



VOLUME XIX

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK. APRIL 15, 1927

NUMBER 25

Summary Purple-Gold Basket-Ball Series English is High Scorer

63

55

40

Roth Best with Foul Shot with 9 out of 11

"Pete" Steese, playing his last Purple-Gold game, finished his basketball course here in an and a foul Friday night, he retained his position of high-scorer with 63 points, or an average of nearly 12¾ 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 has 44 points but played in only four games.

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. F.P. Boys F.G. Steese P. 15 Mosher, G. Lane, P. 21 13 21 Fox, P. 13 Roth, G. Howland, G. Albro, P. Dyer, G. Mix, G. Donahue, G. Scott, P. Kingsbury, P Kemp, P. Girls F.G. F.P. English, P. 10 Dibble, G. 11 Driscol, P. Albro, G. Cole, G. Anderson, G. Ackerman, P. Dyer, P. Folger, P.

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

Anna Houghton Daughters

Daughters on April 1st was at the home of Garmain and his wife. When she had com-Mrs. LeRoy Fancher. The entertainment committee had requested the Oratory Department to furnish readings appropriate for the occasion. The department was represented by Margaret it that you never wash before supper is all other. To her every word that sting of sarcasm Carnahan and Erma Anderson. The angel ready?" He offered no reply either in excuse clung and discontent and dissatisfaction was the 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 proved your spirits? I fear not," he quietly attendance was shown auto inquired.

Syracuse Lecturer

Dr. Bernard C. Clausen, who speaks here Friday evening, April 15, in the College Chapel admirable manner. Netting eight field goals 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 9 of 11 attempts. Mosher finished second in build fresh inspiration for our American ideals individual scoring honors with 55 but is tied of manhood. Dr. Clausen, always a champion with Lane in average points per game. Lane of the good and true and American idealism has helped many a young person to find his For the girls, Anna English finished 25 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 coun try over. In less than five years he has preach ed to over 500,000 people in his church in Sy racuse. He was the first preacher to broadcast his sermons by radio. He is the author of many books which have been translated in forthis speach any more than he could afford to miss an oportunity to gain a fortune. It is Leona Lilly, Ruth Worbois. a fortune, not of money perhaps, but of truth.

prayer."-Rev. J. R. Pitt.

Jip's Decision

Elsie Bacon

the eyes of gray and her beautiful, thick chest

nut 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 furnish-

ings 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

A heavy step sounded outside. The door

vung open revealing a tall, muscular man

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 look-

pleted her work of laying the table she said,

"Well, how went the day? Has time im-

April 15 years

hung with a few pictures.

ing in any society.

Attention Alumni 1900 and 1915! Answer the Rollcall!

The class of 1900 will not simply reply present" as they did in the good old schoo days in Pres. Bond's Mental and Moral Phi losophy 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

Below is the roll call for these two classes as

1900

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

No Preparatory Class. Theological Senior Class: Dean Brown, Wiliam Brown.

1915

Advanced Senior Classs Glenn Barnett. Preparatory Senior Class: Robert D. Becker, Nellie A. Bedford, George D. Boice, Ira S. Bowen, Arthur Bryan, Myrtle Bryan, James Colby, Bessie Fancher, Marietta Fancher, Mildred Hart, Besse Little, D. Cecil Morris, Max eign languages and sent around the world to E. Reed, Pearl C. Schouten, Edith R. Stall. inspire all people. No one can afford to miss Verna Steer, Ethlyn Stebbins, Ralph L. Tyler. Piano Course, Fourth Year. Grade VI:

Please remember April 30th is the date these letters will be returned to all subscribers of the "The Holy Spirit does not use a whip in Star. Let's renew old friendships by the Alumni Column.

2nd Prize Story and Poem of 1927 Literary Contest

Florence Long The last rays of a September sunset flickered I saw a rose one summer's day; on a lone cabin in the Canadian North Woods Exquisitely perfect every way; and twilight settled down upon this corner of It charmed me so with its glowing heart, 66 the Rube Forest. In this humble abode Ro- That I fell on my knees, pushed its petals apart wena Garmain was wearily preparing the even-Then, out jumped Cupid laughing in glee ing meal. As she stepped to the window to And pointed his bow and arrow at me. look out with a gaze of far-off discontent, the Instantly, I, a victim fell sun shone on a face beautiful in its simplicity To his painful darts. Now I know 'tis not well To meddle with roses although by beauty judges it might not have been so termed. Long, dark eye-lashes shaded 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 morn 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? a place when he could be the clerk in a proslunch pail on a chair and threw down his coat. Jip?"

over at camp when I came in."

interrupted by the arrival of Jip, a young black and white shepherd puppy. The delight and welcome expressed by its master and mistress asking. When the stormy sea tossed the ship were mutual between them. This canine mem-"All right." As he began washing in prepara-tion for the meal, she sharply asked, "Why is dium through which they might enjoy each dium through which they might enjoy each clung and discontent and dissatisfaction was the or complaint and soon took his place at 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 (Cantinued on Page Two)

Do We Pray?

Sunday evening, April 3rd, our pastor gave us, by the help of the Holy Spirit, an inspiring essage on prayer based on Matthew 7:7-8. He asked the question, "Why is there such 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 willng, but the flesh is weak."

The unlimited assurance which we have conerning 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 moulten ore of

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;

The Gospel of Peace

If we knock, it shall be opened.

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 Taking such risks and living in such is in the world, and it will continue to reign until Christ comes again. The Word of God about thirty years old. Striding in he set his perous bank. Such choice but—oh, where is contains the true secret of perfect peace. In Romans 8:6 Paul tells us "To be spiritually "He'll be along soon probably. I heard him minded is life and peace." As long as we are dependent upon God, we are entitled to this And so on through the meal except when peace, as well as present peace.

When Christ came into the world He brought the peace which we can have for the 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 Four)

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JIP'S DECISION

ed from Page One) he loved with all his heart. His eyes were sad and although her words cut him like a knife he yearned to say something to cheer her.

'Oh, why is life so hard?" he thought. she could only forget the city and love those woods and God's great out-of-doors as I do" was ever his prayer. He lived again the hour of the morning when she had expressed her "decision" which she spoke of previously. He could still hear her words.

"But, Bert, I cannot stand this-I will not. You say that you can't see why I feel so. You don't try to see. Of course I said I would be happy. Then, I thought that with you I could be content in any hole or nook of the world. But vain fancies! You could go back but you care not what happens to me. I must go!"

She rested on the couch mending some of his clothes.

"Can this be the last evening when she'll ever be doing that?" A pang shot through him at the thought.

"Have you packed anything?" he asked. "Packed? I have nothing to pack. There is nothing here I would want to take away. Oh yes, I have all that I want in a bag. I've

had it ready for a week." At this he was more fully convinced that what he had wondered about all day was true. She had planned this and had been biding her time to make it known. "Because I have been interested in my work I have not realized how miserable she was and how lonesome she must have been. I have been thoughtless, perhaps although I thought that I had been doing all that one could. I will try and be more thoughtful-but no, too late! Promises would now be in vain. Rowena's mind is made up. I may better appear content. I do not want another of this morning's scenes." These thoughts worked through his brain instead of the

He could not bring himself to say that he would take her to Daron in the morning. She knew that he would if she wished. Had there ever been a time when she had asked for money when he had not done his best to comply? No, thanks be, she could not complain of that. At last they both retired and silently crept into bed, each busy with his own thoughts. Jip slept on a rug by the stove.

thoughts presented on the page before him.

The marriage of Rowena and Albert Garmain had proved a happy one for the first two years but gradually the quiet, unresponsive atmosphere of the lone forest had crept into I?" she asked herself, "but I have tried and their veins and things had come up forming a failed. It is no use." barrier between them until the climax had been according to plans they had come to the place of farewell and a clasp of hands Bert jumper which now was their home. He had accepted a contract to work here as lumbering boss for a large tract of forest timber. A short distance from this cabin was the camp, a few buildings which served as bunk and eating houses for a erected an immense mill and work had been these men and their leader were well satisfied awaiting him in the woods. He had brought Mr. Lupton is quite ill with neuritis.

with results and were ever extending their work It was a hard but good work and quitters were this work and all with exceptions of two or three who had returned to the easier life of the cities had proved true. This camp was situated twenty miles from the nearest town, Daron which with railroad and stores was the supply post for the adjoining vicinity.

Dawn and the morning sun filled the earth could only have penetrated these sad, lone in life and love and looked up and found the carelessly left it at the cabin. What should she joy which abounds for those who look for it. Rowena arose as usual at Albert's call and prepared the morning meal while he milked their one cow. Conversation of a kindlier nature managed to float over the barrier of restraint which still persisted between them.

The morning meal over, the dog Jip fed, each one went about his tasks in the house. "Well, Rena, do you still want me to take you down to Nona's this morning?'

"Sure, I haven't changed my mind."

"All right, I'll give you this now," and he pulled out his purse and gave her a large roll frightfully. To her mind this plainly told that of bills. Upon counting them while putting he had not slept. She must make it and mechthem in her purse she, independent as ever, remarked, "But Bert, I won't need all this," and handed some of it to him.

'No, Rena, please keep it all. If it is all that you can take from me I want you to have Touched by his earnestness but avoiding his gaze she tucked it into her purse and

ossed it into a nearby chair. Unnoticed by either of them the puppy, Jip, scampering around as usual caused the pocket book to fall from the rocking chair and seized upon it as a very proper plaything. He ran with it to the bedroom and there had great sport, finally leaving it under the bed to find some other amusement. Bert came from the camp with the old car, the mutual property of every one and Rowena took her bag and went ill in a Philadelphia hospital. She would ap out. With a kindly word and pat to Jip and a silent farewell to all the familiar things she rode away casting a goodby glance at this, her home of the past three years. "In such a life," she thought although even now her inner consciousness revealed a feeling of sadness upon eleventh of this month. leaving. She had often gone to spend a few days with Nona. This elderly lady had proven a very true friend from the day when they first met, upon Rowena's arrival in the town. "Nona enjoys this life and why cannot

The twenty miles had stretched behind. reached. A few months after their marriage, Nona's house was reached. With a few words into his car and rode away not trusting himself to look back. The return twenty miles were longer to him than ever before. "What were longer to him than ever before. "What can I do?" he asked and always the reply, "Nothing, only work, work, work. Anything large group of foresters. They had proved to to make her happier. If she does not want me be a clean gang of men and things had gone longer I can do nothing but let her go. I will not make it any harder for her." After re-spent the vacation with Mrs. Woolsey's parent prosperous. The company which had hired turning the car he went to the work and Jip in Ohio.

no lunch and he could not have eaten anyway. The lump in his throat was too big. At last the hours dragged by and man and dog tramped home. Home, the thought mocked him What was it now but an empty cabin? As he prepared a scanty meal which Jip shared, the walls echoed with her voice and it did not come to him in the tone of last night and many nights before but overlooking the unpleasant hours which they had spent in the last few months his thoughts raced back to those blissful days when they had first come there, those happy evenings when a welcoming kiss and the joy of laughter was enjoyed by both. Every chair and familiar thing told of the happy times spent together 'till it seemed as if he could see her working there or sitting in the next chair. What agony! His bed brought no sleep until the morning hours when he fell into fitful

The morning brought better peace of mind and the morning's work was done while Jip ran about. The outside door was open and Jip discovering the purse, his plaything of the morning before ran with it outdoors and in true dog fashion hid it in the ground back of the house. Garmain finally trudged to work with Jip tagging at his heals. Albert had packed his lunch and although his heart was heavy not here. They had come to make good of his determination had strengthened to see it through as only a man would do.

Meanwhile Rowena was in a very serious state of mind. A new light had been thrown upon her "decision" and her attitude was changing, but no thought of not going away had entered her mind. Her problem was the lack of money. Bert had given her money to with gladness and sunshine. If sunshine go. Yes, and she had supposed it to be in her bag until she retired on the night of her ar hearts. If they could have mutually rejoiced rival at Nona's. She realized that she had do? She had no way of earning money and no one from whom to borrow. Nona did not have that amount. She would go back the next day and find her purse. The next day a neighbor consented to take her there and about one o'clock her home again came into view As she opened the door a flood of memories came over her. Bert had washed the dishes and picked things up in the kitchen but the bedroom presented a far different appearance. At one glance at the unmade bed she saw that Bert who usually lay so quiet had tossed about anically she straightened the covers thinking (Continued on Page Three)

Locals

Mrs. Peck has been visiting friends here. President Luckey left Wednesday evening to ttend the Rochester Conference. Saturday vening he plans to attend the Houghton alimni banquet to be held in New York City.

Professor and Mrs. Whitaker spent the vaation period visiting their son, Ernest, and family, in Ithaca.

Evan Molyneaux and Joe Horton visited Oberlin College during vacation.

Miss Louise Gifford of the Class of '26, is preciate a card or letter from her friends. Al mail should be sent in care of S. I. McMillen 609 Elm Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.

Professor and Mrs. J. M. Molyneaux, of Bliss, are the parents of a boy, born on the

Elva Lucas returned Thursday from the Olean General Hospital where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Professor and Mrs. Herman Baker spent the vacation with Mrs. Baker's parents, Mr and Mrs. Williams, in Marion, Ind.

Rev. J. C. Long has been spending a few days at his home here.

Luella Roth had her t Jamestown W. C. A. Hospital, during vacation Professor and Mrs. Wright visited Professo

Wright's parents at Chazy for a few days. Rev. David Anderson, who is pastor of the Wesleyan Church in Erie, is spending a few days at his home here.

Professor and Mrs. Woolsey and children

J. A. BENJAMIN

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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 "40 centuries" but 40,000 ages look down on tionally fine chapel speeches. But once in a us as frivolous pygmies of a day. Yes, as I great while we used to have the opportunity of gazed on this illumined obelisk, rising from listening to one of those grave and venerable out its glittering sea of ice, to where-4,000 personages who had circumnavigated the globe. feet above—the moving stars flashed round listen by the hour to the engrossing tales of in- ter of Almighty God. trepid 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 clifts, its magnificent glaciers and thundering waterfalls, and best of all, the grandeur of the Alpine mountains, crowned with unmeasured miles of snow, towering up among the clouds, storming the very heights of heaven.

One of the most atractive 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 Lauterbrennen and Grindewald, which lead one into the very heart of the Bermese Oberland. Moreover, from 60,000 to 80,000 people come here yearly to render homage to the peerless sovereign who holds court at Interlaken. There is no need to name the peak to which I thus allude, for everywhere in Interlaken 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, nearly14,000 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 him. What would he do, living here alone? sometimes looks like a great white cloud forever 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 Lauterbrennen, 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, for a few days. He strolled homeward and as as with an emerald carpet. The bases of these mountains seem to rest on flowers. In the distance was issuing from the chimney and tance we see the Falls of the Staubbach which leaps boldly over the brow of the mountain heart thumped. "Am I dreaming? Do my eyes deceive-me?" As he flung the door open the ground, it is converted into a vast, diaphanous cloud of spray, which the breeze scatters into thousands of fantastic wreaths her work, a deep flush overspreading her fea-Whenever the sunlight streams directly through this, the effect is marvelous. It then resembles a transparent veil of silver lace, woven with all colors of the rainbow,fluttering from the fir-clad rocks. It recalls Goethe's description:

"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 snowwhite 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 deepening twilight to say farewell to this unrivaled At first its clear-cut silhouete stood forth against the sky, unutterably grand, while shrouded its giant forn 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 - New York silver steps leading to the stupendous pinnacle quiet reply.

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 Then I would always think of Magellan and its summit like resplendent gems, it seemed a wish that I had lived in his time that I might fitting emblem of Creative Majesty—the scep

Ethelyn Luptor

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 familiar 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 canno 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 nto 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. I 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." Uucon 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 He needed her to take care of him.

Bert and Jip stayed longer at the woods that 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. excuse to the boys for his tardiness to his supper was that Rowena was visiting at Daron he looked up at the little structure he noted suddenly light streamed from the windows. His the lunch pail dropped as Jip bounded forward to greet his mistress. She looked up from 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," relied 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 finished, he gave the young man one more piec

"When you have finished your lecture, bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe."
"Why on tiptoe?" queried the would be

"So as not to wake the audience," was the

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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 wentieth-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 sanc

tify you wholly."

Hebrews 12: 14 tells us, "Follow peace with ll 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

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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 many are proving the power of God to be a 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 as 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' ingles and doubles and mixed doubles.

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

Teacher-Now children, how old would a erson be who was born in 1888.

Pupils (in chorus) - Man or woman?

Jones had bought a horse on the installment olan. A week after he had made the purchase, ne drove to the dealer's stable to say that he vas 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 horsedealer.

'She will when she's paid for."

Lasting Value

"But this portrait makes me look so much lder," 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 Fillmore, N. Y. has more legs."

John S. Peterson

"Chrysler"

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