

HOUGHTON STAR

SPECIAL ISSUE BY THE FEDER PLUME WRITERS' CLUB

VOLUME XXI

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NUMBER 26

Glee Club Concert

Last Friday evening one more large star was added to those already shining in the College Glee Club's crown of success. Our "Singing Team" is very ably led by Professor Herman Baker, the vocal instructor of our school and is assisted by Alton Cronk as accompanist. It was very evident to all that the performers were truly masters of their art—from the sublime rendering of "Crossing the Bar" to the humorous "Soft-Boiled—Hard-Boiled." Each fellow was trimmed with a white carnation and the usual Purple and Gold ribbons across his stiff shirt front.

Now to the program—

The first three numbers, Nunn's "Musical Invocation," Graff's "Teach Me to Pray," and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" were superbly rendered by the Glee Club.

Five of the fellows in an Instrumental Ensemble—Wiles, York, Kluzitt, Bain, and Lawless gave an excellent interpretation of "Country Gardens." From the Gardens we were introduced by Wilfred Bain to the "Green-eyed Dragon." I still wonder how one single tongue could ever work so fast. But evidently wonders will never cease and Mr. Bain pleased us much with his story of the "Green-eyed Dragon."

Negro Spirituals were the next items by the Glee Club. Burleigh's "Scandalize My Name," and Herbert's "Keep A-Inchin' Along" gave us a conception of the scope and manner in which the negroes express their feelings in song. Undoubtedly the negroes were not "blessed" with "tuxes" but all we had to do was close our eyes and our mind's eye would picture for us our colored brethren.

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Pres. Luckey Lectures on Holy Land

In the year 1913 President Luckey took a long planned trip to Palestine. The memory of that trip will ever remain bright and clear to him; and in order that others might share its delights, the President secured a series of stereopticon views of the sacred country. On Wednesday evening the pictures were shown in chapel to an interested audience.

The slides include a map of the Holy Land, miniatures of the Temple area, the sea of Galilee, Dead Sea (which, President Luckey explained, is the ideal spot to learn to swim—no sinking!), the walls of Jerusalem with its various historic gates and entrances, the many chapels covering such spots as Jacobs Well, and Calvary, the famous Mosque of Omar, Solomon's Temple and subterranean stables, the house of Simon the Tanner, the Jews' Wailing Place, the Via Dolorosa, and the bridge on which Pilate stood when he uttered the sentence that he found no evil in this Man.

The many and varied references to interesting Biblical episodes gave the pictures an added significance; and the evening was one of profitable pleasure. We appreciate this favor on the part of President Luckey.

Athenians Spring Surprise Program

Due to certain unforeseen circumstances and to the heroic efforts of the program committee, the Athenian Literary Society last Monday night presented an interesting variety program in place of the one originally planned for the evening. After the singing of a hymn led by Miss Gardner and devotionals conducted by Mr. Dekker, the audience was entertained by Miss Huffington's delightful rendition of a humorous number entitled "Campanionship with Angeworms." A piano solo by Miss Olive Weatherell was played in her usual charming style. A cutting from *Anne of Green Gables* as given by Miss Vila Acerman concluded the program which, in the words of the president of the society, made up in quality for what was lacking in quantity. Each number was well presented and enthusiastically received by those present.

The society's next meeting will be this coming Monday night, at which time the program planned for the former meeting will be given. It is to be hoped that a much larger audience will attend these entertaining and educational programs.

Vocation?

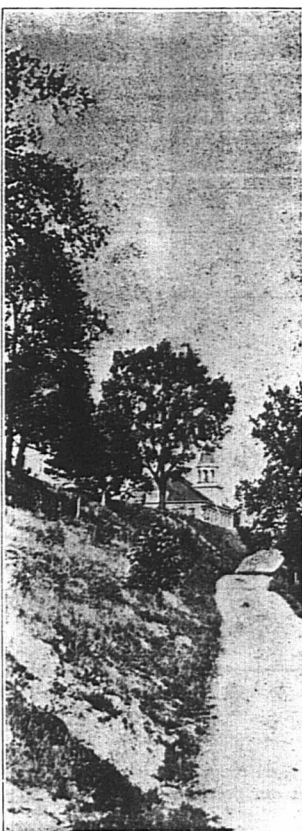
Last Friday's chapel was conducted by C. C. Robinson, vocational expert, of New York City. The originality and humor of the address delighted his hearers who expressed their appreciation by such unusual remarks as, "If Chapels were like that every day, I wouldn't mind going." Mr. Robinson began by saying that we as a people are great philosophers. We philosophize about religion, and spend hours in speculation upon love and the nature of love, but when it comes to real work, philosophy fails. Unless philosophy can tell us what it's all about, Applied Psychology will soon take its place.

What is our life work anyway? Is it not that by which we earn our living? No matter how fine a home one may have, no matter how much affection and joy—at the end of the month, the bills come around just the same. No matter how fine a cook the wife may be, at the end of the month—well, the grocery and butcher bill resembles the German indemnity at the end of the war. All of which is a simple way of saying that one must work. Yes, work, but get into the work where you can express yourself. Someone has said that three-fourths of the working people are in work that God never intended them to do. (Cheer up, Seniors, maybe you were never meant to teach.) The question is—Where do your capacities, capabilities, and powers fit?

We then listened in rapt attention to the description of the young violinist who had attained marvelous satisfaction and self expression in her work. She walked on the platform tapped the right notes on the piano, tuned her instrument, "stuck it in her neck," and played. With that violin she expressed her very soul and the deep emotions of her heart. She was doing the work that she loved.

Mr. Robinson's own personal ex-

(Continued on Page Two)



The Sequel to Arbor Day

"Dja ever see a person the day after the day before when the day before happened to be Arbor Day (for the life of me I can't understand why they don't call it Labor Day)? So have I; pitiful sight, isn't it? Almost reminds me of a certain advertisement. Well Miss Burnell or somebody equally thoughty, devised a plan for a party to take place before the aftermath of Arbor Day set in.

Therefore we had a party, and it was some party. The good old standby, "Three Deep", caused some slip-ups but nothing serious.

Do you remember ever having played that game, guess it hasn't any name (it doesn't need any), well as I was saying, that game in which one person races up the floor to a designated spot, planks a kindergarten chair on the floor for the person who has been trailing behind like a caboose? The party of the second part sits down and up, then the party of the first part sits down and up, then both parties race back to the next couple. Honestly it's the most hysterical game imaginable. I never knew that people could sit down and up so queerly. There must be an art of sitting; if so, everybody was restless Tuesday night.

As a sort of little restful game after the excitement caused by the aforementioned Chair Affair, Miss Burnell lined up the 84 persons in four rows. Then everybody had to go up to a designated spot (again) on which stood a person. This last mentioned person had to imitate a merry-go-around in all of its dizziness. He had to swing each person as he came up. Wish you could have seen Cash Conner's masterful swing. Edith Bork's dainty twirl, Ruth Thompson's mighty wallop, and George Unamann,—nuff said.

Houghton Begins Base Ball Activities

The combined Senior-Junior baseball team took the Lower Classmen into camp to the tune of 9-2 for a May-Day celebration. Several dozen fans turned out to watch the one-sided contest.

"Dick" Wing started on the mound for the "Big Boys" while "Gord" Allen did the receiving. The "Youngsters" started by placing two men on the sacks but both were left stranded when "Dick" tightened down to retire the side. They were likewise goose-egged in the second. But the Upper Classmen furnished the fireworks in these innings by hopping on Leffingwell for three runs in the first and five in the second before "Jeff" could right himself. In the fourth they found him for one counter but he was master at all other times.

In the fourth the Youngsters crossed the plate twice but the game was on ice long before. In the fifth they started with a couple of hits but "Dick" applied the breaks. "Gord" got a foul tip on the end of his finger and retired to first while "Wild-man" Andy Warden came in from third to stop "Dick's" shots.

With a bit more polish the underclassmen should give the Big Boys a run for their money.

Next Week's Star

It's no longer a secret—the august assembly of College Sophomores are to edit the STAR next week, May 10. For their Editor-in-chief, they have chosen their class president, Wes Gleason. The following STAR Staff is to aid Editor Gleason in putting out the Soph Edition:

Assistant Editor	Billy Moore
Managing Editor	Storekeeper Fero
Literary	Millie Wilson
Religious	Es Ries
Music	Phyl Estabrook
Local News	Mart York
Jokes	Jim Fiske
Copy Readers	Bess Crocker
	Neeve Henry

Watch for this edition of the STAR and see if the Sophs live up to their usual reputation in other things, and give us the record STAR of the year.

Toxin-antitoxin Clinics

There will be a series of Toxin-antitoxin clinics for the prevention of diphtheria held in the College Hospital, Houghton, under dates of May 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th and the hours of clinics are 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. Any one, who desires, may receive the toxin-antitoxin free at the clinic but we are particularly interested to have the children between the ages of six months and ten years of age come in for immunization against diphtheria. In order to be effective three doses have to be given one week apart. Dr. A. H. Lyman of Fillmore will administer the toxin-antitoxin with the aid of the county nurses.

Yetter sez:

You teachers can have your five days if you want to, but I prefer my five day week ends.

Arbor Day

Whoopie! And another Arbor Day has passed into the realm of reminiscences. Work and cooperation, eats, hilarity (Professor Wright's cow, Edith), a party, et cetera were the features of the day.

Monday evening the weather man prophesied fair weather for Tuesday morning with showers in the afternoon. So beginning at eight o'clock Tuesday morning we began to make hay while the sun shone, for sure enough it rained in the afternoon and caused the postponement of the ball game between the upper and lower-classmen.

The campus put on a picturesque appearance as students and faculty assembled to make a labor day out of Arbor Day. The fair members of the faculty were very undignified indeed as they sallied forth in their "working attire". It was particularly interesting to see the Dean nearly fatigue herself to the point of exhaustion.

It was a day of accomplishments. The bridge at the foot of the hill, which had been carried off by a recent inundation, was masterfully rebuilt by Professor Christy and his group of gallant hustlers. Professor Ries and his mortar-mixers added beauty to our campus by repairing the cement walks. Woolsey, Lawless and Co. made their contribution by laying new cinder walks to the Dorms. Other groups planted and trimmed shrubbery, fixed the tennis courts, ball diamond, and the track. The women were much in evidence on the campus raking up leaves and twigs, washing the windows in the buildings, and making order out of chaos in more places than one.

At high noon we were called from our many tasks by the tolling of the chapel bell. With blistered hands, lame backs, hearty appetites and meal-tickets we eagerly found our way to Gaoyadeo Hall where Miss Grange had prepared for us a lunch which just "hit the spot." Following lunch speeches were given by Presi-

(Continued on Page Two)

May Concert

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
Come and trip it as you go
On the light, fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The maiden clept - - - ?

Again from the deep recesses of time, echoing down through the corridors of the eternal past, comes that great and unequalled annual event of Houghton College and Seminary which has ever brought new and delightful pleasures; in short, the May Concert to be given this Friday night, May 3rd. All you who still boast of a state of celibacy, and all who have not been solicited to plight your faith at the Hymeneal altar, or have been,—come! We have a place for you, at this, our spring festivity.

In other words, the May Concert is famous for the following: new couples, new clothes, new gossip. We are safe in advertising the above because they are stock in trade; we guarantee every article. For May Concert couples, look at Price and Helen, Ivah and Van, Elsie and Doty. And everybody but Juniors and Seniors wear new clothes; (they save theirs for the Junior-Senior ban-

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

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EDITORIAL



Felix Feder Plume

—o—
From the Feather

Newspapers are like pie and poetry, either good or bad; there is no middle ground. This one isn't bad.

A DEFENSE OF MODERN LITERATURE

I am going to attempt to defend modern literature, first, because I think it is misinterpreted, and, second, because modern literature cannot help being what it is.

We find that Sinclair Lewis, Anita Loos, Warner Fabian, John Erskine, and others of their type shock our sensibilities and disturb our Victorian ideas. Unfortunately the books of these authors are among the best sellers. Best sellers as a rule are short-lived. In spite of this fact, modern methods flood the market with these books of a day and we are apt to be left with the impression that these are the typical modern books. For every Erskine there is a Galsworthy, for every Anita Loos there is a Mary Roberts Rinehart, for every Warner Fabian there is a Joseph Lincoln, and for every Sinclair Lewis there is a Booth Tarkington. It is true that the best of recent literature is not Victorian and if we attempt to gauge it by the Victorian standard we find that there are few grounds for comparison.

Each literary period reflects the trend of the times. We may not like the trend but our likes or dislikes have very little to do with it. Literature, like music, is an expression of thoughts, actions, and feelings of a people. We may think that the works of Tolstoy, Turgeneff, and Dostoyevsky are too filled with grim realism, but the authors, doubtless, drew good pictures of what occurred in their country. A literary period is a reaction to the period which preceded it. We are now in the reactionary era against the extreme conservatism of the Victorian period. Eminent and justly famous literary masters of the past would be able to start a fire with their rejection slips if they could return to us and write in the present age without having interpreted the trend of the times. Reactions very frequently do not stay within bounds. Many of the institutions we thought were inviolable have been assailed. In very few periods of literature could an "Elmer Gantry" be produced that would become a best seller. The people are ready for revolt. They may be shocked but they gleefully read on because, in the main, they, too, feel the period of unrest and criticism. The modern author scrapes away the superficialities of life and lays bare the skeleton of realism which is not beautiful, we must admit, although the hero has real flesh on his bones and is subject to human frailties, which is more than can be said for the painted verbal puppets called men in many literary periods.

—R. E. D.

ARBOR DAY

(Continued from Page One)

dent Luckey, Professor Wright Christy, and Hillis Stevenson, President, of the Senior Class. Miss Katherine Snyder gave a reading, the outstanding portion being: "Word, word, word!" The keynote of the day seemed to be cooperation. Never before in the history of the school have the students backed Arbor Day with such whole-hearted support.

To top the occasion a party was held in the Bedford Gymnasium in the evening. Taking everything as a whole the day was a huge success for all, *et comment!*

One of life's practical jokes taken from the Freshman Stars.

"Mr. Wilfred Bain has a contract to teach at Central College."

"Miss Mary Freeman has a contract to teach at Central College."

Rumor has it that there is a third contract to be entered into which has not yet been announced.

VOCATION?

(Continued from Page One)

periences in the literary world called for sympathy upon the part of every budding, literary genius, even instilling hope into the hearts of some weary members of the Feder-Plume. Mr. Robinson once thought he was a poet. His poems had been printed in the college paper and so he conceived the idea of writing for magazines. The rejection slips were painful. But buoyed up by the thought of starving in garrets and being appreciated by posterity, he continued writing, and the publishers continued rejecting. At last a kind-hearted editor wrote him very frankly, "Poetry is like pie. It is either good or bad; there is no middle ground. Yours is bad." He wanted to be a poet. He had drive, urge, and energy toward writing, but his talent needed to be deflected into the prose line before he was successful. First, learn in which one of the eight great areas of life you belong, then explore yourself to learn where you are fitted.



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Literary

Recollect?

—o—

There are various ways by which you can determine a person's characteristics: how he acted and looked during his first few hours in this mundane sphere (this is a brand new theory); how he acts when the joke is on him; how many bumps he has on his cranium (provided he didn't receive them "falling against four fingers and a thumb") and the position of those bumps; how his hands are lined, or his head shaped; how he walks, et cetera. Now I wish to propose another. Get someone to relate to you his most vivid recollections, and I'll venture to say you will know him better when he has finished his story.

I will tell you some of mine, and let you judge who I am and what I am. It was my fourth birthday. Having attained such an advanced age, surely I should take upon myself the responsibilities of seeing that other members of the family received proper reproof for any misdeeds. Behind our house was a neatly piled two cords of wood, just about the right height for a four-year-old to climb. I climbed it, a raw-hide in my hand, ready. My time soon came. The kitchen door opened and my twelve-year-old sister appeared. I had many things against her. Hadn't she refused to let me go with her to Harriet's party? Hadn't she reproved me many a time, endeavoring to enforce her meaning, corporally? She approached me, totally unconscious of my wicked designs, for the whip was carefully concealed. But when she was well on her way past my vantage place, down it came, and such denunciations, and threats. "I'll tell Dad!" And she did. Possibly that is the reason I remember the incident.

A similar one occurred about three years after this time, but now the recipient of my chastenings was a little boy from the house next door who had done something that simply could not be passed by. He had thrown all my mud-pie dishes into the tall weeds. I administered just what any parent at all desirous of having his child grow up in the way he should go, would have administered, and as a result, such is the unreasonableness of this world, down

from behind a convenient picture was lifted—you know what, I believe.

Now I am G. K. W. dispenser of justice, lover of fun. What else? I will leave you to decide. Now what are you? Recollect.

MAY CONCERT

(Continued from Page One)

quiet; and you can always gossip about the new couples,—so come.

You who have fallen victim to temporary pecuniary involvements of a complicated nature, come anyway; this is the last number of the lecture course. We provide music, pathos, laughter, and sublimity in the program. Here it is:

Musical Invocation	
The Lord's Prayer	Wilson
Let Christ Thy Pilot Be	Lorenz
Song of the Vikings	Eaton Fanning
Men's Glee Club	
Taming of the Shrew, Act II.	
[Scene I Shakespeare]	
Jessie Parker	
Marche Grotesque	Sinding
Merten McMahon	
Like as a Father	John Prindle Scott
Pearl B. Hill	
Rizpah	Tennyson
Jane Williams	
Piano Quartet—"Overture to Calif of Bagdad"	Boieldieu
Margaret Carter	Olive Weatherell
Wesley Gleason	Theos Cronk
Remember Now Thy Creator	Bingham
Hollis Stevenson	
"Little Gentleman" from Penrod	Booth Tarkington
Katherine Snyder	
Cantique D'Amour	Liszt
Wesley Gleason	
Overture to Rosamunde	Schubert
Houghton College Orchestra	
Alton Cronk, Director	

Now, all you never have deserted our annual event; all you who never would desert it; and all you who never could desert it; do not desert it now! In short we promise you a fine time without parallel. (Imitation of Micawber in David Copperfield.)

Comrades

—o—

Nearly every town has its famous citizen. Waterloo Junction was no exception. Had not General Miles Lee Bannister lived there? The General was now being retired and his fellow citizens were to welcome him home. Nothing was too good for General Bannister. A banner across the street bore the legend, "Welcome Home General."

The station agent glanced at his Waterbury. The General was due in forty minutes. The crowd came early. They sat on box car roofs and climbed trees; two boys essayed to climb the semaphore. Small talk in which the words, hero, general, and Congressional Medal, were heard, displaced the usual solicitude for the weather. There was nothing wrong with the weather. All nature smiled. The early frost had helped to put the trees in gala attire.

All the citizens were at the station. There may have been one exception. In the outskirts of the town lived a little bent old man. He had one sound leg; the other was buried in Virginia. With his pension and the sale of hand made violins (he called them fiddles) he managed to keep fed and clothed. The towns people were not unkind but a person can't buy a fiddle every day, nor can he enthuse over a half century's recital of the peninsular campaign. Old Bill Hewes had few callers.

The train was on time. An erect, grey-haired, khaki clad, medal bedecked old man stepped lightly from the last coach.

"The General," shouted the crowd while the band drowned the shouting with the National Anthem. A bent old figure on the edge of the crowd suddenly became erect as he came to attention. The parade formed and marched to the hotel.

"Speech, General, speech," shouted the crowd gathered near the hotel lobby.

The mayor looked around. The General was gone. The crowd surged about, each member making himself a committee of one to find the General. Finally someone looked down the street.

"The General. There he is."
(Continued on Page Four)

Religious Notes

Christian Workers

—o—
Last Sunday afternoon the Christian Workers held a meeting at Ceres. The meeting was led by Mr. VanWormer.

Mr. Dekker preached, and Miss Olive Gardner led the singing. The double mixed quartet sang two numbers: "Here Am I, Send Me," and "Dearest Than The Dearest."

The evening meeting, led by Mr. Roy, was held at Shinglehouse. Mr. VanWormer preached on "Sanctification subsequent to regeneration."

The singing was in charge of Miss Esther Ries, who sang a solo, "It's Real." The quartet sang two numbers: "Here Am I, Send Me," and "He Is Knocking."

At the close of the service an altar call was given and there were more than twenty seekers after salvation and sanctification.

Chapel

Monday's Chapel was briefly but impressively led by Professor Ries. After the Scripture lesson, "Christ before Pilate," Professor Ries spoke on the three classes of seekers after truth.

Because of the celebration of Arbor Day on Tuesday, there was no chapel exercise.

Professor LeRoy Fancher led us in responsive reading from II Corinthians 13, on Wednesday.

We were favored on Thursday by a talk of that particular depth which characterizes all of Reverend Pitt's work.

On Friday we are to have an address delivered by Mr. Morrison, who is sent out by the Buffalo Evening News. It is understood that Mr. Morrison will lecture on the Byrd expedition.

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Glee Club Sings in Olean

—o—
On Sunday evening, April 28, the College Glee Club gave their sacred concert program in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in Olean, N. Y. Although the weather was not the best, there was a responsive audience, and one which fully appreciated the work of the organization.

Impressive, indeed, was the Illumination Service, when the church was darkened and, while the lights streamed in from the street through the stained glass windows, the Glee Club sang "Teach Me to Pray."

Rev. Bradford, the minister, gave a well prepared and most interesting sermon on "The Harmony of the Universe," which proved to be of keen interest to his congregation.

Following the church service, the members and friends of the Glee Club were entertained by the ladies of the church, at a most inviting lunch served in the basement of the church. From all reports, the men of this popular college organization enjoyed Olean and will be ready for another date in that fair city.

Student Volunteers

—o—
The Student Volunteer Band meets every Thursday evening. E. Stanley Jones' "The Christ at The Round Table," is being studied.

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Night is A Lady

—o—
Night is a lady.
Her dusky velvet robe
Is buckled with crescent moon;
In her arms she bears
A bouquet of stars.
Night is a bride!

Night is a lady.
With tender hands
She closes Earth's weary eyes,
And murmurs a soothing lullaby
With voice of whippoorwill.
Night is a mother!

Night is a lady.
She hovers o'er
With gentle smile,
Until the silver flute of dawn
Summons her away, her vigil past.
Night is a lady!

Song of May

—o—
Opening flow'rs, leafing trees,
Trill of birds and hum of bees;
Nature's unseen chorus sings
The song of May.

Human hearts throb joyously,
Voices blend melodiously,
All the world joins the refrain
To welcome May!

L'espoir

—o—
My soul is cleft with pain,
The thread, unraveled, torn;
And only God can mend the breach
And bring me Hope again.

Now my sorrow gone
My being with glory filled
My soul forgets its cruel wound
For cometh Hope, the dawn.

Tony Midey

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The Third Muse

Spring

Free thee not, my lover Earth
Tender delicate in color
I recognize thy hollow worth
And know thou art another.

People love thee as a jade
Wind-tossed rain and mocking mirth
An earthly product by them made
Without a substitute.

Sorrow beats upon thy heart
To me, thou dost belong;
For the heart is in the mart
To him, who knows its worth.

I see thy soul, my lover Spring
In thy very poverty
And love thee more, because
Thou art thyself to me.

April

I was writing a poem of spring
Of violets bejeweled with dew
Of golden jonquils; birds that sing
Green leaves and skies of blue
But April seems to have fled
Half-finished my poem lies
For I can't write of Sunshine
When rainclouds veil the skies

—o—
The minister was delivering his
farewell sermon. He had been hav-
ing hard luck in collecting his salary
and concluded to quit. Here is
what he said: "Now brethren, I have
been appointed chaplain of the peni-
tentiary of the state, and this will
be my last Sunday among you. I will
preach from the text "I go to prepare
a place for you" after which the choir
will sing, "Meet Me There."

—o—
We note that Pete Steese comes
home every week-end. Could a cer-
tain Freshman find out the reason
for us?

The Thomas Gift Shop

Rushford N. Y.

Jewelry and Gifts

Repairing, Optical Work

Stung

—o—
I saw a rose one summer's day;
'Twas exquisitely perfect in every
way.
It thrilled me so, with its glowing
heart,
That I fell on my knees, pulled its
petals apart.
Then out jumped Cupid, laughing
in glee
And shot his sharpest arrow at me.
Instantly I, a victim fell
To his painful dart, now I know 'tis
not well
To meddle with roses,
Where Cupid reposes!

Andy's Soliloquoy

—o—
She bade him good-by FOREVER
He simply looked up at the moon
"Girls," he mused, "are like trolleys
There'll be another one soon."

—o—
The more you study,
The more you learn;
The more you learn,
The more you know;
The more you know,
The more you forget;
The more you forget,
The less you know;
So why study?

The less you study,
The less you learn;
The less you learn,
The less you know;
The less you know,
The less you forget;
The less you forget,
The more you know;
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THE GLEE CLUB

(Continued from Page One)

Now we wait for a few seconds and are duly rewarded by seeing Mr. Lowell Fox, of Houghton, New York, attired in Weary Willie's weeds slouch across the stage and bend over. Then in breezes Mr. Leon Hines of Gowanda, New York—but for the nones we see him as a cocky Englishman. Many bantering remarks are exchanged, the theme of them being the ignorance on the part of Foxie of any cultured terms and Hiney's profound astonishment at such a frank lack of wisdom. Clever is too mild a term with which to describe these "College Comedians."

From this ridiculous play we were treated to two entertaining vocal numbers by Messrs. Hines, Stevenson, Stevenson and Shea—"Quit You Like Men" by Wilson, and "Talk about Jerusalem Morning" by O'Hara.

"Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12" by Liszt was brilliantly presented to us by Professor Leo Lawless. Such excellent work cannot be described. It would be a useless task.

Our patriotism was aroused by the Glee Club in their next number—namely "To Thee, O Country" by Mrs. John Lane. The excellent interpretation of this number brought home to us the great extent to which we should love our country.

"Calm as the night" by Bohm and "Serenade" by Pierre were given to us by the Instrumental Trio composed of York, Kluzitt and Lawless. These two numbers were very beautifully presented.

Hollis Stevenson, the talented Bar-

itone soloist for the Glee Club and Chorus sang to us about "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" by O'Hara. We enjoyed this very much and as the usual moral was given, we profited by it and resolved more firmly than ever to stay on the shore. Such harrowing experiences as the Captain and Rosie had are too horrible to tempt Fate to deal out to us.

Gibney's "Song of the Vikings" by the Glee Club was tremendous in its effect. Like the negro spirituals we only had to close our eyes to see the conquering Norsemen go forth to their maritime adventures.

The final number on the program was our "Alma Mater" sung with wonderful interpretation by the Glee Club. The whole program was unique, entertaining and very pleasing. The Glee Club has reason to be proud of its achievements here and in surrounding districts.

THE SEQUEL TO ARBOR DAY

(Continued from Page One)

Just before refreshments, we held a "Bean Placing" contest. Three experts from each side were chosen to display their bliss (ignorance is bliss). Each held a glass on his head with one hand while he tried to fill it with beans balanced on a knife. Think it isn't hard? Try it. Prof. Doug was in the winning crew.

Refreshments—everybody enjoyed that, naturally. So while everybody was in a state of content they sang a while; then, just as all good (and bad) things in life have to do, the party ended.

Men's Glee Club at Bliss

—o—

Tuesday night the Men's Glee Club gave a concert at Bliss, N. Y. which was sponsored by the "Bliss High Times", the High School paper. The concert was given in an effort to make up arrears in the papers' finances, and was well attended.

The program rendered was the Concert given here last week. The numbers will be remembered as especially pleasing, particularly the solos by Mr. Bain and Mr. Hollis Stevenson, the dialogue by the comedians, Mr. Fox and Mr. Hines, and the instrumental numbers. The whole program was well given and with Professor Baker's fine directing and leadership The Glee Club is an organization of which the college can be justly proud.

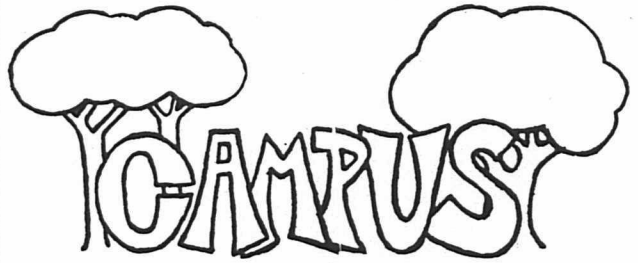
COMRADES

(Continued from Page Two)

There's someone with him."

Yes, there was the General walking along with a very erect old man in a blue coat. The man in the blue coat limped slightly. The crowd gathered around the hotel door. The banquet was growing cold. The pair drew closer. Yes, it was old Bill Hewes, standing as stiff as a ramrod.

"Fellow citizens," the General began, "I got lonesome in such a crowd so I hunted up old Bill. He didn't want to come but I told him that I wouldn't come to the banquet if he didn't come along. We used to soldier together. He was my orderly at



Willet Albro is again favoring us with his presence. From the way the College Inn gang (including Andy) flocked to Warsaw, we thought the charms of the nurses might prove overpowering. A typical conversation at the Inn since Willet's recovery is, "You mean the black-haired one?"

"No, the pretty little one."
"The blonde?"
"No, you didn't see the one I mean."
etc. etc.

We are very proud of the fact that we recently beheld celebrities or near celebrities. Miss Bertha Grange entertained Mr. and Mrs. Grange of Illinois on Tuesday. Mr. Grange is a brother of the renowned "Red".

Educational Psychology

The human brain is a wonderful organ. It starts working as soon as

we wake up in the morning and never stops until we get to school.

Senior: The Glee Club appeared in immaculate evening dress.
Frosh: What does immaculate mean.

Senior (wisely): No gravy stains on them.

Dizzy (enterprisingly): Do you pet?

Dizzy blonde: "Sure—animals."
Dizzy: Go ahead then. I'll be the goat.

Mart York: "How that faculty did laugh at Mr. Robinson's talk. It was without exception the first time I've ever seen Ivah Benning's teeth."

We note that Professor Pierce Edgar Woolsey has acquired a new part in his hair. Best wishes, Prof, in your recent undertaking.

Some one has observed that there are two types of girls—Christian and those who go with college men.

Dizzy in Ethics:
"A lie is an abomination unto the Lord, a very present help in time of trouble."

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