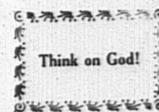


THE HOUGHTON STAR



COLLEGE LIFE IN PRINT

VOLUME XX

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1927

NUMBER 2

BURNHAM HURLS GOLD TO VICTORY

Gold Hit Heavily; Win 16 - 5

Baffling the Purple batsmen completely in the four innings that he worked, Burnham, conqueror of the Purple in four Purple-Gold series, once more showed his ability to tame the opposition, allowing only two hits in the four innings that he worked. Mosher the speed ball king, finished out the game yielding three hits and four runs in three innings.

Opposing Burnham on the mound was Charlie Leffingwell, his adversary of three years ago. Leffy pitched well enough to deserve a far better fate than the score indicates, and had his support not been so uncertain, a far different score would have resulted. Dick Wing, the Purples' new southpaw, relieved Leffy in the seventh, and retired the side in one, two, three order.

The fireworks began right in the first inning. Crocker, Gold right-fielder and lead off man, hit sharply through third to start the game. Endberg forced him at second. Allen was hit, Ferguson fled out to Meeker for the second out. Then Bates hit to Wing for an apparently easy out but Lutz dropped the latter's throw and Endburg came over for the first run of the game. The Purple in their half were retired scoreless, Lane and Fox departing by the strike-out route, and Bill Albro by way of attempting to stretch a triple into a home run. The Gold scored twice in the second but a pass and an error failed to falter the Purples' scoring column, Roth making a nice catch back of second to end the inning. In the third, however, came the big noise when the Gold batted around scoring six runs on three hits, a hit batsmen, a pass, a sacrifice, and two errors. The Purple again fell to Burnham and it began to look like a shutout. The fourth was a repetition of the

(Continued on Page 4.)

"COD" ENTERS INTO A NEW DECADE

The knocker sounded on the door and a small party of guests were welcome into the home of Mark and Fred Bedford on Tuesday night. A dinner party was given in honor of "Cod" Christy as he entered into a new century of his life.

Dinner was soon ready and the five cooks, Mrs. Remington, Rachel, Rennie, Ruth and "Peg", took their places with the anxious male members of the party who were Mark, Christy, Virg, Fred and McMann.

The table was attractively decorated with place cards and favors. Then came the eats, first grape fruit, then, escaloped potatoes, chicken, rolls, pickles, olives and celery. (By this time, "Virg" and Christy were unbuttoning their vests). Next, was fruit salad, saltines and coffee. After a process of assimilation, the last course was brought on. The lights went out, and Rachel placed a beautifully decorated angel food cake in the center of the table. Christy had very little breath left, however, he succeeded in extinguishing a few of the flaming candles. Many remained lit and even a second try made little impression on them. About this time "Virg" began to help his friend by using a pair of candle snuffers, which he assorted out of a corner of antiques. The party was again ready to show their ability in eating. Vanilla and strawberry ice cream, chocolate cake and the birthday cake soon disappeared.

When the gentlemen had betaken themselves safely to the parlor, the cooks washed the dishes. After much music and enjoyable chattering, the group departed for home.

HOUGHTON STUDENT FARM MARKET DEALER

During this last summer, the writer had the opportunity to make an inspection tour of the Farmers' City Market in Akron, Ohio. This market consists of nearly two hundred stalls arranged in double rows so that the customers can have a good view of the farmers' products, which are set in a most salable display. The market covers a large city square, which is located in the heart of the rubber city, and is owned and operated by the farmers who live within easy trucking distance from Akron.

I arrived at the market just in time to hear a five o'clock whistle, which, as I was informed later, was the signal for the farmers to begin business. As I started to walk down the first row of stalls, I was astounded by the sight of such large quantities of fruits and vegetables. At one glance, there seemed to be enough food at the market on that one morning to feed the entire population of Akron for at least a week, but instead, it represented a mere part of the food that was consumed in that city during one day. As I walked down one aisle and up another, I stopped quite frequently to inspect the fruit and vegetables, and to inquire about the respective prices.

After having seen specimens of nearly every kind of fruit and vegetable that could be raised in that part of Ohio, after having rubbed elbows with a representative of nearly every nationality and race that was permitted to live in Akron, the majority of which were Jews, the veritable sharks and Shylocks of the market, while bending over a basket of tomatoes, I heard these words from a negro lady who was pulling a little coaster wagon with farm produce, "Say, bo, yo sho' goin' ta Heaven fo' thet." I quickly straightened up to see who was the object of such heavenly blessings from this colored mammy, and to my great surprise was standing face to face with a short, black-haired, dark-eyed, and shrewd-looking young fellow with a money bag strapped over his shoulder. Although this young man was all alone, he had enough farm produce on display to fill two stalls, and was making his sales to the most clever among the Jews with the skill of a modern Shylock. I quickly recognized this young fellow as a former Houghton school mate, but I was unable to speak to him at once on account of a large crowd of customers, each one of whom was asking him as many different questions all at the same time. While waiting for an opportunity to speak to this youthful market dealer, I heard an old colored mammy, who had found a couple of cabbage worms on a head of cabbage that she was buying, addressing him in the angry tones of the southern dialect, "Say, bo, ef Ah get thos' the' worms in mah soup, Ah'll hang yo the next time Ah see yo' all." After the young market dealer had reassured the old colored mammy that those were all the cabbage worms that he had brought to market that day, I elbowed my way through the crowd and called to my old friend who was none other than Carl Steese, alias "the Little Imp".

After exchanging a few friendly remarks, I stepped aside to watch the skill of this school-mate more closely. In the course of the morning, many a tight-fisted Jew endeavored to drive a close bargain, but this youthful market dealer matched wits with the best of them and sold his products at tip-top prices.

H. A. A. Committees Appointed

Baseball, Albro, chairman, Wing, Worden; tennis, Rosback, chairman, Miller, Mattoon. Mix, Hardson, Flint; basketball, Lane, chairman, Dyer, Dennis; Track and field, Christy, chairman, Fisk, Horton.



Professor R. W. Hazlett

PROFESSOR HAZLETT WRITES LETTER

Still Loyal to Houghton

My dear Mr. Editor:

Thus far I have failed to receive my copy of the *Star*, and I am wondering whether perhaps my failure to attend to the mere trifling detail of remitting an autographed, oblong piece of paper casually alluding to the nominal sum of one dollar, may be responsible for this temporary eclipse. Since I do not know the name of your present business manager, I am going to inclose you my check for one year's subscription, and ask that you see that I receive all the issues to date. I think that I am one of the few persons possessing a complete file, and I would not want to have this happy concatenation broken now, particularly when such an illustrious editorial staff is in the ascendancy.

For the past two weeks I have been so busy that I have been only vaguely aware that school at Houghton was well under headway. The week school began there, I was the victim of a violent and consuming nostalgia; but since starting school myself, I have not had time to indulge in introspective self-pity. I am now teaching English in the new University of Long Island in Booklyn; I have nothing but freshmen for the simple reason that our Houghton did when she received her charter; university has to proceed very much the way and add a class each year. However, the freshmen are all classified into three grades so

(Continued on Page Four)

STAR DRIVE OPENS DO YOUR DUTY

Your subscription dollar will make possible the *Star*. The old, old story of the students' and alumni knocking the worth of their college paper will be forgotten if you subscribe 100% this year. Only through your support can we make this possible.

If we are to hold our place among the colleges of first rank, we must not only live up to the educational requirements of the state, but to the traditional standards of the institution itself.

In order to make the *Star* what you want it, and what we desire it should be, we must have your loyal co-operation. By this, we mean your subscriptions and your constructive criticisms. The knocker tears down, but never builds up.

You know whether you wish to take the *Star* or not. If you do, send your dollar to the subscription manager, Vivian Crippen, without waiting for a personal invitation. If, however, you do not wish to subscribe, may we prove to you that we can renew your faith in the old Houghton *Star*.

This week will be the last week that we shall send copies of the *Star* to those on our old mailing list who have not renewed their subscriptions.

REVIVAL MEETINGS OPEN

Work of Evangelist Whitcomb Much Appreciated

On Tuesday at eleven thirty, the first meeting of our autumn revival services opened in the chapel with Rev. A. L. Whitcomb of Long Beach, Cal. the speaker of the hour. This series of meetings was planned by the pastor and the church after much prayer and careful thought as to the best means of bringing spiritual blessing to the school and community. It seemed a special mark of divine approval on the plans, when it was found that Rev. A. L. Whitcomb could be with us for this week. Rev. Whitcomb is General Evangelist of the Free Methodist Church for the Pacific District, and his work in the service of the Lord has been greatly blessed. He has spent many years in the teaching profession, and was at one time President of Greenville College. Fourteen years ago, he was one of the evangelists at Houghton Camp Meeting. He seems to be a man who understands young life, knows how to sympathize with it, how to reach it and attract it to the life in Christ.

Noonday Service

The gist of Rev. Whitcomb's chapel talk taken from II Cor. 4:18 is as follows: There are in society two fundamental institutions—the home and property. The latter may be material or spiritual. We have legal and spiritual property rights, the former of which makes way for the latter. We may, however, have one without the other, for we have a spiritual right to everything we have mastered. Sometimes a legal right may preclude or interfere with a spiritual right. For instance, the fact that you own and have free access to a set of books may cause you to postpone reading them and thus put off gaining a spiritual right to them. Furthermore, a spiritual property right is not so limited as a legal one—it is eternal, universal, infinite, and divine.

Ah, then, what do we live for? For no reason but to obtain and conserve the capacity for rights to spiritual property. In order that we may seek spiritual things and be God-like, we must think, talk, dream, and live God-like.

Yet there is danger in seeking these things—first, confusion caused by the din and glare of things; then, presumption, such as trying to believe God without repenting; spiritual dishonesty; and fear. God wants us to go on until we find Him the soul of things.

But how can we find God? Put every wrong thing and every doubtful one out of our lives, give ourselves to a life of devotion and prayer, take sacred care of our bodies and brains—in fact, give all in faith to God.

"Children tread softly these six days. God is right here."

Evening Message

One of the most notable features of the evening sermon was the exalting of Jesus Christ. The foundation for the sermon was the scripture, Matthew 18:7-20, the text being the eleventh verse: "For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." In his discourse on the wonderful Christ, the most influential personality in the world today, speaking of Him as a unique spirit, the Evangelist said, "We go after good things; Christ seeks lost things. He takes the devil's cast-offs and makes saints of them." Then, he raised and answered the question: Who are the lost? "They are all about us everywhere, in the kitchen, in the field, at the counter, in the colleges, among the professors, among the students, in the churches, in the pulpits. I know a man who understands all about the stars, their constellations, their size, the rate at which light travels, but he knows nothing about 'the bright and morning Star.' If He hasn't found you, or you haven't found Him, you are still lost. Being lost means

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Collegiate Sam Says:

*I hate to be a kicker
I always long for peace—
But the wheel that does the squeaking
Is the one that gets the grease.*

EDITORIAL

MISUNDERSTOOD

It is not a difficult task in this day and age of the world to find many items in everyday life which are open for criticism—good, harsh criticism. It is not hard to discover tendencies of the human race which are working for the world's downfall, and which should be corrected. And therefore, the subject of this editorial quite naturally came to my mind while casting about for material and a topic. For I believe that one of the worst traits of mankind today, is the one which leads him toward a misunderstanding of his neighbor, a misconception of the nature of his friends' actions. Why are we so often criticized? Misunderstood. Why do we notice our movements and accomplishments so often condemned? Misunderstood. Many a time we perform certain deeds in perfect faith and for a clearly outlined and just purpose, yet because that purpose is not understood, we are censured for our actions. Not long ago I was talking to two co-ed students with regard to a few of the more personal problems of Houghton. In the course of time, the conversation drifted to the private opinions concerning different individuals. The girls held the idea (quite unwisely, of course) that all men were conceited. They even became so frank in their statements, as to inform me that they thought me too conceited. I was naturally quite surprised, and immediately commenced to argue with the fair ladies, attempting to convince them of the folly of their view. To some degree, at least, I believe that I succeeded. However, this only illustrates in some measure, the extent to which the characteristic of judging before investigating, may lead one. These girls did not understand me and my peculiar make-up. They did not understand several others whom they also accused of conceit. Simply because an individual does not accomplish that which you think he ought, merely because he does not do the things that others do, is no reason why he should be censured. Our duty is to investigate before we pass judgement, to study before we criticize. When we find the real reason for a person's actions, our opinions will often change. Therefore, if you think your friend is queer, if you believe your room-mate to have non-sensical ideas, don't criticize until you have had a heart to heart talk with the one in question. Don't condemn until you feel sure that you are justified in so doing.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS CONDUCT SERVICES

God is continuing to bless the efforts of the Christian Workers as they go out to spread the Gospel. Last Sunday evening a group of the students conducted a service in the Baptist Church at Warsaw. Mr. Robert Stark brought an inspiring message from I Cor. 15:3. Special music was furnished by Miss Harriett Storms, the Misses Viola and Luella Roth, and the Ladies Quartet. The service was in charge of Mr. Harold Van-Wormer.

Sunday afternoon also found another group

of students at the dam at Caneadea telling the story of Christ's love in song, testimony and Scripture. Many of the laborers and visitors sat or lounged on the grass as they listened to the messages. It was encouraging to see the eagerness with which some listened. In one group close by, sat three young men who gave careful attention to the message brought by Mr. Lutz from I Cor. 6:17, and also to the trios sung by Misses Esther Ries Winifred Pitt, and Aleda Ayers. The workers go forth with the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please and shall prosper in the thing where unto I send it."

—Isa. 55:11

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Ed Peck is in town.
Rev. John Bruce of Lockport is in town.
Clifford Kingsbury has returned to school.
Frank Henshaw visited friends here on Sunday.
Carl Steese has been home on a visit recently.
Mrs. Florence Jones is visiting her brother, Milo Thayer.
Mr. and Mrs. Royal Woodhead are expected this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Guest entertained relatives Sunday.
Mrs. J. C. Long and daughter were in Rochester last week-end.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Calkins visited in Hornell over the week end.
Ethel Kingsbury returned to her Alma Mater to spend the week-end.
Rev. Arthur Northrup, former Houghton student, was here recently.
Shirley Babbit and family left last week for Munsey Indiana where he will teach.
Mrs. Easley of Long Island is spending some time with Mrs. Inez Young.
Eileen Loftis left for Allegany on Sunday where she will attend St. Elizabeth's College.
Rev. and Mrs. Walter Readette of Franklinville were in Houghton the first of the week.
Some mysterious attraction apparently calls "Scottie" back to his native haunts quite frequently.
Miss Florence Yorton of Olean is visiting in town. Miss Yorton expects to sail for Africa this fall.
Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Barnett are home from their trip to Iowa and Nebraska. While away they visited their son Clarence.

DON'T YOU?

When the plan which I have to grow suddenly rich
Grows weary of leg and drops into the ditch,
And scheme follows scheme
Like the web of a dream
To glamor and glimmer and shimmer and seem,
Only seem;
And then, when the world looks unfadably blue,
If my rival sails by
With his head in the sky,
And sings, "How is business?" why, what do I do?
Well, I claim that I aim to be honest and true,
But I sometimes lie. Don't you?
When something at home is decidedly wrong,
When somebody sings a false note in the song,
Too low or too high,
And, you hardly know why,
But it wrangles and jangles and runs all awry.
Aye, awry!
And then, at the moment when things are askew,
Some cousin sails in
With a face all a-grin,
And a "Do I intrude? Oh, I see that I do!"
Well, then, though I aim to be honest and true,
Still I sometimes lie. Don't you?

When a man whom I need has some foible or fad,
Not very commendable, not very bad;
Perhaps it's his daughter,
And some one has taught her
To daub up an "oil" or to streak up a "water";
What a "water"!
And her grass is green green and her sky is blue blue,
But her father, with pride,
In a stagey aside
Asks my "candid opinion." Then what do I do?
Well, I claim that I aim to be honest and true
But I sometimes lie. Don't you?

—Edmund Vance Cooke

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BOULDER CONCERT GREAT SUCCESS

Fine Program Rendered

The Boulder Concert given this last Friday evening will be remembered because it was the first of a series of musicales to be given this year, and because it was an exceptionally fine program, and started the new season with a bright promise. A goodly-sized crowd was in attendance, and the financial returns were as gratifying as could be expected.

The program consisted of eight numbers—three vocal selections, three piano numbers, and two readings. Mr. Gleason opened the program with a pianologue entitled "Mother". The pleasing manner, and the ease and confidence in the execution made it greatly enjoyed. Willard Smith played "A La Bien Aimee" by Schutt, admirably well. The theme was serious and demanded precision and good

technique. "The Heart of a Rose" a story of Civil War days, was given beautifully, and with much expression by Miss Marion Fox. Miss Storms sang "I Love a Little Cottage" by O'Hara. We were delighted with Miss Storms's confidence and the smooth resonance and vibrant quality of her voice. The pinnacle of the evening performance was reached in the playing of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6" by Professor Lawless. The perfection of such an elevated subject, the complete mastery of technique, and the expression of the artist's thought removes the piece and its expression from description and criticism. The encore, "To a Water-Lily" by MacDowell, was beautifully given. "The Sleepy Hollow Tune" by Kountz rendered by Miss McKinney and Mr. Jones was given with a fine touch of realism. It was an admirable foil to the seriousness of the heavier numbers. Miss Remington gave the reading of "Noah's Ark" by Haberton. We could almost see "Toddie" and

"Budge", so realistically was the interpretation given. The program closed with the singing of "Crossing the Bar" an arrangement by Ashford, by the Male Quartet; which was rendered very well. Most of the numbers responded with encores which were greatly appreciated.

We are certain that in composition, arrangement and treatment, this program was one of the most perfect given in Houghton by our home talent for a long time, and we hope that it may set the standard for the advancement of our performances this year.

PRINCETON PROFESSOR FLAYS MODERN COLLEGE

Neither Jefferson, Franklin, Cleveland nor Lincoln would be able to graduate from an American University of the present day, is the verdict of Walter Lincoln Whittlesey, Professor of politics at Princeton.

The present tendency of colleges is to turn out a uniform type of mind, he says, and the whole emphasis of modern higher education places a premium on memory and glibness.

Tightening up of discipline he asserts, is due to cheap publications which have made the average college student appear much worse than he really is. "Young Jefferson or Franklin would be fired in short order today," he said, "for they would not be likely to submit to restraints put upon modern students. I doubt very much if either would have lasted through his freshman year."

"Lincoln wouldn't have remained in college because his mind would have so soon outrun the bounds imposed that he would have been unwelcomed as a student. Cleveland never could have graduated from college as it is today because he was too slow a thinker and lacked necessary ability to talk or write glibly."

—Exchange

PERNICIOUS GOSSIP

Is Houghton Free?

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed." *Shakespeare*

There is no class in all humanity to be more deplored and despised than that of pernicious gossips. This group of individuals are those who are actively concerned with everyone's sayings, doings, and happenings, not with a good, but an evil purpose. They take great delight in discovering anything that may be twisted, at their convenience, into a story that bodes ill for the subject. Every city, town, and village has its slanderers; they are an infection everywhere. Even Houghton, and we say it with sorrow, has its quota of such individuals, who are, by no means, inactive.

Gossip and slander help no one, ruin the reputation of many an innocent person, and certainly hurt the morale and standards of our school. A gossip is a base, ignorant person, and decidedly dangerous to deal with. To take a kindly interest in people, to share their joys and sorrows is natural, human, and right; but to be morbidly absorbed in them and to spread stories about them, is wicked and wrong.

To defend the principles of Houghton College, to report anything that is harming the students or the school is proper and expected, indeed it is one's duty. But there are two observations to be made: you must be absolutely right in what accusations you make, and you must be certain that it is your business, hence the business of the school.

There are too many good things to read, see, and discuss; too much beauty in life to enjoy, that we should so lose our dignity as to slander our neighbors. Let's put our ideals into practice; let's live a practical religion.

The above article was voluntarily submitted to the Star by a Houghton Student. Is the student right? Who will answer this challenge? Let us have your views.—Editor's note.

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ALBRO GOLD GIRLS

CAPTAIN

Houghton's athletics are now well under way, and each enthusiast is looking forward to a successful year. In the election held by the Gold girls recently, Alta Albro was chosen as captain of their group. Undoubtedly the girls could not have shown better judgment in their selection. "Fluffy" has gained true glory in years past on the basketball floor and on the cinder track. With her graduation which will take place the coming June, Houghton and the side which she represents will lose one who has been a sincere aid in the struggle of athletic supremacy. We cannot but congratulate the Gold on selecting such an able leader.

PROFESSOR HAZLETT WRITES

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that there is some variety. Our campus is on the fifteenth floor of the new Chamber of Commerce building in the heart of the business and municipal section of Brooklyn. Looking in one direction from my windows I can see the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan and the harbor, and in another, the maze of streets and heterogeneous buildings that is Brooklyn. I am now engaged in higher education with a vengeance. Also we are "up in the air" in more senses than one. Often I have vainly wished that we had two such experts on college organization and administration as President Luckey and Dean Fancher to untangle the confusion and bring order and efficiency out of chaos.

I am hoping to be able to do considerable work on my dissertation; although I really have very little hopes of receiving my degree much before 1950? We [the Hazlett family] are going to move in soon so that I shall be nearer my teaching and the libraries; we probably shall settle in Forest Hills, which is the home of the famous West Side Tennis Club.

Give my regards to everyone, and if you ever happen to mention my name in your columns, assure your readers that it is my candid opinion that Houghton is the best college in the world and that my heart will always be there.

Sincerely yours,

R. W. Hazlett

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[The old students will vividly remember the horrors of Freshman and Sophomore English in the past, and will probably quite humanly rejoice at Prof. Hazlett's present educational problems. However, we should all be glad to see his welcome face on the chapel platform once more. Write again, Prof.] —Editor's Note.

BURNHAM HURLS GOLD TO VICTORY

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third, the Gold again batting around, this time for only three runs. Lutz saved the Purple from a shut-out by getting one by virtue of a twister through third, a stolen base and a couple errors. The Gold continued, to pile a lead scoring once in the fifth, and three times in the sixth, but falling to Dick Wing's slants in the seventh. Mosher relieved Burnham in the fifth and before the speed ball artist got warmed up, the Purple got to him for three hits, which, with an error by the Gold shortstop and a sacrifice, resulted in three runs. In the sixth "Mose" got his old form back, but an error and two sacrifices gave the Purple their fifth and final tally of the game. In the seventh he retired the first three batters, striking out Fox and Albro to end the game.

The outstanding performance of the game was undoubtedly Burnham's clever work in the box, and this was largely responsible for the win, although he was favored by hard and consistent hitting by his team-mates.

The next game will be played Friday October 7. Burnham will undoubtedly be selected by captain Dyer to repeat. Dick Wing, undoubtedly be the Purple selection for mound duty. Score:

PURPLE

	ab	h	o	d
Lane c.	3	0	5	0
Fox 2b., ss	4	1	1	3
Albro 3b.	4	2	3	5
Wing ss. p.	3	1	1	2
Lutz 1b.	3	1	9	0
Doty rf.	3	0	0	0
Meeker lf.	2	0	1	0
Hardison cf.	3	0	0	0
Leffingwell p.	3	0	1	0
Worden 2b.	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	5	21	10

GOLD

	ab	h	o	d
Crocker rf.	5	1	2	0
Engberg 3b.	5	1	0	1
Allen c.	4	2	10	1
Ferguson ss.	4	0	0	0
Bates lf.	4	2	1	0
Dyer cf.	5	2	1	0
Mosher 1b. p.	4	1	2	3
Roth 2b.	4	1	1	1
Burnham p.	2	1	0	0
Fiske 1b.	1	0	4	0
Totals	38	11	21	6

Gold 126 313 0-16
Purple 000 131 0-5

Runs: Fox, Albro, Lutz, Doty, Hardison, Engberg 2, Allen 2, Ferguson 2, Bates, Dyer 3, Mosher 3, Roth 2, Burnham 1; Errors: Lane, Fox, Albro 3, Wing, Lutz 2, Hardison, Endberg, Allen 2, Ferguson; Stolen Bases: Engberg 2, Allen, Dyer 2, Burnham 2, Mosher 2.

Three base hits: Albro; Two base hits: Dyer, Mosher; Bases on balls: off Leffingwell 1, off Burnham 1; Hits, off Leffingwell 11 in 6 innings, off Wing 0 in 1, off Burnham 2 in 4, off Mosher 3 in 3; Struck out: by Leffingwell 4, by Wing 1, by Burnham 7, by Mosher 3; Hit by pitcher: Leffingwell 3; Sacrifice hits: Lane, Meeker, Mosher, Burnham; Umpires, Baker and Wright; Time 1:45.

REVIVAL MEETINGS OPEN

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more than suffering the horrors of hell, as indescribable as they are. What will it mean to be lost to God eternally? Through this life I want Him to pilot my ship, for I don't know my way. I don't dare travel through this wicked world of wicked men and devils alone. I don't dare face the judgment without Him. I want Him to be my advocate."

The meeting was closed with a session of earnest prayer, and the promise by many that they would make the work of the Lord a matter of supreme interest throughout this campaign, giving themselves to prayer to the end that souls might be saved and much spiritual good done.

AT EVENING - LIGHT!

A shadow steals across the valley here;
The air grows cold. How lone am I!
The very sun sinks low beneath dark hills
And hides its face. Return O day,
For with the sinking sun fades every hope
And life is nought.

What warmth is this that seeks out my despair?
The sunset's glow! A light of gold!
With rainbow colors of the evening sky
God paints His care. As those tall bluffs
Restrain the dashing waves of ether seas
His power upholds.

Another day, in all its glorious might
The sun will shine. But my glad heart
With fondest gratitude will feed on that
Which only evening can reveal to me;
Then comes the strength of sunshine,
Now its grace.

by O. S. S. G.

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