

THE HOUGHTON STAR

THE FACULTY ISSUE

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NUMBER 24

National Lecturer Presents Bad Effects of Alcohol

Light Wines and Beer as Dangerous as Hard Liquors

Mrs. Lottie Woodford from Wisconsin, National Lecturer for the W. C. T. U. Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction, spoke in chapel Tuesday, showing why alcohol should not be used and why the United States should continue prohibition. Mrs. Woodford has spoken on the temperance question in practically all the educational institutions for the preparation of teachers in the United States. She is now engaged by the New York State W. C. T. U. for a series of lectures in educational institutions in this state, where she will spend a month before going to Connecticut and from there to the national convention in Toronto.

A brief outline of Mrs. Woodford's speech would be: a definition of alcohol, its effects as shown by experiment, the danger of booze in the machine age, what the prohibition law is, what the Canadian system really is, the Wickersham report, and an appeal for prohibition education.

Alcohol, according to Mrs. Woodruff's definition, is "a poison having especial affinity for the nerve centers of the brain, paralyzing those centers in the inverse order of their development, the first developed suffering last and least, the last developed suffering first and most." This definition seems more important when one realizes that the last developed, and so the first and most seriously injured, nerve centers are those of inhibition, having to do with judgment, reason, self control, and sense of right and wrong, and that those developed next earlier in order, and next most injured, are knowledge centers.

The effect of alcohol on mechanical speed and efficiency was determined by testing typists before and after they had drunk one bottle of wine, or two of beer. Following their drinking, their speed was reduced, and they made twice as many mistakes, though they believed themselves to be doing better work after drinking.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB GIVES SECOND CONCERT

At the First Methodist Church of Perry, last Sunday evening, the Girls' Glee Club held their second concert. It was attended by a large and appreciative audience. After the concert the young people of the various churches of the village entertained the club.

It is a new experience for Houghton College girls to visit other towns in organized groups, and they appreciate the opportunities now being afforded. They appreciate, further, the work of Mrs. Steese, which has made this possible. The next concert is scheduled for Belmont, April 26.

The fact that alcohol does not make for quick and accurate brain action was logically presented. For a given stimulus to culminate in action takes about one-fifth of a second in the average person; in one who drinks but moderately the time is from two to three-fifths. The clear-brained automobile driver, unaffected by booze, when he is confronted by an emergency which demands that he do the right thing quickly, will have, therefore, twice or three times the chance of one whose mind is not wholly clear. Clear-mindedness may mean the difference between life and death both for oneself and for others. "Booze and gas, booze and electricity, will not do at all in this machine and industrial age."

Mrs. Woodford discussed two alternatives to the eighteenth amendment which are being advocated by various people: the Canadian system and state control. The second is merely a return to pre-amendment conditions; the first does not solve the problem. Under the Canadian system, one can purchase practically any amount he desires. Canadian liquor stores are pushing the sale of liquor for the money which is made in the business.

The Wickersham Committee, appointed by President Hoover to investigate conditions, were opposed for the present at least, to either of these alternatives. They advocate that

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KITCHEN WORKERS ROAST!

Last Friday a troupe of merry kitchen workers gathered at the spring to celebrate Miss Cole's birthday. They brought weiners, rolls, olives, pickles, doughnuts, and coffee. In fact, they brought everything but Miss Cole and the "chaps". While waiting, they lighted the large bonfires; about eight o'clock the guest of honor arrived, and the festivities began in good earnest. The merry-makers were quite worried for fear the girls who had gone for the "chaps" had done away with them but no one was interested enough to search for them. About eight fifteen they were given up, and Woodard put on the coffee. Coffee surely is a stimulant. The mere fragrance brought the "chaps". In order to get into the spirit of the woods and the pioneers, someone started the Old Quaker game. By the time that was over, everyone felt starved. So when time to roast dogs was announced every one was glad. The rest of the time was spent in eating and singing around the camp fire.

CONTRACTS SIGNED

In addition to those who have already been reported, four of the graduating students have signed their contracts for next year: Lucile Crowell—Rushford, Evelyn Davies—Savona, Lovina Mullen—Cherry Creek, and Neva Henry—Marion.

Music Department Presents Seniors

Friday evening, April twenty-fourth, at eight o'clock, the music department of Houghton College will present in senior recital Misses Lucile Crowell and Margaret Carter. Accompanists will be Mrs. Ruth Zimmerman Steese and Prof. Alfred D. Kreckman.

The program follows:
Aria from "Faust" Gounod
Lucile Crowell
Valse in A flat Chopin
Harp Etude Chopin
Margaret Carter
Separazione Sgambati
One Tone Cornelius
Wiegenlied Brahms
Lucile Crowell
Autumn Chaminade
On Wings of Song Mendelssohn - Liszt
Margaret Carter
Bird and the Babe Lieurance
By Singing Waters Scott
Unforseen Wilson
Sundown Crowell
Overtones
Lucile Crowell
Concerto Schumann
Margaret Carter
Ruth Zimmerman Steese and Prof. Alfred Kreckman, accompanists.

Rev. O. G. McKinley Speaks in Chapel

The beauty of the Spirit-filled life, was the subject of a chapel talk given by the Reverend O. G. McKinley on Friday, April 17th. His text was, "Be not drunk with wine; but be filled with the Spirit." Ephesians 5:18.

From observing some people we might be led to believe that the Christian life is a sorrowful thing, a matter of creed and dogma, something to be endured. This is not true of the genuinely Christian life, the Spirit-filled life; it is a life of joy, of happiness, and of beauty. In Paul's day people became drunk with wine that they might speak forth the oracles of the gods. The Christians were not to do this but to be filled with the Spirit.

This life is a life of heart purity. It may still be possible to backslide; but the life becomes clean and happy, the thoughts pure. Wickedness and folly are not necessary for the enjoyment of life. Indeed they do not produce happiness. "Wickedness is not wit, and folly is not fun."

This life is a life of perfect love. The Christian loves the things that God loves.

It is a life of abiding power. A guilty conscience hinders success and gives one an inferiority complex. In the Spirit-filled life there is power for success: the power of a constant relationship, God becoming Savior, Keeper, and Friend; the power to comprehend truth; the power of the supernatural. Hereby one is enabled to overcome in all the relationships of life.

Lockport Conference of W. M. Church Meets

Mr. Price Stark and Mrs. Helen Stark Ordained

Miss Josephine Rickard Elected Conference S. S. Secretary

At 8:30 a. m., April 8, 1931, the 88th Annual Lockport Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church met in Fillmore for what many believe to be the most gracious session of many years. The work of the churches has progressed splendidly during the past year; several new points are to be added, and the blessing of God has been on the work. So ran the report of the conference president, Rev. James A. Bain of Fillmore. Every one is encouraged to do yet greater things in the coming year.

Conference officers for the next year were elected as follows: Rev. E. L. Elliott, of Falconer, was chosen conference president to succeed Rev. J. A. Bain. Rev. A. J. Taylor of Cattaraugus was elected vice president; Rev. Francis B. Markell of Appleton, secretary; Rev. C. H. Horton of Forestville, treasurer; Miss Josephine Rickard, of Houghton, conference Sunday School secretary. Under these officers and the grace of God the kingdom's work will go forward in the coming year.

Of particular interest to Houghtonites were the ordination services of Sunday morning, April 12, in which were ordained as elders Rev. Jessie W. Steves, a graduate of our theological department, Rev. Price Stark, who will graduate from here in June,

INDIAN MUSIC PRESENTED

As its regular meeting on Monday, the Music Club entertained a fairly representative audience with Indian songs and legends. Those who have thrilled to the stories of Hiawatha, of Nokomis, of the land of the Dakotahs, or of our own Mary Jemison; those whose imagination has carried them to the wigwams deep in the forest, to the war dances and battles of this fascinating people, were delighted with the weird melodies and music pictures of their sometimes peaceful, sometimes warlike lives.

The presence on the platform of a wigwam overhung with hemlock, having before it a camp fire, added much to the spirit of the program. Some details of the life of the man who composed most of the pieces were given. The stories of the Indian legends upon which they were based also added interest.

Those appearing on the program were: Ruth Zimmerman Steese, Margaret Carter, Isabelle Hawn, Lucile Crowell, and Edith Stearns. The platform decorations were prepared by Wenona Ware and Lawrence Benson. The program was under the direction of Mrs. Steese.

and Mrs. Helen Stark, a member of our seminary faculty. The last two expect to sail for Africa next fall.

The pastors' reports showed an increase of thirty members during the year. The total membership of the conference becomes, with these additions, nearly one thousand. Of the new churches to be opened, one is to be at Alleghany under Rev. Smelzer, one at North Tonawanda, one at Fredonia, and one at Brockton.

Excellent reports were given by Reverend J. S. Willett, secretary of educational interests, Rev. E. F. McCarty, secretary of foreign missions, and Pres. J. S. Luckey. The last dealt with the excellent record of Houghton College during the current year, and the plans for the future.

Boulder Staff Are Guests

The Boulder Staff went to Rochester last Thursday at the invitation of the Du Bois Press. The chapel-bell signaled the gathering of the group who, appreciative of the prevailing spring weather, soon glided away in red, yellow, and blue autos. As "Squeak" by his foresight had suffered all the casualties for that particular day, the visitors arrived in Rochester at the appointed time and place.

Mr. Ross, who is at the head of the Du Bois Press, splendidly entertained the Staff for luncheon in the dining-room of the Roosevelt apartment, guided them for a drive over Cobb's Hill, and then spent considerable time and effort in taking them through the printing establishment and explaining various time-saving methods and devices. The Du Bois Press is one of the best and most modernly equipped establishments of its kind in this section of the United States, and a direct insight into different phases of the work proved very interesting and instructive, to say the least.

Year books from several colleges and universities were observed in the process of being prepared, but the biggest thrill was experienced by the group when they beheld coming from the press the pages of the annual upon which they have been working with so much zeal. It was the 1931 Boulder.

The time passed rapidly, and soon the party found themselves in Moser's Studio, where they spent a delightful hour and a half. Mr. Masey, the photographer who came as a representative to Houghton, showed them through the studio, explaining many of the unique and interesting things about photography and exhibiting some of the beautiful products.

The Staff took leave of their very hospitable friend and departed from Rochester for Dumpling Hill. Once there, the cars halted, and Miss Gillette and Miss Davison saw thirteen hungry folk seated about the banquet table. Late that evening the group returned to Houghton.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College.

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WHO IS YOUR SAVIOR?

Christians are often too much in fear of environment. Or better, they are wrongly so; they exalt it to the place of determiner of lives. Certainly there is hardly a one who, facing the prospect of leaving an atmosphere he knows to be friendly to his spiritual life, does not find rising up like a cloud and filling his sky with a great darkness the dread of losing his contact with God when he is out of the friendly surroundings. He thinks, "Can I hold out there? Will I backslide in this new place?" Especially do students in an evangelical school, those, more than others, who have but recently come into communion with God, find this to be true. Summer and the long life after graduation, all time away from the protecting atmosphere of the school, seem to threaten spiritual death and ruin.

But this fear should not be indulged in. In every religious experience there are but two factors, and no others, involved in the final outcome: God and the man. Just as in married life it is the two concerned, and not the surroundings, that determine the course of the relationship, so it is in the religious life, another relationship of two. Other persons, friendly or unfriendly atmosphere, all the powers of evil, none of these can do more than influence the union of God and the spirit of man. Christians are nowhere promised support from environment; God, not anything or anyone else, is their savior. Surroundings influence and hence must be considered in the Christian life, but they do not determine life unalterably.

It is not you in an environment the hope of glory, but "God in you the hope of glory."—L. A. K.

Announcement

The editor and business manager of the 1932 Boulder will announce their staff in the next STAR.

Ho'ton Happenings

Mrs. Edith Lee was in the hospital over the week-end.

Professor F. H. Wright preached at Fillmore, Sunday. He will supply this charge until June 1.

Miss Rothermel and Miss Burnell were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Scott at Belfast, on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Steese were entertained Saturday night at the Buffalo Athletic Club, at a dinner given by the staff of the Amherst Central School.

S. W. Wright and Wm. C. Calkins attended the luncheon of the Genesee Country Association at the Hotel Commodore in Perry, April 17.

President J. S. Luckey attended a meeting of the Executive Board of the Wesleyan Methodist Church held at Syracuse on Wednesday, April 15.

Miss Dorah Burnell spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders near Castile. Mrs. Clair King, their daughter, was at home for a visit.

The friends of Rev. and Mrs. Clair King will be interested in learning of his call to become pastor of the Baptist Church at Monongahela, Pa. Rev. King will graduate from the Rochester-Colgate Divinity School the latter part of May.

Miss Rachel Davison, Miss Mildred Gillette, and Miss Marjorie Ackerman spent Tuesday in Buffalo. Miss Davison attended the National convention of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars.

CURTISS WOODHEAD

Enoch Curtiss Woodhead, veteran of the World War, passed away at his home, 519 School Street, Olean, New York, Wednesday, April 15, 1931.

Mr. Woodhead was born in Chittenden, Vermont. Some of his school days were spent in Houghton Seminary. During the World War he was a member of Company F, 306th Infantry. Since the war he has been a baggage master for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Surviving Mr. Woodhead are his widow, Mrs. Mary Wilber Woodhead, two daughters, Augusta Mae and Evelyn, and one son, Wayne; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodhead, of this place and one brother, the Reverend Royal Woodhead of Vineland, N. J.

Representatives of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen acted as pallbearers and also conducted their rituals at the grave.

MARVIN AND EVERTS ACCEPT PASTORATES

Hulbert Marvin, college senior, has accepted the pastorate of the new work at Woodlawn and Scranton near Buffalo. He preached at both appointments on Sunday.

Accompanying him to these places were: Mrs. Mary Marvin, Miss Marietta Fancher, and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Fancher.

Mr. Everts, theological junior, was appointed to the Allegany charge near Rushford. He began his work last Sunday.

Anna Houghton Daughters Hold Meetings

Last Friday evening about two dozen Anna Houghton Daughters met with Mrs. Stanley Wright. After a "busy" business meeting, nine members of the society attempted to make a missionary story come to life.

The playlet was called "Beginning at Jerusalem," and was really worthwhile as well as entertaining. Mrs. Zola Fancher and Mrs. Paul Steese temporarily cast the bond of matrimony aside, Mrs. Fancher becoming a generous old maid called "Miss Louise" and Mrs. Steese, a frivolous young high school girl "Peggy", who loved to shock folks. Interesting family connections were acquired. Mrs. Stanley Wright found herself the mother of this problem child, Peggy; Miss Rothermel became a typical Jewish lady, "Mrs. Rosenberg", with a daughter Rosie (Miss Marjorie Ackerman), and Mrs. Lee was the old grandmother "who isn't quite right."

Peggy came in contact with this Jewish family and as a result had a number of serious thoughts about her responsibility to them. She, with her youthful enthusiasm awakened a dying Ladies' Aid Society to the fact that giving money was not all, but that real service could and should begin right "at home."

After the interesting play, Mrs. Lee presented Mrs. Helen Stark with a gift from the society. We hope that as Mrs. Stark uses these field glasses in her new surroundings next year, she will often remember the givers back in Houghton. They will be waiting for word pictures of some of these foreign views, too.

Last Monday afternoon the Anna Houghton Daughters and a number of the "Junior Faculty Group" met in Miss Hillpot's studio to prepare quilts for General Conference use. This Friday afternoon and again next Monday afternoon, work meetings will be held for this same purpose. Come and help!

Administration Class Attends Meeting

On Friday afternoon, April 17, Dean Fancher, with his administration class, attended a meeting at Wellsville which was held under the direction of Dr. Mosher, chief of the attendance division of the State Department of Education.

District Superintendents, Superintendents of Schools, principals, and attendance officers of Allegany county and three neighboring counties were present. The chief matter discussed was the question of attendance.

Prohibition Speech (Continued from Page One)

only if time proves that prohibition can not be enforced should some other system be tried.

One of the outstanding ideas presented was that a man who drinks so-called light wines or beer actually gets as much alcohol as the one who drinks whisky, because the tendency is to drink far more of such drinks than of spirits.

The address concluded with a reference to a pageant showing that temperance can win over booze only through scientific education. An appeal was made to the students to help extend that education.

CHURCH FINANCIAL CAMPAIGN UNDER WAY

The Building Committee of the Church has begun its campaign for funds looking toward the construction of the new tabernacle or church, as the case may be.

This week a letter was sent to all church members asking a definite consideration of the matter, a prayer as to the amount God would have each individual give, and a definite attempt to interest friends.

A statement was made in the letter to the effect that many are desiring something a little more stately than a tabernacle. The Committee pointed out that the type of church would depend upon the amount of money pledged. It is confidently expected that if God has His way and the people give as they are led of Him, the church which is built will be to His glory and will be one in which the members and community will be glad to worship.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ANNUAL TALK

With the familiar caption, "How Shall We Use our Leisure Time?" our President introduced one of his annuals in chapel last Friday. President Luckey is severely serious when he talks to himself and to the rest of us on this subject. One might infer that he is sad because of not too fond memories of how he spent his idle hours, did one not know that our worthy friend has had no idle hours. His genius is that of hard work.

But "re-creation may come after one has earned it"; hence there is a place for play. Work first, ah yes, work first. Be sure of your work, and then you can play and keep a clear conscience. Perhaps you have noticed that President Luckey plays with a two-year-old Nash and a thirteen year old son. These two, according to calculus, should provide amusement for fifteen years to come.

President Luckey believes that one should not lie in bed after his "sleepy time" is over. Now it is evident that his entire congregation agree with him, but the difficulty is two-fold. Should one lie at all and just when is one's "sleepy time" over? To be sure, "it is the early bird that gets the worm," but some folk do not want the worm. You see, our President wants us all in Sunday School on Sunday morning at nine-fifty and in church at eleven following. This want has developed oughtness like Kant's Categorical Imperative, and the logical deduction is: "One does not rest by staying in bed on Sunday morning after, say, six a. m." Of course we are a forgiving bunch of Houghtonites, and we will forgive our President for taking in church the sleep he lost by early rising on Sunday morning.

Now, in all seriousness, we believe the chapel leader last Friday spoke the truth. His maxims, lived out, will help us in our life work and will lay a habit foundation that will yield fruitage a hundred-fold. So, let's go, children. Beat the alarm clock every morning and beat it hard on Sunday.—F. H. W.

ILLUSIONS

(Extracts from the Memoirs of a Freshman)

I am a citizen of the United States of America, rather I was, until in a moment of unbridled ambition I set out to scale the heights of my Delectable Mountains. I strode manfully toward my goal, buoyed up by my cheerful bliss and—I blush at the recollection of my greatest characteristic—by that particular state of education which proverbially accompanies moments of bliss. My journey has not been the triumphant march of my dreams. I have suffered at the hands of my tormentors, until it has seemed to me that, like the sands of the sea, they were numberless. Like Paul of old, I can say, "Five times—ah, surely more than that!—five times received I forty stripes, save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods..." And even at this writing I sit in the Valley of Despair, shackled and manacled by heavy chains of Study. They are dragging, ever dragging me lower, nearer to the Stupid City which I have left. Long ago, I was free, as free to come and go as the air in the left hind tire of a car load of ladies. Cares were not for me. I toiled not, neither did I spin. I was the master of my fate—I and the rod which is the benevolent godfather of all unspoiled Children; I was the captain of my soul. My fate will be told at least semi-annually. At present, it is resting in the laps of the gods. I am nothing more (I could be no less) than a freshman.

At the bottom of the valley I stand, staring at the peaks away in the distance. Like the underbrush in the lowest ground, I stand, thick and tangled. I grow more dense with every passing breath of wind that falls upon my ear. My will is not my own: I dare not acquire a won't. I am a servant under many men. One man says to me, "Do this." And I do it. Another, "Come." And I come. Others say, "Go." And I go. "Mine not to reason why, mine but to do and die."

As I admitted previously, I am a Freshman. Those of you who do not understand the term in all of its vagaries may consider yourselves favored of the gods. A freshman is an insignificant specimen of dullards; species, *dullissimum*, and distantly and distantly related to the genus, *homo*. In the larva stage, it is sometimes mistaken for a more respected species of the general class. In the chrysalis stage it shows unmistakable similarities to that obnoxious insect which it soon becomes. In the last and worst stage,—but ah, who can not tell a Freshman, in spite of the fact that he can not be told much!

I have quoted this data from information gleaned by the learned and austere offenders of the class, the upper class men.

When I was made cognizant of this general consensus of opinion of those most noteworthy investigators, I was amazed, for my personal (not too personal) opinion of such a subject was far different, and vastly more pleasing, to me. The term Freshman conjured up in my mind a picture of a race of super-beings. They were handsome men and beautiful ladies who could not possibly have had the lowly origin that Mr. Darwin and his colleagues, the classes above, would give to them. Always their quick wit and ready resource could be relied upon to discomfit meddling Sophomores and other bul-

lies. I never thought of a Freshman as many people do, a little shaver who ought yet to be attached to his dear mother's apron string. And if by some obscure wind of chance my good friend and boyhood authority Mr. Alger, Jr., assured me that very often such brave, clever Freshman become the College President, the Millionaire, a titled noble, or if, as he asserted in his voluminous epistles, the very dullest could at least become a Professor, I believed him implicitly. And, anyhow, just how does a Professor become what he is, and what he was; and what was he before that? I often have pondered that in the night, and I see no answer. Someday I shall offer a reward to the one who can accurately and with all truth explain this hidden mystery.

With such seditious and heretical ideas in my poor, weak brain, I could do but one thing. I came, ostensibly, to college. I have discovered, however, by means of a glib tongue and insatiable curiosity, that I am an inmate of a prison of education, truly one of the most lowly individuals in the institution. I have been here five long months, and I am still a Freshman. Indeed, it seems that for some time I shall continue to occupy this lowly rank. I have the information from more seasoned veterans and habitual convicts that I should be far happier if I were a still Freshman. I do not believe them, however, and if I did, would I be able to become still?

In the long, long ago, before the days of my rude awakening from the land of make-believe, I gave my fortune to obtain that very rank which now causes me much grief and tribulation. I am ever thus. I do nothing I do not later rue. I have an eternal Nemesis that takes great delight in changing my golden dreams to leaden realities. I came upon Houghton by surprise; I came, expecting to find here the land of my dreams. I would mold my realm from the vast dominions here, and to make the story short (as all good stories should be), I would come on the back of Pegasus, conquering as I came and subjugating with my glance. But this cruel and intractable monster whom men call Reality struck me to earth. My Pegasus lost his wings (it was molting time, I think), and his true self showed through.

He immediately became afflicted with all sorts of equine ailments and defects. He acquired a gait uncommonly like that of a hybrid quadruped whose main characteristic is stubbornness. No longer can I ride into the sky to gain rich, new fields. I sit in my misery, alone. My friends, if such they be, are far away. My enemies do not fear me. My will-o'-the-wisp has vanished, and I sit in darkness.

How well he knew of what he spoke who said, "History repeats itself." Hannibal was great; he was a marvelous general, but he died an untimely death. Caesar, ambitious man, made a name for himself, but he died. Napoleon followed desire and repented at Elba and St. Helena. Of myself, I am too modest to say much, but suffice it to say that I followed ambition to Houghton, and here I repent. I, too, expect to die.

Though my friends have forsaken me, yet I am not alone; I have fellow sufferers, some in worse situations than I. There is Pasel, who sits in the cell on my right. Tonight the candle will burn low, for he must commit to memory a document erroneously called the "Constitution of the United States of America." He

(Continued on Page Four)

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Faculty Jokes Wednesday at 4:15

"Warum sind die Studenten in Houghton so gluecklich?"

"Denn sie haben Moses, wenn sie lesen wollen, Baker, wenn sie essen wollen, Gillette, wenn sie sich rasieren wollen, Cole, wenn sie Feuer wollen, Der King lehrt sie des Koenigs English und ein Gluecksmann bleibt ihnen immer in der Naechen."

"In welchem Monat sprechen die Frauen am wenigsten?"

"Im Februar. Der hat nur 28 Tage."—Die Woche.

Es-tu capable de garder un secret? Assurance!

Eh bien, j'ai absolument besoin de quinze cent francs.

Compte sur moi, c'est comme si je n'avais rien entendu.

Le Medecin et le Malade
—Eh bien! M. Sceptique, avez-vous suivi mon ordonnance?

—Oh non!

—Pourquoi ca?

—Parce que si je l'avais suivie je me serais casse le cou.

—Que voulez-vous dire?

—Je l'ai jetee par la fenetre.

Cheveux blancs
L'oncle de Marie a une cinquantaine d'annees! Ses cheveux sont blancs. Mais sa barbe est encore noire. Marie ne comprend pas cela; aussi demande-t-elle: Comment se fait-il, mon oncle, que vous avez des cheveux blancs et une barbe noire?—C'est parce que mes cheveux ont vingt ans de plus que ma barbe.

Dans la bibliotheque
Entre etudiants:

—On n'etudie pas ici.

—Est-ce que j'etudie?

—Mais vous avez un livre dans votre main.

—Qu'est-ce que ca prouve? J'ai bien mes pieds dans mes souliers, et je ne marche pas.

(a remarquer: Ceci n'arrive jamais a Houghton!)

A lady conceals her age

Fabia dicit se triginta annos habere. Verum est; nam jam vixit annos illam hoc idem dicere audio.

A contagious example

Uxor cuiusdam ex fico se suspenderat. Amicus ei occurrit et querenti de morte uxoris dixit, "Amabo te, da mihi surculos ex illa arbore ut seram."

A big sword and a little man

Lentulus, gener Ciceronis, homo parvae stature erat. Cum eum longo gladio accinctum Cicero vidisset, exclamavit, "Quis generum meum ad gladium alligavit?"

F. L. TUTHILL IS RE-ELECTED

Mr. F. L. Tuthill, a loyal friend to Houghton and her scholastic interests, has been re-elected to the position of District Superintendent of Schools for the ensuing term of five years. This re-election took place on Tuesday, April 21, when the school directors of District I, Allegany County, met at the Fillmore High School.

C. W. WATSON
PHARMACIST
Fillmore, N. Y.
Phone 48M

The frequently expressed and more frequently unexpressed wonderment at what goes on during the interminable hours of "Faculty Meetings" is worthy of some consideration. To satisfy this legitimate curiosity this column undertakes to give a true account of what may be supposed to have happened at a recent sitting.

The special-chapel committee reported that John Doe had been secured for next week, and requested that "Friday Chapel", which had already been arranged for Monday, be held on Thursday.

"So far as that is concerned," said Miss Burnell, "I think it should be held on Tuesday."

(Period of silence.) It was so voted.

"Is there anything else to come before the General Faculty?" questioned the President. (Silence.) Finally someone introduced the matter of the length of final examinations. Faculty opinion seemed to be about equally divided as to whether they should be five hours or fifteen minutes long. The matter was discussed for what seemed about the former length of time, and the affirmative vote on some motion regarding it had just been taken when Mrs. Bowen remarked, "But this is a matter of College Faculty business, isn't it?" It was so decided; the matter was postponed, and all the talk went for nothing.

"Is there any other business for the General Faculty?" again asked the President. (More silence.) "Then the high school Faculty may be excused. There will probably be a brief Board meeting."

The College Dean presented a resolution to the effect that only students having an average grade of B-plus be permitted to register next year. The resolution was adopted without further consideration.

(Miss Rickard signaled frantically to someone to open a window.)

Dean Fillmore introduced the matter of the changing fashion in girls' dresses. She discussed the matter with her usual vigor for some time, then moved that girls be not permitted to wear dresses longer than to the knees. Prof. Whitaker spoke at length in favor of the motion. Just then Prof. Ries aroused Prof. LeRoy Fancher, who moved that the whole matter be laid on the table. This was done.

(The supper bell rang. Period of silence.)

Two hundred thirty-seven petitions from students were considered, each one requesting that the student's last mid-term examination be given one day earlier than scheduled. All requests were granted.

The Men's Glee Club requested the privilege of holding a week of evening concerts at Keuka College. The matter was discussed at great length. Dean Wright moved that a member of the faculty accompany each man. The motion received strong support until it was suggested that there were less men on the faculty than on the Glee Club. The Dean then hastily withdrew his motion. The request was finally granted exactly as made, with the slight exception that it was to be a one-evening concert and that the men were to be back in Houghton by quarter past ten the same evening.

"Are there any other matters to come before the Faculty?" asked the President.

(Very long period of silence.)

"Then I think we may be excused," quoth he.

(There was "a meeting of the Bored" all right but it wasn't brief.)

Illusions

(Continued from Page Three)

works feverishly, muttering to himself in his desperate attempt to be prepared against the dawn. Well he may, too, for the penalty for failures brings an increase in sentence of one or two years, with more if necessary.

On my other side is Pierce, a Polo with decidedly Bolshevik tendencies. At this hour he should be in bed, forgetting his worries. But no, he roams down in the valley at night, often uttering incoherent and unintelligible phrases. Poor fellow! Undoubtedly the mental strain is proving too much for him. When I first beheld his manly figure, his handsome face and determined profile, and caught the clear sparkle in his eye, I little thought I should see him so distracted and weak.

I could give you example after example, but I shall not bore you. All of these people came with high hopes of surprising the world with their knowledge. The world was surprised. It was amazed when it saw such innocence.

I wonder if every college Freshman has such moments of despair when he thinks of the years of laborious effort which lie before him. Does he shiver at the thought of the pedagogues who will pounce upon him and stuff his already over-crowded brain with a little more knowledge? Ah, no! A true Freshman could not be bothered by such trivial matters, not in a co-ed college. The illusions that he loses are counterbalanced by new ones. A disillusioned Frosh is a gullible candidate for new images and mirages. Greater, more beautiful dreams occupy his time and excavate his pocket book.

He invariably has a wholly new way of coming in contact with these new illusions. In that subtle notoriety of insignificance that only a Freshman can achieve, and none but a Freshman would strive to perfect, he follows his well beaten path, utterly unconscious of the marvelling of his superiors that just one man could show such complete idiocy.

When such an "illusion" disillusion him, be it black hair and dark eyes, or golden tresses and eyes of blue, the result is usually the same. His first impulse is to busy himself in the innermost recesses of his text books, to the end that he may become a successor to President Hoover, or Henry Ford, or failing that, a clerk in an ice cream parlor. Such pipe dreams do not usually last long. Like the mists of the early dawn, they disappear in the light of common sense.

Other illusions are numerous, too.

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Some are not as welcome, but many are more enlightening. One, in particular, has taught me much. As I "sauntered" along at top speed or my way to dinner, I beheld a spectacle that caused no little excitement, besides much comment.

A few paces in front of me was a member of the dread guardian of the Loyal Order of Freshman, namely, one Keeper of the Marks. In his hurry (he may have been a hungry man; I dared not inquire) he disregarded the well known laws of safety and of gravitation. Suddenly his pedacular extremities were carelessly lowered to that form of precipitation that is at once most hard and most insecure. Later, the phenomenon was explained to me. It

seems that the center of gravity was suddenly reversed and placed beyond the base of support. In the natural eruption which followed, the base of support (at best a shifty matter) moved to coincide with the center of gravity, and both proceeded with a certain gracefulness all their own to come to rest violently at the exact center of percussion. Being inexperienced by virtue of my rank, I could not see the gravity of the situation, and was convulsed in paroxysms of mirth. Alas, it proved my undoing. And yet... were not both the spectacle and my ill-placed humor due to illusions? I maintain that people who start for college are abundantly endowed with illusions.

—Foster Benjamin.

QUO VADIMUS?

With apologies to H. R. H. Dactylic Hexameter

Still stands the college of Houghton, the pupils have gone to their homes; Faculty, weary and care-worn, are glad for the good summer-time. Tell us, oh Muse, of their leisure; what use will they make of it, pray? Prexy will build the new dorm while he hopes for many more maidens, Going hither and thither, he'll work for the good of our school. Houghton session of summer school will demand the presence of some. Fancher and Fancher and Fancher, with Methods and German and Ec., Davison, Hillpot and Pryor, for math and music and science; Moses, Gillette and Fillmore will keep their regular places, Stranger you'll not be in Houghton, for right here you'll still see their faces.

Wright, Theological Dean, to the Lake of Winona, and there he'll go On with his work for a Master's; while Ries to paint is inclined, and his Home in the hills to embellish; and Stanley will be here, not Dean now, but preacher and farmer et cetera ad infinitum. Rickard in Cornell will study; in Syracuse, Bertha and Maxine; King to Columbus, Ohio, and Baker to New York is bound. Steese goes with Paul to New York, there to learn how to be a good housewife.

Noss will be studying at Athens, that famous old city of Europe. Rork and Cple will be busy; no doubt they'll be somewhere in college. Kreckman in Houghton will loiter, because a vacation he's needing. Dorah will never be idle, unless in a hospital resting; Home in Nebraska you'll find her, by many a duty fatigued. Whitaker sends you a plea for suggestions. Spare time he has had none, Now he knows not how to use it, his life one of unselfish service. Scattered we'll be for the summer. Kind wishes to each and to all, we Heartily give to the teachers, and hope to meet in the fall.

(Notice to the Philistines: This is poetry!—The Authors.)

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