

THE HOUGHTON STAR

SPECIAL STUDENT WEEKLY

VOLUME XXIII

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., FEBRUARY 27, 1931

NUMBER 18

Student Volunteer Speaks in Chapel

Rev. Ernest Ackley Here

It was our privilege to have as the leader of our chapel services on Monday and Tuesday, the Reverend Ernest Ackley, a representative of the National Student Volunteer Movement.

On Monday, Rev. Ackley brought to our attention the great need of workers on the foreign mission field. He showed that while men are ministering to the physical needs of the people in these foreign lands, yet, the spiritual needs are not sufficiently attended to. We have received the wonderful message of salvation because of missionaries. It is therefore our duty in turn to give the light which we have to those who are without it. If the missionary cause is to continue, it is necessary that men give themselves to that cause; that they hear and heed God's call. Mr. Ackley concluded his talk by showing the three principles necessary for a divine call.

1. The principle of love. Man must have a deep love and concern for mankind.

2. Faith and trust in God. Man cannot be called until he has surrendered his all to Christ.

3. Understanding and Intelligence. One must seek knowledge. God needs fully developed minds as well as strong bodies.

On Tuesday, Reverend Ackley spoke to us about the "Races of Life."—Races are being won today. Questions of moment are being settled. Issues of vital importance to mankind are at stake. We are, indeed, living in an age of crises. The right is battling against the wrong. Righteousness is contending against hatred and malice. Three of these vital questions were discussed.

1. Race hatred and brotherhood. Only the power of God in the life

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Last of Boulder Pictures Taken

The even tenor of our ways was sadly interrupted by the appearance of the photographer to finish taking the pictures for the Boulder on Wednesday. Classes were sadly interrupted by the exodus of half of the class to be "shot". Some classes were broken up entirely when the teacher himself was carried off to be "shot" on the rostrum of the chapel. The library was like a bee hive and the librarian flew about like an old hen with a lot of little ducks who persisted in swimming. First notices floated about the library quite freely. In the halls people rushed hither and yon, squeak dashed desperately from door to door seeking the victims of the next "shot", and students in basket ball suits, in tuxedos and in Glee Club outfits intermingled in the hall—well, the photographer doesn't come every day.

Rev. Clinton H. Churchill To Close Revival Meetings With To-night's Service

FULL REPORTS WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S "STAR"

Reverend Clinton H. Churchill of the Buffalo Tabernacle, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week and on Thursday morning, preached sermons directed forcefully to the hearts and consciences of his listeners, and appealed strongly to them to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is to preach again tonight, which is the last service at which he will be present. A full report of his work will appear in next week's STAR.

The meetings since the report of last week have been characterized by great seriousness on the part of both Christians and others who are realizing the need for salvation. While there has been nothing spectacular about the work, many have been moved to consider their eternal relationship with God. Some apparently indifferent have proved themselves vitally interested in the claims of Jesus Christ, and a goodly number have repented, made confession and been converted.

The theme of the evening service, as shown by the texts used has been God's demands for righteousness, the two ways and their results and the compassion of God and of Christ. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment but the righteous unto life eternal."—Mt. 25:46. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."—Isa. 57:21. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."—Eph. 4:30. "These all died in

faith... He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11:13, 16 "But when he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion of them because they fainted and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd."—Mt. 9:36. On Sunday and Tuesday evening no texts were chosen, the scripture on Sunday being Rev. 20:11-15—the last judgment, and on Tuesday, Mt. 25:1-12, the parable of the wise and foolish virgins.

One of the most affecting services was that held on Monday evening. Mrs. Stark said in part: "Jesus Christ was moved with compassion when he saw the multitude. What do we see in the multitude? in the people we meet every day? in our students? Do we see those in need of mental instruction, or do we see souls in need of a shepherd? The compassion of God is as old as the world itself. If you can think of a time when there was no sin, then you can think of a time when there was no divine compassion. 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.' Many times when I have failed and have scarcely dared to come into the presence of God, I have remembered this scripture. 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish but have everlasting life.' 'Christ made himself of no reputa-

tion... and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross"—and all because he loved us so.

"Our attitude toward sinners is very different from God's. We criticize; Christ would go anywhere to save a soul from sin. If God has his way, in the heart of every Christian there will be the same compassion that Christ had, just as there was in the heart of Moses and Paul.

"Jesus, out of his divine love cried, 'Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathers her chickens under her wing and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate.' Will Christ say to us, 'How oft would I have gathered you and ye would not? Either it will be this, or we must let Him shepherd us'."

On Sunday morning the audience was greatly touched by the words of Professor Ries. "Other hearts will not be broken until ours' are", he quoted from Professor Whitaker and then showed the meaning of compassion—to suffer with another. Let us suffer with those who do not know God until they are brought to Him.

Possibly the words of Paul and Daniel will summarize very well the impression of the last week's meetings: "For all have sinned and cometh short of the glory of God." "To the Lord our God belong mercy and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him."

Delving in Records Of the Past

As We Used to Be

Are you readers still interested in the news from out of the past? For your benefit we delve deep in the old STARS and brings forth choice bits of news. This is like keeping a five-year diary and jotting down just a line to tell what happened each day.

From that STAR of March, 1919 we read: "The Student Volunteer Convention of the State of New York, an organization of the colleges, met in Albany, N. Y., the 21, 22, 23 of February. Houghton delegation consisted of Rev. Charles Sicard, Alice Hampe, Zola Kitterman, Beulah Williams, Miss Hillpot, Mrs. Hester and Mr. Visser." Recognize any of the names? This same STAR gives the information that Miss Belle Moses was instructor in the Science Department at that time.

One of the front page articles in the STAR of February of 1921 tells of the visit of Rev. and Mrs. Peter Doty and two children at Houghton. At the time they were enroute to India as missionaries.

We glean a bit of humorous news from the STAR for the last week of February, 1927.

"The faculty ladies took their first bath—in the pool—Thursday evening. Splash! When 'Auntie' Rothermel and Miss Burnell both got going at once there was scarcely enough water left for the slimmer members. The Dean evinced enough vigor, pep, and vim to scare any wayward children. "Prof. Rachel" gulped and swallowed and spewed forth but came up grinning everytime. If the high school children enjoyed their hour to the utmost—well, words are inadequate to express how these fair members capered. They gaily informed the interested, awed spectators, "I can't swim"—did they need to?

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Class of 1930 Holds Reunion

Wasn't it pleasant, dear classmates of mine, Recalling the days of the added sunshine "Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through" And the banquet eats in the kitchen, too, "And we went "tripping, "me and you," Up to dear aunt Bess? Wasn't the apple stew just grand With fluffy marsh-mallows sweet and bland, And taters heaped high and pork close bye And the dressing and gravy oh, my! With the olives and buttered biscuits heaped high, Up to dear aunt Bess?

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SENIOR ROLL CALL

Name	Home Address	Major(s)	Minor(s)	Future Occupation	Degree
Thelma Bentley,	Houghton, N. Y.	History	Education & Biological Sc.	Teacher	A. B.
Doris Clegg,	Lockport, N. Y.	Chemistry	Physics, Math. & Education	Teacher	B. S.
Bessie Crocker,	Pittsford, Mich.	History	Math., Eng., Ed., Greek	Teacher	A. B.
Lucele Crowell,	Rushford, N. Y.	Music & English	Education	Teacher	A. B.
Agnes Currie,	Pavilion, N. Y.	French	Latin, History, Education	Teacher	A. B.
Evelyn Davies,	Pike, N. Y.	Music	History & Education	Teacher	A. B.
Phyllis Estabrook,	Houghton, N. Y.	Music	History, Eng., Education	Teacher	A. B.
Alice Fisk,	Rosburg, N. Y.	History	Chemistry	Teacher	A. B.
Lucele Hatch,	Midland, Pa.	Latin & Education	History, English, French	Teacher	A. B.
Edna Haynes,	Rushford, N. Y.	French	History	Teacher	A. B.
Neva Henry,	Bliss, N. Y.	Mathematics	French, History, Education	Teacher	A. B.
Nellie Hewey,	Savona, N. Y.	Latin & History	French & Education	Teacher	A. B.
Helen Hurlbut,	Arcade, N. Y.	Mathematics & Education	History	Teacher	A. B.
Monica Kniffen,	Silver Springs, N. Y.	Latin & History	English & Education	Teacher	A. B.
Lovina Mullen,	Silver Springs, N. Y.	English & History	Education	Teacher	A. B.
Ethel Thompson,	Belmont, N. Y.	English	History & Education	Teacher	A. B.
Esther Tomlinson,	Wales C., N. Y.	Biological Sc. & Education	Mathematics	Teacher	B. S.
Elma Williams,	Belfast, N. Y.	French & Education	History	Teacher	A. B.
Grover Bates,	Belfast, N. Y.	History	Biological Sc. & Education	Teacher	A. B.
Homer Fero,	Sandy Lake, Pa.	Chemistry & Education	German	?	A. B.
James Fisk,	Rosburg, N. Y.	Chemistry	History	Teacher	A. B.
Robert Folger,	Rosburg, N. Y.	History	Biology & Chemistry	Business	A. B.
Alfred Gross,	Buffalo, N. Y.	Greek & Rel. Education	English	Minister	A. B.
Charles Leffingwell,	Fillmore, N. Y.	History	Math. & Education	Teacher	A. B.
Hulbert Marvin,	Houghton, N. Y.	English	History & Education	Minister	A. B.
Charlie Moon,	Houghton, N. Y.	Latin	History & Education	Teacher	A. B.
Elmer Roth,	Houghton, N. Y.	History	Religious Education	?	A. B.
Marshall Stevenson,	Mooers, N. Y.	Chemistry & Pre-Medic	History & German	?	A. B.
Eugene Tyler,	Silver Springs, N. Y.	Education	Biological Sc. & Chemistry	Teacher	A. B.
Eddie Zuber,	Holland, Mich.	History	Chemistry & Education	Teacher or Minister	A. B.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Collegiate Sam Says:

The private offices in the lower hall are as private as a public waiting room.

OUR LIBRARY

When you have a minute of leisure, if you pick up a book, what is it? If you spend most of your time reading history when you are studying, do you read history in your spare moments or do you pick up a fiction book? Spare moments provide a chance for you to broaden out and delve into a field far removed from your speciality. Perhaps poetry appeals to you more than prose reading. There are many poems with a comforting thought or a cheerful spirit to carry you through a trying day. To your joy you find that the poet has put into words that which you could feel but not express. Do you favor a homely poet like Edgar Guest or a modern poet such as Carl Sandburg or an old favorite such as Robert Burns or Whittier or Longfellow? Even if you do not care for strictly modern fiction there are books such as those by Honore Willsie Morrow—based on fact, religious, yet teeming with romance and thrills of adventure. A good magazine or two at hand to pick up at odd moments supplies many interesting articles.

Whatever your preference in reading may be, why not make good use of our library and read the books you like? The library is for the students. Why not make it yours through use?

GREETINGS

- Pearl Moore—March 1
- Forrest Merrill—March 3
- Ernest Pierce—March 3

HOOS HOO

- "A perfect woman, nobly planned"
- whose favorite word is "See?"
- Last Week's—Charles Moon.

ALUMNI NEWS

Joe Kemp will be principal of Bliss High School the coming school year.

Mildred Turner was the guest of Corinne Cole over the week-end.

Hollis Stevenson was in Houghton over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Tucker spent the week-end in Houghton.

Lowell Fox was unable to return to his school at Delevan part of last week. He was entertaining an attack of la grippe.

The class of 1930 held a reunion at the home of Miss Bess Fancher Saturday night. Those present included, Beulah Brown, Marjorie Donley, Winifred Pitt Tyler, Marjorie Alice Sloan, Martha Dyer, Miss Rothermel, Averil Chapman, Willet Albro, Ellsworth Brown, Hugh Thomas, John Khuzzit, Arthur Dory Professor and Mrs. Claude Ries.

Miss Neva Henry Houghton, N. Y.

My Dear Miss Editor:

Would you be interested in knowing how we handled the mailing of those first issues of the STAR? We had a relatively large mailing. The novelty of the venture created a good deal of outside interest, and it also made each student a fairly enthusiastic subscription agent. The paper, being in magazine form, could not be folded and wrapped as it can be now. Well, this is what we did. I cut up great quantities of rather thin wrapping paper into strips about five by twelve inches. Into this the STAR was rolled, the end of the wrapper daubed with a bit of paste, the address written on, and a one cent stamp stuck to the roll. Later the postmaster furnished me with stamped and gummed wrappers. You will wonder how we endured that heavy postage expense. So do I. I think it was not until the third year that the STAR was admitted to second-class postage rates.

The first year of the STAR saw Houghton venture into another interesting field, that of intercollegiate oratory through the channel of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. I do not recall who all were in the local contest; Harold Hester and Theos Thompson were among them, I think. The fellows must just have had a bad day that night, for when it was all over it was decided that I would have to go over to Colgate and represent Houghton. Trouble began when we were notified that all contestants must appear in full evening dress. Now, when I speak of—"dress suit", I do not mean the dapper little tuxedos in which the Glee Club boys come prancing down the aisle. Maybe you are not familiar with the 1909 model of evening dress. The trousers were very similar to the divided variety that have been in vogue for some time. As for the coat, it started bravely southward from the shoulders in much the ordinary way to about half way to where the waist line then was, and where it is beginning to reappear in certain quarters. At this point it was cut squarely off for ninety degrees both east and west. The remainder traveled on down to the region of the knees, said remainder being then equally divided northward to about the region of said waist line. This arrangement exposed to view about one and one-half acres of white shirt front, laundered to about the pliability of heavy sole leather. This

HOUGHTON APPENINGS

Esther Ries was in Houghton Tuesday.

Lucille Wilson spent the week-end at her home in Panama.

Clayton Frank is spending the week at his home in Cattaraugus.

Harry Keller spent the week-end with Chester Driver in Rochester.

Mildred Stoddard spent the week-end at her home in Cattaraugus.

Howard Dietrich spent the week-end at his home in Cattaraugus.

Beverly Taylor spent the week-end at Jamestown.

Betty Coe spent the week-end at her home in Attica.

Leon Hines underwent an operation at the Hownsend Hospital in Gowanda for appendicitis.

Homer Fero and Marshall Stevenson were in Rochester over the week-end.

Emily Lisk was entertained over the week-end by Elsie Congdon at her home in Little Valley, N. Y.

Anne English and her friend, Sally Ives are spending a few days in Houghton.

Friends of Orell York will be pleased to know that he has been chosen as a member of the traveling squad of the Men's Glee Club of Asbury College.

latter had to be welded together at the anterior middle with a large assortment of small buttons, each one having a delicate and intricate combination of its own.

Needless to say I did not possess one of those contraptions. There were none in Houghton. On the way to Colgate our crowd stopped of for a few hours at Syracuse. There Brother Willett took me out to an upholstery establishment and fitted me to one. Since none of the inevitable things, such as time and tide, waits for any mere man, the fateful hour drew nigh. But I was in the express care of good Professor Howard W. McDowell, for whom I would have gone through fire. Long before the hour of the contest arrived, we were in our room, trying to get me into that outfit! With the operation about two-thirds over we discovered that some essential part was missing. Neither of us knew just what it was. It seems now that we made several blue-prints of equipment that we thought would do. As nearly as I can describe it, it was a cross between a spark plug and a rear axle. Anyway, leaving me securely propped in one corner, Professor McDowell fared forth into town to get it. He got it. I have forgotten where, but it seems as though he said it was at either a blacksmith shop or a second-hand fruit store.

No, I think I'll not describe the contest! Of course, Houghton did not show up very well that year, but we learned a lot of things. Even at that she didn't do too badly, for I was able to win third place. The other two entrants that year were Colgate and Syracuse University.

Continued growth and prosperity to the HOUGHTON STAR!

Stanley Wright.

Expression Club To Meet March 2

Monday night March 2 the Expression Club will present a sacred program in the chapel. The theme of the program will be *Christ, Our Saviour*. Everyone come and hear the old well-loved songs.

- Scripture and Prayer
- Elsie Chind
- "The Love of God"
- Edith Stearns
- "Ivory Palaces"
- Miss Zimmerman, Mr. Turnell
- "In the Garden"
- Guitars
- L. Donnelly, W. Ware, C Williams
- Reading
- Olive Benning
- "The Ninety and Nine"
- Miss Zimmerman
- "Have Thy Way"
- Hawn Sisters
- "Jesus Lover of My Soul"
- Malcolm Cronk and Willard Smith

70th Wedding Anniversary Celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. Thayer of Houghton

A very pleasant time was enjoyed by those receiving invitations to the 70th wedding anniversary of Mr. Milo Thayer and Mrs. Martha Babit Thayer at their pleasant farm home in Houghton, Monday February 23, 1931. The house was very prettily decorated with white and yellow crepe paper and large white wedding bells. Beneath these in the center of the three tables were large bouquets of yellow jonquils.

A three course dinner was served to the 30 guests by three young ladies in a very satisfactory manner. Beautiful gifts were on display not least were gold pieces from 10 dollars to two fifty. Then as the camera appeared every one looked pretty as family groups were taken. Lastly the bride and groom of fifty years ago—grown a little fuller of form but still smiling and happy were photographed.

After recalling "old times" all departed wishing them many more happy anniversaries.

Rev. Ernest Ackley Speaks

(Continued from Page One)

of man can overcome this difficult situation.

2. World peace and world destruction. This can only be remedied by more love in the hearts of men. They must acknowledge as their Lord and Saviour, the Prince of Peace.

3. Christianity and chaos. If Christianity is to win in this race, men must rise up against secularism and atheism. Jesus Christ must be exalted.

Mr. Ackley in closing showed that any man, in order to enter upon these great races of life, must first participate in the "race of the soul." He must accept Jesus Christ as the master of his life, for it is only under his guidance that life is truly worth while.

Mr. Ackley's two talks were inspirational to young people who follow Christ.

Motor Cop to Elon: Don't you know that you should always give half of the road to a woman driver? Eln: I always do, when I find out which half of it she wants.

As We Used to Be

(Continued from Page One)

Among the names found on the program for the library concert on Feb. 25 1927 are Wesley Gleason, Lloyd Tingley, Rosaline Churchill, Cecil Russell, Leona Thomas and Alfred Kreckman.

How many of you remember when Houghton students listened with bated breath to hear the first of the programs broadcasted by Houghton students.

"On Tuesday evening, February 28 (1928) the Houghton College representatives will broadcast a one hour program from 8 to 9 over station WKBW of the Churchill Tabernacle in Buffalo.

"The concert will consist of several male quartet numbers by Messrs. Ralph Jones, Irwin Enty, Hollis Stevenson and Wilfred Bain, a corner solo by Luther Hawkins, and two vocal solos by Ralph Jones and Irwin Enty.

"Besides the musical numbers President Luckey will give a ten minute talk in the interest of the College."

Two years ago this week the most momentous occurrence was a pancake feed.

"Last Monday evening the men of the Faculty and the male members of the Junior and Senior classes united in an old-fashioned pancake feed."

"No sooner had appetites been satisfied than Pres. Luckey arose and stated the purpose of the gathering. He stressed the fact that a school cannot be a success unless there is a sincere spirit of cooperation between students and faculty."

"Doubtless everyone present was benefited by the gathering, a better understanding of each others' problems—faculty and student-body—has resulted."

Class of '30 Holds Reunion

(Continued from Page One)

We gathered together, a dozen or more

With Prof. Ries, his wife and Priscilla to adore.

And weren't the thoughts we exchanged with zest

Flavored with knowledge—the very best?

For us there is no East or West—

But, up to dear aunt Bess'.

And then when the dessert came around

Was ever fluffier angel-cake found?

And sweeter ice-cream to melt in your mouth

From East, West, North or South?

There never can be found a mound

Like up to dear aunt Bess'.

"Why, I see her now in the open door"

To greet us heartily as of yore,

As we trip the fifty steps or more

"And her face"—how it lights—

ah, me!

Isn't it food for us to be

Up to dear aunt Bess'?

And, O, my classmates far away,

We send you greetings on this day

We missed so many amid the fun,

But hope the next time you can run

And add your laughter with a pun

Up to dear aunt Bess'.

Apologies to Riley.

Columbia University leads the nation in total enrollment with 33,144 students.

When a freshman at Rhode Island State College dares to flirt with a girl, he must wear a catcher's mask for three days as punishment.

The Silver Cup

Miss Duchesne, the domestic science teacher in the Kenmore High School, had called for a meeting of her class one spring afternoon. A merry crowd of girls, filled with the exuberant spirit of spring, came into the classroom. As she explained the purpose of the meeting, the same thought flashed across the mind of each girl. Every year they had chosen one of their number as a representative to the Convention and every year some other school had been awarded the much-coveted silver cup.

"Whom do you wish to be our representative this year?" she was saying. "You all know that a great deal depends on the girl whom we send. Think about this and then you may vote for the delegate."

When the ballots were counted, Betty Sylvester was found to have been unanimously chosen. A loud cheer broke out, for Betty was without question the most popular girl in school. With a somewhat hesitant and anxious air Miss Duchesne dismissed them, requesting Betty to remain a few minutes.

"I hope you realize the responsibility that has fallen upon you, my dear," said Miss Duchesne in a most serious yet tender tone.

"Oh, Miss Duchesne!" the girl cried, "I don't know why the girls chose me. You know I'm a dumbbell in domestic science. I'm certain I shall disappoint them."

"You must do your very best, Betty," comforted her teacher. "Do not think of your dislike for domestic science, but rather of the honor of the school. Make the very best use of these last weeks and you will come home with the cup."

With this bit of comfort, Betty went home. She was a beautiful girl, with a very fine taste for clothes and was popular everywhere because of her friendly and cordial manner. Her mother was considered the best cook in the village, and everyone remarked about the daughter's hatred for the kitchen.

These three weeks passed too swiftly to please Betty. She had resolved to study harder than before, but her resolutions were thrown to the winds as the spring days advanced. Early on the morning of the eventful day, a merry group of girls accompanied their delegate to the station. It was not the time to be sorrowful or serious and the troubled face of Betty was soon wreathed in smiles.

"Don't get lost! Remember where you're going! Bring back the cup!" cried the girls as the train started out of the station.

About ten o'clock the train reached Aurora and Betty stepped onto the platform. The fact that she was among perfect strangers did not affect her self-confidence in the least; but there was a slight feeling of uneasiness in her manner, because of what the day held for her and for her school.

As Miss Duchesne had told her that someone would be there to meet her, Betty entered the station and sat down on one of the benches to wait. In her great hurry and excitement, she had forgotten to bring the name and address of the woman with whom she was to stay. Finally the station agent came into the office and thinking he might be able to give her some information, Betty stepped to the ticket window and said,

"Have there been any cars here since the train left?"

(Continued on Page Four)

Quant's Restaurant

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Count de Coupons

Dear Count:
I have often wondered what Adam and Eve did after they left the Garden of Eden. Could you give me any information along this line?
Seeking Sam.

Dear Sam:
According to the Bible "they raised Cain."
Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:
Can you give any statement proving that Washington was not always as honest as we have been taught?
As Bestos.

Dear As:
Remember the banks always close on his birthday.
Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:
Why in the world was it that God made Adam before Eve?
Rev. Erand.

Dear Rev. Erand:
It is allways likely that He desired to give Adam one chance in the 930 years of his life to speak before his wife.
Count de Coupons.

The Silver Cup

(Continued from Page Three)

"You are attending the contest, I should judge," said the station agent. "Well, Mr. Thurston was here to meet some people, but he has gone. I can tell you where he lives."

Very explicitly he directed her and even described the house. Thanking him, she started out in the direction he had told her. After a very pleasant walk, she soon found the house. She saw a small brown bungalow, surrounded by small shrubs and many flowers. A warm, tired looking girl of about Betty's own age answered the bell. Her face and hands were covered with flour and her apron showed the result of hard work.

"I am certainly glad you are here at last," exclaimed the girl. "Come in and hang your coat and hat on that rack. You will have to hurry because it will soon be dinner time. Everything you need you will find in the kitchen." Then glancing at her watch she exclaimed, "I will have to hurry or I will be late for the contest."

Betty stepped inside the door. The girl had thrown her dirty apron on a chair and had dashed upstairs, leaving Betty gazing after her in amazement. What did the girl mean? Somewhat slowly she took off her wraps and walked across the room to the kitchen. It was no wonder the poor girl was so uncomfortable, working in the kitchen without the window open. While Betty was standing there, a voice floated over the banister, saying that Mrs. Thurston wanted to see her before she started lunch. In a dazed manner, she went upstairs and was conducted into a darkened room where the girl's mother lay.

"You will find an outline of the lunch on the cabinet in the kitchen. The green stuff is in the refrigerator and the best dishes are in the lower part of the buffet. Everything else is in a handy place. I don't

think you will have any trouble, but be very particular and careful because the visiting teachers are coming here."

Betty descended the stairs and entered the kitchen. The mystery began to clear up—she had been mistaken for the girl who was to prepare lunch. A lump rose in her throat as she thought of what it meant. With a resolution in her mind to make a success, she assured Mrs. Thurston that she would see to everything.

Betty was on the verge of explaining who she was; but she thought of the result to the sick woman and Eileen. She dismissed the reproachful thought of her school from her mind and then rolled up the sleeve of her new broadcloth waist and donned the apron Eileen had discarded. She pulled back the curtains and raised the window, letting in a soft, south breeze. In a short time she had changed the appearance of the kitchen and proceeded to prepare lunch.

Everything she did received the utmost care. At quarter of twelve, Betty sat down on a high stool in front of the window, resting her aching head and body in the gentle breeze. Everything was ready when the ice-cream was delivered. She glanced once more at the tables to see if the dishes were properly arranged and at the tempting fruit cocktails. The creamed potatoes were in the warming oven and the cold sliced ham, the dainty salads, and the coffee cups were on the serving table. She surveyed the angel food cakes with the greatest pride.

Many times during the last hour she had been thankful that she could turn to her domestic science notebook, which she had tucked into her bag the last minute. It had been a great help to her; but she felt a tinge of shame creep over her, when she remembered that she had copied every experiment from another girl's book.

Shortly after the noon hour had struck, the teachers arrived, escorted by Eileen. As soon as she had made her guests feel at home, she rushed into the kitchen. She was much relieved to see Betty preparing the dishes for the table.

"Has the ice-cream come?" she asked.

"No, but it will be here soon, I called up and the man said it had been sent about ten minutes ago," Betty replied.

While serving the different dishes Betty surveyed her work with a great deal of pleasure. She had heard bits of praise from the teachers. However, she was beginning to be uneasy, for the ice-cream had not come and the teachers would soon be ready for their dessert. It had been almost fifteen minutes since she called. She decided to wait no longer. But what could she do? What could she use as dessert? Suddenly she remembered a dish they had been taught to make during the last lesson in domestic science. In a short time she had cut large slices of the cake and was covering it with a foamy, egg and confectioned sugar dressing filled with marchino cherries.

As soon as all had been excused, Eileen started to find the one who had prepared that wonderful meal. She found Betty wandering about the back yard. Seeing Eileen, Betty ran to meet her.

"Was the dessert all right?" she asked in an excited tone. "It was simply wonderful," exclaimed the girl, how did you ever do it? You

have worked hard this morning, won't you go to the meeting with me this afternoon?"

Betty attempted to look disinterested, but suddenly the old, mischievous look came into her eyes.

"I would love to go with you," she replied.

"Let's do the dishes together and then you will have time to rest before we go," rejoined Eileen. There was something about the girl's manner which captivated Eileen and made her have a feeling of friendship.

About two-thirty that afternoon the two girls started for the contest. They reached the auditorium just as the roll was being called.

"Betty Sylvester of Kenmore," called the clerk.

"Present," replied Betty.

Eileen looked at her in surprise. It suddenly dawned upon her what a mistake she had made, in thinking that Betty was the cook for whom they had sent.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she implored.

Betty felt a small hand close over hers and remain there for a second. For an answer Eileen received the most beautiful smile she had ever seen.

When the meeting was adjourned an elderly lady held out her hand to Betty and said, "Here is my delegate. Our car had to be taken to the garage last night so we were late for the train this morning. However, I am certain Eileen has treated you most royally." The girls burst into laughter and Eileen told the lady of Betty's morning in the kitchen.

In the evening the girls returned to the meeting. Until now Betty had been so busy that she had not given the cup one thought. With a feeling of chagrin, she thought of her classmates and their disappointment. Another year and no cup for their reward.

After the calling of the roll the judges took their places on the platform. Betty recognized the lady with whom she should have stayed coming to the front of the platform. After a short speech, the lady picked up the cup and hesitated. Finally she spoke.

"This cup has been awarded to Miss Betty Sylvester of Kenmore, because of her practical application of her knowledge of domestic science." She then gave a short explanation of the activities in Mrs. Thurston's kitchen. "Will Miss Sylvester please come forward?"

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Amid loud applause, Betty arose from her seat and blindly staggered up the aisle. She stood with the cup in her hand while she received the congratulations of the people around her. Her eyes filled with tears of joy at the thought of the crowd of girls who would be waiting for her return. She had fulfilled their greatest wish.—E. D.

STUDENTS FLUNK "PROFS"

New York, Feb. 5.—The dream of every student—to make his teacher take stiff examinations and to flunk them—has been fulfilled at Columbia university.

A student bearing a copy of Scribners for January in which Thomas Beer, the author, outlined a 40-question test, made a canvas of the college faculty. Of 104 faculty members approached, only 53 answered the full questionnaire. Of those who took the test none achieved a higher grade than 55.1 per cent, and one turned in a paper which rated 42.7.

The questionnaire ranged from "Who were the Piccolimini?" and "Who was Tillman Riemenschneider?" to "Who is president of France?" and "List five motor cars manufactured in Great Britain."

—Buffalo Evening News.

Favorite Hymns

The *Lutheran Church Herald* published a list of hymns which have been translated from English into other languages. Following are those which have been translated into fifty or more languages. The list includes the number of languages into which each hymn has been translated.

Hymns Languages
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God 171
Rock of Ages 130

Just As I Am 106
Adeste Fidelis 104
Nearer, My God, to Thee 101
Jesus, Still Lead On 93
Holy, Holy, Holy 81
A Sacred Head Now Wounded 80
Jesus, Lover of My Soul 78
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah 75

What a Friend We Have in Jesus 70
Abide With Me 66
All Hail the Power 65
Hark, the Herald Angels Sing 64
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say 62
Jesus Shall Reign 51
Sun of My Soul 50
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 50
Lead, Kindly Light 50
—Wesleyan Methodist.

My Purpose

I would forget that there are those who fail me;
I would forget that there are those who hate;
I would think only of the ones who help me;
I would be true and gentle for their sake,
I would be noble, though perhaps few notice;
I would be blameless, although many blame.
I would be kind in word and deed and motive.
I would be sportsmanlike throughout life's game,
I would befriend the friendless, help the helpless,
Love the unloved, make happier the sad;
I would in every footstep of the Master,
Thus follow, with the purpose that he had.
—Anon.

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