

Coming!
Thanksgiving
Vacation

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Class
Basketball
Tonight

COLLEGE LIFE IN PRINT

VOLUME XXI

HOUGHTON, N. Y., NOVEMBER 23, 1928

NUMBER 9

Houghton Graduate Makes Valuable Invention

A machine for measuring, almost instantly, to the slightest fraction, the moisture in any substance, has been perfected by Arnold Pitt, a graduate of Houghton College, Houghton, N. Y., while working in the physics department of the University of Toronto under the direction of Dr. E. F. Burton. This machine, which is another feat of scientific research and has caused a sensation among practical industrial leaders as well as scientists, is described by grain and furniture men as "a perfect knockout."

The new invention reduces hours of work to minutes in the important process of determining the amount of moisture in grains, wood and other substances used in various industries. The device also measures this moisture with the infallible accuracy that is necessary in the grinding of wheat and the manufacture of furniture.

The machine is really a discovery of the application of radio principles. As a result, it is naturally one of the most sensitive pieces of mechanics in existence. It is so sensitive to moisture that its gauge pointer swerves a long the measuring line from the addition of an infinitesimal touch of water or liquid to the material being tested. Radio and electrical men will be particularly interested in the ingenious mechanism of the machine. Visiting scientists at the Colloid

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Zike-Meyers Party Plays for Chapel

Other Visitors Present

Friday's chapel exercises were made especially enjoyable by the presence of several visitors.

Rev. I. F. McLeister and Mrs. McLeister conducted the devotional service. Rev. McLeister who is a member of the Executive Board, afterward took occasion to express the thanks and appreciation of the Board to President Luckey for his work at Marion College. President Luckey then introduced his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr of Canandaigua. These visitors then adjourned to the rear of the chapel and the Zike-Meyers Evangelistic Party were introduced.

Rev. Zike spoke briefly in greeting and stated that as the students probably received sufficient lecturing in the classroom and elsewhere, their program would be entirely of music. The first numbers were Hawaiian selections by the trio, using different combinations of guitars, banjo-uke mandolin and piano. By request the trio sang "Lead Me to Calvary" accompanied by Rev. Myers on the guitar. Rev. Myers then called into service an humble tool, which, as he said, had stood more abuse than any other instrument they carried; namely, a handsaw. However the humble saw together with saxophone and piano rendered as beautiful music as ever, "A Perfect Day" and "The Prisoner's Song." Still another combination was offered by saxophone, guitar and piano. The program closed with a Hawaiian march by the string trio.

All the numbers were very enjoyable and we are awaiting with pleasure the return of the Party to chapel next Friday.



The harbor at Jebail, Syria, from which the cedars of Lebanon were sent to Jerusalem for the building of Solomon's Temple.

Mrs. McMillen Writes from England

Tells About Experiences There

102 Alexandria Rd., London
November 1, 1928.

Dearly Beloveds,

Halloween is over and the Londoners didn't know anything about it except from the jack o'lanterns in our windows. We had it there in celebration of the gathering together of the American doctors and their wives in our diggings. Our very comfortable quarters are called digs here. They would still be digs if they were not so jolly nice.

We had a very good time at the party. All the couples like ourselves are expectant missionaries. Most are bound for Africa; two couples go to India. You cannot imagine the fellow feeling that Americans have here. It is indeed a foreign country. You should go shopping with me some day. Perhaps you have a natural antipathy to carrying a basket even as I but you will soon learn to lug it along. Bread will be handed to you

(Continued on Page Two)

Dyer Leads Service at Rock Glen

Shipman Brings Message

The Christian Workers again had the opportunity to preach the Gospel in song and sermon, this past Sunday evening at Rock Glen. Mr. Dyer took charge of the service. After an inspiring song-service led by Mr. Hollis Stevenson, the congregation was led in prayer by Professor LeRoy Fancher. The girls' quartette, composed of the Misses Ries, Storms, Hall and Stevenson, then brought a special message in song. This was followed by a brief testimonial service, during which everyone was given an opportunity "to put one over on the devil" as our leader expressed it. Misses Martha Dyer and Olive Gardner then sang a duet, "I'm Heir to His Treasures."

The message of the evening was delivered by Mr. Joseph Shipman who chose for his text Acts 4:12, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." While there were no visible results, we rest upon the promise of God concerning His Word,—"It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Day of the Golden Rule

International Golden Rule Sunday, is December 2nd. It gives opportunity for an expression of practical religion, which James in his epistle defined as including remembering the fatherless in their affliction.

On this day we are urged to partake of a simple meal much as the orphans in the Near East are grateful to have on each of the 365 days of the year. Having in some measure entered into fellowship with their sufferings, we are asked to make an offering for their welfare, such as we would wish to have made for our children or loved ones if conditions were reversed.

The Turkey Gobbler

The great American bird is not the hen nor the eagle, but the turkey gobbler. The gobbler is lord of the barnyard and field marshal among the fowls. See him strut in the fullness of his pride, tail feathers spreading, head up, wings trailing, but not ingloriously! His crimson comb and purplish wattles give him the appearance of a red-faced and important gentleman who is querulously concerned in everything going on about him. Such pomposity, dignity and swagger is rare. His irritable "gobble, gobble, gobble" strikes terror into the hearts of little children, but is music in the ears of the more sophisticated who envision him trussed up in a roaster and stewing in his own juice.

The turkey has been closely associated with American history from the beginning. It will be remembered that at the famous Thanksgiving feast of the Pilgrim Fathers in November, 1621, in which the friendly Indians participated, wild turkey was the chief delicacy. Once this elusive bird was plentiful but now the wild species is all but extinct. In only a few sections of the country the wild turkey may be found. It begins to look as though the domestic turkey is destined to go the way of its progenitor. Young turkeys are hard to raise and the Thanksgiving and Christmas demand exceeds the supply. No one wants to see the day when the turkey has disappeared from the land and the proud gobbler struts and fumes no more.

There is no substitute for the turkey gobbler in sight. As compared with him the rooster is plebeian and the gander "a loser brood without the law." The gobbler is a symbol of prosperity and a token of hospitality as well.

Reid Ed. Service

America's Gift to Ancient Lands

by John R. Voris

Associate General Secretary, Near East Relief

I stood on the balcony of the American House at Jebail, Syria. Jebail is the seaport town called Gebal in the Book of Kings. It was to this town that the cedars of Lebanon were brought from the mountains to the Mediterranean to be floated as rafts down the coast to Haifa, and from there taken overland to the Holy City to build the temple of Solomon. It was here that the Egyptians and later the Romans found a port of entry and it was here that they left notable monuments now being uncovered by the French.

Below me where the soft waters of the Mediterranean lapped against the shores, I could see the dim outline of slender columns of an ancient Roman temple, recently uncovered by the excavators, and could fancy, at least, that I could see a great sarcophagus in which the earlier Egyptians had buried one of their leaders. In my mind's eye I could see the great cedars of Lebanon drawn on rough wheels by a multitude of dark-skinned

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Music Club Presents Schubert Program

Orchestra Plays

Last Monday night found the chapel well filled with an appreciative audience. A fine Schubert program was given commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his death. After a short discussion of Schubert's orchestral works by Florence Long, the orchestra, directed by Alton Cronk, played *Moment Musicale* by Schubert. As an encore, a modern composition, *Sheep and Goats* was rendered, giving us an opportunity to compare the old and the new. Mr. Cronk informed us that our next program would be a study of modern music. The applause that greeted this interesting modern number prophesies much for the success of the next music club program.

Edith Bork discussed Schubert's songs, then Harriet Storms sang that delightful song of Schubert's *Who Is Sylvia?* Hollis Stevenson sang *Da Bist Die Ruh* in German and Leon Hines gave two selections *By The Sea*, and *Hark, Hark the Lark*. This concluded the club's program.

Soiree Francaise Vendredi Passe

Par les Etudiants Francais

An evening of French song, fun and recitation attracted a large interested group to the chapel, last Friday evening. The old familiar room breathed a decidedly different atmosphere with its prominent display of the French national colors. Miss Stephanie Pierre, new instructor in conversational French, with her intimate knowledge of French life had planned a careful presentation, suggestive of *L'esprit francais*. "La Marseillaise," sung by the French department, readings and selections from Moliere, which were cleverly dramatized by students from the course in Conversational French,—these all helped to remind us that the French laugh, weep, think and feel just as keenly as we in our American way. One could have easily imagined himself in the midst of real French conversation, so naturally did the action and its expression blend. A surprise concluded the evening of pleasant variety,—our Alma Mater in French, translated for this occasion by Miss Pierre.

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Worst Faults of Boys

As I begin to write on the worst faults of boys, my only regret is the fact that I have not studied the dictionary sufficiently to enable me to express in a fitting manner my feelings on the subject. Also, I would go bankrupt buying pencils, pens, ink, and paper if I should go into detail too much; therefore I shall endeavor to give only a few of the *foibles* of boys.

I am thoroughly convinced that there is no class of individuals who are so conceited as boys. What they can't do isn't worth doing. They strut around like proud, haughty peacocks or vain turkey gobblers as much as to say, "My, how handsome we are." Look at us. The girls all "fall" for us. Poor deceived boobies. Don't they realize that a girl hates a conceited boy and shuns him as she would an ugly, wiggling, slimy snake? Houghton affords ample opportunity for observing this trait. The boys think they have such marvelous brains. They scan the pages of their textbooks and think they can "pull the wool over the teacher's eyes." But, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." When the examinations come creeping around the corners they fall and fall miserably.

Statistics plainly show that girls take the lead in the intellectual world. It is usually the girls who receive the class honors. Oh, sometimes a genuine boy—not a conceited one—is thus honored. He is the exception to the rule, however.

During my three years in Houghton I have noticed the ever-increasing tendency for boys to substitute femininity for masculinity. They try to act like silly, giggling school girls. The way in which they talk—you know what I mean.—They twist their heads in so many ways which are oh, so cunning, and they almost dislocate their jaws when they try to talk in the fashion of the flapper. I am actually surprised that their countenances are not disfigured for life. Boys even try to imitate girls in dress. It is no wonder that so many girls are compelled to wear glasses—dark ones at that. The gaudy neckties, the bright

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Collegiate Sam Says

Lets' be thankful for small favors
—even a too short vacation.

Ex.

EDITORIAL APPROACHING

Yes, it is approaching. One can feel it in the very atmosphere. Crisp frosty mornings, light flurries of snow during the day, and icy puddles at night. Then there is almost constant discussion among students about special programs; and, "are you going home?", the question is asked ever and anon. Verily, Thanksgiving is coming.

The question arises at once, "What have I to be thankful for?" Surely a foolish question for a person in America to ask. When we compare our national prosperity with that of other countries, the question is entirely unnecessary. Consider the spiritual benefits of our country; founded largely on Christian principles, we inherit the advantages of Christian institutions; viz. the Church and School. The Bible is an open book, and its treasures may be tapped by every one; a book unheard of by thousands.

As we this season partake of our bounties, temporal and spiritual, let us not forget that there are millions who are still without the blessings of the Gospel. This is the time of the year to increase missionary giving. With the end of the Y. M. W. B. drive so near it behooves us, as we compare our conditions with those of other lands, to pray and give thankfully and largely. Shall we not deny ourselves some of the physical bounties that others may be profited by our sacrifice? Make it "THANKSGIVING and thanksGIVING."

Locals

Alice Poole spent the week end with friends in Yorkshire.

Mr. Gordon French of Alfred College visited his brother Andrew at Houghton on Sunday.

The Houghton College Glee Club went to Olean on Wednesday to have their picture taken preparatory to their entering upon their year's schedule of programs.

Miss Stephanie Pierre has been on the sick list for several days.

Richard Wing suffered a very severe sprained ankle while practicing for the basketball series, and may not be able to take part in the games.

Mrs. Mattoon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arden Burt, in Rochester.

Miss Alora Russel of Canadea, formerly a Houghton student, was married to Mr. Charles Smith of Fillmore on Saturday, November 17th.

LOOK TO THE END!

On Tuesday, November 20, Prof. P. E. Woolsey developed a splendid chapel talk from the following acrostic:

RESPICE FINEM

Recognize the fleeting nature of all but things eternal.

Evaluate actions by their probable results.

Scorn an immediate pleasure that costs a future headache.

Prepare for the end from the beginning.

Inquire of those who know the best paths.

Cultivate the highest of ideals.

Expect some disappointments.

Face difficulties with courage.

Inspire in others confidence in yourself.

Eliminate hinderances to success.

Make God your guide.

Alumni Gossip

Rushford, N. Y.,
October 31, 1928.

Dear Erma,

I feel quite distinguished to be writing for the Alumni Column.

I have been quite a frequent caller at Houghton this fall and besides I have read all the "Stars" so I feel quite well posted on Houghton affairs. I think this is surely going to be a banner year for the college, and I am heartily glad.

I think by this time I have assured all my Houghton friends, at least once, that I am at present teaching school in Rushford, N. Y. If you don't know the place, come up and get acquainted. I think it a wonderful town and the people are extraordinarily friendly. I sometimes long for the old school days but I really enjoy my work.

It must be hard for my old friends to imagine me a school ma'am. I do feel mighty green, but they haven't thrown me out yet. All prospective teachers should be greatly encouraged by my example, for if I can teach school, anybody can. One of my worst difficulties is the acquiring of a solemn look. I just simply have to laugh when something happens, and then it is rather hard to punish the offender.

One advantage that High School has over College is the number of vacations. Why, we get a day or two off nearly every week. Last week we had Thursday and Friday for a Teacher's Meeting here at Rushford. I must tell you about the main attraction. Miss Burnell gave the address of the day Friday morning, and it was fine (How could it be otherwise). She just held us spellbound as she launched forth on the subject of "Genuine vs. Counterfeit Values of the Teaching Profession."

Basketball is well started here, so of course I am happy. I am attempting to coach a girls' team, but I fear for the results. However, I learned at least one valuable lesson in basketball while in Houghton—how to be a good loser. I imagine it may come in handy at times.

I am glad of the chance to say "Hello" to all you students. I just love the Stars this year. I think they are the brightest ever, and I want to add my congratulations to many already received by the staff.

As ever (for Houghton)
"Fluff" Albro

Varysburg, N. Y.,
October 31, 1928.

Dear Folks,

I have chosen a very fitting night to tell you of my great adventure; for such, I considered my sudden plunge from quiet and sedate college halls to a good sized room full of twenty-three normal, wriggling, shouting pieces of humanity under eleven. I have been continually reminded of their existence this evening, for four times half a dozen of them, more or less, tramped into the dining room of my boarding place where I was endeavoring to look over a number of their papers. Between their wild and noisy jaunts of about fifteen minutes in length to various parts of the town they have returned here for repairs, and for approval of newly arrived members of the "gang."

I never find the day dull with the life and buoyancy of twenty-three such youngsters to direct into proper channels. It certainly was a decided change of atmosphere and employment, but I find it very fascinating and very much worth while. I did not realize the responsibility and the opportunity of the teacher until I now begin to learn by experience. So far it has been a jolly experience, too. Though I'd rather you wouldn't whisper it to my pupils, I truthfully say that even their pranks are great sport. Once a Houghtonite, always a Houghtonite,
Ruth Crouch.



Mrs. S. I. McMillen (Alice Hampe)
former Houghton Student and Dean
of Women

MRS. McMILLEN WRITES

(Continued From Page One)

with thin paper, like tissue, on it and NO STRING. Mrs. Norburg, my neighbor and her husband, the Doctor's classmate, and I just came back from doing our marketing. In the first place we found that all the shops in our district close tight on Thursday afternoon. In other districts they may close Saturday or Wednesday. A fish market was open, so my good husband will have fish tonight. Last Thursday he had salmon because I forgot the shops closed. We bought cabbage and carried it home with paper half way around it. Sometimes we get our vegetables wrapped in newspaper. I had my meat done in it one day.

We have been very fortunate in being invited out into an English home, a very nice one too. We attend the Holiness Mission in charge of David Thomas. It is the only one we know of. Mrs. Thomas and her husband are great people. They have nine children of their own and know how to make one feel comfortable. Dr. and Mrs. Staley are with us. They are Mennonite missionaries and Dr. Staley is in the Tropical Medical School. We like them a lot and it is fine to have friends of the same faith as we.

The services in the mission are interesting. In the morning the leader reads a portion of the Gospel of John (this month) and talks about fifteen minutes. Then the little children read a verse around, after which the meeting is open, and various people take the verse that strikes them and talk to the subject. I think it is a good plan for they are not so apt to rave about things they should not as when they choose their own subject. Last week some very excellent thoughts were brought out on the third chapter of John. After the evening service, that commences at six-thirty, there is a street meeting. We take that in too and you should see us mounting a chair and talking on the street corner. There have been a number saved in their street meetings.

I thought first I should be lonely this winter but I am not a bit. We have taken in several young fellows who are here alone and are foreigners and it keeps us busy entertaining them in the evening and doing the studying the Doctor must do. I mean we are only inviting the fellows here now and then of course, but they like to come as often as we can see them. One, he is a German, and is here to learn the language, and the other is a Hungarian, a doctor. I have sympathy for them for if I had a different language to master along with all the rest I don't know where I should be.

The Lord is very good to us. In many ways He is proving to us the truth that if you forsake father and mother, houses and lands etc. that you shall receive a hundred fold in this life. We have been very fortunate in finding friends. It does not seem that we are strangers in a foreign land. We really are enjoying our stay here and find the different customs interesting. I am learning to

count the shillings now without using my fingers. You may know at a glance how much fourteen shillings are but not I.

Pray for us that we may be true missionaries wherever we are.
S. I. and Alice McMillen.

Anna Houghton Daughters

An attendance of fifteen at the meeting at Mrs. Luckey's last Friday is the record for this fall. Mrs. Doty was present and gave a very enlightening talk on the southern mountain people. She, with her husband, has spent some time among these people in holding evangelistic and missionary meetings so her knowledge is first hand. One impressive thing about these people is that though exceedingly poor, they gave quite generously to the missionary cause.

NOTICE

Those desiring Thanksgiving dinner at the College Inn will please make reservations not later than Tuesday, the 27th.

Owing to Thanksgiving Vacation, the Star will be published next Friday November 30.

ATTENTION

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VALUABLE INVENTION
(Continued From Page One)
Symposium held at Toronto last June were amazed when they saw even the first crude apparatus in action.
Arnold Pitt, after graduating from Houghton College as a major student in Physics in the class of '27, secured a position as assistant in the Physics Department of the University of Toronto, where he made the discovery mentioned above.
Describing the principles of the new invention, Pitt says that the main idea is an electrical oscillating circuit, incorporating radio principles. The disturbances brought about in the oscillating circuit by the moist substances are a function of the electrical conductivity of the substance producing the disturbance.

HONOR ROLL
Students having 36 to 44 grade points or an average of B plus in all subjects:
Willett Albro, Marion Fox, Elsie Chind, Dominica Staffler, Hilda Butterfield, Hugh Thomes, Arthur Doty, Aleda Ayers, Robert Stark, Joseph Kemp, Bessie Crocker, Eleanor Jones, Ellsworth Brown, Neva Henry, Florence Long.
Students having 45 or more grade points or averaging A to A plus in all subjects:
Alice Pool, William Sallburg, Everett Dyer, Mary Freeman.

Here are a few statistics which show the percentage in each class receiving marks below a "C" average, or less than 15 grade points.
Freshmen 32 percent
Sophomores 25 percent
Juniors 27 percent
Seniors 3 percent.
As usual the Sophomores and Seniors are ahead.

THE MOTOR SALESMAN SPEAKS
"I hear it's a boy, Joe What's he like?"
"Ed, you never saw a prettier job in your life. He's the ultimate in this year's models, or rather he anticipates next season's style. Even the casual observer would recognize him as a masterpiece in skillful designing and the finished product of engineering genius. At the same time he combines rugged construction and superb appearance with an almost unbelievable endurance. When it comes to performance he is strictly in a class by himself—capable of the most astonishing pick-up you ever saw. And under all circumstances there is undisputable evidence of great reserve power and stamina, all of which gives positive promise of a long life on comparatively low fuel consumption. The body is smart and highly distinctive—nothing less than an inspiration in multi-toned pink. It cleans easily; scratches and spots soon disappear. Sturdiest chassis you ever saw, extending the full width of the body, with an exceptional low center of gravity. All the standard equipment, of course, except for a few minor details. Easy of control, too, at least in the hands of one who knows a thing or two. And, Ed, here's the big point—he's unquestionably the strongest appeal to women that can be found anywhere." David B. Park in the Country Gentlemen.

SEND IT IN
If you have a bit of news, Send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse, Send it in;
A story that is true, An incident that's new, We want to hear from you— Send it in;
Never mind about the style If the news is worth the while It may help or cause a smile, Send it in!

Count De Coupon's Column
Dear Count de Coupons,
When I am invited to the home of my girl friend for the final time, what shall I wear? Shall I take flowers?
Greenhorn
Dear Greenhorn,
Wear a worried look. If you take flowers select the kind you would wish on your casket—as they are often used for such purposes on these occasions.
Count de Coupons
Dear Count,
I am having a terrible time. Our new house is literally infested with fleas. What shall I do?
Domestic Ann
Dear Domestic Ann,
Let the fleas go to the dogs.
Count de Coupons
Dear Count de Coupons,
Would it be permissible for me to go hunting with a last year's license?
Nimrod
Dear Nimrod,
If you only shoot the ones you missed last year.
Count de Coupons
Dear Count de Coupons,
I am a former stenographer who married my boss, how can I handle him?
Steno.
Dear Steno.,
The same as always—when he starts to dictate take him down.
Count de Coupons
Dear Count,
When was the war of 1812? Are you an advocate of women's clubs?
Inquisitive
Dear Inquisitive,
The war of 1812 was fought in 1784. I am not an advocate of women's clubs—they do enough damage with a rolling-pin.
Count de Coupons

Even a light pat on the back can make the chest stick out.
Inalienable rights depend upon many things, but chiefly on sleeping with one eye open.
Two is company, three is an organization that will ask for a congressional appropriation.
A born buck-passer is one who calls the results of his own folly "an act of Providence."
The "freedom" most people yearn for is merely the privilege of bossing people who now boss them.
Men are not immune from faults; They never think or ponder, But to their great surprise, they find That often they do blunder.
Here's to woman, her fame spread far!
May she stay in her home, and Not learn to drive a car!
And, though I live a thousand years, May I never again see a woman in tears!

Though her hair is cut short
And her clothes seem so strange
A woman is a woman
And can never be changed.
Man was as pure as snow—but he drifted.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS IN OTHER SCHOOLS
Vachel Lindsay, one of the best known of modern American poets, will appear at Keuka on November 24 in a chanted recital of his own poems.
Madam Gray—Lhevinne, great violinist gives her third concert at Asbury College. She is accompanied by her son, "Laddie" who plays the piano.

When you break your Glasses leave with
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FAULTS OF BOYS

(Continued From Page One)

leon. In imagination one could re-
colored sweaters, the homely, flashy
striped blazers, as well as the brill-
iant red blazers which can be distin-
guished as far away as the fires from
Mt. Vesuvius, are a disgrace to any
class of boys. I really would be
ashamed to think that any of my an-
cestors had been so fickle as to partici-
pate in these things. Boys of one or
two generations ago were real boys.
They would have hid their faces in
shame if one of their number had
acted as boys do to day. Before I
forget let me tell you that the reason
why so many of the middle-aged men
become bald today is the use of
grease and dope on their hair. Take
warning you shieks!

At the age of sixteen, seventeen, or
thereabouts boys are given to writing
erotics. I don't know what strikes
them, but something peculiar happens.
Perhaps, if they could remain under
this spell throughout life, they might
be blessed with abundant pecuniary
rewards for their labors.

Again, permit me to tell you that
boys know nothing of real friendship.
They have their platonic friends.
These soon fade away and change
just as the philosophies of time do.

Never in the history of the world
has there been such an indolent class
of people as the boys of today. They
want white collar jobs or nothing at
all. Some of them even have the
"nerve" to attempt captivating a girl
or woman for the money she possesses
so that they can live in leisure. A
boy or young man by doing such a
thing admits his willingness to be de-
pendent upon woman, the most inde-
pendent individual in existence. As
an example of this dependence let us
take Macbeth. His wife was the one
who had to encourage him continu-
ally. He was a coward, a weakling.

As for sex equality, I am convinced
that there is no comparison. "Can a
leopard change his spots or the Ethio-
pian his skin?" No. "A boy's a boy
for a' that." Cicero, one of the great-
est men of ancient times whose works
still live and will continue to live,
says many things in condemnation of
young men. He classifies them as
rash, pleasure-loving, indolent, and
lax. He also states that they are un-
able to undertake the responsibilities
of life. This is proved very specifi-
cally in our present time. Girls and
women are doing the work which men
ought to be doing. Statistics prove
beyond question that business men—
I mean men, not boys—prefer to em-
ploy girls and women because they
are not so careless and negligent.
They are more painstaking and neat.
Then, too, boys are extravagant. They
require more money for less work
than girls do. Even though they re-
ceive higher wages or salaries, they are
always "broke." My brother who
earned many times more than I, used
to ask me for money quite frequently
because he had spent all his.

One of the numerous peccadilloes
of boys is the fact that they very sel-
dom tip their hat when they meet a
lady. In fact, many of them wear no
hat at all for fear that their hair will
be mussed up a little. Poor, vain
creatures!

Cruelty is a very evident character-
istic in boys. I could mention exam-
ples by the dozen. Take Nero for
instance. Could any woman ever
have sat in a tower playing a fiddle
while hundreds of human souls per-
ished? No! No one but a hard-
hearted scoundrel could. Was there
ever a more brutal person than the
Black Prince who caused a whole city
to be wiped out without any real
cause? What woman would ever
have done such a deed as Wilkes
Booth did when he assassinated a
noble God-fearing man such as was
the sixteenth President of the United
States?

In spite of the fact that the boys
are cruel, they are fearful. I have
heard several boys confess that they
were afraid of the girls; that is, they

dreaded to ask a girl to go anywhere
with them. They feared she would
say "No." Then, if they finally did
muster up courage, they "shivered in
their boots" while asking her.

My head is whirling in circles or
ellipses, I know not which. The faults
of boys are so numerous. I cannot
begin to tell them. But, let us not
forget that "in spite of their faults,
girls love them still." If such were
not the case, Houghton would not
suffer from the awful calamity of
losing her Dean of Women every two
years. We girls are frank to admit
that there are some men who deserve
just respect. Even I will bow my
head in respect to Abraham Lincoln,
that man of high principles. The
meekness of Moses calls forth my
utmost admiration, the great faith
of George Mueller presents a chal-
lenge to me.

Boys may be eccentric. They may
be effeminate, careless, cruel, conceit-
ed, indolent, and many other things,
but, after all, they are human. In the
final analysis we girls have just as
many idiosyncrasies as the boys.
Many of us are proud and conceited.
Sometimes we are cruel and unlady-
like. Taking everything into con-
sideration, we descend from our high
pedestal. We assure the boys that we
observe not only their faults, but also
their thoughtfulness, kindness, and
manliness.

This world would be a queer one
If all of us were girls;
And all the boys were missing
And all of us wore curls.
We'd split our sides with laughter,
Boy's faults we sure would miss;
But earth would be a heaven
And we would dwell in bliss.

E. H. C.



A Child of the Near East

The Child of the
Near East

By May E. Bullock

Little Lord Jesus, when you were
here,
You were a Near East Babe so dear.
In Bethlehem town where you were
born
Near East babes are playing this
morn.
In the carpenter shops of Nazareth
Town,
Near East boys walk up and down.
These are your brothers and sisters
small,
Who for love of you have lost their
all.
As Wise men brought you their gifts
from afar
Following beams of a silvery star,
So we eat a Golden Rule meal today
And share with the children of Far-
away
Who live in the land and walk on
the street
That once knew the pressure of your
dear feet
Doing to them, as we'd like to do
If the Near East babe, dear Lord,
were YOU.

AMERICA'S GIFT

(Continued From Page One)

servants, cedars that would go to
build a temple of the Lord. Raising
my eyes, I saw outlined against the
sky above to my right a great castle
built by crusaders in the twelfth cen-
tury.
I found myself awed by the march

of history. I was conscious of being
on ground trodden by the kings of
old. Alexander the Great had been
here, Philip of Macedon and Napo-
leone's civilization as it marched past.
Each conqueror had left his monu-
ment in marble or stone.

Earlier in the day I had been talk-
ing with some of the older boy lead-
ers of the American orphanage center
and their teachers, and now I thought
of the monument America was erect-
ing there, not a monument of brick
or stone but one measured in terms of
human life. In the building near me
seven hundred boys were sleeping.
Fine, healthy and alert youngsters they
were. I had seen them all at their
work, at their meals, in the sea enjoy-
ing their morning plunge, and also in
the church service. All these boys
owed their lives to America's gifts of
food and shelter and care. And I
said to myself. We're not leaving a
crusader's castle or a Solomon's Tem-
ple or Roman monument or even an
Egyptian sarcophagus; not even a
shrine or church. We have invested
our money in childhood.

Here we are leaving the kind of a
monument that the earlier civilizations
would have scorned. Just children!
Even today childhood has but little
place in these heathen lands. Parents
love their offspring to be sure. But
children are valued only as potential
adults, not as children. Civilization is
built for adults. The result is that
there is a complete lack of child care
movements. Money, if spent, is ex-
pended upon shrines and great
churches built of lasting materials,
but not for education or care of chil-
dren. Now comes the richest nation
on the globe, and it leaves only chil-
dren, strong, sturdy, trained children
to be sure, but only children. A
strange spectacle.

And so I turned to my couch with
a feeling of content, for I knew that
we had not only builded unselfishly,
but we are leaving a trained leader-
ship among youth and a new ideal
for all childhood.

We have brought to the land of
"Jim who said, "Suffer the little chil-
dren to come unto me" a demonstra-
tion of the meaning of that message.

SOIREE FRANCAISE

(Continued from Page One)

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- Compte Les Bienfaits de Dieu
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ALUMNI

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and interesting letter for our columns
in next issue—watch for it! Inci-
dently, we are watching for yours.