

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Official Student Weekly

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HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y. OCTOBER 2, 1931

NUMBER 2

## Houghton Students Hear Rev. George Bennard in Week of Revival Meetings

Rev. David Reed brought the opening message of the revival services Friday night, preaching from I Corinthians 1:13 on "The Greatest Thing in the World—Love" making his applications exceedingly practical. He showed how love should be the dominating factor in the life of every Christian, stressing the oft-repeated fact that this old world is dying for a little bit of love, and that if we had more real love, we could do more to help humanity.

Saturday evening Reverend Reed spoke from Zachariah 4:6, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." He said that we are depending today too much upon human efforts. Let's inquire for the old paths and get back to God again. God uses the weak of this world as shown in I Corinthians 1:26-28, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; But God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." His purpose in doing so is explained in verse 29 of the same book, "That no flesh should glory in His presence." We have too much strength in ourselves. We do not depend upon God enough. God has always used the weak. He called out Moses who was slow of speech and used him mightily. Gideon with three hundred accomplished God's purpose. While a little boy, David the shepherd lad, in the strength of God slew the giant, Goliath. Moody let God take his poor, weak life and prove to the world what God can do through one who lets God have His way, and as a result we have men like Henry Drummond, Wilfred Grenfell, Shoemaker of New York City, and S. D. Gordon who were converted under his ministry, and who in turn have blessed the world. Gypsy Smith is another outstanding example of what God can do with the weak of this world, for he let God have his life when he was a mere gypsy wandering from place to place. God has blessed his ministry to the good of countless souls everywhere. Let us give Him our lives in complete consecration and devotion that He may use us.

### SUNDAY

Rev. George Bennard, author of the well-known hymn, "The Old Rugged Cross", came to us under a physical handicap, having been threatened with pneumonia as a result of a severe cold. Rev. Reed's assistance gave him a little time to regain his strength, and Sunday morning Rev. Bennard brought the message, taking as his text Isaiah 6:1. "In the year that king Uzziah died. I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His

train filled the temple."

He stressed the need of being true Christians, so that the world can see a difference in those who profess the name of Jesus Christ and those who do not. There is too little difference today between the professing Christian and the world. That is the reason the world is not being drawn to the Christ. If the church of Jesus Christ awakens, we will have a revival; if not, we will have a revolution. Will the church of Jesus Christ awake?

This text gives a contrast between holiness and sin; between the prophet Isaiah and the king Uzziah. Both had a vision of God. Isaiah obeyed and has blessed all succeeding generations; Uzziah disobeyed, did that which was unlawful for him to do when he entered the temple to offer incense which only a priest was permitted to offer, was smitten with leprosy and has been a curse of all succeeding generations.

Isaiah, a converted man, was living in the midst of awful circumstances. All through, his prophetic messages contained the word, "Woe," which word he finally pronounced upon himself when he received a vision of God and His holiness. He saw and heard the heavenly beings praising their God, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory." This vision made him realize his own uncleanness and from the depths of his being he cries "Woe is me! For I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." This was followed by complete cleansing for God saw the honesty of his heart. Oh, that people today would get such a vision of the holiness of God! The world does not know God. If it knew God, it would love Him, for He is "high and lifted up" just as Isaiah saw Him in all His holiness.

### SUNDAY EVENING

Sunday evening Rev. Bennard again preached speaking from Matthew 11:28-30, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Since this text speaks of rest, it implies a burden from which to be relieved in order to receive this rest. Sin is a burden, but there is soul rest from this burden. There are three rests; two in this world and one in the next. There is the rest of forgiveness from sin for the sinner, the rest of cleansing for the believer, and the rest of those who have died in the Lord.

The word, "Come" in the Bible is an interesting word. It is used over

(Continued on Page Four)



Dr. LaVay Fancher

## Ph. D. Degree Conferred Upon Dean of College

Professor LaVay Fancher, Dean of Houghton College received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the highest degree that can be earned. This degree was conferred upon him by Cornell University Thursday, October 1, 1931 at Ithaca, New York.

Professor Fancher earned his degree in the field of education, working in Wyoming County and writing his thesis from statistics compiled from an intensive survey of the high schools of that county.

Mr. Fancher was born on the school farm near Houghton which now belongs to Houghton College and lived there for about three years. Then the Fancher family moved to a farm near Cattaraugus. LaVay spent his grade and high school days at Cattaraugus, graduating from Cattaraugus High School. From High School he attended Training Class which enabled him to teach for a short time in a district school.

He then decided to get a college education and came to Houghton for his first three years transferring to Oberlin College in Ohio for his A. B. degree.

His first position after receiving his degree was a principalship at Hadley-Luzerne (two small towns combined for High School). As a souvenir from Hadley-Luzerne, Prof. Fancher treasures a Hamilton gold watch which was presented to him by the people of that district.

### Seniors Elect Officers

The seniors are confident of a successful year with C. Walter Alex is re-elected President. The other positions were dispensed as follows:

Edith Stearns, Vice-President; Esther Brayley, Secretary; and Herman Knowles, Treasurer.

After casting their ballots for officers the class unanimously voted for Professor LaVay Fancher as the class advisor.

His next position was, as principal of the High School at Altamont for one year.

In August 1917 after the World War had broken out Dr. Fancher signed up for service in the artillery and was stationed at Ft. Niagara where he became Second Lieutenant of the Field Artillery No. 27. Then he trained at M. I. T. and at Kelly Field (near St. Louis) as an engineer. In the hope of going overseas, he transferred to Aviation as second lieutenant and became a licensed pilot and later the officer in command of all planes in Scott Field.

He was given an honorable discharge from Scott Field, Belleville, Ill. December 14, 1918.

In 1919 he came to Houghton College to teach and was married in the fall of 1920 to Zola Kitterman whom he had met at a Student Volunteer Meeting at Albany in 1918.

Mr. Fancher felt a desire for graduate work so in 1921 he went to Chicago University and received his M. A. degree the next year, having served in an assistantship.

He returned to Houghton in 1923 and since then has been Dean of Houghton College.

Professor LaVay Fancher is well-loved and respected by students of Houghton College and many other friends and we sincerely congratulate him upon his achievement.

### Expression Club Elects

Lawrence Benson—President  
Winona Ware—Vice-President  
Theda Thomas—Secretary  
Warren Thurber—Treasurer.

It's not how much you THINK of doing, but how much you DO of THINKING, that makes the DOING you do worth THINKING of....

The qualities which you respect in others are the ones which are already ruling your own life.

## Annual Boulder Concert Planned

Plans for this year's annual are already taking definite shape, and the Staff can prophesy that it will be a splendid year-book. We are not prepared to be satisfied with a production any lower than the best. The theme will be new, and entirely in keeping with the high ideals of the institution, and the book will be a complete record of all the activities of the school year. Every student should plan his expenses so as to include a copy of the 1932 BOULDER.

There are a lot of preliminaries to the publication of an annual, however, in which all the students have a part. One of the most interesting is the Annual Boulder Concert, presented by each year's staff. The date for the Boulder Concert for this year has been set for October 23. The talent for these concerts is furnished by students from the school, and we promise you a worth-while and varied program. Everybody out to the Boulder Concert!

## Survey Yields Information

An impersonal survey has been made of the questionnaires filled out by the girls at registration time.

There are eighty-nine names distributed among our one hundred thirty-five co-eds, of which "Ruth" leads the list with "Florence" a close second. "Mary", "Helen", "Elizabeth", "Margaret", "Vivian", "Dorothy", "Mae" and "Marjorie" are all well represented. Among some of the unusual names are: "DeLaurus", "Lovedy", "Izelda", "Roma", "Faye", "Vena", "Ila", "Purla", "Morella", "Vila" and "Verena". "Mae" and "Ila" are the shortest names, while six nine letter names contest for first place in the longest name contest.

History is the most liked study, Music comes second and Latin third. English and French are considered to be the easiest, with History a close second. On the other hand, Mathematics pulls the most votes and History second as disliked subjects, and Mathematics is also considered to be the hardest with History second.

The majority of girls favor basketball as an all around sport. Swimming seems to be the next in popularity. Faculty cheer up! (especially the English Department). Most of the girls this year enjoy reading during their leisure hours. It's their favorite hobby. However, there are girls who indulge in everything from collecting poems, stamps and insects to dishwashing, cooking and caring for a family. (Boys take note.)

Here's more work for the Educational Department. Thirty-eight girls are wild about teaching. Various others tell the truth, and express their ambitions to be: head of a kindergarten department, Y. M. C. A. secretary, graduated and given a position, something different. One girl craves a home of her own. Only two desire a college education.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We'll pick on the boys next week.



# THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## Collegiate Sam Says:

It's better to be thin-skinned than thick-headed. . . . the coconut may be filled with the milk of human kindness, but it's the banana peel that slips things across!

## THE SUNDAY MORNING FLY

*Have you ever imagined how things might be, had Adam not succumbed to temptation? After countless unsuccessful efforts to sleep overtime on Sunday mornings because of the attentions of one lone fly, I've come to wonder about and ponder over the condition of this world without the Sunday Morning Fly.*

*According to tradition every family has one member who turns out to be "The Black Sheep". Mr. Fly's family was no exception. And I'm sure that this fly who became the progenitor of uncountable numbers of Sunday Morning flies, started his malicious work the first Sunday morning Adam and Eve spent outside of Eden. Undoubtedly they planned to sleep late because they must have been tired after a week of hard work. (You know S. M. flies are born with a finer technique of teasing and a greater dodging ability than ordinary flies.) So this black sheep fly started his work about six thirty that first Sunday morning outside of the garden, and his descendants have been hard at it ever since.*

*Seriously though, haven't you nearly knocked your nose out of joint, and almost lost your good disposition trying to keep a fly from whizzing up your nose or investigating the condition of your teeth, on a Sunday morning after you had declared the night before your intention to sleep a while longer than usual?*

*May we attach a moral to this little story? If you want to leave college with friends, popularity and self respect, do not be the "Sunday Morning Fly" type of roommate and classmate. BE CONSIDERATE.*

## CLASS TENNIS

The eliminations for class tennis doubles are being played this week.

The weather has been excellent for tennis and the students seem to be making the best of it.

The class series will start Tuesday. Seniors versus High School, and Sophs versus Frosh.

## CORRECTION

One of the errors in last week's issue of the STAR is crying for correction. Erma Meade Chappell's baby weighs TEN pounds.

Starting at the top would be great—except that there's no place to climb but Down.

## Alumni News

211 Willow Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.  
September 29, 1931

Alumni Editor,  
Houghton, N. Y.

Dear Sir (madame or what have you?)—

Just a note to tell you that your first issue of the STAR for the year was just like a letter from home. And so full of news! Here's hoping you can keep up the good work.

The whole family feels somewhat exiled out here—tho there's no lack of things to do—and so appreciate hearing thru the STAR or otherwise from our good Houghton friends. We're praying for the success of Houghton College and all who are bearing the responsibilities of the work.

Bien a vous,  
P. E. Woolsey.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We couldn't resist printing your letter Prof. Woolsey. We took your permission for granted and will feel forgiven if you'll write again.—R. B.

## Junior Faculty Club Holds First Meeting

The first meeting of the Junior Faculty Club was held at the home of Miss M. Belle Moses Jr. simultaneously with the meeting of the Anna Houghton Daughters. Miss Moses Jr. and Mrs. Luckey Jr. had quite a time straightening things out after the summer vacation. Finally we decided to welcome our new members formally but we found that they had already made themselves at home so it was unnecessary. We voted to have committees as soon as we could find out who was to be on them. The appointments will be made privately. Miss Moses furnished the best part of the entertainment when she brought out the refreshments which had been donated for the occasion. We are looking forward to a happy and busy year and we ask all the members to cooperate in making it the best we have ever had.

## Anna Houghton Daughters Elects New Committees

The Anna Houghton Daughters have opened the season with plenty of plans to keep them busy in loving service for the whole year.

Mrs. Moses led the devotions. The Sunshine Committee reported letters, gifts and flowers sent to Helen and Price for their bon voyage to Africa. Plans are under way to help the needy in our own locality this winter and Santa Claus will have many busy hands to assist him this winter.

The following committees have been elected to service.

Social Committee: Mrs. Edith Lee, Mrs. J. S. Luckey, Mrs. M. J. Pryor, Mrs. Claude Ries, Mrs. Fred Ebner.

Entertainment Committee: Miss Frieda Gillette, Miss Gertrude Brockett, Miss Ella Hillpot.

Sunshine Committee: Mrs. Isabelle Fancher, Miss Maud Gifford, Miss Belle Moses.

Reporter: Miss Bertha Rothermel.

Refreshment were served by the acting hostesses: Mrs. Moses, Miss Belle Moses and Mrs. Bowen.

## Local News

Edith Stearns went to Black Creek to help in the services Sunday.

Marion Hewitt was a visitor in Ithaca over the week-end.

Magdaline Murphy was a visitor in Dalton over the week-end.

Professor Sicard spent the week-end at his home in Falconer.

Professor LeVay Fancher has been in Ithaca the past week.

Jean Trout was a visitor at Rushford and Ruth Russel at Scio over the week-end.

Mrs. Young and Mae, accompanied by Miss Fillmore, Miss Burnell and Miss Rothermel were in Olean and Rock City Saturday.

Miss Roberta Molyneux left this week for Ithaca where she will study at Cornell University.

Mrs. Lee spent the week-end in Cattaraugus where she attended the funeral of Mr. Ernest Houghton.

President and Mrs. Luckey and Professor and Mrs. Stanley Wright attended the funeral of Mr. Houghton Saturday.

Bernice Davie, Ruth West and Ruth Lawrence accompanied Elizabeth McFarlane to her home at Cinncinnatus over the week-end.

Kathryn Johnson, Luciel Wilson, Addie Belle Bever, DeLaurus Brink, Christine VanHosen and Helen Baker spent the week-ends in their various homes.

## High School Notes

They say honest confession is good for the soul, therefore we are wondering if last year's Senior class are not the least bit homesick. Although they appear quite shy and try to high-hat us, they are caught occasionally lounging in the rooms, tinkering with the piano in the study hall or else having a conference with Mrs. Bowen. We are glad to see them and to know that in the delight of being a "greenie" they have not forgotten us. The "Welcome" mat will always be out for you '31; so come often.

"Now you may read." This was most dreaded greeting in Mrs. Bowen's Cicero class Tuesday morning when they had as their distinguished guest, President Luckey. Everyone trembled as one would cease reading for fear they would be called upon next, and then the sigh of relief was so great that Cicero's famous words were scarcely audible. The members of that fated class were delighted that the President was such a popular man, because he did not prolong his stay and although they considered his visit an honor they wish him to postpone his next coming until Cicero and his friends are better acquainted.

This is the first time that we the high school students, who are in the Geometry Review class have seen the College Seniors actually scared. Quite a number of them are getting a fling at teaching and they don't act as if they enjoy it. Their white faces stare at us out of the gathering gloom, their knees knock together so that it bothers our thinking, and their fingers tremble in such a manner that their figures on the board are really pathetic. Why should they be scared?

## Library's Sphere of Service Widened

The College library has recently been chartered by the state and now is open to all residents of Houghton and vicinity under the same regulations as other public libraries. Books and magazines may be borrowed for a period of two weeks. Children attending the grade school are especially invited on Saturday morning of each week. They may, however, come at any time.

A few new books of popular interest have arrived and more will follow from time to time.

"The Silver Trumpet" by Ingles is a very interesting story of college life.

"Barberry Lane" by Bassett is the story of three girls who lived together on the Gillett-Rork plan and, like them, had many entangling alliances.

"Economic Life in Russia" by C. H. Hoover will interest those who are seeking to understand this semi-barbarian country which has so suddenly leaped to the front as a leader in economic thought.

"With Christ in Deeper Lessons" by Huffman is a helpful book which will be doubly enjoyed by those who remember the author's visit as Evangelist last year.

"Seven Thousand Emeralds" by Lauback is an interesting account of mission work in the Philippines.

"God in the Slums" by Redwood is recommended by S. Parkes Cadman as an excellent book for Christian workers.

"The Deerslayer" by Cooper appears in a new beautifully illustrated edition which should appeal to all high school students.

"Boy Campers" gives advice on all points which the boy planning a trip must consider.

"Parties" is a general name under which are catalogued a series of new booklets which give suggestions for games, decorations, costumes, etc. helpful in planning class affairs.

There are more but we will leave them until next week.

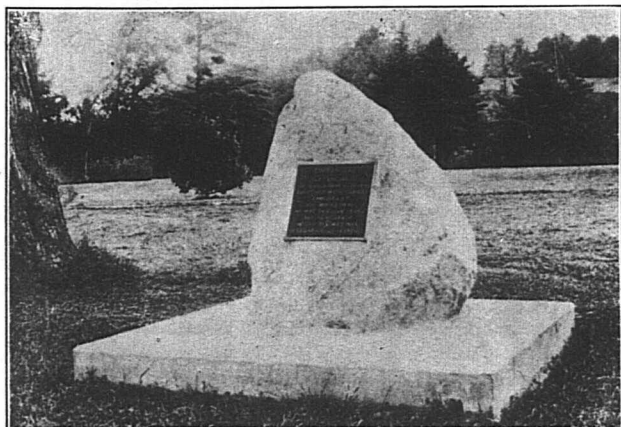
—Librarian.

You can always tell a Senior,  
He's so sedately dressed;  
You can always tell a Junior,  
By the way he throws out his chest;

You can always tell a Sophomore,  
By his queer ways and such;  
You can always tell a Freshman,  
But you cannot tell him much.

We who should be, are not. Cheer up Seniors, our bark is worse than our bite. Remember, experience is the best teacher.

"Get Out and Get Under the Moon." This was the theme song of the Physical Geography class Tuesday evening after services, as they gathered to inspect the redeeming features of the man in the moon. The night air was real cool, and the grass was wet with dew, but that did not dampen the spirits of the class as they tramped to and fro, peeking through the telescope. After a short time, Prof. Tucker, noticing that something was wrong, came to the conclusion that the class was all "moonstruck." Therefore he dismissed the class and sent them all home. To say the least, it must have been thrilling to study one of our heavenly bodies.



## The Boulder

## Know Your Campus

"Well, come to think of it, I don't know as I have seen anything of the old fellow for a few days, sure enough."

"I haven't seen him since last Thursday. Someone said he's been pretty sick. Maybe we had better see if anything has happened to him."

Rapidly the two men approached the wigwam-hut. No one was in sight; there was no smoke issuing from the peak. They pounded around a bit, then entered. There lay Copperhead, face downward and hands outstretched and blistered in day-old ashes on the floor. He had fallen with face toward the rising sun.

No, this was not yesterday, but March 22, 1864. But what is it all about? Copperhead, "The Last of the Senecas," lived and died in his hut under the pines. You know where the road crosses the ravine near Professor Allen Baker's home? On the opposite side of the ravine and about twenty feet from the middle of the road, there stood the hut, and there they found him.

As soon as the Houghton community learned that the familiar figure was no more to be among them, they began to prepare for his burial. Someone started for Cattaraugus to bring back some of the Seneca Indians that the dead might be buried in true Indian fashion. Truman Hall was engaged to make a box for the burial. (Mr. Hall was our own Frances Hall's great-grandfather, and he lived on the present "Stebbins Farm.") In due time the Indians arrived, and Copperhead was buried on the spot where he had lived and died. His brothers cast into the grave the articles that they thought he would need in "The Happy Hunting Ground". A long and interesting life had come to an end.

Many years passed by. The little stream in the ravine kept eating away at the bank, and the Indian's grave was in danger. For years the people of Houghton had considered moving it to a safe place. Then, to quote the first issue of THE BOULDER: "On June 10, 1914, largely through the efforts of Professor Smith, Copperhead's body was removed from its grave, which was in danger from the action of the little stream running through the ravine near the campground, and with appropriate exercises was re-interred in its present location. A little later through the generosity of Mr. Leonard Houghton, a boulder with a suitable plate was placed over the grave."

"And that, my children," is how "The Boulder" came to have a place on our campus. It was placed there in the Fall of 1914, being brought

there from its long home "away up Houghton Creek."

"But just who was this old Copperhead, anyway?"

"No, no, my children, it is time now for you to skip off to bed!"

Once upon the hills about us,  
Where the farmers' fields are spread-

ing,  
Lived a tribe that were our brothers,  
But we fought them, and we slew

them,  
With the knife and plague we slew

them,  
With our higher culture killed them.

Knowing not they were our kindred.  
When we saw them fall around us  
We beheld they were our brothers,  
Rushed and tried to staunch their

bleeding,  
Ran and tried to ease their dying,  
But their souls were loath to linger  
And they sped to the Hereafter.

Last of all their braves to perish  
Was one, Copperhead, the councillor.

Long his wigwam on our campus  
Stood beneath the fragrant pine trees  
Close beside the house named for

them  
Where the Edge Road meets the

Campground.  
Copperhead grew old and feeble,  
Called his many friends about him,  
Told them when his spirit vanished

They should lay him where his tepee.  
Through his life his only shelter,  
Stood beneath the fragrant pine trees,  
Stood beside the dusty Edge Road

Years had gone when a young stu-

dent,  
Eager seeking after knowledge,  
Searching in a flood-eroded

Spot somewhere upon our campus,  
Found the bones that once were

buried,  
Found and there upon he wondered  
It was spring along the valley,  
In the spring of the Great Tumult

When the Serbs were on the warpath  
In the lands across the waters.  
Deep between two budding chestnuts,  
There the white man for the red man

Dug a new and spacious dwelling.  
Summer passed and gallant Autumn  
With her many-colored vesture  
Was spreading out her mantle

On the hillside and the meadow,  
When Professor Smith, the teacher,  
The beloved of all the students,  
Found the rock we call the Boulder.

Somewhere in the hills he found it  
Hidden from the eyes of others,  
'Til he led some strong men to it  
With a team of sturdy horses.

Then triumphantly they bore it  
To the place where it is resting,  
Set the copper plate upon it  
In the midst of ceremony.

Go and read, ye careless students,  
And think well on the inscription.  
There is more behind the wording  
Than at first will meet the eye.

—W. L. Z.

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Tired Guide—The glaciers brought them down.

"But where are the glaciers?"

"They've gone back after more rocks."—Stray Stories.

Joe—"I ain't got no work since de company has went broke."

Jim—"Say, don't you know the King's English?"

Joe—"Sure, and so is de Prince of Wales."

Teacher: "Johnny, if the President, Vice-President and all the Cabinet members should die, who then would officiate?"

Johnny (after some hesitation): "The undertaker."

—Youth's Companion.

A visitor approaching an insane asylum beheld a man dangling a piece of string with a stick attached over a flower bed. The visitor, wishing to be friendly, asked:

"How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth one," answered the crazy man.

Pretty girl's father: Young man, if you think you can court my daughter without my permission you're acting on the wrong principle.

Young Banker: But I'm not acting on principal, sir, I'm acting on interest.

Policeman (aside to young lady): It is my duty to warn you that that young man may not be quite what you thought he was.

Young Woman: I'm quite aware of that—he's my husband.

Students browse through volumes thick,

Seeking knowledge thar;

But when they want a great big kick,  
They read the HOUGHTON STAR.

#### Meetings

(Continued from Page One)

600 times. In this portion of Scripture, Jesus invites those who are weighed down by the burden of sin to come for forgiveness, and those who are in need of cleansing to come and He will give rest. Sin is moral insanity. It is a burden in this world; it is a burden in the hour and article of death; and it is a burden throughout eternity. Sin continually lowers an individual. But the Christ of Calvary, the Christ of "The Old Rugged Cross", will lift the sin burden for those who let Him.

#### MONDAY EVENING

Monday evening, Rev. Bennard preached on "The Essential Baptism of the Bible." The theme of the Bible is sin and holiness. The Book treats on full deliverance from sin. John the Baptist came preaching this deliverance for those who repented thoroughly. His preaching was the first ray of light and the first message days of Malachi four hundred years from God to the people since the

before, for God had ceased to speak to the people for they had come to the place where they refused to hear His voice. It is a sad thing to get to the place where we do not hear the voice of God.

This world is dying to see real Christians. It is in need of an old-fashioned revival today.

All classes of people came to John, but he had only one message for everyone, that of repentance before baptism, pointing to the Christ who was to increase as he decreased. John's baptism was with water, but there came the mighty Christ whom he also baptized in the Jordan, who baptizes with the Holy Ghost, purifying from every sin. Water baptism is the outward symbol of cleansing, while Spirit baptism is the real cleansing agency. This baptism with the Holy Spirit is the essential baptism of the Bible.

#### TUESDAY EVENING

The fifth service of our revival meetings was a very inspiring service. After a song service we were led in prayer by Prof. C. A. Ries. Then a quartet composed of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ebner, Gracia Fero and Albert Roth sang, "O, Make Me Clean". The scripture was read from I John 1 and the text was taken from I John 1:8-9, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." This text is a double one dealing with both Pardon and Purity. Brother Bennard said that the reason why so few people are forgiven is because they do not confess and forsake their sins. He then gave us the following love pictures of God: "He will turn again, he will have compassion upon, and he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Micah 7:19; "Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Isaiah 38:17; "As far as the east is removed from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Psalms 103:12; "I, even I, am he that blot out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Isaiah 43:25.

#### WEDNESDAY EVENING

Wednesday night's service was opened with uplifting song service with Malcolm Cronk as leader. During this service Bro. Bennard taught us an inspiring little chorus.

The message of the evening was from the text II Kings 5:14: "Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again, like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." This is connected with the narrative—the heal and cleansing of Naaman.

Bro. Bennard brought out from this narrative how a man can be perfectly good as far as the world looks at him, and yet unless he is born again, he is not a Christian. Pride keeps many from acknowledging that they need God. We must humble ourselves in order to get God in our lives.

In obedience to the command of God, Naaman went to the river Jordan and dipped seven times. After the seventh dip, he was a new man in health and soul.

What leprosy is to the body, sin is to the soul. The shed blood of Jesus is the only remedy.

## "Teacher" Travels Abroad

### NEW YORK TO NAPLES

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" Yes, and more than that! On the 19th of June, last, I was one of some thousand or more passengers who walked bravely down the dock of the Navigazione Generale Italiana, across the gangplank, and on to the good ship *Roma* which was to carry me safely across the sea to Naples. But it was not all so simple or unexciting as all that. There was baggage to be seen to, steamship tickets to be verified, a passport to be stamped, a deck chair and a place in the dining room to be procured, and other odds and ends to be done before I finally walked up on deck to watch our departure.

There is great excitement when a ship leaves. For me, who had said my goodbyes some days and hours before, it was rather interesting to watch the other passengers. Some were calm, others uncertain as to how to act, and still others were wildly hysterical as they waved to the friends who crowded the dock to its capacity. I, too, wondered, if I really were going to have the pluck to stay on that boat and watch land fade away. Never shall I forget that parting scene. Just as the gangplanks were being taken up and anchor weighed, a woman standing near me on the deck, burst into hysterical sobbing and called to her husband on the pier. "Oh, Henry, I left my back-gammon board at home!" Why do some people go to Europe, anyway?

But it was a majestic sight to see that boat glide slowly out of dock, turn out in the Hudson River, and then start on its way toward the open sea. It was early evening, clear as crystal, and the skyline of New York stood out against a gleaming sky, presenting to the world the concrete evidence of the greatest civilization the world has yet seen. Slowly but surely, the pilot boat guided us down the Hudson, past the Statue of Liberty, past Staten Island and Sandy Hook. At last we were out of sight of land, bound on a glorious adventure, the first part of which was initiation into the excitement of ocean travel.

An ocean liner is like a floating city. It carries with it practically all the comforts and conveniences of modern city life. It has its radio,

publishes its own newspaper, has its church services on Sunday, its concerts, its sports, its movies and parties. I didn't do anything more exciting than sit in my deck chair and read, sleep and eat, unless it was to slip through to first class where they had sandwiches in addition to the cakes we had in second class for tea!

The *Roma* took a southerly route via the Strait of Gibraltar through the Mediterranean to Naples. We sailed on Friday, and Wednesday night, late, on deck, we were able to make out the lights of the Azores Islands. But we passed them during the night, so that not until Friday morning did we sight land along the southern coast of Portugal and Spain. At noon we dropped anchor outside the historic harbor of Gibraltar.

Gibraltar is an amazing sight. Until one has seen it, one does not and cannot realize how imposing it is. There it stands in all its rugged grandeur,—so huge that the rather sizable settlement at its base looks insignificant. And, too, no less interesting were the queer peddlers who came out in their rowboats to sell the passengers various sorts of articles. My first real glimpse of the Old World was very satisfying.

Sunday we stopped at Palermo in Sicily, and spent an uncomfortably hot and stuffy half-hour getting into the tender which should take us into the harbor. We had ample time to see the Cathedral which is the conglomerate result of many periods of architecture, the Capella in the Pa-

lazzo Reale and then to drive up to the beautiful Monreale where is one of the most famous monasteries in the world with its beautiful cloister and garden. Oh, it was fun to sit out at the funny little tables in crooked bumpy streets and eat lemon ice while all about me the long-suffering donkey drew gaily-decorated carts or carried heavy burdens.

From Palermo to Naples was a night's journey, and when I awoke the following morning we were nearly in dock in the beautiful bay of Naples. I had arrived!

—E. E. Noss.

(Continued next week)

## Baseball Comments

The first baseball game having been postponed until next Monday makes us all the more anxious as to the outcome of the Purple-Gold series.

The Purple has won for the last several years, so it is time for the tables to be turned.

If the result of the new student-old student game means anything, it means that there is some usable material in the Frosh class for both sides.

The Gold received Parry and VanOrnum, while the Purple received such men as Rork, Peckam, and Smith.

Farnsworth and Peckam will probably hurl for the Purple, while Flint and Parry will occupy the mound for the Gold.

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