

THE HOUGHTON STAR

OFFICIAL STUDENT WEEKLY

VOLUME XXIII

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., OCTOBER 24, 1930

NUMBER 6

BOULDER CONCERT IS WELL RECEIVED

SEVERAL PERSONS MAKE DEBUT

The Boulder Concert on October seventeenth added another page to the history of the fine concerts given in Houghton. This was the first public program given by Houghton College talent this fall.

The first part of the program was opened by a pianologue in which Warren Thurber, editor of the 1931 Boulder, told his audience about the Staff's hopes for a fine annual this year. A girl's sextet composed of Lovina Mullen, Dora Waite, Evelyn Davies, Isabelle Hawn, Marjorie Plimpton and Edith Stearns sang two numbers. Olive Wetherell made her first appearance since her return to Houghton in a piano solo, Chopin's Nocturne in F. major. After Miss Wetherell's fine interpretation of this selection she was recalled to the stage for an encore. Everyone who has heard Fred Ebner's humorous readings has been delighted with them. He in no way disappointed his audience when he gave his reading "An Experience in Whistling" in which he imitated a young man who was afflicted with a bad case of stuttering. Lucele Crowell sang in her clear soprano that beautiful song "Sing On" by Denza. Miss Crowell will graduate from the Voice Department in June.

As the first number on the second part of the program James Fisk made his appearance as a trombone soloist. Mr. Fisk's audience were well pleased with his rendition of "The Old Refrain" as an instrumental solo. Since Miss Zimmerman and Henning Turnell sang "Oh That We Two Were Maying" as a number on the Commencement program last June there have been several requests for them to sing this piece again. This selection delighted the audience. As an encore they sang "Down the Trail to Home, Sweet Home." We are looking forward to hearing other duets by these two. Inez Huffington furnished a part of the humorous side of the program in her reading, "The College Waitress."

The Juniors understand the law of suspense for they kept the members of the College Quartet until the last. Hines, Turnell, Cronk and Ebner—the great four—sang two numbers. This quartet returned with as great verve as they displayed last year.

The program as a whole was fine.

THE CHORUS

The Chorus, under the direction of Professor Kreckman, has had several well attended practices so far. The cantata to be given is "Bethlehem" by Maunder. We are anticipating a very successful performance. Townspeople and friends from nearby towns are cordially invited to participate. The practice period is from 7:30 to 8:30 on each Monday evening.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day."—Psalm 96:1,2.

MISSION STUDY CLASS MEET

The Mission Study class, at the regular meeting Saturday night, continued its program of study of the missions in America. Aubrey Arlen led devotionals, after which Laura Matott read a short article on The Outlook in California. Adrian Everts gave a very inspiring talk on what is being done in California. Dora Waite brought something of the Mexicans in the Southwest, and going a little outside our own lines, Florence Park told us of work among the Mexicans.

In Mission Study class we are starting from the west to the east, and endeavoring to learn as much as possible about all missions—Wesleyan or any other denomination—in our country. These programs, under the direction of Elsie Chind, are very worth-while. All Student Volunteers—and other Christian students as well should make it a point to attend these meetings.

A Puppy Dog Tale

Heigh, diddle-diddle, the dog on the griddle!
The marshmallows toast over the coal.

The coffee pot perks to the phonograph's wail
And the fried cake loses its hole

And so came the dobm of some fifty old hounds, pooches and poodles that had been lured into the cellar of Anderson House last Friday afternoon. That very night, when the last lingering concert escort had been shooed away, the No-man's conquest began. There was a congregation of the famished in the lower regions, and the furnace fire glowed with hospitable welcome. Fourteen sweet "girlfriends" of only a few minutes before had suddenly become fourteen ravenous conquerors.

The victrola did ninety-nine rounds of "Bye Bye Blues" and the hot dogs "went down" in rapid succession. It shifted to "I'm in Love With You, Honey" as the marshmallows dangled from apple-tree boughs, and three dozen doughnuts went "Roll-Roll-Rollin' Along." Toot! Toot! The coffee came steaming up, and there was a flourish of the milk bottle and brown bag of sugar.

Change-o-presto! Vanish! Gone—four dozen rolls, five pounds of weiners, a pound of marshmallows, a regiment of pickles, and 'steen dozen cups of hot coffee. P-o-o-f. (a sigh). It was divine—too bad we couldn't hold any more!

When our last weiner was gobbled,
And its tail was twisted and dried,
When our appetites had been sated,
And the furnace fire had died,
We groaned, and faith we had need to—

There was nothing else we could do

President Akers of Asbury College says, "The reason some people stay away from the church is because people overwork their religion on Sunday and then forget it through the week."

THE EASTMAN ARTIST OPEN LECTURE COURSE TO-NIGHT

FINE PROGRAM PROMISED

Everyone is anticipating the first number of the lecture course to be given in the College Chapel to-night by a trio of musical artists from the Eastman School of Music in Rochester.

Miss Florence Vickland, soprano, will delight the audience with her vocal solos. The fact that Miss Vickland is a holder of several scholarships is evidence of her extraordinary musical ability. Her home is in Wellsville, one of the most prominent towns in Allegany County.

Mr. Gerald Kunz, violinist, plays second violin in the Kilbourn Hall Quartette of the Eastman School of Music. This fact assures us that he is an accomplished violinist.

Mr. Emanuel Balaban, will accompany Miss Vickland and Mr. Kunz. He is well known in this work.

PROGRAM

Sonata *Caesar Franck*
Allegretto ben moderato
Allegro
Recitative-Fantasia
Allegretto poco mosso
Mr. Kunz
Mr. Balaban

Serenade *Poldowski*
Aria from L'Enfant Prodigue *Debussy*
Miss Vickland

Nigun (Improvisation) *Ernest Bloch*
Minuet *David Hochstein*
Praeludium et Allegro *Pugnani-Kreisler*

Mr. Kunz
Love Has Eyes *Bishop*
Sometimes *Walther*
At the Well *Hageman*
Miss Vickland

W. C. T. U. Meeting

The regular meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union met Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of Miss Bessie Fancher. Twenty ladies were present. The meeting was opened by singing "Carry On" after which Mrs. Babcock conducted the devotionals. A short business session was held, and a short report of the County Convention held at Friendship September 24, was given by the ladies who had attended the convention. Miss Fancher, the director of the citizenship department, had prepared a good program which consisted of a duet by Mrs. Baker and Miss Zimmerman, a lesson on citizenship by Miss Frieda Gillette and Miss Fancher, a reading "What is a Good Citizen," Mrs. Eta Rathbun. Song, "America the Beautiful," and a dialogue by Misses Roberta Molyneux and Corrine Cole.

A CORRECTION

We regret that Howard Lane's name was omitted from the list of Men's Glee Club. Mr. Lane sings first bass.

SABBATH DAY SERVICES

The Loyal Sons Sunday School class conducted a very effective service of worship last Sunday morning. A quartette from the class sang "Though the Angry Surges Roll," one member gave a splendid speech on reverence for our elders, another conducted two congregational hymns, one of which was sung as a recessional, and the entire class read the Scripture lesson in unison. This class of High School boys shows splendid possibilities in the field of Christian service.

Next Sunday the worship service will be in charge of the Kings Daughters class. From this group of upper class women and faculty members we are anticipating a splendid program.

The morning worship was opened by singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name." After prayer the choir sang "Jesus Our Wonderful Saviour." Rev. Pitt took II Corinthians 6:14-18 and 7:1 as a background for his sermon. He brought out that there are standards set in all the varied realms of life so there are standards set for the Christian life. The true Christian life is the one that measures up to God's standards. True Christian people will have no faith in idols; they will come out from among the ungodly people and will be separate. A Christian will have the indwelling of the blessed Holy Spirit.

The Light Bearers had charge of the preliminary part of the evening service with George Page as leader. After several songs and prayers, Mr. Page read the Scripture from I Corinthians 13. The meeting was then turned over into a testimony service. Many inspiring testimonies were given. After this part of the service Brother Pitt brought a short talk which was both interesting and inspiring.

Bachelors Hold Pow-wow

There was much advice and gossip put in circulation when the Merry Bachelors held their recent gab-fest and banquet at the Cronk cottage. In fact many things took place from a rather early hour to another time which may well go unmentioned.

To the tune of a roaring fire in the fireplace, spitting sausages, and much chattering the gang warmed up to the point where waffles began to vanish. Chef Cronk at the waffle-iron could not begin to supply the wants of Tom Armstrong—to say nothing of Kid Vogan. Courses of syrup and waffles followed courses of waffle and syrup. When the supply was exhausted as well as everyone present, the business meeting opened.

The formalities over, Mr. Tim Jones was asked to address the meeting. He gave a fine talk on "Habit Formation." The second feature of the evening was a reading by Curly Thurber entitled "Paul Rever's Ride." Then the feature of the evening when Red Frank gave an illustrated lecture, "Looking Backward." Mr. Frank described the use of circumstantial evidence and said that it would be a great relief to certain classes if it were abolished.

The meeting was then adjourned until a future date.

INTERESTING CHAPELS HELD

REV. F. R. EDDY SPEAKS

On Wednesday, October 15th, Professor Pryor conducted our Chapel exercises—"Except the Lord build a house, they labor in vain that build it." Would we be willing to take apart an expensive watch and trust to our ability to put it together again? Our lives are even more difficult to form than the smallest watch. If we are to be successful in this world we must carry out these three general principles: 1st. Build a life, a monument to the things we have done. 2nd. Build character, the quality within us that will help us when we meet some temptation or trial. 3rd. Build a hope of eternal life. Each deed and each success will aid that hope.

We are all builders. The present development in the building of airplanes and automobiles shows a great improvement. Sooner or later in life each one learns that when he has an important task to perform, it is wise for him to call in one who has had experience in that line to aid him. The building of our life is an important responsibility, for we have only one chance. We need Christ as our helper. He was tempted in all points like as we are yet without sin. He is in perfect harmony with God; in fact He is God. This enables Him to be of help to us. He is a most desirable friend and guide and if we will commit our ways unto Him, He will establish our thoughts. Our pleasures also will be determined thus. Mr. Huffman says, "No Christian student can do less than his best in his school work." If we are diligent we will take a high position in life.

On Friday, October 17, we were highly favored by having with us the Rev. F. R. Eddy, Assistant Home Missionary Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist church, who is now holding a series of revival meetings at Fillmore, N. Y. Mr. Wagner and his wife who are in charge of the music during these meetings were also present.

After Mr. Wagner had brought us a solo, "Take Your Burden to the Lord and Leave it There," the Reverend Eddy spoke to us about the question which should concern us all, "What is Man?" We ought to often take an inventory of our lives, our plans and our ambitions in order that we may find what we are expecting to do with our lives and why. Scientists tell us that from the material standpoint each of us is worth about thirty cents. However, the

(Continued on Page Four)

ANNA HOUGHTON DAUGHTERS

The Anna Houghton Daughters met Friday with Mrs. George Osgood. The downpour of rain Friday afternoon discouraged some of the members so only ten were present. The feature of the program was given by Mrs. Lee. She gave a timely discussion of the political candidates.

The date of the next meeting has been changed to October 31.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Collegiate Sam Says:

Keep watch! The classes will soon appear in their distinctions, it is rumored.

WANTED!

Students: If you know a bit of news, how about dropping into the *Star* office and telling someone about it? Come in, oh say, around Monday or even Wednesday. If you have heard or read a good joke, bring it to us. If you do something that you think we don't know, tell us about it.

Faculty: You are much more difficult to keep track of than the students. Why not drop in to the office sometime and tell us some news about yourself? We know that you do things which would make good *Star* news. You will be a welcome visitor any time.

Alumni: If any of you make a scientific discovery, break any records in one way or another let us hear about it. You know that your old classmates will be interested to hear about you. Write a letter to the *Star* and let us know what you are doing.

Everyone: This publication is called a school paper. If it is a school paper, then everyone ought to contribute something some time during the year. Doesn't it say in the *Star* that it is published by the students of Houghton College and Seminary! Aren't you a student here? Give us a little news.

HOOS HOO

A graceful figure of medium height, crowned with lustrous dark hair. Instead of balancing on the toes, this person is generally poised on the heels, and, with bowed head, gazes up at you from under the eyelashes while engaging in earnest conversation. This Hoos Hoo is very talented and has demonstrated this to the great delight of hundreds of people.

Last week's Hoos Hoo—Alfred Gross.

GREETINGS

Theodore Brink—Oct. 25.

Mable Farwell—Oct. 25.

Evelyn Davies—Oct. 28.

Monica Kniffin—Oct. 30.

Elma Williams—Oct. 30.

ALUMNI NEWS

Gordon Allen spent Saturday in Houghton.

Wesley Gleason was in Houghton Saturday.

Arthur Doty spent the week-end in Houghton.

Ralph Jones of the class of '29 and Miss Bernice Brown of Orchard Park spent the week-end in Houghton.

Among the Alumni who attended the Boulder Concert Friday night were Beulah Brown, Hugh Thomas, John Kluzitt, Marjorie Donley, Willet Albro, Hollis Stevenson.

CHARLES LAMB

The name of Charles Lamb recalls to me many of the happiest hours of my childhood, for it was he who first introduced me to one of my favorite authors. As a child, when I first began to read, I developed a regular mania for such an interesting pursuit. When I was about six or seven, I obtained a delightful and new book which contained many beautiful, colored pictures. I pored over that book for hours and I must confess, although the cover is gone and the pages are torn and some have strangely vanished altogether, I still love to read that old book "Tales from Shakespeare." This work was the joint production of Charles and his talented sister, Mary. So for the wonderful book which grips the hearts and minds of his readers Charles Lamb is justly famous.

The "Essays of Elia" were also a series of interesting epistles which fell from the skillful pen of the delightful Charles. These humorous yet sensible, interesting articles engross the instant attention of every faithful pursuer of Pleasure. They are really the most delightful essays I have ever read. I can vividly remember the first time I read "The Dissertation on Roast Pig." I chuckled and gurgled to myself and indulged in various unseemly chortles and cachinations which were strangely distracting to people surrounding me. I have no doubt that they considered a miniature edition of those harmless, giggling imbeciles who are incarcerated in Forest Lawn. Alas, see all that Charles Lamb has to answer for!

Underneath the run, there is always invariably some sensible thought, deceptively hidden but truly there, playing Hide-and-Go-Seek with all the serious-minded ones and beauty-loving creatures who wish to find the tender delicate charm there carefully concealed. It was he who first taught me that fun and true humor can be used to cloak a deep thought with great success—a sugar-coated pill, as it were. It peeps out at you and winks one eye and then slyly draws back and disappears, thus forcing you to hunt again, in almost endless examples of the "Dip and Fade" so dear to the youthful heart of Gene S. Porter.

I think Charles Lamb would have been a very interesting person to meet, for he, too, greatly enjoyed reading. He saturated himself in seventeenth century literature and since you absorb a thing if you delve in it frequently enough, he used it in his essays to a very marked degree. I loved the turn of his sentences in the "Dissertation on Roast Pig" and, indeed, I liked it so well that I used to address my learned instructors in language quite patently appropriated from seventeenth century literature, and I thoroughly enjoyed hearing

HOUGHTON HAPPENINGS

Christine VanRosen was in Burlington Saturday.

Forrest Cummings spent the week-end in his home in Eldred.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wheeler spent Sunday in Franklinville.

Mr. and Mrs. DuBois of Buffalo visited Mary McIvor Sunday.

Theodore Brink's sister of Nunda, N. Y. visited classes Saturday.

Lucretia Clark spent the week-end at her home in Coudersport, Pa.

Leonna McGowan entertained friends from Rochester Saturday.

Florence Kellogg spent the week-end at her home in Castile, N. Y.

Elsie Congdon's parents, Mr and Mrs. D. W. Congdon, visited her Sunday.

Bernice Woodard, Hattie Berry, and Gladys Jewel went to Portage Saturday.

Esther Tomlinson visited her home in Wales Center, N. Y. over the week-end.

Beatrice Sweetland spent the week-end as the guest of her grandmother in Rushford.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Roe and family and Mrs. Helen Roe of Canisteo visited Mrs. Inez Young on Sunday.

Elizabeth MacFarlane entertained Florence Clissold at her home at Minicatus Lake over the week-end.

The Misses Dora Burnell and Bertha Rothermel were entertained by Rev. and Mrs. Clair King at their home in Wales Center, N. Y. over the week-end.

Esther Burns, accompanied by her roommate, Geraldine Pease, and her brother, Floyd Burns, spent Saturday and Sunday at their home in Porterville, N. Y.

Gladys Davison accompanied by Lois Sweet left Monday for her home in Mooers Forks, N. Y., on account of the sudden death of her father. We extend our sympathy to her.

Professor Frank Wright preached in the Christian Temple at Wellsville Sunday morning. Friday night he is to speak at a banquet of the Andrew and Philip Bible class of the First Methodist church of Wellsville.

"The Bible is the support of the strong and the consolation of the weak, the dependence of organized government and the foundation of religion."—Calvin Coolidge.

And then there is the wagon maker who has been dumb for years, but who picked up a hub and spoke. To say nothing of the blind carpenter who picked up a plane and saw, and the deaf sheep rancher who went out with his dog and herd, and the noseless fisherman who caught a barrel of herring and smelt.

Ex. Once I jes' thought
The world was great,
But now I'm sure that 'tisn't,
Cause you has gone to where I ain't,
And left me where you isn't.
Selected.

such remarks as this, "How remarkably precocious that child is!" That's what one gets for having a sense of humor!

Taking it all in all, I think Charles Lamb was a very engaging chap with a dry whimsical humor and a tender, sympathetic knowledge of human nature that is very refreshing.
D. L. C.

THE MATCH FACTORY

(From the Feb. 1915 *Star*)

Across the valley on a hill,
There's such a funny little mill;
It is grinding by the score—
Grinding matches—matches evermore.
Grinding matches in the mill,
In the factory on the hill.

Of girls and boys they've made you see;
From far and near they come in glee;
They give their life to be made o'er,
Into matches—matches nothing more.
Oh, the matches from the mill,
From the factory on the hill.

And when strange sights you think you see,
A friend will say in ecstasy:
"Saw you such a sight before?
'Tis a match! A match!—And nothing more."
Oh, the matches from the mill,
From the factory on the hill!

They think they'll set the world on fire
With the knowledge they acquire.
They have heads you may be sure—
Heads of fire—of fire and nothing more.
Oh, the matches from the mill,
From the factory on the hill!

They work hard with all their might
From early morn till late at night.
To lose one hour they do deplore,
Busy sparking—sparking nothing more.
Oh, the matches from the mill,
From the factory on the hill!

Editor's Note: It would look as if Houghton had not changed much in the past fifteen years in one respect at least—we are still the Match Factory. In fact, the output is growing.

ALMA MATER

One of the Houghton alumni writes, "How about publishing the College song in the *Star* for the benefit of the Alumni? I know we wished that we had some copies this spring at the reunion, and luncheon." That's right, alumni, make a few suggestions so that we can make the *Star* of interest to you. We are printing the *Alma Mater* for you this week. The tune is Anna Lisle.

When the eastern sun is sinking
Towards the crimson west,
Thoughts of thee, fond Alma Mater
Fill our loyal breast.

Chorus:
Houghton, Houghton, now and e'er
May thy name be dear,
Ever on through life to conquer,
And our hearts to cheer.

Honored lives for thee have fallen,
Hearts that broke and bled,
Have been wrung thy cause to prosper
And thy light to shed.

Other schools may claim their thousands
We're a smaller band
But for God and righteousness we
Take a noble stand.

Soon from out our halls of learning
All must take our leave,
But thy memory still we'll cherish
To thy precepts cleave.

When o'er earth thy fame has risen
Like the morning light,
'Twill but rise the earth to gladden
And dispel the night.
Last Chorus
Houghton dear, Houghton cheer, one
and all
Let us pray that we,
All her sons be firm and loyal
Till eternity.

Literary Corner

RUN, SHEEP RUN

My childhood seemed remarkable at the time; does not everyone's? I was so eager to live, so intensely ready to enjoy every moment. Each day came as a surprise and proved to be a pleasure. I ate, but regarded eating as a sideline. I ran errands for my mother, but not if I could escape from the house before I heard her calling me.

I suppose every child has some pet aversion, some hated task which must be done. Washing dishes handicapped my play-life considerably. I can remember one afternoon when mother quietly but firmly reminded me that it was my job to wash the dishes. Disgustedly I eyed them. Those stacks and stacks of greasy, slimy objects—how I hated them! I calculated that I might as well play a while, so I slipped out the back door. I played all the afternoon and mother never called to me once. But when I came home late in the afternoon, the dirty dishes were still there. I had had my good time—then had come the work.

Now that childhood is past. I at times look back and realize how lucky I was and what marvelous times I really had when I was a child. As I see my childhood days through the eyes of today there is particularly one clearly outstanding pleasure. I loved it the most and grieve over the fact that it is gone. That was the game of "Run—sheep—run."

You have all hear of "Hide and seek." Yes, our gang played that, but "Run—sheep—run" was the favorite. Probably its fascination lay in the fact of its being somewhat more difficult than the other game.

Our gang was composed of those children in town who were old enough to be allowed out of doors for just awhile after supper. The "little kids" had to be in bed, of course, but we who had finally reached the magnificent age of nine or ten might "stay out." The bunch gathered in front of our house as soon as possible every evening. After much bickering and shouting as to whose turn it was to be captain, sides were chosen. Not everyone was eligible for the captainship. My, no! Only a chosen few possessed within themselves the capacity, the staunchness, the inherent fearlessness which characterized the brave old pioneers, and these few were our captains.

Careful account had been kept of the side which had hidden last the night before. For convenience sake we shall call them the "In Gang" and the "Out Gang." Following after their leader, the "Out Gang" ran rapidly around the house. They wound in and out among bushes; they climbed fences and at irregular intervals recombined them. They ran through cornfields and sometimes fell but quickly recovered themselves. After miles seemingly of breathless traveling the leader suddenly halted. With finger to mouth he breathed a loud "sh-h-h-h!!!" Everyone became deadly quiet. "Stay right here," he whispered. "Remember, 'squash' means come and 'cabbage' means 'stay here.' Get it?"

He ran back by a direct route to the goal. The "In Gang" crouched around him as he stooped and with a stick scratched on the ground a map of his circuitous journeyings. When finished, he quietly sat down, nonchalantly chewing the stick. The "In Gang" gazed at the map for several minutes as if to fix it indelibly on their brains. Then their leader started, followed by the entire gang. They in turn climbed fences, recombined them, jumped ditches and traveled through cornfields. The "Out Gang" leader followed them meekly. Once in a while he shrieked "Cabbage!"

High School Notes

HIGH SCHOOL MEETING

On Monday there was a student body meeting to discuss the matter of having a Hallowe'en party. The President, George Page, had already appointed a committee to take care of the matter, and the meeting was principally to announce the fact that there would be a party in the "Gym." In addition to the announcement the student body voted on the amount of tax to be assessed.

Before the vote on the tax there was a very lively discussion on the amount of tax. The committee said that they would have to have a tax of thirty-five cents to have a good party. There was a great deal of opposition to so large a tax. Kenneth Wright said that such a large tax would be contrary to the spirit of Houghton. He said, furthermore, that no more money would be raised by a tax of thirty-five cents than there would be with a tax of twenty-five cents, since fewer would attend the party. Gladys Jewel then spoke in favor of the higher tax. She said that the Seminary ought to put on a party that would put the High School on the map. At the final vote those in favor of the higher tax won.

LIGHT BEARERS SERVICE

The Sunday afternoon service of the Light Bearers aims to be truly a young people's service. It is informal and unritualistic to the extreme. Everyone who attends is asked to bear the responsibility of the meeting as though it were his service. Only in this manner can the service mean what they should mean.

Last Sunday Florence Smith spoke using as a foundation for her remarks "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness." II Peter 3:11. Her talk was divided into four parts: (1) God's attitude towards sin, (2) God's provision, (3) our choice, and (4) the result of our choice. She closed by a ringing statement, "Not only in this life but in the next life we see that it pays to yield our lives to Jesus."

There are three kinds of Christians who respond to the call to service:

1. Rowboat Christians—have to be pushed wherever they go.
2. Sailboat Christians—always go with the wind.
3. Steamboat Christians—make up their minds where they ought to go regardless of wind or weather.—Bulletin First Christian Church, Muskogee, Okla.

Despair was uppermost in the hearts of the "In Gang." They saw no signs of the others and the map was too far away for consultation.

Suddenly the "Out Gang" leader shouted "Squash, squash, squash!" at the top of his voice, and from the other side of the barn rushed the "Out Gang." The "In Gang" followed but in vain. The "Out Gang" reached the goal first. Then began a great wrangling concerning the deficiencies of the map.

Thus the short after supper hour was spent. Never in my life have I run so fast, or listened so intently for the cry of "Squash," or "Cabbage," or "Tobacco" or "Cucumber" which are the most commonly used signaling terms.

It was a great game and the old gang, I suppose, remember it just as vividly as I do, the perfect end of a typical Kid's day.

E. R. T.

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Count de Coupons

Dear Count:

What makes you think you can keep your dog longer than I can keep mine?

Frank Furter

Dear Frank:

Because mine is a duchshund.
Count de Coupon

Dear Count:

My brother Dorsal tells me there has been a change in the wording of the marriage ceremony. Could you tell me what this change is?

Basil Fin

Dear Basil:

There has been two changes. The first "Till debt do us part" and the second "to love, honor and evade."

Count de Coupon

Dear Count:

How can I talk about the talking pictures without my professors finding out what I am talking about?

Idlike Tono

Dear Idlike:

You might try referring to them as the verbose cinematographs.

Count de Coupon

Dear Count:

Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?

Ideal Istic

Dear Ideal:

Simple enough. How about an elephant with a cold in his nose?

Count de Coupon

Contest Opens Today

Here is the first letter. Write your answer and leave it in the Count's mail box in the *Star* office or mail it to Count de Coupons, Box 125, Houghton, N. Y. Friends, I am expecting a big pile of letters so show some real spirit and send in a good answer.

Here it is:

Dear Count:

If four men singing is a male quartet and two men and two women a mixed quartet what would you call it when four women sing?

(Name withheld).

The best answer will be published next week. Remember the winner gets a beautiful prize.

(Signed) Count de Coupon
(Himself)

A SCIENTIFIC "IF"

If there were no gravity in the world, how strange would be our condition, how beautiful, or how awful would be our experiences. How great would opportunities for laziness become.

If you can imagine the luxurious delight one would experience at being able to lie down in mid-air; at being able to arise from bed without all those horrible weights pulling at every square inch of your body. How comfortable it would be to lie in bed and read with the book poised gracefully over head and arms not touching except to turn the pages. The restful peace one could enjoy, the sense of absolute freedom, the beautiful knowledge that if one inadvertently dropped a potato from his fork, the potato would not fall and smear his vest but would remain stationary until with bended head and open mouth the individual was ready to take from the air the mislaid potato.

Then, too, if there was no force of gravity what wreck and ruin would cyclones do? If a house or a man or a dog or if anything were picked up in a cyclone, it would naturally follow the cyclone unresist-

ingly and when the force was spent, the object would hang there, suspended in front of everyone. If there were no gravity why would an airplane bring fear to even the timid traveler. If the engine ceased to run, if the gasoline supply gave out, if the wing or propeller broke, what would it matter? There would be the air plane, high above the earth without any danger of falling, but good heavens! How would he get down. Suppose that on arising from a comfortable, and soft bed which he really didn't need, would be unable to get to the floor. Suppose one looked up and saw his clothes hanging unsupported in mid-air and have to pull them up to get into them. Oh it would be terrible. All the college building would be four stories high with a grocery supply on each floor. All the college graduates would be indeed upper classmen if they were unable to drop to a lower level. They would be elite and untouched. After all if there were no gravity, would I be able to push this pen down to the paper to write or would I not?

—Ex.

CHAPELS

(Continued from Page One)

Lord proposes to make of us the most valuable article the world has ever known. We students have the opportunity of letting Him do this for us. The doorway of victory is just ajar ahead of us. We must decide what we will do. Man's opportunities soon pass away. If one thinks only for the thinking, His thoughts will become oblivious. However, when the soul enters into his thoughts they will live.

The spiritual realm of man's mind is the greatest. God has given to every individual a soul which can never be duplicated by any other being. He expects us to step into some niche of life's activity which no other man can fill so aptly. Scientists say that we are what we make ourselves. However, every being which is left alone will deteriorate. Art is that which suggests to the eye that which the mind ought to see; it will not stand close inspection. The flower which is God's creation becomes more beautiful when placed under the microscope, while the finest article which man has made becomes coarser. Christ expects us to let Him come into our hearts and make our lives beautiful as He alone can.

Mr. Miles Wagner favored us by another song, "You Don't Know What Your Missing, When You Turn the Lord Away." It has been a long time since he attended this school. He said that when he left Houghton, he had several ambitions. The first year he wanted a home, and he got it. The second year he wanted a baby grand piano, but instead he got a grand baby. Now he has four grand babies, and doesn't ever expect to have a "baby grand."

On Tuesday, October 21, the reverend Stanley Lawrence, pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church of Sandy Creek, N. Y. spoke to us upon the topic "What Makes Houghton What it is?" Three points were especially emphasized. 1st. your home, 2nd. your church and 3rd. the school. He said that in his church there are ten ladies whose husbands never enter the church, who never pay towards the church or pray for it. Such homes cannot send to Houghton the kind of boys and girls that the school needs. This was a hint to the girls. "A word to the wise is sufficient." The churches must be spiritual if their young people are to be a help in building up the church school. Lastly, the school itself must be spiritual. Teachers can help in this by connecting as closely as possible lessons and life. Students may aid their college by upholding its standards and keeping its rules. Throughout our school life we must

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remember that what we are to be we are now becoming, and so mold our lives that they may be a success.

A PANIC IN THE STAR OFFICE

"Look, there he is!"
"What, where?"
"There, there along the wall."
"I don't see him."

Nevertheless the feminine visitors seek a higher level than the floor—in fact the chairs and the table.
"Do you see him now?"
"No but—Oh yes there he is."
"Come on, girls, let's get out of here."
"Look out, he is coming your way."
"Oh no, no," gasps one of the girls. A rush for the door one holds her ground and saunters coolly out.

If things continue thus the Editor will soon be deprived of all feminine company in the *Star* office all because a tiny mouse has decided to make the office his home. Why, he is so small you can scarcely see him, but what terror he imparts to visitors—especially those of the weaker sex.

HAVE YOU NOTICED

When the other fellow acts that way, he is ugly; when you do, its nerves.

When the other fellow is set in his way, he's obstinate; when you are, it is just firmness?

When the other fellow doesn't like your friend, he's prejudiced; when you don't like him, you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature?

When the other fellow tries to treat someone else well, he's toadying; when you try the same game, you are using tact?

When the other fellow spends a lot, he is a spendthrift; when you do, you are generous?

When the other fellow is mild in his manner, he is a mush of concession; when you are, it is being gracious?

When the other fellow runs great risks in business, he's foolhardy; when you do, you are a great financier?

—Free Methodist

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