

THE HOUGHTON STAR

FRESHMAN ISSUE

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HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., APRIL 17, 1931

NUMBER 23

Keuka Glee Club Visits Houghton

Japanese Soloist Features on Concert Program

On April 11, Houghton College and its friends enjoyed the delightful privilege of hearing a program given by the girls from Keuka College.

The whole program was well balanced and the rendition of each number was appreciated by the audience. "Air" by J. S. Bach, which was hummed showed particularly the beautiful blending of voices and the results of training in soft effects.

The soloist of the first part sang with a very pleasing voice and manner. The selections sung by twelve of the glee club lent a light and jolly air to part one of the program.

The first group of part two was very well interpreted, and some pleasing effects of blending were obtained on the humming parts.

Miss Tashiro presented a unique figure in her native Japanese costume. Her piano solos were well rendered and she showed excellent touch and a deep interest in music.

Each number of the next group of selections was cleverly introduced by Miss MacQueen. This added a touch of more personal feeling to the program.

The last number, "Listen to the Lambs" by Dett, which had been looked forward to so eagerly by many was certainly a fine closing number, for it left us wanting to hear more. We are sure that the Men's Glee Club of Houghton College made a good choice when they exchanged concerts with Keuka.

PROGRAM

Part I

The Smiling Dawn *Handel*
"Air" by J. S. Bach
Arranged by Dennis Taylor *Leoni*
Tally-Ho!

Glee Club

Life *Curran*
In the Luxembourg Garden
Paris

from "Sketches of Paris" Manning
Miss Vanderhoof

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ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES RENEWED WITH VIM

The beautiful warm days have assured us that Spring has at last come to stay. The warm sun has brought many of Houghton's track and field stars to light. The javelin, discus, and shot put have been in use most of the time. Even the horse shoes have been in use daily. The track and jumping pits are being repaired by the Freshmen men under the supervision of the upperclassmen.

The tennis spirit also has been aroused. The class championship in tennis, which was unable to be played last fall will be under way after a short period of practice. The championship rests between the Sophomores and Seniors. The Sophs are represented by Flint and Mein, while

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Junior Faculty Club Convenes

Faculty Women Impersonated

Last Friday, the Junior Faculty Club members held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Luckey Jr. After the opening business had been concluded, Mrs. Steese Jr. sang "I Love You Truly." At about the third line she was overcome with emotion. Perhaps the strain to which she has been recently subjected would explain this phenomenon. Mrs. Bowen Jr. then arose and gave a report of the recent board meetings concerning the projected dormitory. She also presented the assembled members with blue prints of the proposed building. After this, Miss Hillpot Jr. drummed a solo entitled, "Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Tucky Home," on the table. It is interesting to note that Miss Hillpot Jr. comes from New England. Miss Moses Jr. gave her report on the library and the general condition of association during Easter Vacation. Miss Fancher Jr. was to have spoken but she was unavoidably detained. We hope to have a mental telepathy machine installed soon so that our bashful members can speak while they remain at a prudent distance. After the program Mrs. Kreckman Jr. gave us a great deal of news. Everybody looked for refreshments but after a while someone moved we adjourn, and we went home to eat.

[Editor's Note: While secret societies are not allowed in Houghton there is some mystery concerning this society. Are these actual juniors or are they clever impersonations?]

CLASS OF '28 HOLDS REUNION, APRIL 11

Saturday, April 11th, was another day to be long remembered by the members of the Class of '28, who had the privilege of returning to dear "Old Houghton" and enjoying a real lively get-together.

At 5 o'clock, they arrived at the music Studio, High School building, where a lovely three course dinner was served. There were 21 present: 13 members of the class, 5 honorary members and 3 guests. Everyone was sorry that the other eight who had accepted the invitation could not be present. The members living at a distance were remembered through letters read, as a message was received from practically every member.

At 8:15 the class as a group attended the Keuka College Glee Club Concert and then returned and completed the events of the evening.

Everyone had a delightful time. The absent ones were missed, but all the group departed with the anticipation of a complete reunion in the near future.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation to the Faculty for their beautiful floral tribute given at the funeral of Mr. H. R. Barnett.

Mrs. H. R. Barnett and Sons.



VOCAL INSTRUCTOR CHANGES NAME

On Good Friday, April 3, another Houghtonite made her association "mean something". "Zimmie" certainly surprised us.

In the beautiful Sage Chapel at Cornell University, Ruth Zimmerman, Vocal Instructor, became the wife of Paul Steese. Miss Zimmerman was attended by Rachel Davison and Mr. Steese by Professor LaVay Fancher. Mrs. Fancher was a guest. They were united in marriage by Dr. Coman, Pastor of the First Methodist Church of Ithaca.

Mr. and Mrs. Steese have our best wishes for a long and happy voyage on the sea of matrimony.

PRIZE OFFERED BY THE GERMAN CLUB

The second meeting of the German Club was held Friday afternoon April 10. The meeting was opened by devotionals conducted by Professor Fancher.

The time was spent in singing German songs and working a German cross-word puzzle. Mr. Ebner told us something of the ideas which Germans have concerning us Americans and related a story to us in German which was very interesting.

The club is conducting a contest in which all German students are invited to participate. This is for the purpose of naming our club, the name of course must be German. All suggestions are to be submitted to the chairman of the research committee, Mr. Ebner, sometime before May 1. A prize is to be offered.

We hope that in the future more will attend the club. We aim to have something worthwhile for you and if you are a German student you have something for us.

W. C. T. U. MEETS WITH MRS. EYLER

Friday afternoon, April 3, the local W. C. T. U. met at the home of Mrs. Eyler. There were only a few present, due to the absence of many for the Easter vacation. Those attending were much interested in the program on "Narcotics" and especially enjoyed the talk and reminiscences of Rev. F. H. Wright. He told many interesting things concerning a convention, which he attended 30 years ago. Here he had the privilege of becoming acquainted with and hearing the discussion by the noted Susan B. Anthony and Frances Willard. What a privilege it is to know such women and what an inspiration their lives and works furnish the wo-

Boulders Dedicated; To Whom?

New Boulder Dedicatee Unknown

The seven Boulders which have been published by the Junior classes of Houghton College and Seminary have been fittingly dedicated to six men and one woman. These seven people have been powerful friends to Houghton.

The 1924 Boulder was dedicated to Professor Henry R. Smith, who had been head of the English Department and who was to have been head of the English Department in the newly chartered college. He, in words of the dedication, "in humble service ever followed the gleam and by simple faith caught a vision of a city not made by hands." God called him to his reward in the year 1923.

President James S. Luckey was chosen as the Dedicatee of the 1925 Boulder. President Luckey is today the great help and inspiration of the students of Houghton College. He "by simple trust in a personal God saw his vision become a reality in a chartered Houghton College; and who her first President, is a living exponent of the service he teaches."

Mrs. Bowen stands alone as the representative of the feminine gender in this series of dedications. Mrs. Bowen has been the Principal of Houghton Seminary for many years and has by her unflinching devotion to its best interests become a worthy example to those who shall follow in her footsteps.

EXPRESSION CLUB GIVES LATIN PROGRAM

On Monday night, the Latin Department, under supervision of Miss Noss, presented a program at Expression Club. The rather unique offering consisted of two distinct parts. The first told the Crucifixion and Resurrection Story and was made up of readings from the Latin Vulgate Bible and Latin Passion and Easter hymns. The reading was done by Miss Velma Harbeck and Miss Christine VanHoesen, while the hymns were sung by a quartette consisting of the Misses Evangeline Clarke, Aura Matott, Olive Benning and Margaret DeGross.

The second half of the program was a dramatization of the tragic love story of Pyramus and Thisbe. The parts were taken by Charles Moon as Pyramus, Kathryn Johnson as Thisbe, and Howard Pasel, as the lion, unwittingly bringing a tragic ending to the romance. The program was brought to a close with Miss Isabel Hawn singing two familiar ballads in Latin: "Anna Laurens" and "Ad Coeliam".

Much credit is due to those taking part in the program and also to Misses Mildred Hunt and Theda Thomas for their aid in making the necessary preparations.

men in the great Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Church Votes For Tabernacle

Church Committee to Work Out Minor Details

On Monday evening, April 13, at 7:30, members of the church and community met at the church building to hear the report of the building committee, and to decide what is to be done about providing better and larger church facilities. The committee submitted two propositions, one for enlarging the present building, and one for constructing a new one after the tabernacle style. The second was almost unanimously adopted. The committee was further empowered to put on a financial campaign, and upon the completion of that campaign to make specific plans for the new structure.

In the Monday night meeting, the views of at least three definite groups were presented. Those who chose to repair the old church felt that this would leave the way open for a better and more permanent church, when such a building could be constructed sometime in the future. Some believed that a campaign should be put on now for sufficient funds to build a beautiful Gothic structure, while the majority held that repairs on the old church would be wasted money, and likewise that Houghton cannot afford at the present time, nor probably at any future time, an expensive Gothic edifice. Further, this group expressed the conviction that God is not pleased to have too much money spent for our own gratification and pride, when the world is in such need of the gospel.

The meeting was characterized by a spirit of cooperation, by enthusiasm for the new building, and by the conviction that the sufficient funds can and will be raised.

The Committee and members of the church feel that there should be much prayer concerning this new departure that the money may be given that ought to go into the project, and that the whole will of God may be done throughout.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB SINGS AT CASTLE

At six o'clock last Sunday evening, Miss Zimmerman's troop of warblers, decked in their white skirts and sweaters, set out for their first touring concert.

An appreciative audience was gathered in the Baptist church in Castile, among them many Houghtonites who had come to support the Glee Club.

After a congregational number and prayer by Rev. Frank Wright, the Club sang "Unfold Ye Portals" and "My Creed". Lucile Crowell followed with a solo entitled "The Perfect Prayer." "St. John, the Aged" was given by Inez Huffington as a reading. "Goin' Home" and "Listen to the Lambs" were in the next group sung by the Glee Club after which Edith Stearns sang a solo. Miss

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

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EDITORIAL

In order to establish a precedent which other first year classes will have to observe, the Freshman class has voted to take care of the tennis courts, track, and jumping pits. This is not an attempt to strap further rules and duties upon future Freshman classes, but it is an effort to provide definite, organized care for these three parts of the athletic field.

Freshmen, before long you will be asked to help care for these departments. Some of you have already been asked to "lend a hand", and if we should judge from results, we would say that the unemployment situation doesn't bother a great number of people. When you are invited to help, undoubtedly you will be able to think of a number of excuses and reasons why you should not be called upon to help put this job across. It will be more pleasant to play tennis than to roll the courts; it will be more fun to use the track and jumping pits than to put them in condition. But, Frosh, you voted unanimously to take care of them. You went into it with your eyes open; now it's up to you to make good. Forget your excuses; work! You'll find that a good excuse is worse than none.

SAYINGS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY

- "Isn't that beautiful?" —President Luckey.
- "I'm constrained to believe." —F. Gillette.
- "For such as are chewing gum." —J. Rickard.
- "But—listen—." —B. Fancher.
- "You haven't got permission." —A. Fillmore.
- "Of course, I suspect Freshmen never do that in Houghton." —L. A. King.
- "A novel situation." —F. Wright.

BLOWING THE CANDLES FOR--

- Foster Benjamin—April 9
- Cyril Little—April 11
- Jessie Robinson—April 13
- Roma Lapham—April 15

- "As I started to say an hour ago." —S. Wright
- "Snap the diaphragm." —B. Rothermel
- "As far as that's concerned." —D. Burnell.
- "Oh! oh!" —E. Noss.

ALUMNI NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Stuggart, Miss Helen Kellogg and Mr. Peck spent a few days at Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Kellogg's recently.

Mr. George Page and Miss Dorothy Bacon, both of Elmira, N. Y., were married on Easter Sunday, April 5.

Born on April 1, at the Country Community Hospital at Glen Cove, L. I., to Professor and Mrs. R. W. Hazlett, a son, Francis Ray.

Born on April 3, at Tompkins Cove, New York, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bernhoft, a son, Robert Arthur.

Curtis Woodhead Dies

We extend our most sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodhead on account of the death of their son, Curtis, who died at his home in Olean, N. Y. Wednesday morning.

Keuka Glee Club Concert

(Continued from Page One)

Elfin Dance	Grieg
Snow	Elgar
Sea of Stars	Hungarian Folk Song
The Sleighride	Russian Folk Song
Twelve Girls	
A Slumber Song of the Madonna	Head
Miss Vanderhoof	
The Last Song	Rogers
Glee Club	
Part II	
Folk Songs:	
The Cheerful Heart	Bohemian
Down in the Valley	
Kentucky Mountain	
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	Scottish
All Through the Night	Welsh
Glee Club	
Tone Poems from suite "Oto No Nagare"	Yamada
Etude Op. 25	Chopin
Miss Tashiro	
Remorse	Marjorie Broughton
Thumb Marks	John Barnes Wells
The Organ	Marjorie Broughton
I Dunno	
Two Little Magpies	John Barnes Wells
Glee Club	
Listen To the Lambs	Dett
Glee Club	
Alma Mater	

Girls' Glee Club

(Continued from Page One)

Maxine Morgan played two numbers on her violin; this was followed by a final group from the club. "O Love that will not let me go," and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from "Messiah."

After the program the Glee Club and the visitors from Houghton were the guests of the Castile Baptist Church at a light luncheon.

Athletic Activities Renewed

(Continued from Page One)

the Seniors are represented by Gross and Marvin. Some of the tennis stars have been practicing in the gymnasium, and it will not be long before they are in fine shape again.

Many of the baseball players are limbering up. Although the Purple and Gold baseball series was played last fall, it is hopeful that some games will be played this Spring. The new student—old student games of last fall resulted in each team securing one victory. It would be appropriate to play the third game if both teams are as willing to do so as the Freshies seem to be.

★ Star Dust ★

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Gage and Mrs. Will Rider of Buffalo visited the Misses Norma and Blanche Gage Sunday.

Frances Powers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Powers, fell Monday while playing at grade school and broke her collar bone.

Mr. Glenn Wright of Chazy, N. Y. is spending a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wright.

Margaret Lewis, Gladys Jewell, Virginia Simpson and Elsie Congdon were "late-comers" to school after vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Crandall and sons, Jack and Billy, returned recently from a trip to Virginia and Ohio.

Mr. George Ruck and mother of Seaford, Long Island, visited Mrs. Inez Young and daughter, Mae, during vacation.

The Boulder Staff went to Rochester Thursday to the Du Bois Press to observe the printing of the 1931 publication.

Mme. Du Frosh's Beauty Hints

Solid Geometry Case I
Given: Soph beauty experts and three "green" heads of hair.
To prove: That hair will grow on shaven blocks.

Proof: Hold everything! Gaze upon the living examples—Hume, Kotz, and Benjamin—with their thicker and curlier new spring crop.

Since Gordy has acquired new dental fixtures, he hopes to be able to sink his teeth into a good, juicy steak.

Boulder Dedicatees

(Continued from Page One)

In 1927 the Boulder was dedicated to the son of Houghton's founder—Leonard F. Houghton. Mr. Houghton has been a steadfast friend and loyal supporter of Houghton all his life. Thus was the dedication doubly fitting. First, to the son of Willard J. Houghton; second, to her loyal supporter.

The 1928 dedication reads as follows and I think is complete in itself.

To
John S. Willett
First graduate of Houghton
Always its friend
Minister and publisher for the Wesleyan Methodist Connection
Christian gentleman
This volume of the Boulder is respectfully dedicated.

Charles B. Whitaker, "whose years of quiet yet efficient and devoted service have shown us the true meaning of character," was the Dedicatee in 1929. These words still hold true in 1931.

The 1930 Boulder had an historical theme and was very properly dedicated to Willard J. Houghton, the father of Houghton. The Dedication: "To Willard J. Houghton whose defense of the faith by inspired ministry, reverent scholarship, and humble Christian character, we gratefully dedicate this historical volume of the Boulder.

The 1931 Boulder; — Who?

Hear Ye!



The Music Department of Houghton College has the honor to present Misses Lucile Crowell, Soprano, and Margaret Carter, pianist, in their Senior Recital, April 24th, Friday evening, at 8 p. m. The Public is most cordially invited to attend.

Monday night, April 20 will be the latest date for entrance into the College Chorus preparing for the June Cantata. Any students or people in the vicinity of Houghton are welcome to participate with us in this, one of Houghton's greatest activities. The hour for practice is from seven-thirty until eight-thirty.

Literary Frosh

THE EARLY THIRTIES

3rd Prize Essay

People say that life is full of unexpected happenings, but I never realized it until one Saturday morning when, after cleaning my room, I went to the attic to find a book mother had told me about. It was a dull, gloomy day and the rain fell pitter-patter, pitter-patter on the roof. After I had found my book, I loitered in the attic. The attic had always had a particular fascination for me, just as old books, old furniture, and old houses have. Our attic is a veritable fairy-land of old things, just as most family attics are. This is truer than ever since my grandmother came to live with us and stored her trunks and furniture in the attic. I had long promised myself a look at these things, and here was my opportunity. There was a picture of great-aunt Mary when she was a girl, a box of Christmas ornaments, a box of clothes ready to be sent to the mountain orphanage, and similar trinkets that can be found in almost any attic. "Well, I guess there's not much here I'd care to see; guess I'll go call Jean and ask her to go down town with me," were my thoughts as I turned to leave.

Then, I discovered it! What could it be doing here? How did that peculiar old thing get into our attic, and why did it have a key? Could it be grandmother's old trunk—the one she said held a memory of each momentous occasion in her life? I fairly flew across the attic, and with eager fingers turned the key and flung back the cover. A mixture of the fragrance of old roses and lavender greeted my senses. Grandmother's trunk it was!

On the very top lay a small album, somewhat like our own autograph albums of today. Opening it I found the words, "Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever." How expressive of former educational ideas. I thought of my "Freshman Cap" and all it symbolized of present day college life and education. Could anyone imagine my grandmother wearing it? What would she, who was educated at a seminary for young women, say to a young lady wearing such a piece of headgear? What would she say to college and co-education, anyway? I could not tell. Colleges for girls were scarce in her time; it was not considered proper or necessary to educate a girl too much. Housekeeping was her job anyway. Careers were unheard of, and any

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The Early Thirties

(Continued from Page Two)

girl who worked was considered a social outcast. A girl learned to cook, sew, paint a little, read French and her Bible. She would deem a modern girl bold and forward, but I wonder if after all we're not a great deal alike. I think we are, but let us get on to the other things in the trunk.

Next, I pulled out a tiny card, daintily made, and attached to a wide, cream-colored satin ribbon. What could this be? A dance programme. Did my grandmother go? Who was her escort? What did they dance, an old-fashioned minuet or a slow waltz? Oh, now I remember, she met grandfather at a dance. I'll wager it was at this one. Sure enough, for here's his name on the programme. So she liked fun too, and every dance taken; she surely wasn't a wall-flower! I wonder if this old trunk isn't going to prove that there is a great similarity between my grandmother's generation and my own. This tiny card seemed to signify that we both cared for the same things. Human nature doesn't change in one generation, and history repeats itself.

My curiosity was greatly aroused by a tiny box that I found next. I pushed a infinitesimal spring, and as the cover leaped back I found some very strange jewelry. What in the world could this be? Hair ornaments, of course. A pin, a ring, a bracelet, all made of hair. Strange ornaments aren't they, but they were considered very beautiful in my grandmother's time. I wonder what the girls at school would say if I wore them. Admire them very likely, but call them "funny, old things—so antique." Yet are those we wear any better; ten-cent pins, large bracelets, glass beads and huge rings? Even though they are not alike they satisfy the same longing for ornaments and pretty things that is born in each girl's heart. Are we after all so different from our grandmothers?

Pulling off the cover of a long slender box, I found some artificial curls. Just the thing for a masquerade! What strange ideas of beauty they had in those times, but are they any worse than ours? Did the girls of my grandmother's time look any more ridiculous with their powdered wigs and artificial curls than we look with our cheeks and lips rouged to a bright carmine, our eyebrows dark, and our hair permanently curled? I doubt it. From the days of Cleopatra, women have tried to make themselves more beautiful, but I am not so sure that one generation's ideas are any better than those of the preceding generations.

Here is a small, framed sampler done in the neatest fashion possible, and a fine knitted doily with a differently patterned edge. How hard grandmother must have worked on them. They were the occupation of her leisure hours. Can you see the modern girl sitting down to such a task? It would be impossible! She would be golfing, hiking, skating, or playing tennis. I often ponder over the question of whether grandmother would have liked to play games and take more exercise than she did. I think perhaps she would, but in her day walking was considered too strenuous exercise for a real lady. Poor grandmother! What a vast amount of fun she missed! I certainly have no desire to go back to the days of sampler making and croquet playing. She took many stitches and when she had finished she had perhaps a col-

ored picture; we play tennis for hour and when we have finished, what have we? A healthy body, a brown skin, and a sense of comradeship that nothing else can bring. Both have the satisfaction of a task well done. What more can we ask of this world or of life?

Next, I unearthed a large box, most curious looking box. What could it contain? Opening it, I found, of all things, a riding habit. A strange looking affair with a wide skirt. Could anyone ride a horse in such a garment? It seemed altogether impossible. "How dumb!" Of course ladies rode side-saddle then and not like we ride. I really don't see how they kept their balance. Long gloves and a riding whip completed the costume. Why had she kept this? Oh, yes, grandfather had proposed to her when they were out riding once. Probably that was the reason. Riding was one of their few means of transportation then. Now we ride for past-time only. The modern girl jumps into her car or airplane and dashes across the country in about one-sixth the time grandmother took.

What can this small box hold? More jewelry, perhaps, or letters. Sure enough; it's letters. Why—why, they are love letters. To grandmother from grandfather. Written in terms of deep respect, yet ardent love; not worded as those of today are but expressing the same idea. Truly, the world hasn't changed so much after all. I'd like to read them but I'd better not for they're not mine.

I thought I had come to the bottom of the trunk but there was still another thing. It was an old carved ivory chest. One of my grandmother's sister's, a missionary to China, had brought it to her. I lifted it with great care. Pulling back the cover, I faced a sea of cream-colored satin. I gasped. I had not remembered it as so beautiful. I lifted it with reverent hands. My grandmother's wedding gown. It was an old, but very beautiful, dress. It was tucked and shirred and flounced. Lace formed the cuffs and trimmed the skirt and neck. How beautiful my grandmother, with her brown hair and eyes, must have looked in it. I lifted a withered, but still fragrant, corsage. It was not flourished made but came from grandmother's own garden. A veil like a sea of mist lay at the very bottom of the chest. A beautiful thing that had been sent by her brother from England. What would the modern girl say to such an outfit? If she has a wedding gown, it is made with the greatest simplicity. No tucks or frills for her. It is not the fashion. Veils like this one are seldom seen even at the richest weddings. I wonder if the old-fashioned girl who was married with such pomp and ceremony was any happier than we are or do the clothes make any difference? I don't think they do. It is the character that dwells beneath the gown and the soul the bride possesses that makes her marriage venture a success or a failure.

Times and fashions change, new inventions are discovered, people change their ideas and opinions, but after all, the love of beauty, of truth, of justice, of gaiety and of happiness stay just the same. Romance never changes, and people go on choosing these things no matter what the fashion or the age. Are we then so fundamentally different from our grandmothers or even their grandmothers?

—L. J.

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Tales of a ★ Comet

Roma: Buster, I'm not accustomed to calling my chauffeur by his first name. What is your surname?

Buster: Darling.

Roma: Drive on, Buster.

Dick's reading lesson was about ships. He came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

Dick snickered.

"Barque," repeated the teacher sternly.

Dick sheepishly, "Bow-wow!"

Prof. Pryor: Can you give me an example of wasted energy?

Clair: Yes, sir, telling a hair raising story to a bald-headed man.

Peg L.: My father is a doctor so I can be sick for nothing.

B. Taylor: Well, my father's a preacher so I can be good for nothing.

Prof. Stan: Who originated the first geometrical proposition?

B. Joslyn: Noah.

Prof: How is that?

Bill: He constructed an arc.

Papa Kotz: Bobbie, why is it that you are always at the bottom of your class?

Bobbie: Oh, Dad! It doesn't make any difference; they teach the same things at both ends.

Central: Number, please?

Buster: Number? Woman, I put in my nickel and I want my chewing gum."

First Flea: "Have you been all over this leopard yet?"

Second Flea: "Now, I'm only hitting the high spots."

B. Farnsworth: Do you tink maybe dot I was - a - a descender from a monkey?

Vet. H.: Sure und de vay you ect, I tink you got a round trip ticket.

THE CALL OF A HORN

Vesper time in Chippcora was as peaceful and quiet an hour as could be desired by any lover of rest. The tiny village lay in the heart of the Catskills, nestled in a valley surrounded on all sides by huge mountains, protectingly towering over the group of houses below.

Standing by itself and sheltered by a cluster of maple trees, stood an old-fashioned red brick house. A wide veranda stretched across the front, and boxes of bright red geraniums and climbing ivy covered the broad railing. But the passer-by was always first attracted to the little old lady who sat rocking back and forth on the veranda. Her hair was white as snow and drawn straight back from a face that was wrinkled and thin but very sweet and kind. In strange contrast with the faded and tired face were a pair of deep brown eyes, soft to an unknown depth. Yet those eyes of Mother Baxter had seen neither sunlight nor darkness for twenty-five years. Looking into their depths one could scarcely believe that they, showing all life and intelligence to others, had no life in themselves. But she knew by heart the paths to her gardens, the lane to the grocery store, and the dirt road which Kernen traveled every morning and night.

Kernen was a young man of twen-

ty-three years, and since the death of his father in the great war, he had taken care of his blind mother, doing everything in his power for her comfort and pleasure. With his merry blue eyes, straight blond hair brushed back from his forehead, and splendidly built body, he was a very likable chap. He loved his mother with a love that only a son could feel for a sweet, gentle, praying, and pious mother. Yet he longed intensely to travel and satisfy the craving he had for new sights and new surroundings. But when he mentioned this desire to his mother, the look of pain and fear on her face told him only too plainly how the news was received. So Kernen tried to suppress his longings and keep up his spirits as day after day he went to his work in an electrical plant.

Toot! Toot! The little figure on the porch grew rigid, and the worn face lit up at the sound of the horn. For every night as Kernen's low, blue roadster turned from the main road into the dirt road on which their house stood, he began to blow his horn and blew it all the way down the road, so that his watching and waiting mother would know he was coming. Into the drive went the bright blue flash of color, stopped in front of the garage, and a tall, handsome young man stepped out from behind the driver's seat on to the gravel walk.

"Hello, Mother," called a hearty voice, as Kernen bounded up the veranda, two steps at a time. "Anxious because I am late? Jack Fisher and I became so interested talking that we forgot the time."

"Kernen, my dear, how glad I am to hear your voice," answered a sweet, low voice. "Isn't Jack the lad who has been studying aviation for the past three years?"

"Yes, he's the one," replied Kernen, and his voice became excited, "and, Mother, in a week he is going to begin a trip from here to Texas to make a survey of the airports and landing fields," and the young man sounded wistful as he led his mother into the house.

How well Mrs. Baxter knew that Kernen was wishing with an intense and passionate desire to embark on such a trip as Jack was planning! But she could not bring herself to think of home without Kernen. What would she do night after night when no sound of a horn came to her as she sat rocking, lonely and waiting?

After dinner was over, Kernen and his mother went to the veranda, where every night they sat and chatted for an hour. But the mother sensed a restlessness and uneasiness in her son tonight, and her mother-heart beat faster as she imagined the train of thought that her boy's mind was taking.

As if sensing what was running through his mother's mind, the boy began to speak. "Mother," he said, and his words came jerky and slow. "I'm tired of Chippcora. I want to go away from this place for a time, to taste what I have never had before, and when I know that I shall come back contented. Mother—Jack wants me to go with him on his tour."

She had sensed the blow coming but she made a desperate rally and replied softly, "And you want to go, son?"

"Mother, it isn't that I'm tired of you, or that I love you less, it's just that—" and Kernen's voice broke.

"I know, son," was the answer,

"and I want you to enjoy your youth. Such an opportunity will not come to you often, and if your heart is set on going, you have my permission to do so."

Kernen was on his knees beside his mother. "Dearest of mothers," he half-sobbed, "I know you are making a great sacrifice for me, but the time will pass quickly, and I'll write you a card every day, telling you what I'm doing and describing the place where I have been."

The Baxter house was full of excitement and life during the next week. His mind full of the preparations for such a tour, Kernen had no time to notice how his mother might feel. He never noticed how often the tears filled her soft eyes or how many times she was silent and pensive.

But time never stops in its course, and finally the day of starting arrived. Kernen held his mother close and his eyes were bright with tears as he heard her say, "God bless and keep you, my son. I'll be always waiting for the sound of your horn when you come." The motor started in the blue car, the young men waved a last goodbye, and they were off; gone to see new sights and meet new people.

Life in the little village went on as before. Yet in one house there was a great void and emptiness that haunted its inmate until she thought the pain around her heart would never cease. Every evening she sat on the veranda, not really waiting for the sound of a horn, but half-expecting to hear the echo come from over the hill. Every day the mailman brought to the lonely mother a picturesque card of some different place. The first one read: "I miss you very much, mother. Jack and I are about three hundred miles from home and expect to stay here for two days. The scenery is very beautiful, and we have had both good weather and good luck. Lots of love from your devoted Kernen." Five hundred miles, eight hundred miles, and then a thousand miles separated the blind mother and her only son.

Try as hard as she could, Mrs. Baxter could not bring herself to be interested in anything in her home. Everything reminded her of Kernen: she missed his little attentions, his merry laughter, and, most of all, the sound of his horn, for that had always meant that he was near. There was no chance to answer his cards, for every day the travelers were farther away from their home town.

Friends noticed that the little

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mother was growing thinner and paler every day, that the wan face was becoming more wistful, and that the tiny form was wasted. They urged her to go off somewhere and visit or rest, to forget Kernen and keep herself occupied until his return, but she only sadly smiled and confined herself more and more to her own home. The days stole into weeks, the weeks numbered ten, and yet Kernen did not come home. One card said that Jack was being detained at several of his stopping places. The dark eyes of the little woman grew darker and sadder, and soon she spent all her time on the old couch in her room, lying there in the sun from early morning until late at night, her sightless eyes turned toward the winding dirt road.

And then one evening in the peaceful calm of the vesper hour, the little mother quietly breathed her last without a groan or a sigh; she only slipped from one world into the next.

Friends tried to reach the son who was away, but no means of getting news to him succeeded. On the day of the burial a card came from a town in Texas saying that the two boys were going to start for home that very day. "And, Mother," read the card at the end, "I can't get home quick enough to please me. I'll be thinking of you and longing for your dear face every day. When you hear the old faithful 'tooter,' you will know I'm nearly there. Don't forget to be waiting when you hear the call of the horn. All my love to you, mother, Kernen." The young man was full of hopes for his home-coming, and it seemed to those in Chippcora who knew of his mother's death that it was cruel to leave him in ignorance, yet they were forced to lay the mother in the graveyard on the hill without informing Kernen of her death.

Once on the way to home, Kernen seemed unable to get there fast enough. His faithful little roadster seemed to crawl along. Every mile of the way found him thinking and anticipating the welcome home. The little ache he had first had when he missed his mother had grown until his whole being yearned for her presence. The ten days of traveling seemed like ten centuries to him. But one evening the village of Chippcora loomed before the two boys, and after leaving Jack off, Kernen started for home. He could scarcely wait until he turned into the dirt road when he would begin to blow his horn. As soon as he reached the turn in the road, he began to blow the horn. But when he reached the house, he saw no mother on the veranda. The house had been opened by kind neighbors, but no white-haired little lady sat waiting in the lonely rocking chair. But thinking she might be in the house, Kernen jumped out of the car and raced into the house. No mother was there; she had been gone two weeks.

Vesper time once again settled over Chippcora. The red brick house was outlined against the gray sky. A single figure sat on the broad veranda, but it was not the form of an old woman, but of a young man, seemingly in the depths of gloom and sorrow. Kernen was sitting where his mother used to sit. All the events of the past two months raced through his brain and as a thread running through them all was the thought that his mother had grieved about him until she died of a broken heart. As darkness settled over the valley, it spread to Kernen's soul, and sitting there alone in the gloom, he bitterly repented that he had ever left the tiny, peaceful village of Chippcora.—B. C.

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