

IN THE GENESEE COUNTRY

The HOUGHTON STAR

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NUMBER 25

Seniors Stage Move-Up Day

Thursday was the big day when the under classmen became upper-classmen, the Juniors, Seniors, and the Seniors—well they became alumni we were told.

After the upperclassmen had taken the former seats of the class immediately above them, the Juniors formed themselves into two rows, holding black and red streamers, while in front of the rostrum stood two of their number holding a Junior banner.

The dignified Seniors, wearing caps and gowns then marched down the aisle thus formed and took seats left vacant for them between the High School and College. The Juniors then fell in and marched past their banner each one tearing a small piece from it. As the last member did his share the future Senior banner stood revealed.

After a few words and prayer by Rev. Pitt, the Seniors marched out and after them the remainder of the College and High School.

"Hail to the Grand Alumni!"

Move-Up or Back-Up?

Now that you've read about the annual "move-up" day when "Frosh" became Sophomores, Sophomores became Juniors, Juniors became Seniors, and Seniors became Alumni; let us ask if this is attempted humor on the part of the faculty or whether the real significance of the event is not understood. Just what is "move-up" day? Perhaps the faculty knows what it's all about, but the rest of us have our doubts. It may be that we are dumb, but we are informed by reliable authority that there is a general understanding among colleges that after "move-up" day, the classes take the seats into which they have moved and the "Alumni" are no longer required to attend chapel.

From the psychological standpoint it is known that after a person has attended chapel for four years he has so thoroughly formed the habit that it would be next to impossible to break it. Furthermore, the "Alumni" would be more or less likely to attend chapel anyway as there would be only a month left before they would have to leave their Alma Mater for good. They certainly would not want to miss the inspiring, delightful, uplifting and brief lectures expounded by our dignified faculty, visiting orators and local satirists.

The "gag" that the proper following-out of "move-up" day would necessitate a complete reseating of chapel is absolutely unfounded and is not based upon scientific research and knowledge.

Finally the argument that it is too early for "move-up" day appears ab-



The Old Mill Stream

Water! Water! Everywhere

The wind blew and the rain descended—and we were flooded. We meaning the inhabitants of the village of Houghton. Saturday morning dawned; it was raining; Saturday noon came; it was raining; and so on indefinitely it seemed. And the water kept raising; swiftly and surely.

Several amusing incidents occurred, (amusing to spectators). Three or four young adventurers fell into the creek. No damage, other than a good wetting, is reported. One young lady wishing for something down cellar, tripped gaily down the stairs, placed her foot on a board and—Splash! Let us draw a veil over the harrowing scene.

The oldest son of one of our thriving merchants set out in gay spirits for an enjoyable evening. As I have said the flood came, and the spirits of our young Lochinvar were, shall we say, dampened. The railroad tracks have proved a blessing to more than one young Ho'tonite, as a means of arriving in town with dry feet.

It seems useless to clean the lawns and side walks, let it go; perhaps the next flood will sweep this refuse and drift-wood right out of town.

Prof. and Hollis Entertain State Club

On Tuesday, April twenty-third, Professor Leo B. Lawless and Hollis Stevenson artistically rendered a short afternoon recital before a convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in the Congregational Church at Fairport, New York.

Mr. Lawless, instructor in piano in the College Music Department, has

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NOTICE

THE FRESHMEN CLASS OF HOUGHTON COLLEGE DO HEREBY CHALLENGE ANY CLASS IN THE ENTIRE SCHOOL TO A TRACK AND FIELD MEET. THOSE WISHING TO ACCEPT SUCH CHALLENGE WILL PLEASE CONSULT ORREL YORK.

THE FROSH BOAST OF MANY VERY GOOD ATHLETES WHO ARE EXPECTED TO BREAK SOME OF THE LONG STANDING RECORDS OF THE SCHOOL.

Frosh Boys Have Warm Sugar Feed

The Freshman fellows reached for the "sweets" instead of the "luckies" at Prof. LaVay Fancher's warm sugar "feed" at his home last Saturday evening. In spite of the rain, with which Houghton has recently been "blessed," eleven fellows responded to the invitation given by Prof. Fancher in interest of his Bible Study class.

In an indoor track and field meet, Captain Cronk led his "Georgia Tech Warriors" to a 40-27½ victory over Captain York's "Dartmouth Harrriers." The next event was the "hit of the evening"—putting warm maple wax on snow and seeing who could eat the most. Everyone tied for first place. The most evident fact was that snow plus warm maple wax equals something that the Frosh eat plenty of—An' how! It kept Miss Fancher busy pouring the wax.

Everyone had a "swell time" and our feelings were nobly expressed by little Max, who said after the party: "My tummy hurts and I'm tired—but I had a good time."

The fact that interest in the Bible Study class was aroused was manifest by the attendance the next morning. Let's keep it up, Frosh, and show our appreciation and interest to Prof. Fancher by our presence next Sunday morning.

Annual Home Concert of College Glee Club

Interesting Program Arranged

"Sophs" Conduct Chapel

"I hear the Sophomores have charmed to-day," it was being whispered abroad. Yes the Class of '31 was to conduct the chapel exercises on Friday. We not only heard but we saw!

Those of the students who went to school early that morning, considered themselves lucky if they avoided a collision with one of those bustling, bright-eyed Sophomores on corners and in the halls.

We found as we entered the chapel that these noble personages had not been scurrying about in vain, for before our eyes was a very attractively decorated rostrum. A large blue banner with the word "Sophomores" in white, being on the wall and on the back of each of the several chairs on the platform was a banner bearing the figures "31". But this scene was not complete until the whole Sophomore Class, wearing blue and white blazers, had marched down the aisle and onto the platform to music played by Wesley Gleason at the piano. They were led by little Herschel Ries and Riva Clarke. The "Heralds" proved to be as fitting for the position as could ever be expected.

The class song was sung by the entire group and Dennis led a peppy yell. The student body then sang two stanzas of the Alma Mater. This was followed by reading from the Scripture and offering of prayer by Alfred Gross.

Lovina Mullin explained what it was "all about" and introduced the program with some clever remarks. She declined to make a speech but did inform us that the Sophomores believe in "quality and not quantity." Believe it or not!

Doris Clegg, ably accompanied by Martha York at the piano, favored us with a flute solo, "Valse Caprice" by Howe. Yes, we all agreed from the beginning that the Sophomores live up to their ideal of quality. The well known pianist, Wesley Gleason, entertained with a piano solo, "Romance by Sibelius," which was very ably rendered. A quartet, consisting of Lucile Crowell, Esther Ries, Aleda Ayers, and Evelyn Davies, with Mr. Gleason at the piano, very pleasingly rendered the piece, "Sing Along." A class yell, full of vim, concluded the program.

As the members of this class marched down the aisle, we felt within ourselves the satisfaction of having been given the privilege of listening to so high a quality of entertainment.

Sophomores, we all agree that it was a *real* chapel; talent and class spirit proved to be yours. Keep it up.

EDITORS NOTE

The name of the author of the editorial in last week's issue of the STAR was through error omitted. We wish to give due recognition to Josephine Rickard.

Throughout the school year the students are privileged to attend several fine concerts but the most popular of these is the Home Concert of the College Glee Club. It is an annual event looked forward to by not only students but townspeople as well. At last the opportunity is here.

This evening at eight o'clock, the men will present their concert in the College Chapel, assisted by Alton M. Cronk at the piano. Professor Leo B. Lawless of the music faculty of the College, several well-known and an instrumental trio will add variety to the program. The Glee Club Comedians will furnish the spice.

The men have rehearsed faithfully during the entire school year under the direction of Professor Herman Baker. Since Professor Baker came to Houghton College the Music Department has grown to be recognized as an indispensable part of the curriculum. The Christmas Contata was but one of Professor Baker's master renditions. It will long be remembered by students and friends of Houghton.

The Glee Club's Concerts have won favor in places other than Houghton as shown by many invitations from Olean, Buffalo, and Rochester. A concert is assured which will eclipse all other presentations of this kind.

The following program will be rendered:

Musical Invocation Maunder
Teach Me to Pray Jessie Mae Jewitt
Crossing the Bar Carrie B. Adams
The Glee Club

Country Gardens Grainger
Instrumental Ensemble

Vocal Solo—"The Green-eyed Dra-
gon" Charles
Wilfred Bain

Two Negro Spirituals:
a. Scandalize My Name Burleigh
b. Keep A-Inchin' Along Herbert
The Glee Club

Dialogue—"Soft Boiled-Hard Boil-
ed" Anon
Messers Fox and Hines
Quartet:

a. Quit You Like Men Wilson
b. Talk About Jerusalem Morning
[Geoffrey O'Hara

Messers Hines, Stevenson,
Stevenson, Shea
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Next Week

Friday, April 26—Glee Club Concert.
Monday, April 29—Chorus Practice.
Tuesday, April 30—Prayer Meeting.
Wednesday, May 1—May Day (in-
cidentally short chapel)
Thursday, May 2—Morning Watch
Prayer Meeting, Choir Practice.
Friday, May 3—May Concert.

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EDITORIAL



Collegiate Sam Says:

What a "washout" this Arbor day turned out to be.

IRREVERENCE

There was a slight motion in a dark heap lying in the shadow of a store in Chinatown. Narrow, crowded streets, dirty houses, queer signs, exotic odors, sly, slant-eyed Orientals, and an indescribable atmosphere rather like the weird age-old boms of their temple gongs, all go to make Chinatown an integral part of New York City. I looked again at that heap; it was jerking spasmodically. I turned away as a feeling of repulsion and horror swept over me. Then that fatal something that practically forces us to look at things we would really rather not see, made me turn once more to view that poor broken piece of humanity. Yes, it was a man, or the wreck of one—a tainted soul in a dirty body covered with filthy rags. Oh, you say, a common enough sight for Chinatown, but terrible and pitiful, is it not?

Then the other day I saw a little boy and a little girl bow their fair heads and close their eyes quickly when prayer was offered. They sat motionless with their eyes shut so tightly that it looked like an effort, their cheeks flushed with sweet innocent childhood, and their baby lips in almost firm lines. Then I stopped watching and bowed my head as a feeling of awe and reverence stole into my heart.

The same God who watches over that poor drunkard lying almost in the gutter, is caring for those two little children with their baby reverence. Undoubtedly, that down-and-outer's first step gutterward was a loss of respect for his Creator. Isn't there a lesson here if we want to apply it? A loss of reverence encourages the loss of other things. I'm not making a statement without anything to back it up; watch it in human lives, and read about it in any history book. Why are the Jewish people a despised, scattered nation? Why is Russia the breeder of Bolshevism? Things don't just happen; there has to be an inciting force. The thing that pushes events up to a place where they must go one way or the other. In this case, although it may sound paradoxical, the lack of a thing is the force. Irreverence may be a step towards Chaos.

—R. B.

INFLUENCE

There is in the natural world a perfect equilibrium of substance. The slightest movement of a material object requires an adjustment in all other existent things to counterbalance it. Nothing can happen without its effects being everywhere felt and responded to. It has been said that the mere picking of dairy affects the whole universe.

If this is true in the material sphere, how much more vividly does the law of influence evidence itself in the spiritual realm. We are in constant contact with numberless spiritual beings, and they with us. In every case where personalities meet, there is a metathesis of soul qualities, and influence is radiated in continuously increasing circles until all society, as an organism, is affected for either good or bad. If our actions are prompted by a Christ-like spirit, all humanity is beneficially influenced. Likewise, our bad deeds affect all men detrimentally. Henry Drummond said, "Men are all mosaics of other men." Our personalities are composites, with the effects produced by the influences of the family and our closest friends showing most conspicuously.

This law of influence cannot be nullified. It acts whether we realize it or not. Since we are subject to it, we need well to consider how our lives may lead upward or downward those whom we call friends. We need always to "be our best selves" that we may exert our best influence.

—H. C. B.

Literary

Get On Your Mark!

Get Set! Go!

—o— THIRD PRIZE STORY OF LITERARY CONTEST —o—

"Not to the strong is the battle; not to the swift is the race." The Western Electric Company, Incorporated, doesn't agree with this sentiment. How do I know? Because with my own eyes I have seen a raise going to the swift. They took a chance and hired me a raw, new stenographer, but when I left I had a little more knowledge and a decided appreciation of what haste is. You know there is slow, cool haste, hurried haste, and frenzied haste. I experienced them all when working for the Western Electric Company. If you don't believe that it's possible to work so fast that an eight hour day seems like two hours, try the Western and be convinced. (Hustle through one day with me and see if it doesn't leave you limp of collar and backbone.)

I gasped for breath as I raced up the seventh flight of stairs. If that old train kept on being late every morning I'd soon be in good condition for a track meet, or informed that my services were no longer required. Just as I reached the next to the last step, fate blew the whistle, and my last hope died away accompanied by my last bit of oxygen. Oh well, I thought as I punched the time clock three minutes late, it's Blue Monday started properly. Sure enough the Boss was at his desk with a no-breakfast look spread all over his physiognomy. I wish Bosses' wives would get breakfast for their husbands every morning, but Monday morning in particular.

I threw my hat and coat at my locker, took the shine off my nose, and tried to walk indifferently to my desk. Oh what a desk, last night's mail, morning's mail, letters to be filed, job folders, everything. I had no sooner plunged my nose into the mass of literature, like a hungry horse goes into a feed bag, than one of the men sang out, "Take a letter for me, please, right away. It's hot, airmail; got to get it out by 10:30". He dictated an epistle, and changed his mind only forty-eight times. I was banging away on "Old Faithful" when this acid remark interrupted my train of thought, "Really I've waited only four weeks for that inkwell you promised me. How about it?" After racing downstairs to the store-room twice and hawling out three or four clerks, I got his inkwell, and went back to that letter. I was slightly irritated when the Big Boss started the frantic signal in my direction, but I kept my equilibrium and inquired the cause of his distress. It seemed that I was the guilty party; for he demanded, "Haven't I told you to take care of this outgoing mail at least six times a day. Well?" I took his hint and grabbed the letters he had so kindly signed. Oh ye Gods! if I only had the ability and time to express my feelings I'd have told him something about the maximum number of minutes that a human can pack into an hour.

Then a messenger boy came rushing up with an application that had to be signed toute-de-suite. I had to go to the Big Boss's Boss so I walked into the lion's den. He was one of those men who think they have an enormous job. He was looking through a magazine, and didn't seem to notice me. So I determined in my heart to outwait him. I stood by his desk and coughed suggestively, plaintively, inquiringly, and politely. This had no effect; therefore I amused myself by looking at the

things people look at when they haven't anything else to do but look I scrutinized his handsome but egotistical features, tried to determine what he had paid for his elaborate desk set, noticed that there were twelve polka dots in his tie, watched a fly become dizzy from proximity with an electric fan, glanced at the water cooler. Then—"Well! What do you want?" (with decided accents on the *you*) came thundering into my consciousness, making me feel unwanted to say the least. But when I dared to look at his face I knew that I should by all means remove my noxious presence, which I should gladly have done but for the fact that I felt petrified, and my attempts to move my feet must have resembled the antics of a fly on sticky-fly-paper. When I recovered the ability to talk I murmured, "H, h, h, h, here's an appli, appli, uh-uh-application to be uh, uh, signed." This effort caused me to get uncomfortably warm, the sort of warmth that not even the Big Boss's Boss's ice-berg coldness can cool.

"It should go to my secretary to bring to me," he enunciated distinctly in a voice like cracked ice in sour lemonade. Whereupon I began to feel the warmth receding followed closely by chill after chill. I whispered to myself, "Buck up, he can't do more than kill you." And something whispered back, "Yes, but what an awful death." So I just stood and waited and waited until he had signed the application. As I went out the door I heard him begin to roar, "Next time . . .", but I didn't wait for the rest, firstly because I never intended to have a "next time", and secondly because I know a little rule that is something like this, "Always leave while the leaving is good."

There, the noon whistle is blowing already. That means that I have only four hours left in which to maintain my reputation as a department stenographer. I got half way through a sandwich when the Boss called me to help him find a missing letter. I found it in his desk, but didn't dare laugh so that took all the joy out of that.

The natural after-lunch reaction set in, and my struggles to keep my eyes open were ludicrous. I started to type one of those mile long reports that our Department has a habit of issuing, when Brrrrrrring, the telephone. I jerked the pesky thing towards me and drawled "Hello" into the mouthpiece. Phew! Somebody slammed the receiver down with enough force to win him everlasting fame as a receiver slammer. Very soon after that the Big Boss strolled over to my desk. "Haven't I told you never to answer the telephone that way?" he asked in a voice as cutting as a tight collar on a fat man. I came to my full senses with a start. "Why, no sir." I answered. "Well, hereafter when you answer the telephone say 'Extension 112. Miss Racer talking'". He played the same mean trick on some others in the Department just because he was in a "bawling out" mood, and didn't want to slight any one.

Two hours dictation and that mile long report kept me hopping until closing time. But I went home with a warm feeling around my heart; for as I sealed the letters to go out and waited for the Boss to sign a few more, he said in an I-mean-it-voice. "Miss—you certainly can be speedy when you want to."

—R. B.

A DEFINITION

Love is a feeling that you feel when you are feeling as you never felt before.

—The Papyrus.

—o—
A stoic is one who can write poetry while a nice kind-hearted dentist is drilling on a molar.

—The Papyrus.

Frosh Battle Hymn

—o—

Other classes may have their colors but the Frosh have a class song. If your memory serves you well, you will recall that the Freshmen had a song contest a few weeks ago. It was a "howling" success (as is everything the Green and Gray attempts). Several music students and a music faculty member acted as judges. After several hours deliberation, they decided that the following song was worthy of first prize. It was written by Louise Zickler and Ruth Burgess. to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Try it on your piano.

We have banded us together
From the North, East, South and
West.

We have come to Houghton College
On high and noble quest;
It is Wisdom we are seeking,
And we pledge ourselves no rest

Till we dwell where she is queen.
Chorus
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
You don't have to live in Ireland
to be green.

Though the upper classmen scoffing
In derision call us green,
We need never mind their pointed-
ness
Be it e'er so keen.
For we've yet to see the Sophomore
Who a Freshman hasn't been,
Since schools came on the scene.

Now when we are upper classmen
We will treat the Freshies square
We won't razz and call them verdant.
We will always speak them fair.
Now, we make this resolution,
But—you wait till we get there,
We'll even tease the Dean.

His Honor, the Office Boy

Aviators often descend to earth a bit less placidly than they ascend. So do other people.

Two summers ago I registered as a clerk with a lawyer, Mr. R—, in a small county town. Serving a legal clerkship is somewhat similar to the old custom of serving an apprenticeship—the duties are multifarious; the remuneration is small. The first few weeks were spent in running errands. Soon the work began to assume a dignified legal aspect. I drew a deed. I was now no longer an office-boy but an attorney and one of the front offices became mine. Here I studied all laws from the town speed-limit to the constitution.

One morning, a month or so later, Mr. R— entered my office. "I'm going into court to-day," he said, "I want you to come along." This was but another step, I thought. It would be only a matter of time until he would ask me to become a partner. I went to court and sat inside of the bar that divides the spectators and the attorneys. Two or three times during the trial Mr. R— asked me if there was anything more he should ask the witness or say to the jury.

After we had won the case, Mr. R— asked me to go into court alone and listen to a case which had a direct bearing on the next one we were to try. During this trial the district attorney, being pressed for evidence to convict a man, asked the Sheriff to bring a certain prisoner to testify. I realized the prisoner was our client, soon to be tried, and that any evidence he might give could be used against him. I rushed to the telephone and called Mr. R—. He came into the hall of justice as the prisoner was being sworn. He asked the court to excuse the prisoner from testifying saying that it was not courtesy, to say the least, for the district attorney to call this man without informing the prisoner's counsel

(Continued on Page Three)

Sunday Service Held in Chapel

The Sunday Services of the Houghton church were held in the college chapel due to the fact that the water had risen so far in the church cellar as to make the starting of the church furnace impossible. In spite of the inconveniences thus encountered the people enjoyed the services. Rev. Pitt chose for his text for the morning message "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world." 1 John 4:17. He brought out very clearly many great truths about Love made perfect. For the evening service the topic was "Our Hope." Both sermons were helpful and beneficial to all.

Monday's Chapel

Monday we had a short but impressive chapel with Miss Burnell in charge. The scripture reading taken from Psalm 145, David's Psalm of praise was read responsively. Then we sang the hymn "Praise Him, Praise Him." The main theme of the chapel service was Praise. Although no remarks were given the singing and scripture reading greatly impressed us.

Praise Him, Praise Him,
Ever in joyful song."

Students' Prayer Meeting

The Students' Prayer Meeting was held Tuesday evening as usual. It was opened by the singing of the hymn "I Know Whom I Have Believed." After another song, Mrs. Turnell led us in prayer. The leader, Russel Fraze, then brought us a short but helpful message using as a theme II Peter 3:18, "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." We need not only to get a start in our Christian life when we are converted but we must grow daily. We also must have Jesus in our every day walk of life if we expect to be successful Christians. We can "grow in grace" by helping others to find Him and through prayer. If we do not pray we cannot hope to be able to bring unsaved souls to Him. We must always be in contact with the great Supreme Power for He will supply all our strength.

Fellow-students, there are only about six Tuesday evening services left before commencement so let us come out 100% to these remaining meetings. Let us each by our presence and prayers make these last six services on fire for God. In the prayer meetings we can meet and talk with God and enjoy fellowship with those who love Him. Please aim to attend!

PROF. AND HOLLIS

(Continued from Page One) won favor in many places other than Fairport and Houghton as an extract from an Oklahoma paper will testify: "Especially interesting was the young Leo Lawless with his brilliant style and his dashing technique."

Mr. Stevenson, a Senior, whose talent has acclaimed for him the distinguished honor of baritone soloist for the College Glee Club and Chorus, greatly pleased his audience with three solos. They were:

The Earth is the Lords Lynnes
I've done my Work Bond

Just Smiling

Professor Lawless played three very delightful numbers:

Concert Etude MacDowell
Caprice Viennois Kriesler

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12 Liszt

The thundering applause and many compliments assured the artists of their work well done.

Sunday School Notes

Why I Go To Sunday School

Erudite Faculty Member:—
My reason for attending Sunday School is that I believe it is an opportunity for increasing personal knowledge of the Word of God.

Fair Co-ed:—
I suppose I attend somewhat from habit since my mother started me in the way I should go when I was about two years old. Now I really like to go because I find it stimulating. Last but not least, it is interesting to observe the latest sartorial acquisitions, especially in the line of millinery.

Budding Theologian:—
I go because I like to go. I like the singing and the class discussion, and I feel at home there.

Campus Shiek:—
I like to make Sunday a change from the grind (?) and I like the points the teacher brings up in going over the lesson.

Why I Don't Go To Sunday School

The Eternal Feminine:—
I have to shampoo my curly top on Sunday because it is the only day there is plenty of hot water and plenty of room. After that, I write to the boy friend.

The Eternal Masculine:—
I don't go because I'd rather sleep late in the winter and go walking in the summer. I'm always afraid of the questions in Sunday School, too.

Note: The above answers were given to an inquisitive member of the Sunday School asking the respective questions of several individuals.

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OFFICE BOY

(Continued from Page Two)
and added that had it not been for his clerk (I knew he meant to say "partner") the prisoner would have convicted himself.

As I returned to the office that afternoon after court, I was prepared to answer in the affirmative to the partnership question. But lo! such was not the case. For as I entered he called out, "Hey, run over to the tailors and get my pants. You'll have to hurry it's almost closing time."

—W. T.

MOVE-UP OR BACK-UP?

(Continued from Page One)
surdly weak to us. After the faculty allows "move-up" day to take place, it hardly seems right to say that it occurred too early and therefore the regular observance of it cannot be followed out. We agree there should be more co-operation between faculty and students.

Dean Hook—"We have strange rules at Elon."

Dean Savage—"Why do you say so?"

Hook—"The students are satisfied with them."

—Maroon and Gold.

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Fillmore, New York

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C. W. GLEASON
Belfast, N. Y.

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Wearing Apparel
for College Men

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Silk Dresses \$6.00
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Must be seen to be appreciated

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New Spring Wash Goods and Silks

A magnificent display—featuring every correct fabric and design—a variety to satisfy the most discriminating taste and at prices to fit any purse.

A request for samples will receive immediate attention.

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Everything to be found in a first class Jewelry store at

COVILLS JEWELRY STORE

When in Wellsville shop at

E. B. COVILL & SONS

"Home of the Square Deal"

Mail your Watch to us for Repairs—Prompt Returns. No Watch too small or difficult from our watchmakers.

YOU MUST LOVE YOUR WORK

The charge of laziness is never laid at the door of the Captains of Industry. Most of them worked incessantly in their younger days. They loved their work, which enabled them to push ahead. Had they spent their time in recreation they would not be at the head of the big things today. Every one of these men had bank accounts which they kept building up and was prepared when opportunity came around. Keep your Bank account with us. Build it up.

Bank of Belfast

BELFAST, NEW YORK
OLD STRONG RELIABLE
4 Per cent Interest Paid on all Time Deposits

"Hines" Sauce

(57 Varieties)

Miss Davison (in Math class)—
"I'll not assign an advanced lesson.
I want to get caught up on those
maximum and minimum problems."
Yetter (enthusiastically)—"So do
I!"

"May I press your lips?" I asked.
She nodded her sweet permission.
So we went to press,
And I rather guess,
We printed a large edition.

The amount of clapping done by
a student in chapel is directly proportional to the number of subjects
he has under the professor who is
making the talk.

—Exchange.

One Way to Graduate
Former President Taft, said in a
speech—"Some men are graduated
from college 'cum laude,' some are
graduated 'mirabile dictu'."

Dizzy—"I love you better than my
life."
Ede—"Well, considering the life
you lead that's no surprise."

Prof. Lawless to Alton Cronk—
"Don't think your a bargain just
because your half off."

From the Ohio State Journal
"Machine Careens Into Ditch
and Hits Tree Returning from
Dance."

No Discrimination
A colored girl was called to the telephone and her end of the conversation was over-heard as follows:
"Yes, dis is Miss Jones speaking."
"What, will I marry you?"
"Yes; what am de name of the gentleman speaking."

One Thing Needful
Two countrymen met on the road on a very hot July day, and one said to the other:

"Putty hot, Jim."
"Yes," said the other, "I should say we were going to have a thaw if it weren't for one thing."

"What's that Jim."
"There ain't nothing froze,"

Some Race
Pin—"A cabbage, a hydrant and a tomato ran a race, which do you think won?"

Jim—"Don't know—who?"
Pin—"The cabbage came out a head, the tomato is trying to catchup, and the hydrant is still running."

Little—"One man in New York dies every minute."
Red—"Yeah, I'd like to meet him."

I have taken over the
Well Known
Nash Clothes at \$23.50
Samples at Robbins Hardware
C. B. Haskins, Fillmore

John H. Howden Estate
Dry Goods — Groceries — Shoes
Rubber Footwear
All Kinds of Floor Covering
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Lester J. Ward
Pharmacist Fillmore, N. Y.
Candy and Stationery—A Specialty
The Rexall Store

Alice M. Lockwood
Dental Hygienist Oral Prophylaxis
Fillmore, N. Y.

CALCULUS

—o—

According to our dictionary, Calculus is a hard and stony deposit occasionally found among the internal organs, and consequently very difficult to grasp. Higher education, however, is not readily frustrated or foiled, and almost any university offers a course in Calculus for what it is worth. Varying stages of calculous growths or something very like them may be observed on almost any college faculty, and can be removed only by prolonged soaking in a strong brine or with a handy length of lead pipe.

Calculus deals principally with infinitesimals, which seem to be some sort of sub-microscopic entities similar to those which are generally held responsible for foot and mouth disease. Under the benevolent rulings of the U. S. Department of Agriculture they may be shot at sight, except on Sundays. Unfortunately the little calculi are entirely invisible and therefore make disappointing and unsatisfactory targets. It is confidently expected however, that the tightening of our immigration laws under the new administration will eventually deliver us from this deadly scourge, which seems to have originated in central Asia.

At the approach of danger the little calculi quickly disguise themselves as exponentials, logarithms, and direct and inverse circular functions. They then elect one of their number as the integral calculus which is a sort of queen bee and quite haughty and unapproachable, except at the mating season when she is constantly attended by a veritable cloud of isoperimeters. The exact consequences of the subsequent gradual growth and infinitesimal increase of the differential calculus as such are at present unknown, but are generally considered to have some regional rela-

tion to the increased enrollment in American universities and the growing Republican majorities since the campaign of 1884.

*—North American Review.***Maxims for Every Day**

—o—

One minute of keeping your mouth shut is worth an hour's explanations. Judge no man until you have stood in his place.

Whatever you dislike in another person be sure to correct in yourself. God bless the good-natured for they bless everybody else.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.

Self-Reliance and Independence are foundation stones in strong characters.

There is no selfishness in real Christianity.

Yesterday is a memory, To-morrow is a hope, To-day is your only available capital.

A Lie travels by Lightening Express, Truth comes in by a Stage Coach.

No man is free who does not work for himself.

*—Selected.***Music Club**

—o—

A regular meeting of the Music Club was held Monday evening in Professor Lawless' studio. The hour was devoted to the study of the cantata. Those present enjoyed the following program:

Life of Gaul Margaret Carter
Vocal Solo from "Ruth" (Gaul)
Mildred Stevenson

Life of Handel Devollo Frank

Life of Dubois Ruth Thompson

Vocal Solo—"God, My Father" (Dubois) Hollis Stevenson

If you don't come to**Houghton Sunday School****you don't know what your missing.**

Opening exercises in the chapel. Special singing; Male quartet

A good superintendent; Trained teachers.

Study the fortieth chapter of Isaiah and come next Sunday.

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TRENCH COATS. LEATHER JACKETS

CHELSON and STETSON HATS

\$5.00

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Watches are sold in Allegany
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PRICED FROM \$25.00 UP.**WARD'S JEWELRY STORE***The Largest Jewelry Store in Allegany County.*

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WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

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Publisher of

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Piano Solo—"Hungarian Rhapsody
[No. 12]" Liszt
Professor Leo Lawless

To Thee, O Country! Eichberg
The Glee Club

Instrumental Trio:

a. Calm at the Night Carl Bohm
b. Serenade G. Pierne

Messers Lawless, Kluzitt, York

Vocal Solo—"The Wreck of the Ju-
lie Plante" Geoffrey O'Hara
Hollis Stevenson

Song of the Vikings Eaton Fanning
Finale Alma Mater

The Glee Club

Wesleyan Methodist charge.

Mrs. Turnell is with us again.

Mr. Wilfred Bain and Miss Mary Freeman went to Syracuse last week end on business.

Willett Albro has been removed to his home from the Warsaw Hospital. We hope to see him back with us soon.

Frosh Staff Celebrate

Last night after the "STARS" were out and before the silver moon cast its shadows hither and thither, to and fro, pro and con, et cetera et cetera, et cetera the Freshman STAR Staff (the ones who were to blame for this week's "green copy" of the STAR) had a "get-together" in the Star Office.

After folding the Stars, the Staff indulged in the vulgar pastime commonly termed "eating" in social circles. This lasted until several had to go home (on account of the lateness of the hour). Everyone had a fine time and all those present want to be on the STAR Staff next year providing all the others present are also on it.

Joseph Kemp has signed with Silver Springs. He will coach and teach math.

Everett Dyer has a contract at Friendship.

Wilfred Bain will be the Music instructor at Central College.

Mary Freeman has a contract to teach English in Central College.

Local Gossip

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilcox and daughter visited their parents of this town.

The familiar faces of "Peter" Steese and "Clint" Donohue were seen in town over the week end.

Howard Bain, Emory Karl and friend spent a few days here.

Graydon McCarty has been added to the hospital list.

Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Cronk and daughter Barbara, Mr. Alton Cronk and Miss Olive Weatherill motored to Olean Monday.

Depth of water in Oramel Basin detained many students from their early Monday classes.

Ruth Van Dusen spent the week end in town with friends.

Old Sol has again honored us with his presence.

Mr. Carl Hill and family have moved to Olcott for the summer.

Rev. and Mrs. Bain have moved to Fillmore where Rev. Bain has the

Chorus night isn't association night! (Ask the boys)

Long chapels seem to bore the upper classmen.

Round the Campus**State Bank of Fillmore**

Fillmore, New York

Out of town customers will find at the State Bank of Fillmore the same consideration and attention which characterizes our services to Fillmore Patrons.

We welcome the making of new business contacts as a means of broadening and increasing our service.

4 per. cent interest paid on time deposits compounded semi-annually.

Snappy**Bostonian Brogue Oxfords**

For the College Boys

Novelty Shoe for the College Girls

Hamilton Shoe Store

Wellsville,

New York

HOUGHTON COLLEGE*Recognition*

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Students may use New York State scholarships.

Graduates receive the degrees of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science.

Graduates may receive the College Limited Teachers' Certificate without taking examinations.

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There are seventy courses of study classified under the following departments: English; Foreign Languages, both Modern and Ancient; History; Economics; Political Science; Sociology; Philosophy; Psychology; Religious Education; Music; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; and Biological Science.

These furnish the prescribed courses preparatory to professional study in business, medicine, law, and dentistry, and give advanced credit in courses leading to the degrees of Civil Engineer; Electrical Engineer; Chemical Engineer; and Mechanical Engineer.

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The necessary expenses for one year need not exceed \$400.00.

Send for catalog to:

JAMES S. LUCKEY

Houghton, N. Y.