

IN THE GENESEE COUNTRY

# The HOUGHTON STAR

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## Summary Purple-Gold Basket-Ball Series

### English is High Scorer

Roth Best with Foul Shot with 9 out of 11 Tries

"Pete" Steese, playing his last Purple-Gold game, finished his basketball course here in an admirable manner. Netting eight field goals and a foul Friday night, he retained his position of high-scorer with 63 points, or an average of nearly 12 1/4 points per game, which is also highest for the series. He has also made the most foul tries, 15, but Roth has the best percentage in foul shooting, being successful in 9 of 11 attempts. Mosher finished second in individual scoring honors with 55 but is tied with Lane in average points per game. Lane has 44 points but played in only four games.

For the girls, Anna English finished 25 points ahead of her nearest competitor with a total of 66 points, and a game average of over 13 points, records that are apt to stand unless broken by the diminutive "Ann" herself. Dibble is second in total number of points, having scored 41, an average of over 8 per game. "Dib" has the most fouls, having sunk 11 to the Purple girls' 10. Albro is the best foul shot, scoring 6 in 13 attempts.

Boys	F.G.	F.P.	T.P.
Steese P.	24	15	63
Mosher, G.	21	13	55
Lane, P.	21	2	44
Fox, P.	13	14	40
Roth, G.	15	9	39
Howland, G.	12	7	31
Albro, P.	13	4	30
Dyer, G.	11	3	25
Mix, G.	4	4	12
Donahue, G.	5	1	11
Scott, P.	4	1	9
Kingsbury, P.	1	0	2
Kemp, P.	0	1	1
Girls	F.G.	F.P.	T.P.
English, P.	28	10	66
Dibble, G.	15	11	41
Driscoll, P.	12	1	25
Albro, G.	8	6	22
Cole, G.	7	1	15
Anderson, G.	5	3	13
Ackerman, P.	3	1	7
Dyer, P.	2	1	5
Folger, P.	0	4	4

Players who will be awarded letters as a result of the series are:—Boys, Frank Lane, Gerald Scott, Willet Albro, Joseph Kemp, Lowell Fox, Homer Fero, Clifford Kingsbury, and Seely Austin. Girls: Anna English, Martha Dyer, and Bertha Williams.

### Child Evangelist Speak to Students

On Monday of last week, the "Child Evangelist", Betty Weakland, who is conducting meetings in Angelica, made us a visit. After singing two songs she spoke on the "Blood of Christ". Her message was well given and all were pleased with her sweet simplicity and earnestness.

### Anna Houghton Daughters

The social hour of the Anna Houghton Daughters on April 1st was at the home of Mrs. LeRoy Fancher. The entertainment committee had requested the Oratory Department to furnish readings appropriate for the occasion. The department was represented by Margaret Carnahan and Erma Anderson. The angel food cake, which was only a part of the delightful refreshments, places Mrs. Fancher at the head of the list of famous cooks. Altho weather conditions were not favorable, a good attendance was shown.

### Syracuse Lecturer

Dr. Bernard C. Clausen, who speaks here Friday evening, April 15, in the College Chapel, spent last summer in Europe where he visited the famous spots on the continent. Probably America could not have sent a more representative man to foreign lands than Dr. Clausen. He has come back filled with enthusiasm of old world ideals garnered from that ancient civilization and has sorted out the good to build fresh inspiration for our American ideals of manhood. Dr. Clausen, always a champion of the good and true and American idealism, has helped many a young person to find his niche in life and to pursue his quest with an energy and zest that is making real, true, honorable leaders of men and women the country over. In less than five years he has preached to over 500,000 people in his church in Syracuse. He was the first preacher to broadcast his sermons by radio. He is the author of many books which have been translated in foreign languages and sent around the world to inspire all people. No one can afford to miss this speech any more than he could afford to miss an opportunity to gain a fortune. It is a fortune, not of money perhaps, but of truth.

"The Holy Spirit does not use a whip in prayer."—Rev. J. R. Pitt.

### Attention Alumni 1900 and 1915!

#### Answer the Rollcall!

The class of 1900 will not simply reply "present" as they did in the good old school days in Pres. Bond's Mental and Moral Philosophy recitations, neither will the class of 1915 answer as though in Mrs. Bowen's English or Latin periods, but the best response now is a Short Live-Wire Letter to the STAR to be published as Alumni Notes in the April 30th edition.

Below is the roll call for these two classes as it then stood.

1900

College Junior Class: Clark Bedford, Dean Bedford, Charles Wiles, John Willett.

No Preparatory Class.

Theological Senior Class: Dean Brown, William Brown.

1915

Advanced Senior Class: Glenn Barnett.

Preparatory Senior Class: Robert D. Becker, Nellie A. Bedford, George D. Boice, Ira S. Bowen, Arthur Bryan, Myrtle Bryan, James Colby, Besie Fancher, Marietta Fancher, Mildred Hart, Besie Little, D. Cecil Morris, Max E. Reed, Pearl C. Schouten, Edith R. Stall, Verna Steer, Ethlyn Stebbins, Ralph L. Tyler.

Piano Course, Fourth Year. Grade VI: Leona Lilly, Ruth Worbois.

Please remember April 30th is the date these letters will be returned to all subscribers of the Star. Let's renew old friendships by the Alumni Column.

## 2nd Prize Story and Poem of 1927 Literary Contest

### Jip's Decision

Elsie Bacon

The last rays of a September sunset flickered on a lone cabin in the Canadian North Woods and twilight settled down upon this corner of the Rube Forest. In this humble abode Rowena Garmain was wearily preparing the evening meal. As she stepped to the window to look out with a gaze of far-off discontent, the sun shone on a face beautiful in its simplicity although by beauty judges it might not have been so termed. Long, dark eye-lashes shaded the eyes of gray and her beautiful, thick chestnut hair was certainly a crowning glory. She was slight of build and medium in stature and as she moved on about her work every step was with grace and ease. The room in which she worked was cheerful and cozy and the furnishings revealed prosperity in so lone a spot. The room was kitchen, dining room and living room combined, but being large it served very well and gave an appearance of homely comfort. The walls were covered with plaster-board and hung with a few pictures.

A heavy step sounded outside. The door swung open revealing a tall, muscular man about thirty years old. Striding in he set his lunch pail on a chair and threw down his coat. The removal of his cap showed his hair to be black and his high forehead above eyes of brown. He would have been termed good looking in any society.

No word of greeting passed between Albert Garmain and his wife. When she had completed her work of laying the table she said, "All right." As he began washing in preparation for the meal, she sharply asked, "Why is it that you never wash before supper is all ready?" He offered no reply either in excuse or complaint and soon took his place at the table.

"Well, how went the day? Has time improved your spirits? I fear not," he quietly inquired.

### Fate

Florence Long

I saw a rose one summer's day;  
Exquisitely perfect every way;  
It charmed me so with its glowing heart,  
That I fell on my knees, pushed its petals apart,  
Then, out jumped Cupid laughing in glee  
And pointed his bow and arrow at me.  
Instantly, I, a victim fell  
To his painful darts. Now I know 'tis not well  
To meddle with roses  
Where Cupid reposes.

"No, a day in this place could not improve anyone's spirits. Nothing ever happens and I still maintain the 'decision' offered this morning. What tragedy happened today? There'd have to be something tragic."

He appeared not to notice the biting sarcasm and replied, "All went very well at the cutting today. Jimmy's broken hip is improving daily."

"I suppose he soon will be back again, getting in the way of another falling tree. Why doesn't he go up to his job in the civilized world? Taking such risks and living in such a place when he could be the clerk in a prosperous bank. Such choice but—oh, where is Jip?"

"He'll be along soon probably. I heard him over at camp when I came in."

And so on through the meal except when interrupted by the arrival of Jip, a young black and white shepherd puppy. The delight and welcome expressed by its master and mistress were mutual between them. This canine member of the family seemed to serve as the medium through which they might enjoy each other. To her every word that sting of sarcasm clung and discontent and dissatisfaction was the theme of every thought which she presented. She completed the evening's work while he read a magazine although his reading was noticeably interrupted with watching this woman whom

### Do We Pray?

Sunday evening, April 3rd, our pastor gave us, by the help of the Holy Spirit, an inspiring message on prayer based on Matthew 7:7-8.

He asked the question, "Why is there such a difference between what the Master taught concerning prayer, and the unlimited assurance that He gave, and the results which we see?" One reason why we have not seen the results we would like is that we have been more or less in error in the conception we have had in prayer.

Prayer, according to Christ's own words, must be a process of effort. Jesus showed this in His example. He continued all night in prayer to God; He arose a great while before day. This meant effort. True prayer is a process of effort in which the ability of the body is put to its supreme test at times. The body unless quickened by the power of the Spirit will lag behind far. The Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

The unlimited assurance which we have concerning prayer is conditioned by the help and intercession of the Spirit. It is not something in which man alone experiences effort. If prayer is a process of effort, and if prayer can only be effective as our infirmities are helped, and only as the Divine Spirit makes intercession for us, we have this infinite, blessed consolation, that the Spirit who helps us is an infinitely prodigious worker.

"Not only does the Holy Spirit assist our prayers and inspire our desires, but He furnishes us in the Word of God with the moulds into which we may pour the molten ore of our desires."

Our pastor said that he did not see how any one can be successful in the prayer life who does not know the Word of God. If we have not the Spirit of God the prayers which we pray are impossible. With the Holy Spirit we ask what we ought. Through searching the Word of God we have the assurance that we have what we ask. We must know the Word of God and check by the Word of God to know if our heart's desires are according to the Word of God. If our desires can be poured into the Word and fit it, we know we are right.

The Master's Word means just what it says:  
If we ask, we receive;  
If we seek, we find;  
If we knock, it shall be opened.

### The Gospel of Peace

Last Sunday morning the Spirit of God was felt in a marked manner as Mr. Ernest Crocker brought a message to us from Isaiah 26:3. The subject of the message was "Peace."

When we think of peace, the opposite of peace is brought to our minds—tumult or war. Tumult brings sadness, and reigns because sin is in the world, and it will continue to reign until Christ comes again. The Word of God contains the true secret of perfect peace. In Romans 8:6 Paul tells us "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." As long as we are dependent upon God, we are entitled to this peace, as well as present peace.

When Christ came into the world He brought the peace which we can have for the asking. When the stormy sea tossed the ship about and it was thought all would be lost, Jesus arose and rebuked the winds saying, "Peace be still." Here Mr. Crocker brought in his personal testimony: "The God who spoke peace to the stormy sea, spoke peace to my stormy heart." Thank God, He still speaks "Peace."

Before Jesus left His disciples He gave them the promise in John 14:27, "Peace I leave

(Continued on Page Two)

(Continued on Page Four)





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### Scenic Switzerland

President Luckey, Members of the Faculty,  
Students of Houghton College:

When I was attending Houghton College,  
I remember that we used to have some excep-  
tionally fine chapel speeches. But once in a  
great while we used to have the opportunity of  
listening to one of those grave and venerable  
personages who had circumnavigated the globe.  
Then I would always think of Magellan and  
wish that I had lived in his time that I might  
listen by the hour to the engrossing tales of in-  
repid voyagers.

As I was debating today on what subject I  
should address you, I decided to describe to  
you something of the beauties of Switzerland.

In all my travels I think I have visited no  
place more wonderful than this country. Its  
beautiful deep blue lakes of shining water, its  
mighty cliffs, its magnificent glaciers and thun-  
dering waterfalls, and best of all, the grandeur  
of the Alpine mountains, crowned with un-  
measured miles of snow, towering up among  
the clouds, storming the very heights of heaven.

One of the most attractive gateways to this  
land of mountains is Interlaken. All tourists  
in Switzerland come hither. As its name  
indicates, it lies between two famous lakes  
which rival one another in respect to beauty.  
Before it, also, are the charming vales of  
Lauterbrunn and Grindelwald, which lead  
one into the very heart of the Bernese Ober-  
land. Moreover, from 60,000 to 80,000 peo-  
ple come here yearly to render homage to the  
peerless sovereign who holds court at Inter-  
laken. There is no need to name the peak to  
which I thus allude, for everywhere in Inter-  
laken we discern the crowning glory of the  
place—beside which all others fade—the lovely  
Jungfrau, queen of Alpine heights. Her grand,  
resplendent form fills the entire space between  
the encircling peaks, and forms a dazzling  
centerpiece of ice and snow, nearly 14,000 feet  
in height. It is never-ending pleasure to rest  
upon the broad piazzas of Interlaken's palatial  
hotels, and gaze upon this radiant mount. It  
sometimes looks like a great white cloud for-  
ever anchored in one place, but oftener it  
sparkles with a robe of diamonds, mantled, as  
it is, with snows of virgin purity from base to  
heaven-piercing summit.

The charming and romantic vale of Lauter-  
brunn, which is only a half mile in width, is  
bounded on both sides by lofty mountains over  
which the winter's sun can hardly climb till  
midday, and yet luxuriant vegetation covers it,  
as with an emerald carpet. The bases of these  
mountains seem to rest on flowers. In the dis-  
tance we see the Falls of the Staubbach which  
leaps boldly over the brow of the mountain  
980 feet above us. Long before it reaches  
the ground, it is converted into a vast, diaphanous  
cloud of spray, which the breeze scat-  
ters into thousands of fantastic wreaths.  
Whenever the sunlight streams directly  
through this, the effect is marvelous. It then  
resembles a transparent veil of silver lace, wov-  
en with all colors of the rainbow, fluttering from  
the fir-clad rocks. It recalls Goethe's de-  
scription:

"In clouds of spray  
Like silver dust,  
It veils the rock  
In rainbow hues;  
And dancing down  
With music soft  
Is lost of view."

I dislike to omit a picture of that Monarch  
of the Alps, Mont Blanc, which towers nearly  
16,000 feet above us with its majestic snow-  
white mantle—but as time hastens, so must I.

I would not forget to tell you of my last  
evening in Zermatt as I lingered in the deep-  
ening twilight to say farewell to this unrivaled  
peak. At first its clear-cut silhouette stood  
forth against the sky, unutterably grand, while  
darkness shrouded its giant form. So over-  
whelming appeared its tapering height, that  
I no longer wondered at the belief of the  
peasants that the gate of Paradise is situated  
on its summit. It appears but a step from  
thence to heaven.

At last there came a change. In the blue  
vault of heaven, the full-orbed moon came forth  
to sheathe the Matterhorn in silver. In that  
refulgent light, its icy edges looked like crystal  
ropes; and its sharp, glistening rocks resembled  
silver steps leading to the stupendous pinnacle

above. Never, this side the shore of eternity,  
do I expect to see a vision so sublime as that  
of moonlight on Matterhorn. For, from the  
gleaming parapets of this Alpine pyramid, not  
"40 centuries" but 40,000 ages look down on  
us as frivolous pygmies of a day. Yes, as I  
gazed on this illumined obelisk, rising from  
out its glittering sea of ice, to where—4,000  
feet above—the moving stars flashed round  
its summit like resplendent gems, it seemed a  
fitting emblem of Creative Majesty—the scepter  
of Almighty God.

Ethelyn Lupton

### JIP'S DECISION

(Continued from page 2)

all the time of where the purse might be found.

She looked frantically about in the drawers  
and every conceivable place. What had Bert  
done with it? As she looked in all the fam-  
iliar spots the thought persisted, "This is my  
home, I cannot leave it." Scarcely realizing  
what she did and not knowing what force  
impelled her she picked up pen and paper and  
wrote,

"Mona, I have decided to stay. I cannot  
leave. I will write later."

Rowena G.

and gave it to the man waiting outside, telling  
him that she was not returning with him. As  
he rode away she gladly turned and walked  
into the house.

Her "decision" was changed. Here she was,  
alone in this lonely, humble abode with nothing  
more of cheer and comfort than it held the day  
before but she was happy. She must get busy  
and prepare a treat for the evening meal. It  
would be a long time before Bert would be  
coming home but she must make him welcome.  
"But does he want me? He did not ask me to  
stay but now I must wait and see." Uncon-  
sciously she began looking forward to his re-  
turn from work and her heart filled with that  
old love for him which she had thought long  
dead or imaginary. Bert, she could not leave  
him. What would he do, living here alone?  
He needed her to take care of him.

Bert and Jip stayed longer at the woods than  
night than usual. "There is nothing to go  
home for," he thought, "the evening will be  
too long now." All day long he dreaded that  
return to his lonely cabin and had thought of  
her leaving on the train from Daron. His  
excuse to the boys for his tardiness to his  
supper was that Rowena was visiting at Daron  
for a few days. He strolled homeward and as  
he looked up at the little structure he noted  
that smoke was issuing from the chimney and  
suddenly light streamed from the windows. His  
heart thumped. "Am I dreaming? Do my  
eyes deceive me?" As he flung the door open  
the lunch pail dropped as Jip bounded for-  
ward to greet his mistress. She looked up from  
her work, a deep flush overspreading her fea-  
tures as he strode forward, a look of surprise,  
pleasure and questioning on his face.

"Do you want a cook, Bert?"

"I want you, my dear," and as their arms  
closed about each other the kiss of which he  
had dreamed the night before was no longer a  
memory but a reality.

A few mornings after Jip came running in  
with a dark, torn, mud-covered object which  
still contained a huge roll of bills. Bert and  
Rowena exchanged smiles and from the bottom  
of their hearts thanked Jip for making the  
better "decision".

A young wife went into a meat market and  
said, "I bought three or four hams here a  
month ago, and they were fine. Have you  
any more of them?"

"Yes, Ma'am," replied the butcher, "there  
are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well, if they are off the same pig, I'll take  
three of them," said the customer.

An ambitious young man was being instruc-  
ted in the art of elocution by a professor of  
public speaking. When the instructor had fin-  
ished, he gave the young man one more piece  
of advice.

"When you have finished your lecture, bow  
gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe."

"Why on tiptoe?" queried the would be  
orator.

"So as not to wake the audience," was the  
quiet reply.

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## Divine Refreshments

"Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find."

The words of the poet were realized by more than one heart who gathered for the students' hour of prayer, April 5th. Miss Ruth Warburton read from God's word the unfailing promise found in Rom. 8:31-39.

The testimonies and prayers showed that many are proving the power of God to be a twentieth-century motivating, transforming reality in their lives. Notice the following testimonies; detect the satisfaction that Christ gives to these as a sample of others that are not quoted. Prof. Wright—"I have registered before God, angels, and men that I'll be God's man in God's place; I will remain on God's side of every question." Miss Rickard—"The word promises an inheritance incorruptible, that fadeth not away, to all who are sanctified by faith. I am glad I can claim this." Charles Thompson—"I would rather be a humble witness for Jesus than have the wealth of the world." Robert Hess—"I am thankful for prayer, for there as we just sang, 'I'll drop my burden at His feet, and bear a song away.'"

## THE GOSPEL OF PEACE

(Continued from Page One)

with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Peace I give," signifies the peace from God coming into our hearts in such a way that we know there is a manifestation of the work He has done in our hearts. "Peace I leave," is the peace of God coming into our hearts when we let the Holy Ghost come in sanctifying power, purifying the heart, for when He sanctifies the heart, He leaves a peace with us. "The fruit of the Spirit is, love, joy, Peace."

We are sanctified by the God of Peace. I Thes. 5:23 "And the very God of Peace sanctify you wholly."

Hebrews 12: 14 tells us, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Peace with God and peace with our fellow men is just as essential as the last part of the verse, "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

Our gospel is a gospel of Peace. "Having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of Peace." Peace is an essential part of

salvation. Preachers of the gospel are commissioned to preach the gospel of Peace.

"There is no peace to the wicked," but "To be spiritually minded is Peace."

The source of peace is God the Father, Christ the Son of God, and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

In order to have the Peace of God we must do our part. Philippians 4:8-9. If God puts a peace in our hearts, it will only stay as we keep our minds on things which are lovely and good, and as we "Think on these things." If we "think on these things," the God of Peace shall be with us.

Do you know the peace of God, and the peace from God? We must know the peace from God then we shall have the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

In the evening Miss Helen Davison had charge of the Young Peoples' service. There was no preaching service.

The Scripture lesson was taken from Isaiah 50:7, II Timothy 1:12, and Philippians 1:6. She said, "We fail in the Christian life because we start out with the idea of giving Christianity a trial in our lives. When we give ourselves to Jesus Christ, we give ourselves for life. Our part is to set our face toward God and we will not fail."

The testimonies were wonderfully blessed of God. His presence was real, and those who were present left the meeting feeling that God still lives and reigns in hearts today.

## Baseball Track and Field Tennis

With the basketball season over, once more we turn to outside athletic activities. Superfine weather has dried up the diamond and tennis courts, with a little work, the track will be ready for use. Jumping pits are to be made immediately and with their completion the stage will be all set for a busy six weeks. Into this limited amount of time the remainder of the baseball series must be played, after which all energies will be devoted to track and field. Following the Sixth Annual Track and Field Meet a lengthy tennis series must be played, consisting of men's singles and doubles, girls' singles and doubles and mixed doubles.

Practice for baseball and track will begin immediately. Don't have to be urged to come out to practice! Your team needs you.

Teacher—Now children, how old would a person be who was born in 1888.

Pupils (in chorus)—Man or woman?

Jones had bought a horse on the installment plan. A week after he had made the purchase, he drove to the dealer's stable to say that he was not entirely satisfied with the animal.

"There is one thing I don't like about her," he said, "She won't hold her head up."

"That's her pride," said the horse dealer. "She will when she's paid for."

## Lasting Value

"But this portrait makes me look so much older," objected Mrs. Jones.

"That's the beauty of it, madam," replied the artist. "Ten years from now it will be an even better likeness of you than it is to-day."

Mother—Polite people don't yawn, my dear. Little daughter—But mother, polite people don't notice.

He—"Whats' a millennium?"

She—"Its the same as a centennial, only it has more legs."

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