

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Official Student Weekly

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HOUGHTON COLLEGE HOUGHTON, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1932

NUMBER 23

Wheaton Girls' Glee Club Sings

The Mixed Program Pleases Houghton Audience

Houghton was privileged on Tuesday to have the Girls' Glee Club of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill. as guests in the chapel exercises. The organization under the direction of Mrs. MacKenzie is making an extensive tour of the Eastern States. They presented a mixed program of secular and sacred numbers interspersed with instrumental selections outstanding of which was the violin solo by Miss Dickman, who displayed considerable ability. The purpose of this article is not to present a critical review but to mention some of the high spots of the concert.

The program started with a sacred group by the Glee Club—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" and "Open My Eyes that I May See" by Scott. Other Glee Club numbers "Silent Sea" by Neidlinger; "Sleepers Awoke" by Bach for the sacred numbers. The secular selections included "In the Luxembourg Gardens" (Manning); "Morning" (Speaks); "Rain" (Curran) "Now is the Month of Maying" (Morley) and "Gypsies" (Brahms). Strangely, perhaps, the club seemed more at home in the secular numbers than in the sacred. At least they were presented with more interpretation. One is impressed with the very pleasing tone quality which Mrs. MacKenzie secures from the girls. This is particularly true in the soft passages; the climaxes sometimes lacked vitality. The dynamics were splendid and on the whole the diction was very good. The soprano section was outstanding and sang with especially pleasing tone quality. The high tones were sung with a surety and strength which is rather unusual in Girls' Glee Clubs.

Besides the violin solo, there was a trio (two violins and a viola) which played the Turkish March by Mozart.

Miss Viola Hinshaw was the efficient accompanist throughout the program.

Two of the young ladies gave their personal testimonies and Miss Arousiag Stephanian, an Armenian, related in a particularly pleasing manner some of her experiences.

The entire program was very well received by the student body and a large group of visiting friends. It is hoped that this organization may visit us again.

Mr. Carter Sermonizes

Mr. Carter who is State Supervisor in Public School Music of New York State, visited Houghton College Wednesday, April 13th, and gave what he termed a sermonette.

He stated that he was fulfilling a life long ambition—to preach a sermon.

His text was taken from II Kings 6:16, "And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Pantomime Feature Of Club Program

The audience, Monday evening, enjoyed a program put on in the chapel by the expression club in the form of a Sea Pantomime. The scenery was effective, consisting of rolling white capped waves backed by a blue sky with the outline of the sails of a ship in the distance. In the foreground was pictured a boat in distress in which Herschel Ries and Max Fancher, as sailors and equipped with spy glasses searched the waters for signs of an approaching vessel. At one side, stood a tall white lighthouse bearing the inscription "God is light." Two life savers at the front of the stage also added to the effect.

The following numbers suggestive of the sea were included on the program:

Reading, "Jesus Stills the Storm" Marjorie Dye

Song, "Master the Tempest is Raging" Edith Stearns

Reading, "Herve Riel" Doris Lee

Reading, "The Ocean" Arthur Osgood

Reading, "High Tide" Harriet Pinckney

Song, "Throw out the Life Line" Orven Hess, Alvin Barker

"Prelude in F sharp minor" Margaret Carter

Song, "Let the Lower Lights be Burning" Fred Ebner, Orven Hess, Alvin Barker, Malcolm Cronk

Reading, "The Last Hymn" Olive Benning

Song, "Rock of Ages" Male Quartet

Song, "Jesus Savior Pilot Me" Orven Hess, Alvin Barker

Reading, "Crossing the Bar" Miss Bertha Rothermel

"Now the Day is Over" Margaret Carter, Clifford Williams

The readings were given with good interpretation and expression. The music selections were adapted to the

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Party in Honor Of Boulder Editor

Rah! Rah! Rah! Chet! and did Chet jump! But who wouldn't, greeted in such fashion from an apparently empty room. Eddie Dolan and Chet Driver had come to Gillette's to borrow a history book and were detained by the Boulder Staff to celebrate the editor's birthday.

We had no sooner made ourselves comfortable than Marjorie brought in armload after armload of books. We enjoyed them but few solved their mystery. However, it is the simple things that confound the wise and we were confounded.

Having been told that his favorite sport was fishing, Chet was presented with the end of a line which he was requested to haul in. There were several reasons why this was impossible, such as doors, rugs, tables, chairs, and even the railing. Contrary to all natural methods of fishing he found

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Owls to Publish Literary Book

College Work To Be Put in Permanent Form

The Owls are announcing the forthcoming publication of *The Lanthorn*, a literary booklet, to be sponsored by the Club for the students of Houghton.

This is a distinct forward step in literary achievement. The material for the booklet will be supplied by the students. It will include the first prize essay, story, and poem of the Literary Contest, and a variety of other material, carefully selected and revised.

It is our aim to present a booklet of highest merit, in which every line shall be of true literary value. The standard is high, and any student whose work is accepted for publication may be proud of that fact. Therefore we hope to receive a large number of contributions.

The price of the booklet will be nominal—the twenty-five cents per copy barely covering expense of publication. And no student can really afford to miss this opportunity.

The Staff, which will act in co-operation with the rest of the Club is as follows:

Editor-in-chief—H. Clifford Bristow

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Star Offers Short Subscriptions

Many new talented literary artists will be made prominent this spring when six special issues of the *STAR* are edited by groups of especially chosen representatives of the Junior Class, the Sophomore class, the Freshman class, the Faculty, an edition by our Alumni as well as the Commencement issue. These ingenious productions will be of special interest to the friends of all those who are editing the *STAR*.

In order that you may send a copy to many of your friends the Business Staff of the regular publication is making a special price for the six issues. You may have ten copies sent to your friends for one dollar and a half. For twenty-five cents a copy of each issue will be sent to your parents.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The present plan for special issues is as follows:

May 6—Junior Staff

May 13—Sophomore Staff

May 20—Freshman Staff

May 27—Alumni Staff

June 3—Faculty Staff

June 14—Staff of 1932-1933.

We urge the Alumni to show substantial interest in the Drive this year. Undoubtedly many of you who are teaching have students interested in College. Have copies of the *STAR* sent to them it may do them good as well as helping them.

Vocal Students Give Recital on Tuesday

On Tuesday, April 12th Professor Bain presented six of his vocal students in a public recital. After prayer Mr. Orven Hess sang the first number which was taken from the aria from Messiah, "Comfort ye my people." In spite of Mr. Hess' nervousness he sang with good tone and clear pronunciation.

Miss Eileen Hawn sang two numbers, "On the Waters" by Schubert and "When I was Seventeen". Miss Hawn sang in her usual soprano quality although her face showed very little if any expression.

Mr. Malcolm Cronk then sang "Tommy Lad" with such understanding and ease that his audience was noticeably surprised and pleased.

Miss Marion Taylor sang "Death of the Maiden" by Schubert, impersonating two characters with her voice with fine expression.

The next two numbers, "Lullaby" by Brahms and "Ave Maria" by Schubert were sung by Miss Edith Stearns. Miss Stearns' second number was especially well given with even accent and good diction. The tone quality of this number was indeed pleasing.

Mr. Theos Cronk sang the two closing numbers. The well known "Trumpeter" was especially good on the pianissimos. The good interpretation of "Even Bravest Heart May Swell" by Gounod covered up all throaty tones which might have been evident because of Mr. Cronk's hoarseness.

We give special appreciation at this time to the accompanists: Miss Murphy, Mr. Bain and Mr. A. Cronk, although we feel that this might have been done a little more evident during the recital by the soloists.

One not only sees and is able to appreciate, in these recitals, marked development, but also untold possibilities.

Value of College Year-Book Shown

College is teeming with life, spirit, activity. Daily new situations are faced and lasting impressions are made. It was to preserve the memory of life as it is lived in college and to strengthen old friendships that the first Annual was published nine years ago. It is for that purpose that the Boulder Staff of '32 is continuing its publication.

In 1925 our institution became a chartered college. Enthusiasm spread like fire throughout the school; with it there came to the Junior class new inspiration and the vision of a greater Year Book. It was their unique opportunity to present an Annual containing the pictures of the first class graduating from Houghton College.

Since that year there have been Annuals—small ones and large ones. Each one has been "inspired by the gay realities of college life, formed by

(Continued on Page Two)

College Choir Concert Tonight

Home after Successful Tour of New York State

On Friday night, April 15 the Houghton College A Cappella Choir, under the skillful leadership of Professor Wilfred C. Bain, will present its home concert.

The A Cappella Choir has just completed a tour of New York State, including New York City, and is recognized as one of the most unusual choral organizations in western New York. Their program will consist of the following numbers:

I

Like as a Hart *Palestrina 1526*

Benedictus *Liszt*

Praise to the Lord *Christiansen*

II

Jesu, Friend of Sinners *Edward Greig*

In Joseph's Lovely Garden *Traditional Spanish*

Pat-a-pan *Old French Carol*

Bless the Lord *Ippolitof-Ivanof*

III

On This Day a Virgin *Bulgarian Chant*

The Day of Judgment *A. Arkhangelsky*

The Song of Mary *From the Spanish Vega*

Alleluia! Christ Is Risen *Kopolyoff - Gaul*

IV

Built on a Rock *Christiansen*

Beautiful Savior *14th Century Christiansen*

The Holly and the Ivy *Traditional English*

O Praise Ye the Name of the Lord *From the Russian Liturgy*

Following are some comments inspired by the Choir's singing:

"Collegiate organizations rarely acquire the sonority of tone that this choir possesses. Particularly noticeable is the solidity of foundation offered by the Bass which with the blending of the three upper voices renders with great dignity the works of such masters as Palestrina, Liszt, and Greig."

"For such a sustained and exacting program of historic music from many countries, to be rendered entirely from memory, without the contribution of even a pitch pipe or any other instrument and without the diversion of an eye from the conductor by the entire choir of forty-two men and women with picked voices was astonishing to say the least."

Music Drive Progresses

The latest report from the Office indicates that the drive for the new Music Building is still progressing. President Luckey has urged each student to take upon himself the responsibility of raising \$10 through personal solicitation.

The "A" side is still in the lead with a total amount pledged of \$266. The "B" side has \$164.75. The pledges obtained by these two sides added to those secured by the Neutrals make a total of \$1,884.75.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College.

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Collegiate Sam Says:

"In the Spring a young woman's
fiance X X X x x x X X."

VANDALISM

This subject is usually reserved for editorials in high school papers, but occasionally we find colleges that contain a modified species of Vandals. Houghton is one of those colleges.

We do not know where the habitual practice of defacing desks in classrooms began. Perhaps it is just an old Spanish custom, but nevertheless its obvious existence in Houghton today does no-one good. It is really regrettable that Houghton students succumb to the temptation of placing their initials and other sorts of geometric designs on desk tops simply because some-one else started it. This is not the only example of careless destruction. Recently on the bulletin board there was a poster with the 1932 Boulder advertisers listed on it. Evidently the blank space of the lower half of the poster was too tempting to some student, and a "lost" advertisement soon appeared there, a help to those who are trying to put the Boulder across. Windows with initials scratched on them, broken chairs, crushed shrubbery—this is Vandalism, and it should be above college students. This is your college. In after years you will refer to it as your Alma Mater. Then while you are in college, if you cannot build up, at least do not tear down. Such senseless actions as carving your initials in desks is below your rank. You are a college student. Live up to the term.—G.

NOTICE!

There will be no STAR next week. This omission is made in order to keep within our budget. Subscribers will receive their regular total number of thirty issues by the end of the school year.—Editor.

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Alumni

The following excerpt concerning Lynn Russell a graduate of Houghton Seminary, is taken from the *Miami Daily News*.

"Were Lynn Russell asked to name his favorite perfume, we happen to know the answer would be 'printer's ink'. He doesn't even remember when his interest in the publishing and editing game began, and his first book, 'Hills of Gold', was written before he was 21. Born in New York in 1905, he moved in 1929 to Fort Myers, where he is associate editor of *The American Eagle*, a Lee county weekly. Back in New York state at 24 he was reporter and feature writer for the *Albany Evening News*. His three years in South Florida have been the inspiration for many poems with a tropical setting and we are quite sure the title of his next book will be 'hill-less'. Among the millions who made the supreme sacrifice during the World War was Lynn's brother, William V. Russel, a peace loving lad and a poet. Lynn feels that he can best show his appreciation of this brother by carrying on where William left off. This he is doing, and here is his tribute.

To One Who Paid the Supreme Sacrifice

You, to, answered your country's
passioned call,
You fought for Freedom, for that be-
loved flag
Which alien forces tried their best
to drag
From its great pedestal. You gave
your all—
A life which others prized, which you
called small—
For God, for home, for every lofty
crag
That once you loved. Your feet re-
fused to lag
When enter War's sordid, death like
hall.
Our hearts were torn with sorrow
when we heard
That you had for the cause of Free-
dom died,
Yet in our hearts we felt that throb-
bing pride
Toward one we loved, toward one
whose will was spurred
By impulse most divine. Your life
is past,
And yet, its fragrance will forever
last!

To have lived in the same era
with Thomas Edison is an advantage,
but to have known and seen him daily
during the winter months at Fort
Myers was Lynn Russell's special
privilege. That the passing of Amer-
ica's most distinguished citizen made
a deep impression on this youth is
shown by the following poem, copied
from "The American Eagle":

To Thomas A. Edison

Throughout the earth each nation
bows its head
Because you made the world a better
place
In which to live. Now you are with
the dead,
And sorrow marks its course on every
face,
For all the earth pays tribute to a
mind
That gave its fruitfulness to help
mankind.
Inventive genius of this mighty age
Your deeds will echo down the halls
of time,
A living monument to thoughts sub-
lime,
Whose worth this generation cannot
gauge,

PERSONALS

Miss Lorraine Brunell entertained
her sister over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Tucker spent
the week-end in Salamanca.

Rosalin Churchill was in town this
week-end visiting her aunt Mrs. Bo-
wen.

Dorothy Crouch is in the hospital
in Oneonta having just had an oper-
ation for appendicitis.

Gladys Davison, Miss Fillmore,
Edna Stratton, Rena Porter and Mil-
dred Lambertson went to Wellsville
shopping Saturday afternoon.

We express our sympathy to Dor-
othy Crouch whose grandmother died
Saturday, April 9, and to Bernice
Davie who was called home Wednes-
day by the death of her niece.

Value of College Annual

(Continued from Page One)

th ceaseless efforts of interested in-
dividuals, and molded through the
faithful endeavors of the annual
staff."

Each one contains views of our
campus and its surroundings. Each
is representative of regard, honor and
esteem for our Alma Mater.

The following lines taken from
the first Year Book show how appro-
priate is its name: "Wrenched from
the heart of the everlasting hills, riven
by the frost of winter and blasted
by the heat of summer, weathered by
the ceaseless action of the elements
and eroded by the tireless hand of
time, requiring geologic aeons in its
formation and witnessing cataclysmic
upheavals from volcanic fusion to
glacial fridity; the boulder still
stands firm and immovable—a symbol
of permanence in a world of change.
a type of all that is most enduring in
human achievement and character,
and a prototype of the eternal Rock
of Ages itself."

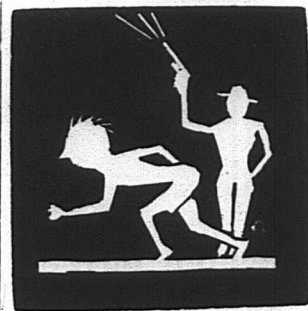
Such a boulder embedded in its
matrix of concrete marks the final
resting place of our campus of Cop-
perhead, "the last one of the Seneca
tribe of Indians that lived in the
town of Caneadea, N. Y."—so reads
the inscription. The pathetic story
of this last simple but noble repre-
sentative, in the Genesee Valley, of a
disappearing race is too well known
to need repetition.

The boulder was age-old when
Copperhead's ancestors first roamed
through these hills, and it will still
be age-young when our children's
children have been forgotten. New
scenes must take the place of the old;
countless student generations will
come and go. Human life is merely
a flux out of which must crystallize
character. Only the soul endures.—
What, then, could be more fitting
than that the name *Boulder*, proposed
by Mr. Keith Farnier, should have
been selected to designate the first
Yearbook of Houghton College, an
institution founded on scholarship
and character!"

Wife: The man I refused, before
I married you, is now rich.

Hubby: But remember, my dear
he didn't marry you.

Your work is one that never can be
crushed,
Although your voice in death be
stilled and hushed.



TRACK

Spring is here! Believe it or not!
For already we have seen athletes
jogging around the cinder track,
getting in condition to break Hough-
ton's records on Track and Field day.

All indications point towards a real
battle this year in both boys and girls
events. The Gold teams have proven
their superiority the past two seasons,
but the Purple have some new mat-
erial which is going to prove valuable.
Just how valuable they are going to
be is yet to be determined, but if the
veterans expect to hold their positions
they will have to "strut their stuff".
At present it looks as if the shot-put
record would be broken as it is claim-
ed they are heaving the iron ball well
over forty feet. The distance records
may also be shattered. Since the
girls' teams have not yet had a sched-
uled practice we cannot prophesy as
to how many records they are going
to threaten.

Houghton has made remarkable
progress during the past few years in
the field of athletics. Her records at
present compare favorably with other
colleges whose enrollments are much
larger. A list of the records is given
for the young hopefuls to strive to-
wards this spring.

Men's Events

Event	Holder	Time or Dist.
100 yd. dash	Vogan G	10.1sec.
Mile run	Williams, G	5min 13.3s.
High jump	Horton, G	5ft. 8in.
220 hurdles	Dolan, G	29.6 sec.
Shot put	Burnham, G	39ft. 9in.
Javelin	Dolan, G	137ft. 5in.
220yd. dash	Vogan, G	24.3sec.
440 yd. dash	Dolan, G	56.6sec.
Pole vault	Vogan, G	11ft. 24in.
880 yd. dash	Williams, G	2min 12.2s
Discus	Burham, G	105ft. 1.5in.
Broad jump	Vogan, G	20ft. 6in.
120yd high hurdles	Dolan, G	20sec.
Men's Relay Gold	1min 54.8sec.	
Daugherty, Hussey, C. Howland, E. Williams.		

Girls' Events

100yd. dash	R. Lapham, P	13.2sec.
Hurdles	Fisk, P	12.8sec.
75yd. dash	Clegg, G	10.4sec.
220yd dash	Armstrong, P	31.5sec.
Broad jump	Armstrong P	13ft 8 1/2 in
Shot put (6lb)	Minnis, P	32ft. 3.6in.
High jump	Eldridge, P	4ft. 4.5in.
Relay Gold	1min 10.6sec.	
Harbeck, Clegg, Sweetland, Matthews		

Boulder Party

(Continued from Page One)

a fish on the middle of the line some-
what related to the sole. He hauled
in the rest of his catch from behind
the piano, and his "string" was a
pair of fishing boots.

Field glasses show up many things
but few of us had realized before
how seriously we toe in when we try
to walk the "straight and narrow"
path.

Refreshments were then served.
Chet certainly knows how to cut cake
because I looked in vain for the larg-
est piece. After several cheers we all
adjourned to the kitchen and washed
dishes. It is reported that Mildred
sat in fear and trembling because of
the well-known dorm methods.

Literary Corner

The Inoffensive Barrie

Some are loath to grow up, but seeing no alternative, submit to the apparently inevitable, and are carried into adult life; others willingly take upon themselves the burdens of maturity, with perhaps a little regret for childhood, but nevertheless completely laying aside adolescence with the acceptance of the responsibility of the manhood or womanhood; and still others, comparatively few in number, dissemble. In outward appearance they grow older, but inside they take a furtive joy in remaining boys or girls. They are the ones who can laugh when the marks of old age are evident upon them because they know that they are deceiving; that they will never become too old to fly as did Wendy.

Every once in a while one from the last group gives of his eternal youth to the world, thus openly admitting that he is a dissembler. And how his comrades worry for a little, until they find that even the second class have not forgotten their childhood as thoroughly as they would have us think. As for the inevitablists,—they even make a sly attempt to regain the child which they put aside so reluctantly. And that is why *Peter Pan* did not degenerate into a mere fairy story, and that is why Barrie dared reveal himself to the world as a dissembler.

Barrie has an insight into human nature which projects past the superficialities and finds the sad and lovely things which are so often below the surface. He has no desire to shock the world with villainy. William Lyon Phelps quotes a bit from a Barrie speech,—“None of your adjectives gets to the mark as much as one I have found for myself—Inoffensive Barrie.” So we have his characters with their weaknesses and vanities and humor; but in any one of them there is nothing of the brutal or offensive; nor is there anything at which the finer senses revolt. He does not shout at you or thrust upon you his idea, but his charm is something very rare which delights and fascinates. It is refreshing to read a Barrie play, especially after reading something like *Mrs. Warren's Profession* by George Bernard Shaw. The difference between that play and Barrie's *Quality Street* might illustrate the opposition of the words offensive and inoffensive. And yet by being inoffensive, especially after reading something like *Mrs. Warren's Profession* sententially alone. Like Wilde, he is not concerned particularly with the social evils, but unlike those of Wilde, his characters become personalities under the magic of his pen: like Shaw he makes humor permeate many of his plays, but unlike much of Shaw, his humor is of a delicate, whimsical sort which provokes a gentle chuckle. William Lyon Phelps says of him, “He has no dogmas to defend, no theory of the theater to uphold, no political creed to enforce, no thesis to advance; his sympathy is not limited or twisted; he has only one subject to write about, the one Richardson called, ‘love and nonsense, men and women.’” He writes for the people of “the thin bright faces”, and the others, whose faces may have become puffy or tarnished, seem to lose a little of the heaviness and are made a little brighter by dint of his charm.

Barrie's claim to being a realist is not absurd but is well-founded. Behind each of his plays is the realism of the idea. The harsh reality of life doesn't concern him as much as the quaint, good things. In no one of his

plays which I have read is there a wholly bad individual. Even Captain Hook is somehow likeable in spite of all his fierceness. Barrie might be called the leaven in the loaf of realistic and naturalistic drama. There are pretty as well as ugly aspects to life, and Barrie proves this with imaginative artistry. To him there is something of a prince in a London Bobbie and much of the princess in the little maid who believed in fairies: to him Mrs. Dowey's crime was one of the pretty things, and to his mind there is the definite hope of a second chance, which theory is set forth in *Dear Brutus*. Barrie himself is so well acquainted with his characters that the reader not only comes to know them, but also to love them. He seems to see the likeable in all and by force of his genius is able to transmit it to his audience. Moulton writes, “The mind and imagination that first bequeathed to our literature those half-wonderful, curiously blundering novels and tales, *Auld Licht Idylls* and *The Window in Thrums*, *The Little White Bird*, the two books about *Sentimental Tommie*, and one flawless miniature, *Margaret Ogilvy*, has enveloped the stage with exquisite veils of tenderness and humor, and the gentlest and most whimsical satire in our language.”

To my mind Barrie's women are alone a proof of his genius. Miss Phoebe of *Quality Street*, quaintly pathetic and helpless at her profession, is as delightful as “Miss Phoebe of the ringlets”; and I wonder if Valentine Brown did not see the deception at the outset; but far be it from Barrie to belittle Miss Phoebe's prowess as an actress. How deftly Maggie Wylie solves her problem; Maggie who was very plain, and externally no stuff for a heroine. She defined charm as being “a sort of a bloom on a woman. If you have it you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have.” Before the play is over Maggie has acquired the bloom and we forget her plainness. Lady Babbie of *The Little Minister* is the epitome of beauty and wilfulness, and Grizel is all pathos and love. In fact in *Tommie and Grizel* she succeeds Tommie as the leading figure in the story. Barrie treats them all with sympathy and understanding. Therein lies his power of characterization. He is able to endow his individuals with all their little faults and foibles, and still not detract from the sympathy which he means the audience to feel for them. Thomas Moulton says again, “Barrie had long since realized that his purpose in art was to treat life as he, the artist, apprehended life; not as other people, artists or critics would have him present it.”

His prefaces are particularly good. In them he introduces to the reader each of his characters. In his own whimsical way he prepares for the feelings they are about to invoke, and heightens the anticipation of the reader. He also furnishes the key to his ingenuous style. Of Ernest, in the preface to the first act of *The Admirable Crichton*, he says, “Probably Ernest's great moment is when he wakes of a morning and realizes that he really is Ernest, for we must all wish to be that which is our ideal.” Of Mr. Horland in *Mary Rose* he is gently satirical,—“His work, though he rises early to be at it, is not much larger than a lady's handkerchief.”

The play *Mary Rose* is one which it is quite useless to attempt to explain in black and white. Barrie,

with rare delicacy sketches a picture which is none the less lovely for its vagueness. And the striking reality of Harry blends with the ethereal beauty of Mary Rose into such a scene as only a Barrie might achieve.

The Old Lady Shows her Medals is, to my mind, one of the best of the Barrie plays. Wanting so to be one of those who sacrificed, she threw her soul into a great pretense, that of being a soldier's mother. How thoroughly her attempt at motherhood triumphs, and how brave a criminal she really is.

In his portrayal of death Barrie proves his power as a mystic. Acquaintance with death softens its sting; and Barrie, through observing it touch so many whom he loved, especially in his own family, saw death made beautiful by its connection with those he had lost. To Mary Rose death was not a devastating process, but a condition of renewed youth and beauty; and “the Island that wants to be visited” was not a fearsome, but a very pleasant place. In his one act play, “A Well Remembered Voice”, he gives perhaps an exaggerated picture of the naturalness of death with a bit of a swagger in it, thus making it a sort of adventure colored by fantasy.

Probably the greatest influence in Barrie's life was his mother, Margaret Ogilvy. His appreciation of her as expressed by the book, *Margaret Ogilvy*, is as sincere and effective as any book of the sort I have ever read. In it there is no useless sentiment and much delicate humor. His philosophy of kindness, faith and love of laughter has been made immortal in her son's art. She lives again in almost every one of his plays.—Wendy has the essence of her motherhood, Phoebe Throssel has much of her, Grizel is a very life-like miniature, and Jess, of *A Window in Thrums*, is essentially Margaret Ogilvy. Barrie's crowning tribute to his mother includes, as well, his own philosophy of the aim of literature:—“For when you looked into my mother's eyes you knew, as if He had told you, why God sent her into the world—it was to open the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts. And that is the beginning and end of literature.”

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Minister: I wish to announce that next Wednesday evening the Ladies' Aid will hold a rummage sale. This is a chance for all the ladies of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping, but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands.

"There is direct and indirect taxation. Give me an example of indirect taxation."

"The dog tax, sir."

"How is that?"

"The dog does not have to pay it."

"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then, how about a stroll through the infirmary?"

"This is a very sad case, very sad indeed. I regret very much to tell you that your wife's mind is gone—completely gone."

"I'm not at all surprised doctor. She's been giving me a piece of it every day for 15 years."

The Wife (to home coming husband): What does the clock say?

Husband: It says "tick-tock", and doggies shay "bow-wow", and cows "moo-moo", and little pussy cats shay "meow-meow". Now are you shatisfied?

Lawyer: And where did you see him milking the cow?

Witness: Just a trifle beyond the center, sir.

An Englishman, while attending a banquet in Canada, was very much impressed by the following toast: "Here's to the happiest moments of my life, when I was held in the arms of another man's wife—My Mother."

Upon returning to England and being elected toastmaster at a banquet the Englishman decided to give the clever toast he had heard in Canada. He arose and said: "Here's to the 'ap-piest moments of my life, when I was 'eld in the arms of another man's wife—er—er—ah, I forgot who the bally woman was."

"What's this honey?" said the newlywed as he speared a slab from the dish.

"Lucifer cake, dear."

"I thought you were going to make angel cake?"

"I was, but it fell."

Expression Club

(Continued from Page One)

occasion and well rendered. "Rock of Ages" was pantomimed by Alice Gearheart who appeared at one side of the stage robed in white and clinging to a white cross amid the rocks at sea. "Let the Lower Lights be Burning" was vividly illustrated by a group of young women who appeared dressed in white each carrying a light and wearing a purple band with the letters of some religious organization represented in Houghton.

During an intermission, an offering was taken which will be used for missions in the self-denial drive of the Y. M. W. B.

Church Services

Sunday morning, April 10, Rev. J. R. Pitt delivered an excellent sermon on "A Voice from the Altar". His readings were from Hebrews 9:1-14, and the text was Rev. 9:13, "And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God."

Since there has been a great deal of comment about the sermon, we have obtained permission to print the outline of Mr. Pitt's sermon.

A Voice from the Altar

Introduction

- A. Revelation to be understood
- B. The prediction of Revelation 9:13-21

I. The Voice from the Altar

A. The Altar

1. Significance of
 - (a) Propitiation
 - (b) Reconciliation
 - (c) Redemption
 - (d) All by shedding of blood
2. History of the altar (earthly)
 - Abel, Noah, Moses, Prophets, etc.

Every dispensation inaugurated by the altar sacrifice.

Every ministry inaugurated, perpetuated in altar sacrifice.

The whole meaning and message of the Word of God is comprehended in that which signifies by the altar.

History of the altar (heavenly) See, Hebrews 8:1-5 sacrifice; 9:1-15 especially verses 11, 12, 23, 24; 10:11-14; Revelation 8:3; 9:13.

3. Apostasy from the altar on the part of man,
 - (a) Ever increasing
 - (b) Culminating in tribulation

B. The Protest of the Altar against its rejection by man

1. "The Voice"
2. This terrible judgment
3. God will judge the inhabitants of the earth for their apostasy from the Propitiation made by the shed blood of his accepted sacrifice.

II. The meaning of the Vision for us.

- A. Apostasy already in process.
- B. Apostasy will increase as time goes on.
- C. Present apostasy full of peril to the Christian
- D. But one way for man to enjoy remission of sins, cleansing, holiness—through the propitiation made on the altar in heaven by the blood of Christ. For the individual, the Church, nothing will avail to make and keep us clean, holy, but constant access through the propitiation Christ offered for all. (I John 1:1-9.)

STUDENT ATTITUDE

Students divide themselves into two general groups, namely, those who are here because they want to be, and those who are here because someone else wants them to be. Thus before they ever reach the registrar's office their general attitude towards college is determined.

Obviously the attitude of those whose presence is prompted by personal desires is superior. They study with the intent of gaining a knowledge of the subject rather than mere grade points. They are more apt to enjoy their courses and find both pleasure and interest in them. Diversions and outside activities are more properly regulated by these students than by students of the other group. If they do extra work they are not pestering their instructor

for additional credit because they are content with the satisfaction of the doing of the work. These students realize the fundamental purpose of being here and their sincere attitude is highly admirable.

Several other attitudes seem to be in considerable prominence about school. The most pitiful of these is the undiscovered-genius type. These can only await the dawn, which will obviously be the instructor's awaking to the fact that these students are geniuses. A rather simple-minded attitude, sometimes seen, is that the student thinks this teacher or that one has a personal grudge against him and so he might as well give up the ghost and have it over with. A humorously tragical situation, yet quite prevalent, is that of a student being so taken up with outside affairs that his studies sink into the background. To illustrate the subtle humor of this case, picture a swimmer becoming so engrossed over an object in the water that he forgets to swim. Then there is the student with a twisted philosophical bend who points out that the purpose of education is to enable a person to get along with his fellow beings. Therefore he proceeds to form those bonds of fellowship with a group of students and thus has neither cause nor time to devote himself to his studies.

Many more of these misshapen attitudes could be pointed out, for they vary with the complexities and variations of human nature. However, the proper attitude remains constant and the old saying "Great minds run in the same channel," seems to apply rather well.—Draper Smith.

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THE WET PARADE, by Upton Sinclair is rapidly becoming one of the most discussed books of recent months. It has already received strong support from a number of outstanding authors for this year's Nobel prize. The very fact that it has received hearty praise from two such strongly contrasted characters as Clarence True Wilson and H. L. Mencken should at once mark it as an interesting accomplishment. Writing in his distinctly modern and exceedingly frank style Mr. Sinclair has given the world a challenging and a singularly moving portrayal of the progress of the anti-liquor movement in the past two decades. He touches upon practically every outstanding social and economic phase of the question and yet the reader feels the author's conclusions growing upon him naturally, as if he were witnessing a tremendous drama. With the scathing satire of which he is a master he attacks the sophistry of the wet propaganda, cleverly demonstrating that beneath all the varied and specious arguments lies the one great unifying force of an overpowering enslaving and unnatural thirst. Much as they may resent this contribution outraged wets will hardly dare to apply to Mr. Sinclair their favorite and supposedly crushing epithet of "Puritan". His radical views are too well

known to the world at large.

The book is not, however, solely propaganda. It presents the tremendously human and appealing story of Maggie May and Kip, both children of the old Southern aristocracy traditionally steeped in its strong liquors, and both compelled to become at a too-early age the guardians of fathers, once men of noble possibilities, now hopelessly enslaved to a degrading habit. Roger and Jerry, brilliant young literary men who, representing the "revolt of youth" pride themselves on their advanced thinking and their ability to "carry liquor like a gentleman" in vain seek to shake the determined convictions of Kip and Maggie May with their continued railery and their epithets of "wower" and "bluenose".

Incidentally to his major theme Mr. Sinclair presents a number of searchingly analytical portrayals of our modern jazz age. Occasionally he introduces touches reflecting his radical views on a number of subjects, with which many of his readers will not agree. But on the whole *The Wet Parade* is a stimulating and valuable contribution to the discussion of an important problem, and a good story as well.—L. J. S.

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