freshmen (a few are not Freshmen, by the way) in Houghton College, has told us (said Freshmen) "that anything can happen in Infinity". So, friends, if you want to see all these old parallel lines, you drew in Geometry meeting, come down to the little yellow house by the station. Now don't be surprised at what you see, for anything can happen in Infinity.

You will see Old Maid school teachers, aged trained nurses and sweet girl graduates all turned into gay young freshmen. You will see an elderly woman weighing slightly above the average who thinks she is just as gay and young as any of them.

Most people (especially ones slightly over weight), believe they need a great deal of room. Infinity changes that. I admit the stout one takes the room and the teacher's, nurses and sweet girl graduates fill in, but nevertheless, we all get in! On the other hand people believe the place for dishes and food is on the table. In Infinity if there isn't room on the table, we set them on the floor. One other thing; Infinity is supposed to be measureless space. Not so; just

(Continued on Page Two)

Sydney Landon Gives Return Lecture

Speaker Greeted by
Enthusiastic Audience

To adequately portray Sydney Landon's inimitable style is literally impossible without being Sydney Landon. The unique character of his lecture-style, plus his own winning personality, makes a return engagement an unalloyed pleasure. Mr. Landon expressed sincere gratification that his deportment on former occasions had warranted his return. He spoke of our land as one of great convenience: gold from Colorado, silver from Nevada and breakfast foods from—that still remains a mystery. It is a land of automobiles, an atmosphere of gasoline, a land of the quick and the dead, for if you are not quick, your dead. He remarked that someone characterized the age as a visual age, "thinking with the eyes." And in this amazing land of ours, we find stimulating character studies. "Literature is the expression of man's soul; otherwise it is a masquerade."

The first character portrayed was that of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Landon gave us a brief sketch of his life; stated that he was an invalid from youth, and traversed the world to find health. He made friends with the tribal chieftans in the South Sea Islands, and when he died there, they buried their loved companion where, "As the sun rises out of the Pacific Ocean, the first thing it does is to kiss the grave of a man of letters." With a dark wig and mustache, powders and cosmetics, the personality of the lecturer merged into that of the author of *Treasure Island*. Dr. Jeckell and Mr. Hyde. With the recital of *The Celestial Surgeon* R. L. Stevenson held the audience immobile. The old man shook as with the ague, but his trembling voice registered vitally with every hearer.

Changing the dark wigs and mustache for a blond set, Chas. Ferrar Brown, better known as Artemus Ward, stood before us. With great skill, Mr. Landon epitomizes the main episodes of the lines of his character. Artemus Ward attracted attention as editor and writer of peculiar stories then he went on the lecture platform. We heard his famous lecture, *Babes in the Woods* which was originally

(Continued on Page Two)

Rev. O. G. McKinley Speaks

Tuesday we were privileged to hear one of Houghton's former students who is now engaged in evangelistic work.

The theme of his talk was the "New Birth," which he developed as follows.

Very early in the life of each one of us comes the consciousness of sin. We find in our nature the thing which wants to go wrong. We are conscious of a need and immediately seek a remedy. This can be found in the scripture lesson in John 3:1-12. Every one can have this vital change of heart and can experience a vital relation with God.

The new birth or conversion is not feeling or emotion. It is not keeping church creeds or dogmas. What is it? It is to be brought into being or existence. Just as real as physical birth so is the spiritual birth.

In college life we are afforded the privilege of finding this wonderful change of heart and life. A definite inward experience, a definite consciousness of the indwelling of God.

Students See Themselves
as the Camera Saw Them

A crooked smile! a turned-up nose! Multitudinous freckles! that crowning glory with the shambly-look! and, oh dear, ears the size of a number twelve shoe! What havoc one mere man evoked in the lives of his brethren and yet he was but a passing figure on the stage of school life. He came, he lingered, he disappeared and with him vanished—beauty, gracefulness and the tender tidbits of charm. He was only a photographer-man and twas no harm he meant I'm sure, but innocently, did his wicked camera snap out the frosting of life.

"My pictures are here, huh?" says a certain Prof. (of piano), but upon perceiving the results he was observed to gasp like the dying chick, and faintly whispered to his friends—"Mercy, but I look like ex-convict No. 1037." Another individual upon seeing her pictures, was heard to say, "Indeed! I look like a sweet young missionary just returned from Africa—hum! how bad this world is anyway!" One lassie remarked that she would give pictures to all her friends to keep the rats out of the rooms.

Upstairs, down-stairs, in the halls and the class-rooms came shrieks of "terrible" and "awful" from the individuals themselves, while in a lower and soothingly-sweet tone their friends would say "Why, what a wonderful picture of you,"—"My but you look cute!"—"Positively, your eyes are like sapphires"—or "Oh, your as sweet as a bunch of larkspurs."

Another lapse of time is slipping into the far-faint beyond but I would gently remind—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen The saddest are these—It might have been."

B. B.

The Cove Witnesses Tragedy

Skater Seriously Injured

The Weather Man remarked on Saturday, January 12, "Colder today and Sunday." Nevertheless, a group of college folks started out for an afternoon on the ice. The cove had held only two or three skating parties all year, so there was a pleasure all the greater for being deferred. Races, ice-tag, stunts and the usual performances employed a good share of the afternoon. Then building a fire became the order of the day. One had tenderly sheltered the tiny flame while the rest skated after fuel. Someone suggested making use of the kodak that had been brought. While the group waited for the sun to come out from the cloud in which it had bashfully hid, Paul Vogan decided to skate around a bit. The next thing the gang knew he lay in a crumpled heap. Investigation revealed a rapidly swelling ankle. Providentially a car had driven up and the gritty little Freshman was taken to the College Hospital. The result proved to be a bad fracture and orders for a three month's rest for the active foot. Paul is one of the Gold team's forwards, Captain of the Freshman B. B. team, and prime favorite among his associates. Best wishes for a speedy recovery are extended from every side

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EDITORIAL



Collegiate Sam Says:

It's about time some of you folks begin to study; and quit fussing about your pictures—exams begin next week

MANNERS

A short time ago President Southwick of Emerson College gave a very pointed and timely lecture on the subject of Manners. Some may wonder how he came to choose such a subject for our college; nevertheless he seemed to "hit the nail on the head." Like many lectures of such a practical type this one appears to have been nearly forgotten by many of the student body; consequently we will make ourselves responsible for giving a reminder to the forgetful.

There are several conditions under which one easily shows his good manners, or the lack of them. The attitude of some in Chapel is absolutely puerile. On would think some actions would be beneath the dignity of college students. If the individual does not enjoy the speaker, it seems that he would have enough self-respect not to disturb those near him by his antics.

However, Chapel is not the only place where one can show culture. The general attitude toward school ideals and rules obviously determines one's true culture. Some persons seem to take brazen delight in committing certain overt acts in direct opposition to the major precepts of their Alma Mater. Is this position either good manners, good sportsmanship, or good school spirit?

on the part of the writer to get some things off his chest ere they cause a This effusion is not supposed to be a sermon, but just an endeavor more serious eruption.

Locals

The Home Bureau met at the home of Mrs. Babbit last week.

Pres. Luckey is at Marion College attending to various duties there.

Miss Jean Eldridge of Rosburg visited Elsie Bacon over the week-end.

Miss Lulu Tanner has been playing the "good Samaritan," taking care of Mrs. Long during her illness.

Paul Vogan suffered a serious injury when he fell on the ice while skating on the Cove last Saturday. (See feature article.)

Mrs. J. C. Long was taken to the Warsaw Hospital on Wednesday. She has had a serious attack of heart trouble.

Eddie Zuber and Robert Hess visited Prof. and Mrs. Perry Tucker at Hinsdale over the week-end.

Alfred Gross preached his first funeral sermon last Monday. Mr. Gross was assigned to the Bliss and Eagle charge of the Methodist Episcopal church a few months ago.

Price Stark was called to his charge to officiate at the funeral service of one of his parishoners last Tuesday.

Florence Clarke is confined to her home with scarlet fever.

The following "flu" victims have recently been, or are now in the Houghton Hospital: Gladys Brown, Edith Bork, Lillis Clarke, Charles Thompson, Miss Pearl B. Hill.

LONDON GIVES LECTURE

(Continued from Page One)

given in Egyptian Hall, London. Real humor characterized the address.

Next came Wm. Makepeace Thackeray, with a keen sense of philosophical humor, embellished with

quoting us *The Four Georges*, quotations from his book *Snobs*. Mr. Landon said, "In Dickens we see our neighbors faults portrayed, in Thackeray we see our own." Thackeray appeared as a gentleman with a white wig, long sideburns and glasses.

Francis Bret Harte, the "Literary Lion," had some of his works published at the age of eleven years. He was the original editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; and was appointed council to Edinburgh Scotland, where he contracted a fatal disease, and where he now sleeps. The white wig, white moustache and soft voice were in keeping with the exquisite melody of *What the Chimney Sang*. The words of the song are Bret Harte's, and the music is by Gertrude Gridwell.

"It is God's own harmony This wind we hear in the chimney."

Mr. Landon's clever intermissory talks were no less rich. He characterized James Whitcomb Riley as having "hair the color of un-roasted peanuts, a heart like a woman's, and a mighty good tooth for chawin' tobacco." As *The Old Philosopher* adjusted his pince-nez and sniffed and cleared his throat, the house broke into a roar, which rarely subsided during the entire speech.

The request for Bill Nye was complied with, and once again *Our American Boy* convulsed the audience with his "Del Sarlean" method of gesture. After this "volcanic eruption of the English language," Rudyard Kipling closed the program with his beautiful and familiar *L'Envoi*, beginning: "When Earth's last picture is painted And the tubes are twisted and dried, When the oldest colors have faded And the youngest critic has died—"

From the moment Mr. Landon donned his wigs and mustaches, he lost his own identity. Houghton College unanimously votes that no better lecturer has favored her chapel rostrum with true ART.

THEOLOGES ENJOY EVENING

(Continued from Page One)

ed knowledge of the Bible, Esther Ries summoned them to a prettily decorated table where everyone partook of ice cream, cake, saltines, coffee and delicious fudge. Miss Ries was assisted in the preparation of refreshments by Grace Sherman, and Edith Stearns.

After more singing and friendly banter the guests departed for their respective places of abode, after 10:00?

Senior—"Why did he have a profile picture taken for graduation?" Junior—"He was too lazy to shave the other side of his face." —Ex.

Miss Rickard—Tell me one or two things about John Milton. Brinkley—Sigh—Well, he got married and he wrote "Paradise Lost." Then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."



SENIOR BASKETBALLERS WHO MET DEFEAT IN THIRTEENTH GAME
Joe Kemp played in place of Dick Wing.

Alumni Gossip

A letter in which an error is brought to our attention.
Editor of Houghton Star
Houghton, N. Y.

Dear Editor,
We have been enjoying the copies of *The Houghton Star*. However I received quite a shock when I read in the last issue that Pres. Luckey had made a statement in Chapel that ever since the Oratory Department was started, it had always been in charge of an Emerson graduate.

I can't believe that Pres. Luckey could have made that statement publicly, so I am assuming that it must be a mistake of the paper, and am asking that it be corrected, as there will be many who will read the paper that will know that the statement is not true.

The fact of the matter is that I, myself was the first to make out a regular course for the Oratory Department of Houghton Seminary and College and I had charge of the department for three years. I came there a graduate of the Cumstock School of Oratory at Northwestern University.

We think the idea of an annual dinner at Syracuse during the principal's convention, a fine idea. We always attend the conference and should enjoy meeting Houghton people again.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. A. R. Calhoun.

89 Court St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
(We are glad to have this matter drawn to our attention, and by the publication of the above letter believe that the mistake will be adequately corrected.) Editors Note.



Above is a picture of Paul Jassimedes taken when he was a student in Houghton Seminary.

Now we are going to tell you something about "Jazz" that you'll be glad to hear. Paul will graduate from Guilford College, North Carolina, this year as an honor student. He has won a three-year scholarship in Biblical Seminary, New York City—a scholarship with an income of \$550 per year. We surely wish to congratulate our old friend "Jazz" for his success.

NEWS FROM INFINITY

(Continued from Page One)

come and visit the girls of Infinity Hall and see for yourselves.

The inmates of Infinity Hall have been in mourning, but are now rejoicing, "Green Ginger" has returned. The sun once more shines in Infinity. For Green Ginger is to Infinity Hall what "Polly" is to "Aunt Mchitable."

Oh by the way, one other thing. Don't visit Infinity for a few days. The cook has had bad luck. She made some chocolate doughnuts, they grease-soaked and she turned them into cookies. Now the inmates of Infinity Hall are suffering, praying for the end—of the chocolate doughnuts and would-be cookies.

—Bea Neal.

Boob: Where were you going at four o'clock this morning?
McNutt: To a lecture.

Boob: Who was giving a lecture that time in the morning?
McNutt: My wife!

ATTENTION

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He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim, He is listening! Does He hear you speaking of the things of earth, Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth? He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace and love to you, Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true; Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold, Overflowing of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise proclaim?

Who shall speak if ye are silent? Ye who know and love His name. You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be, Will you tell your gracious Master, 'Lord we cannot speak for Thee!' 'Cannot!' though He suffered for you, died because He loved you so! 'Cannot!' though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow! 'Cannot!' though His grace abounding is your freely promised aid! 'Cannot!' though He stands beside you, though He says, 'Be not afraid!'

Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb, Wait and weary for your message, hoping you will bid them 'come;' Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside the door, Longing for your hand to lead them into rest for evermore. Yours may be the joy and honor His redeemed ones to bring, Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King. Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to share, All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to dare?

What shall be our word for Jesus? Master, give it day by day;

Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say, Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep humility, That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of Thee; Give us zeal and faith and fervor, make us winning, make us wise, Single hearted, strong and fearless,—Thou hast called us, we will rise! Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving word; And by hearts prepared and opened be our message always heard!

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes we will be

Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy gracious 'Come to Me!' Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee, and to prove our love, would lay Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessed feet today. Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart-beat, many a fear, But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy help is always near. Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless shame, Feebly it may be, truly, witnessing for Thy dear Name.

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! We will bravely speak for Thee, And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would henceforth be. In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall wave above, With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy golden Name of Love,, Help us lovingly to labor, looking for Thy present smile, Looking for Thy promised blessing, through Thy brightening 'little while.'

Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt hear accept and own, And confess Thee in Thy glory, when we see Thee on thy throne.

Selected

Home Again

The little town of Camden heard the call of the Klondike as it nestled peacefully on the Eastern slope of the Catskills. Tom and Bill Hackett packed up their duffle and answered the call. The old folks smothered their loss in activity. Only in the long cold winter nights did they voice their otherwise inarticulate thoughts. Letters were scarce and became fewer in number, finally ceasing altogether. The winter slowly dragged out. It was planting time. Old Tom and his wife rejoiced at the opportunity for renewed hard work. A year slipped by but the wanderers were still abroad.

On a bright moonlight night in December the down state train left two passengers at Camden.

"Well, Tom, Here we are." "I wonder how the folks are?"

A short walk brought the errands to the familiar homestead. The shades were not drawn. An old man sat reading in a red plush chair, warming his red-socked feet at an old pot-bellied heater. On the opposite side of the stove sat a little bent old woman busily darning socks. An enormous black cat lay curled up in her lap.

The door swung open.

"Tom!" "Bill!"

The little old lady tried to embrace both of her stalwart sons at once. "Well, boys. It's good to see you. Mother and I have been expecting you."

"Say! dad. No more work for you and mother. We have been busy while we were gone. Here is a present for you. It's the deed to the old Judge Haye's place. We fixed everything up by mail. Mother will have a maid and a cook and you, dad, will have a valet."

"Valet? What are those?"
"Oh! They're some one to help you dress and wait on you."
"Say! But boys—"
"Oh! Never mind we will move in tomorrow. It's all furnished."

The morrow found the Hackett household thoroughly entrenched in semi-regal splendor. At the end of the week the boys returned West on a flying business trip.

Meanwhile Mr. Thomas Hackett and Mrs. Amanda Hackett lived in a fifteen room house with the very latest appurtenances. There was electricity, a furnace, modern plumbing, a telephone, a coachman, a valet, a cook and a maid. What more could a person wish? Saturday night came. Tom and Amanda Hackett sat around the cook stove in the kitchen. The servants all had the day off.

At the end of a month the boys came home.

"Say, Tom! I'm lonesome for the old homestead. Let's go down and look at it before we run up to the house."

The weather-beaten old farm house was lighted up. The shades were not drawn. An old man sat reading in a red plush chair warming his red-socked feet at an old pot-bellied heater. On the opposite side of the stove sat a little bent old woman busily darning socks.

—R. E. D.

Bert: What was the noise in your apartment last night

Herbert: My wife was dragging my pants around the floor.

B: I wouldn't think your trousers would make so much noise.

H: Well, you see, I was in them

Mention STAR Advertisements

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H. J. Fero, Manager

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Watches are sold in Allegany
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THE HOUGHTON COLLEGE PRESS

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Out of town customers will find at the State Bank of Fillmore the same consideration and attention which characterizes our services to Fillmore Patrons.

We welcome the making of new business contacts as a means of broadening and increasing our service.

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— Black and Colors —
Large and complete stock of all heavy and light rubber footwear
Felts and Socks

Wellsville N. Y.

Est. 1905

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Recognition

Houghton College is chartered and accredited by New York State.

Students may use New York State scholarships.

Graduates receive the degrees of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science.

Graduates may receive the College Limited Teachers' Certificate without taking examinations.

Courses of Study

There are seventy courses of study classified under the following departments: English; Foreign Languages, both Modern and Ancient; History; Economics; Political Science; Sociology; Philosophy; Psychology; Religious Education; Music; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; and Biological Science.

These furnish the prescribed courses preparatory to professional study in business, medicine, law, and dentistry, and give advanced credit in courses leading to the degrees of Civil Engineer; Electrical Engineer; Chemical Engineer; and Mechanical Engineer.

Estimated Expenses

The necessary expenses for one year need not exceed \$400.00.

Send for catalog to:

JAMES S. LUCKEY
Houghton, N. Y.

Chinese Moon-Feast

Dear Editor,

Here comes another letter from the "bottom side of the world."

We have recently had one of China's chief holidays. For more than a week I noticed signs of its coming. Great stacks of "moon-cakes" in brightly colored packets were shown in many stores. Beautiful lanterns were seen along the streets. Everything was in such gay style it made one think of a coming Christmas. It was the Chinese Moon-feast and Mid Autumn Festival. In their feasting it recalled our Thanksgiving Day.

The Chinese 15th of the 8th month is called "Tsoong Tsiu"—Middle Autumn. On that day they have theatricals before all the gods in the temple and burn the "Shaung-teo"—incense bushel. This bushel-like measure is made of incense sticks. The largest "bushels" sometimes measure as much as 20 feet in diameter. In the middle of the "bushel" is a long, large stick of incense made up of thousands of thin incense sticks the size of vermicelli. On the afternoon and night of this day each family also burns an incense bushel at home. These are smaller than the ones burned in the temple. On this day they who can so afford eat moon-cakes and all kinds of nice things. The incense bushel is decorated with flags and many-colored dragon-gates something as children at home put candles on their birthday cakes; but the children in China take the flags and dragon-gate decorations from the bushel before it is burnt, and have great delight in playing with these, marching up and down the streets.

I asked the Chinese why they burn the incense bushel and eat the moon-cake, and worship the moon with candles, incense and food on this day. They answered that there are many reasons for it and many stories are told about it. One of the reasons is because there is a lady-god in the moon. Her name is Zaung-noo. She is said to be exceedingly beautiful. From the beginning of time to the end there never was nor will be one as beautiful as she. She was once upon a time a woman of this world; but became displeased with her husband and all the world and fled to the moon. On this 15th the real story of why she fled is acted out in the long theatrical plays attended by throngs of people. In ancient times on the 15th of the 8th month when they burned the incense bushel the sweet fragrance would go high up to the moon goddess. She took pleasure in it and manifested her approval by coming near earth riding on a cloud and people could see her beautiful face. But now men's hearts have become wicked, and the world is full of sin, so the incense is not so pure as formerly and it does not rise so high as to reach the goddess in her palace and so, not enjoying its fragrance, she comes no more on the clouds; but people still offer incense and hope she will appear sometime.

They say that in the moon this goddess has a most beautiful castle. It is called the "Yuih-Koong"—Moon palace. Only one human has ever seen its glories. Once, during the Dong Dynasty, a Chinese king, called Ming Wong, by the Magic of a holy monk was enabled to mount up from the earth to the Moon Castle to hear the music and see its beauty. He was allowed to stand outside for only a very few minutes. By that time the goddess knew that the king of man was there. She was very angry at the monk for leading the king to her holy land. Soon from the Castle came most unpleasant sounds. The monk understood that it was the queen's giving vent to her wrath and he quickly led the king back to earth.

You can thus see how full of superstition the Chinese are and how much they need the Gospel and Jesus Christ that they may see the real



From Other Papers

COMBATING THE "FLU"

"The mystery of flu, ten years after the disastrous epidemic of 1918, remains just about as deep as ever to medical authorities, despite thorough research into its causes," according to a quotation from the Literary Digest. Surgeon-General Cumming issued eleven rules to combat the spread of "flu":

- "1. Avoid needless crowding. Walk to work when possible.
- "2. Take advantage of sunshine.
- "3. Sleep with windows open.
- "4. Avoid people who are coughing, sneezing, or snuffling.
- "5. Wash your hands before eating and do not put your fingers in your mouth.
- "6. Do not use napkins, towels, spoons, forks, knives, and drinking cups unless they are clean.
- "7. Use plenty of clean water both inside and outside. Eat wholesome food. Sleep at least seven hours.
- "8. Keep away from houses with influenza.
- "9. Avoid dust and overheated rooms.
- "10. Avoid undue chilling of the body.
- "11. In case you do contract the disease, go to bed as soon as symptoms develop and remain there until thoroughly recovered. Call a physician at once."

The Echo.

The campaign of Wheaton College for a \$500,000. endowment fund was brought to a successful close Thursday, December 20. Next fall the college will be in a position to accept 100 additional students, making the maximum enrollment mark 600.

President Besswell says, "I have faith to believe since our financial drive has succeeded so well that the next few years will see new dormitories and a new gymnasium on the Wheaton Campus."

The Wheaton Record.

The first twenty-five schools, according to enrollment, are Columbia, 32,036; College of the City of New York, 28,287; California, 26,562; New York University, 26,303; Minnesota, 17,856; Pennsylvania, 14,884; Illinois, 13,010; Wisconsin, 12,939; Michigan, 12,890; Pittsburgh, 12,674; Ohio State, 12,662; Boston University, 12,234; North-western, 12,038; Harvard, 10,739; University of Washington (Seattle), 10,339; Cincinnati, 10,328; Nebraska, 8,897; Texas, 8,259; Iowa, 8,026; Fordham, 7,859; Cornell, 7,465; Syracuse, 6,882; and Oklahoma, 6,664.

... enrollment this year has only increased two per cent on the average, which is the smallest annual gain since the war. Data from 1922 to 1927, show, in contrast to this, a gain of 25 per cent. Comparing the November 1 registrations with those of a year ago, the reports show an increase in 115 institutions and a decrease in 101 institutions.

—The Pitt Weekly.

Have you heard about the Scotchman who gave his wife a pair of rubber heels when she begged him for a new spring outfit?

—Ex.

King in His beauty and live forever in His glorious palace on High. It's joy to teach Chinese children of Jesus and His salvation while young.

Yours in Christ's glad service,
(Rev) H. G. C. Hallcock

Aeronautical Scholarship Contest Progresses

As the greatest development of the day, aviation has caught the attention of the great American college student body, to judge from the heavy early response received by the Alexander Aircraft company concerning its 1929 aeronautical scholarship contest among college undergraduates.

In the first few days following announcement of the contest, inquiries were received from students of 62 colleges. Indications are that several thousand students will bid for the new Eaglerock airplane or the 4-year university scholarships in aeronautical engineering and business aeronautics which will be awarded the winner. Lesser prizes will include free solo flying courses and flight instruction manuals.

Co-eds, as eligible as the men, are showing themselves equally air-minded. Students with no flying experience, but with ready ideas on things aeronautic, are competing on an equal basis with those who have worked in the new industry.

Such universities as Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Michigan, and Stanford University, have endorsed the contest. Felix W. Pawlowski, Professor of Aeronautical Engineering at Michigan, writes, "I indeed appreciate the generosity as well as the wise policy of the Alexander Aircraft company which prompts it to assist the numerous young and able students who are anxious to enter the field of aeronautics, but who are handicapped from doing so because of lack of sufficient funds for obtaining proper training in the fundamentals of this new and fascinating profession."

The fact that 29 airplanes carried two score college students to a recent Big Ten Football game illustrates the growing tendency among undergraduates to use aircraft for rapid transit.

This year, for the first time, airplane manufacturers are recognizing the campus as an important market. A pioneer in this movement, the Alexander Aircraft company of Colorado Springs, is preparing to enter the field with college sales agents. Its decision is the result of an encouraging advance response to an aeronautical scholarship contest which the company will conduct among American colleges in 1929. A new Eaglerock airplane or a 4-year university course in engineering and business aeronautics will be awarded.

Numerous purchases by college students brought out that this class can, and does, buy airplanes. Flying is reaching proportions of a general campus craze. Consequently the Alexander factory is trying to increase the number of Eaglerock dealers now scattered throughout several schools. Eaglerock planes appeal to the novice chiefly because of their ease in handling. They are used as training ships in 143 American air schools. Their distinguishing feature, an unusually large wing area, allows a slow landing speed, so important to the student pilot, without sacrifice of top speed. Behind a low priced motor the ship will cruise twice as far on the same amount of fuel, and three times as fast, as the average automobile.

A large number of college pilots are paying for planes by ferrying passengers to out-of-town games, by instructing fellow students, or by "hiring out" for special stunts at football matches.

It is estimated at least 100 American college students occasionally commute by air between their colleges and homes over week-ends. Flying appeals to students who cannot get good rail or motor accommodations. Truly, the airplane is expected to move the college closer home.