

HOUGHTON STAR

IN HONOR OF THE MOTHERS OF THE "SOPH" CLASS

VOLUME XXI

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NUMBER 27

"Gleason Travels" "Soph's" Class President Relates Experiences in Texas

For seven months during 1927, it was my privilege to be a member of a concert company traveling in Chautauqua work for the Radcliff Chautauqua people out of Washington D. C. We were the opening number on the Chautauqua program and traveled throughout 14 states. The organization I was with was the "Rocky Mountain Male Quartet" under the leadership of Herb Morriss of Mason City, Illinois—none other than merely "Dad". The other two members were Ray Smith and Forest Longback. Dr. W. C. Weir from Orlando, Florida also traveled with us and lectured preceding our concerts on "Choosing Ones Vocation."

Traveling in such a line of work as this is only natural that we should encounter queer experiences, and unusual happenings. I am to relate but the happenings of one weekend, while we were traveling in the Lone Star State, Texas, as I have it recorded in my diary.

a2d. W
Friday, May 13, 1927.

Last night's audience proved to be a most pleasing and appreciative one. We arrived in Cotulla from Dilley—after about a seven hour bus drive across the desert lands of burning sand and cactus. Last evening around dinner time we were witnesses to a sand storm. There had been a drizzly rain since about four p. m. and the wind had been gradually increasing in speed, until about 5:30 the storm broke—and how the sand did sift in and the wind did blow!!! The Innkeeper hurriedly saw to it that all windows and doors were securely closed and although the storm lasted but for a few moments, such a sight as was the inside of the Inn—and all the buildings of the community for fact—as the wind suddenly seemed to stop and the storm ceased. However the rain took up her work again and a regular cloud burst followed. Without further explanation one can vividly imagine that there was to follow a general house-cleaning in Cotulla.

We left Cotulla at 3:30 o'clock this a. m. by train, arriving in Laredo, which is located practically on the Mexican border, at about seven o'clock. After a hurried breakfast at a cafe and a stroll around the main parts of this city, we returned to the station where we were to take a Bus at 8 o'clock. As a result of the heavy rains throughout that section of the country the night before, the streams were raging torrents and very dangerous to attempt crossing, since there are but a very few bridges in Texas, and none at all in this particular section. The streams rise very quickly and go down again in a short time, and traffic is not so heavy or in any great rush in this desolate section of the Lone Star State. The result of these conditions was that we had to hire a Taxi to carry us to our "date", which was to have been at Rio Grande City—a distance of about 100 miles, across the wastelands. It happened that there were some other people who were very anxious to reach Rio Grande City this day too, so we were able to hire a big seven-passenger sedan to take us to our destination. After having tied all our luggage on and getting packed into the car, we left Laredo about nine o'clock. The

(Continued on Page Two)

College Glee Club Appear in Rochester

Last Saturday morning one would have thought that the members of the Glee Club were either starting for Europe or attempting a safe getaway for a few days. You who had either of these opinions soon found out that the men were to "embark" at noon or thereabouts for Rochester. Classes meant nothing to some of the members of the club and to the rest they were merely a bore and an hour of impatience. Finally the old bell pealed forth the long-awaited sound. Baggage was accumulated and—they started!

On Saturday evening at 8 o'clock the Glee Club presented their concert program to a very enthusiastic and appreciative audience at Dean Bedford's Community church in Brighton, a suburb of Rochester.

After the program the men were introduced to their respective hostesses who entertained them over night and for breakfast and dinner.

Sunday a. m. a number of the club attended Sunday School. At church the Glee Club appeared in two different numbers and Hollis Stevenson sang as the offertory solo "The Earth is the Lords." Sunday p. m. was spent in seeing the city and visiting "friends".

Sunday evening at five-thirty o'clock the men attended the Fellowship Hour held by the young people in the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church on East Avenue. At six-thirty o'clock they attended the Epworth League meeting in the same place. At seven-fifteen the Glee Club opened the evening service in Asbury Church, where Dr. Cushman is pastor. Here the Glee Club sang to a large audience which fully appreciated every number rendered. Following the service the young men were favorably complimented upon their singing. Most of the men returned to Houghton Sunday night, however five stayed over to attend the Metropolitan Opera production the following night.

From all reports, the men count this busy week-end as the crowning event of their Glee Club itinerary of the school year 1928-1929. The members of this popular college organization fully appreciate the leadership of Professor Herman Babcock so faithfully and capably trained and leads these young men. The club is proud to have such a capable leader and one who is so highly complimented by all who have seen him conduct.

As to some side-lights on the members of the Glee Club:

"Rev" Shea, who packed his suitcase, or
Professor Lawless, if he saw his "friends", or
"Wiffie" and Orrell, if they had a "gorgeous" Sunday dinner, or
"Linnie" if the Glee Club pays his taxi bills, or
"Johnnie", what the Blond Waiter's name was, or
Gleason, where Brighton Community Church is.

Ex-Editor's Note

We regret that the names of two valued contributors—Erma Anderson and Eleanor James—were omitted in accidentally from the list of Federal Star Contributors last week.

MOTHER

GOD lent an angel to the earth
She came in lowly guise,
She was not even beautiful
To our unseeing eyes.

She swept and dusted, cooked
and darned
For all the heedless throng,
And ever as she worked, she
hummed
A little tuneless song.

She always had a healing word
For people in distress;
And though her hands were
worn and rough
Their touch was a caress.

At last her hair grew thin and
gray;
Her work took over long,
And oftentimes we did not hear
That little tuneless song.

God lent His angel to the earth
To ease its frequent strain,
But when He saw how tired she
grew
He took her home again.

We missed her almost every-
where.

For with our opened eyes
We knew at last just who she

was.
An angel on a mission.

—C. M. Weyland.

A Talk On Byrd's Expedition

At the special Chapel Assembly, Friday, May 3, Houghton students were unusually favored in hearing a lecture given under the auspices of the Buffalo Evening News by Mr. Morrison on the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. Mr. Morrison, in a most highly descriptive manner gave a few high lights of the bird and animal life of the South Polar Regions. He explained in common everyday language the exact position of Commander Byrd's camp on the ice barrier and portrayed the life and work of his forty-five companions, as they make extensive and detailed observations of every phase of scientific research that it is possible to make in such a region of mountains, snow and ice. He presented his audience with a most striking picture of the fascinations, dangers, and the allurements, and on the other hand the hardships, difficulties and risk of life that are to be faced by Commander Byrd and his forty-five picked men on this the most adventuresome and yet most beautiful expedition that has ever been undertaken in the history of exploration. The radio and the airplane have played almost unlimited possibilities within the realm of these daring adventures, and in the short time that they have been absent from their home port, they have achieved efficient in scientific research to pay for all the expedition has cost in money and effort. By means of radio, the expedition is able to keep in constant communication with the entire world. This alone heralds the coming importance of radio in every phase of life.

WHY NOT SEND YOUR
"STAR" HOME TO MOTHER
FOR "MOTHERS' DAY"?

May Concert

Amid the epic events of the school year there came into our midst the much heralded and wide-renowned "Annual May Concert." Now, to be sure, the concert was fine and each number was very well rendered. But such remarks would not suffice this time. It was outstanding in several respects. The largest crowd that has ever listened to a May Concert program was presented last Friday night in spite of the gales of wind and snow.

The first three numbers by the Glee Club consisted of "The Lord's Prayer," a musical Invocation, "Let Christ Thy Pilot Be" and "Song of the Vikings". These were received with enthusiasm by the audience and let it suffice to say at this point that every number rendered received an encore. This contributed to the record-breaking length of the program.

Jessie Parker then gave to us a cutting from Act II, Scene I of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" which was perfectly rendered and showed natural talent.

Merton McMahon next entertained his appreciative audience with "Marche Grotesque," an interesting and fantastic composition played in an interesting manner by Mr. McMahon.

"Like as a Father" sung by the dean of women, Miss Hill, was beautifully rendered and well accepted.

Tennison's "Rizpah" was read by Miss Jane Williams. We were particularly favored in having this number for the reason that Jane will probably never appear again on programmes here as a member of our student body.

A piano Quartet "Overture to the Calif of Bagdad" was performed by Margaret Carter and Wesley Gleason at the first piano and Olive Wetherell and Theos Cronk at second. This number exhibited ability, to say nothing of excellence.

Hollis Stevenson another College Senior who will not appear on our programmes many more times, ably rendered with his rich baritone voice "Remember now Thy Creator."

"Little Gentleman" a cutting from Booth Tarkington's Penrod was read by Katherine Snyder. This was splendidly rendered and constituted the humor of the evening.

Wesley Gleason played "Cantique D'Armour" by Liszt. This number was characterized by ease of execution and excellence of tone quality.

The closing number was rendered by Houghton College Orchestra directed by Professor Alton Moskowsky Cronk, a young but famous orchestral conductor. The orchestra played "Overture to Rosamunde" by Schubert.

This concert, as given by representatives of the Oratory, Piano and Voice Departments of the College was only characteristic of the work that Houghton's students are capable of doing. By the way we are wondering if the absence of Programmes is a new economy?

Several students from the college attended the funeral of the father of one of our college Juniors, Miss Eleanor James. The funeral was held at the family home in Cuba on Wednesday after-noon.

Coming Orchestra Concert

On Friday evening, May 17th the Houghton College Orchestra under the leadership of "Dr." Alton Cronk, will render the following programme.

- I. Overture to "Rosamunde"—Schubert
- II. Four Indian Love Lyrics—Woodforde-Findeu
Mr. Hollis Stevenson
- III. Concerto No I in E flat major for Pianoforte and Orchestra—Liszt
Professor Leo Lawless
- INTERMISSION
- IV. (a) Viennese Melody Kreisler
(b) Liebesleid Kreisler
(c) La media Noche Stoessel
(e) Stars and Stripes Forever Sousa
- V. Pianologues
Marion Fox
- VI. Tales from the Vienna Woods Strauss

Mention might be made of the fact that there is considerable attraction in this second orchestra concert of the school year. For one thing we are to be especially honored and favored to have two pianologues given by Miss Marion Fox. This is her first appearance on the concert stage this season and evidently it probably will be her last for she is a senior and will leave her Alma Mater soon. Mr. Hollis Stevenson is to present four Indian Love Lyrics, beautiful, romantic American compositions of quite some renown.

Then what in my estimation is the crowning glory of the whole programme, Professor Leo Lawless will, with his usual and natural ability and skill, play Liszt's Concerto No 1 in E flat major accompanied by the full orchestra. This is notable for the fact that it is the first time in the musical history of the institution that a Concerto has been played and accompanied by the orchestra. This is to be the main feature of the program.

Mr. Cronk deserves considerable praise for his earnest efforts and accomplished results that he has sought to produce with his small but talented group. Let us show our appreciation of good music by attending the concert on Friday night April 17th.

1929-1930 Boulder

The following staff has been chosen for the Boulder staff for next year.

Lovina Mullen	Editor-in-Chief
Henning Turnell	Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Neva Henry	Associate Editor
Wesley Gleason	Organization Editor
Alfred Gross	Art Editor
James Fiske	Athletic Editor
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BUSINESS

Marshall Stevenson	Business Mgr.
Nelson Dennis	Asst. Business Mgr.
Wilma Moore	Subscription Mgr.
Marjorie Plimpton	Asst. Sub. Mgr.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

—Proverbs 28:31.

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SOPHOMORE STAR STAFF

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Music Editor	Phyllis Estabrook
Local News	Martha York
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EDITORIAL



Collegiate Sam Says:

"College bread consists of the flour of youth plus the dough of old age."

MOTHER

"The most beautiful word in the English language is Mother, for it includes Love, beauty, truth, friendship, and other of the language's choice words. It is love that leads mothers to give so unselfishly their all to guide and care for their children. There is beauty in every mother's face though the roses in her cheeks be replaced with wrinkles, the gold of her hair by threads of silver, and the soft blue of her half hidden by the gray of age; within there must be beauty of the most sacred kind, for God made it so. A mother's truthfulness is never doubted and her friendship lasts when all others fail. Of all the people in the world, there are none so sweet, so true, so wonderful, as mothers.

We cherish great men and lavish all the honor the world has to give upon them, but do we ever remind ourselves that had not some dear mother given her all for each of them and made a sacrifice comparable to the one Christ made for our lost world, we would not have had those great men to honor? No doubt that man of men, Lincoln, spoke the truth when he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Let each of us remember that we owe our mothers a debt that we can never repay.

Why do we love mother? I love my mother for the million things she gave me life, care, love, and my first lessons. I love her because she's growing old; I love the silver in her hair, the eyes that have lost their brilliance, her heart of pure gold. How unselfishly she gave her all for me, her youth; her beauty, her pleasures, her love, her care; I love her eyes with love-light glowing. When I look into her eyes, I fancy I can see the eyes of my Savior as He looked upon Peter, that beloved disciple. I love her tender sweet caresses, and for the right that she always knew.

I love her hand that made a home, a thing dearer to me than all the wealth in the world. It was there I learned of God and how to pray; it was there I learned of truth and beauty, of right and wrong and that honest toil becomes the greatest man. I love her for everything she did to save me.

I knew that night after night she prayed for me that I might be kept clean and unspotted from the world; and my prayer is that I may so live that that prayer can be answered. And now may we stop and with deep reverence remember those mother's who have passed on into God's eternal home. They have reached their reward and are living on high with our Heavenly Father, who watches and guides."

W. A. G.

LOCALS

Miss Elsie Bacon spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hudson in East Aurora.

Miss Mildred Wilson spent the week-end with friends in Oakfield, N. Y.

John Cott is driving a new Nash Coach; also we notice that President Luckey is driving a new "400" Nash.

Miss Phyllis Estabrook spent the week-end as a guest of her brother and family in Delhi, N. Y.

Mrs. O. S. Lyon and Mrs. Harry Williams of Black Creek visited Miss Gladys Brown Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Martha York spent the week-end at her home in Akron, Ohio.

Mr. Paul Weld spent the week-end with friends in Oberlin, Ohio.

Mr. Mahoney of the College Student Department of John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, was interviewing some of our college students concerning summer work. The following signed up:—Henry Weiss, Russell Frase.

Almost all the Seniors have now signed contracts to teach. Those added to the list this week were—

Mildred Turner Gainesville
Frank Lane Almond
Charles Thompson Cape Vincent

Miss Eileen Loftis and Miss Margaret Loftis attended the May Concert and spent the week-end here.

The following heard the Metropolitan Opera Co. in Rochester give "Hansel and Gretel" and "Pagliacci" Professor Leo Lawless, Orrell York Theos Cronk, Leon Hines, Joseph Shipman, and Alton Cronk.

There were a great many out-of-town visitors here for the May Concert. Among those present were:—

Beatrice Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder and daughter Florence Wills Leona Thomas, Ralph Jones, Paul Steese, Laura Clark, Fidelia Warburton, Mr. and Mrs. James Donlevy, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Moore Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Tucker, Kenneth Storms, Ione Driscoll, Eileen Loftis, Mr. and Mrs. Owen and daughter, Mrs. C. H. Weatherell and son Byron.

Mr. George Unaman, a successful Chemistry student is to act as "chem" assistant next year in the "chem" Lab. Olive Weatherell, Mary Alice Sloan, Leon Worden, Warren Johnston, Warren Thurber, George Wolfe and Jack Prentress spent the week-end at their homes.

"Doc" Frank's father, mother, and two sisters visited him here Sunday.

Miss Velma Harbeck has returned to school after several days illness at her home in Black Creek.

Miss Leona Thomas spent several days here visiting Miss Edena Haynes and other friends.

We understand that Dr. Cushman the pastor of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church on East Avenue in the city of Rochester, has been secured as the Baccalaureate speaker for the College Commencement exercises.

"GLEASON, TRAVELS"

(Continued from Page One)

disagreeable drizzle continued and as we left the city and began our trip out into the wastelands, the ranches inhabited by Mexican people—I felt as though New York state would look pretty good to me. During the next hour we crossed, rather forded, three streams and at last came to Red Creek—where "luck" was not with us. The stream was certainly with us. And it was certainly a raging torrent and was about 50 feet wide with gradual sloping banks on either side. The water was a reddish color, full of the reddish gravel and soil of that country.

When we had cast our eyes on that stream, we immediately decided to wait a while for the stream to go down. Then too, we had become tired of riding and of being cramped up so in the car. You see, there was a man and his wife and little baby in the front seat with the driver; "Frosty", Ray and myself attempted to sit on the two jump-seats, and "Dad", "Doc" and a traveling salesman on the back seat besides some luggage.

We waited about fifteen minutes and the driver became very sure that he could make it all O. K. First however, we had him wade out into the middle of the stream to see how deep the water was. Although there did appear to be a possibility of our gaining the other side of the stream, still we were rather uncertain and excited bunch. Well, at about 10:15 we "took off" and at 10:17 we "landed". Yes! landed, right in the middle of the creek, and before we had time to hardly move we were sitting in water up to our waists. Also the bottom of the creek had washed out leaving it very rough, and our car was at an angle of about 80 degrees—possibly the changing of position of a single person with the strong current tearing against the car would have forced the car over into the water. This was a time when

thought of. The lady became hysterical and a general wave of high excitement and panic spread among the occupants of the car.

Soon, yes very soon! I decided it was time something was done. So I carefully crawled out of the window and up on top of the car, in time to see the suit-cases we had strapped on the opposite side of the car, floating down stream. Not waiting for anything I immediately jumped into the water in pursuit of the suit cases, and safely carried them ashore. Then, in Robinson Crusoe fashion I waded back to the car and aided "Frosty" and Ray, who, by now had ventured forth, in carrying the remaining luggage ashore.

Second were counted and "life" was

Finally, we were all on shore and such a sick bunch of human beings you never saw. The nearest ranch was back about four miles, and immediately the driver went for assistance, while we stood around in our "damp" clothes and ate loaves of bread to which we had helped ourselves out of a box of bread which was being taken to Rio Grande City. No! it didn't reach its destination—(at Rio Grande anyway!).

About one o'clock, aid had been secured and our car was back on shore wet and dirty. A new battery had to be secured and then we were loaded back in and we retraced our steps to Loredo—arriving there about 3 p. m. Here we were able to get cleaned up some and see a lawyer concerning our loss because both suit-cases and their contents were complete losses as well as some music and a ukelele.

At 4:30—after having eaten a mere lunch and telegraphing the "Supt" in Rio Grande City of our situation and that we would attempt to reach there for the evening performance, we again loaded into another car and began our trip to Rio Grande City over a different route and more round-a-bout way. Without further detail I will add that aside from getting on the wrong road three different times, and having tire trouble—we were all alive however not in the best of moods, when we reached our destination at Rio Grande City about 3 o'clock this morning a. m. May 14th. Anyone who has ever traveled the rough and wild country of Texas and knows the lack of density of population, and the conditions of the roads, can readily sympathize with us.

Saturday, May 14th.

We had but been asleep about three hours when we were awakened by our taxi driver saying that if we wanted to reach our Saturday date early, we must leave immediately. So we got up, had a light breakfast packed up and left. As luck would have it, we made it in extra short time, and noon found us all settled in a lovely suite of rooms in a beautiful hotel in Donna, Texas which is situated in the beautiful Rio Grande Valley which extends north and south for about 100 miles from Mission down to the point of Texas, Brownsville. It is the most beautiful country we have seen as yet.

We were lucky here today in the fact that our program was cancelled due to their graduating exercises of the high school. Therefore we have had an opportunity to get cleaned up and rested and "fed up". This evening we were delightfully entertained at dinner by the Chautauqua guarantors.

Sunday, May 15th.
A beautiful day here in the Rio Grande Valley. We attended early church this a. m. and after breakfast we spent the rest of the a. m. writing letters home, relating our "flood" expedition.

About 12:30 we left by Bus for the trip down through the valley to Brownsville. Having reached here we ferried across to Matamoros, Mexico and spent the remainder of the

day in sight-seeing. We visited the cathedrals, eating-places, dance-halls, stores, market places, police station and last but not least witnessed part of a Bull Fight. About six o'clock we returned to the United States and after having dinner we went to Donna on the Bus. This return trip was most delightful and beautiful, because the moon came up early and we rode up through the valley with the golden moon light shining on the palm trees and beautiful spanish homes in the heart of Texas. Today has been a most interesting and enjoyable one, and one which will give me a great deal of pleasure in relating when I get back among my people and friends in York state.

Alumni News "Fishers of Men"

May 6, 1929

Election day 1915 gave me an introduction to Houghton. Nearly seven years of hard work brought me to a time when I could leave the halls of learning with a clear conscience. One year previous to my leaving came two eventful days. One day I graduated from high school with our class motto, "PUSH". On the following day I received a diploma from the Theological Department. Our class motto then "FISHERS OF MEN" has never been excelled. I wish I had the power to convey with pen and paper the importance of that motto. There is no higher ambition in any individual than to live that motto. This is my task, my calling, my most lofty ideal, my consuming passion. Some choose wealth, some fame, some knowledge, some ease but the goal of catching men for God surpasses all others.

Each change of locality has brought me one half nearer in distance to Houghton than I was before I moved.

Houghton develops every possible atom of gray matter you have if it has half a chance. Before you have taken five years of strenuous school work there you will know that frequently the schedule will be "School as usual" with the emphasis on "School." Solomon has many to agree that "Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Just how to spend your life while in Houghton is a problem that confronts every one there. All of us who have left, often in meditation think, "If I had it to live over how would I do?" Most of us say, "We did not win large marks or grades. Yet we fear that the most important thing in life was left in the back ground." The hope of the world today is Christ crucified as man's substitute. We exalt Him too little.

In northern Michigan I was pastor for a brief period of my life, was pastor in Mooers, New York for nearly five happy years, am now starting a ministry here.

Graduated from Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill. June 20, 1923. Married June 18, 1924. Marjorie Rose Lawrence born Nov. 11, 1926. Paul Lawrence born Nov. 22, 1928.

October 29, 1915 dedicated my life to be a "Fisher of men." Still Glad.

Stanley Lawrence,
Sandy Creek, N. Y.

If S and I and an O and a U
With an X at the end, spells "Soo"
And E and a Y and an E spells "I"
Pray what is the speller to do?
Then if an S and an I and a G and
H E D spells "side"
There's nothing much for a speller
to do

But to committ "Siouxyesighed!"

Ede Bork: Do you believe in love at first sight?

Mart York: Yes, if you don't see him again.

Christian Workers at Belmont

Robert Hess Preaches

Representatives from the Christian Workers Association held a union service at the Methodist Episcopal Church at Belmont Sunday evening May 5. Ellsworth Brown led the service and Mr. Harold VanWormer led the congregation in an excellent song service. A mixed quartette composed of Edith Stearns, Mildred Stevenson, Paul Roy and Lyle Donnelly sang "He is Dearest than the Dearest", and "Let Him In". A solo was sung by Vera Mattoon. After the testimony meeting Robert Hess preached a soul-stirring sermon from the text, "Ye must be born again." He told the story of a Hindu who when first seeing the reflection of himself in a mirror, broke the mirror because he did not like the image which he saw. Mr. Hess likened men to the Hindu, who because they do not like the sin-stained picture of themselves which God gives them in the Bible try to destroy the Word of God. He very ably described the picture of man as God sees him in his sinful condition after the fall, and told how the blackness of the picture might be blotted out by blood of Jesus Christ if man would repent of his sins and believe on Christ. One statement of the evening which caused many to think seriously was concerning Nicodemus who, came to Jesus by night. Many people argued as to whether Nicodemus was afraid to come by day but neglect the great and important question "Have I been to Jesus at all?"

Students Attend Opera

Several members of the Glee Club took advantage of the Rochester trip to remain over for the Metropolitan Opera performance on Monday evening. "Heinie", Orrell York, Alton Cronk, Joe Shipman, Leo Lawless and Theos Cronk who joined the Glee Club gang on Monday heard "Haensel and Gretel" by Hunperdinck and "Pagliacci" by Leoncavallo. "Haensel and Gretel" based upon the fairy story by the same name by Grimm Brothers was especially delightful. Haensel and Gretel, played by Editha Fleisher and Queena Marie are sent to the woods to pick strawberries. They are lost—and after singing a most beautiful duet which is their goodnight prayer they fall asleep at the foot of a large tree. They have a wonderful dream in which angels in white descend from a stairway that appears from the clouds to the spot where the sleeping children lie. The soft singing of the angels grows louder and more beautiful until the curtain falls on the scene. The next morning the children find themselves near the Witches cottage. Soon the old Witch comes and captures them because she loves little children—to eat. She puts Haensel in a cage and makes Gretel work for her. She prepares the fire to bake Haensel into a cake and while she looks into the oven Gretel pushes her inside and locks the oven door. This releases Haensel. A number of other children who, by the Witches magic had been changed into a gingerbread fence, come to life. The parents of Haensel and Gretel find the troupe of children in the woods and the story ends happily.

Pagliacci is the story of strolling players. The wife of the main actor is faithless—and while the play is being performed before a crowd of villagers, the husband endeavors to

find the name of his wife's lover. She refuses to tell, trying at the same time to keep the real drama from the villagers. At last in a rage of anger and jealousy the husband seizes a knife and stabs her. In her dying breath she calls for her lover and as he appears is also killed by the actor. "The comedy is Ended" shouts the actor. The famous prologue was sung by De Luca, baritone. The part of the husband actor was taken by Lauri-Volpi. In New York he caused a great sensation in this role and the Rochester audience was no less enthusiastic. He was recalled again and again.

Athenians View Washington

The few faithful members of the Athenian Literary Society took flight in their Graf Zeppelin Monday evening to visit Washington. On our way Isabel Hawn gave us the history and description of the city over which we were soon to fly. After arriving at the Bolling field we took a sight-seeing bus to the White House through which Miss Brown ably acted as guide. Miss Carnahan who has become well acquainted with Washington society life introduced us to Vice-president Curtis and his sister Mrs. Gann. We were disappointed when the time came to leave but we did not get tired on our hop home for "Johnnie" Kluzzit very pleasingly entertained us with a cello solo.

Chapel Bell Rings

Monday—Miss Gillette led, reading as her scripture lesson the fifty-third Psalm.

Tuesday—Professor La Vay Fancher spoke on the "arrivals." First he cited the arrivals in the nature of steam ships; then in the nature of small humans; and lastly in the case of professional and business life. In each case he stated that the "arrival" is but in reality the beginning.

Wednesday—Short chapel, followed by the usual "line" of class meeting announcements. 'Nuff said.

Thursday—Rev. Pitt favored us with another of his deep and most interesting chapel-talks

Friday—In charge of the Oratory Department.

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Today's Special Chapel

To-day we were especially privileged by having our chapel exercises carried on by the oratory department. The theme of the program through out was "Mothers' Day." A great deal of credit is due each person taking part and also the instructor, Miss Rothermel—in making this program a success. The following program was successfully rendered.

Origin of Mothers' Day
Announcement of Program
Miss Carter

Devotions Miss Sherman
Poem, "Child and Mother" Miss Hall

Duet, "Mother" Misses Hawn & Dye
Poem, "Before it is too late" Miss Rich

Duet, "Spelling Mother"
Misses Thomas and Williams

Story, "On the other train"
Miss Chind

Pianologue, "How I miss you tonight"
Miss Huffington

Poem, My Mothers' Words"
Mr. Thurber

Poem, "My Mother's Bible"
Mr. Frank

Solo, "Mother Machree" Miss Hill
Miss Margaret Carter was chairman of this program and a great deal of credit should be given her. The platform was decorated in red and white, and at the back was a huge banner of these same colors, spelling MOTHER.

See—

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A magnificent display—featuring every correct fabric
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A request for samples will receive immediate attention.

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Everything to be found in a first class Jewelry store at

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Mail your Watches to us for Repairs--Prompt Returns. No Watch too
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The National Pastime is again
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Trying to succeed but never saving a cent, is like a ball
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third base.

Save with us and have money when you need it.

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OLD STRONG RELIABLE
4 Per cent Interest Paid on all Time Deposits

We Note That

Paul Weld has discarded his cane since Arbor Day is past!
The porch chairs at the dorm have been painted—more inducement to entice the opposite sex, as it were.

Christmas is here! If you don't believe it, take notice when Theos and Orrell are parading around the campus.

The "match-factory" is to have some competition! A *cheese factory* is being erected in town.

Aunt Dorah and Miss Hill again fried for the boys. Those that made the big catch this time were Bill Albro, Gord Allen, Cash Conner and Doc Frank. The feed was in the Chemistry laboratory.

Can You Imagine?

- Nellie Hewey being nonchalant?
- Agnes Currie in a hurry?
- Charlie Moon losing his association privileges?
- Lillis Fancher shouting?
- Marvin ever paying attention in Chemistry?
- Lucile Hatch "falling for" a cook-duster?
- "Joe" Shipman not liking Storms?
- "Mart" York as a man-hater?
- Martie Stevenson spending a week-end in Castile?
- "Denny" being the big majority of one?
- Doc. Frank going in for pastry baking, pies a specialty?
- Jim and Al playing checkers?
- Our class President, "Wes" speechless?
- Bob Folger dean of men in Houghton?
- Gordon Stevenson on time?

Once There Was A Traveling Salesman

Doc: What do you think of this Byrd Antarctic expedition?
Marty: Not so hot, hey?

Miss Grange: I think you had better board elsewhere.
Bert Howlet: Yes, I often had.
Miss G.: Often had what?
Bert: Better board elsewhere.

Frank: What is Yetter walking up and down in front of the Girls' Dorm for?
Hank: He's window shopping.

College is just like washing machine; you get out of it just what you put in, but you'd never recognize it.

John H. Howden Estate
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All Kinds of Floor Covering
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Alice M. Lockwood
Dental Hygienist Oral Prophylaxis
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Jo R.: So you don't know what a sonnet is, or an ode, or a ballad?
Lucile Crowell: No ma'm.

Jo: Well, you know what a madrigal is like?

Lucile: I don't even know what a madrigal is like; let alone a mad one.

Phyl: What is the difference between my dog and the planet Mars?

Skeets: I don't know. Just what is the difference?

Phyl: We know that my dog is in habited.

Dominica: (To the librarian) I want a book I can lose myself in.

Miss Tanner: I'm sorry, but Bea Neal has our only copy.

Vocal Recital

The fourth Vocal Recital of the semester was given in the College Chapel on Thursday afternoon, May 2 at four o'clock. The pupils of Professor Baker presented the following programme:

- Down on The Downs *Wells*
- Evelyn Davies
- Out Where the Billows Roll High *Roll High*
[Beverly]
- Lyle Donnelly
- Thinking of You *Kountz*
- Emelene Ballard
- Look Down, Dear Lord *Fisher*
- Marshall Stevenson
- Pickanny Sandman *Talbot*
- Miss Burnell
- Lead Thou Me On *Stultz*
- Lucille Crowell
- How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings *Lodell*
- Robert Hess
- Fiddle and I *Goodeve*
- Margaret Carter
- Ah so Pure (From "Martha") *Flotow*
- Leon Hines
- Anchored *Watson*
- Louis Shipman
- Aleda Ayers was at the piano.

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To A Mother

Honor to whom honor is due,
That, dear mother, belongs to you—
Looking back on a useful life
Fifty years of that time a wife;
Labor and sorrow, pleasure and pain
Have swept your life like the summer rain,
But still you smile with a face serene
Your ways as regal as any queen,
With silver diadem on your brow;
How do you do it? We wonder how.

Rearing your babes with tender care,
Ruling your home with tact most rare,

Loving and gentle, pure and true,
Stern, when duty demands you;
Living for others and being spent,
Yet always seeming so well content;
Hiding your longings, and doubts,
and fears.

Forcing a smile when you felt the tears,
Your will to duty would ever bow;

How do you do it? We wonder how.

How do you do it? Well we know
You have with you, where'er you go
A Friend, who gives your spirit rest
And every day your life has blest;
All through your life with your words
and deeds

You've faithfully sown some precious seeds,
Which springing up in hearts of men
Will bring a reward to you again;

By this dear mother, we prove it true,
We honor those, to whom honor's due.

—BERTHA INWOOD MICHAEL

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College Mixed Quartet Appear at Sunday School Convention

The 55th annual county convention of the Allegany County Bible School Association will be held in the First Baptist Church, Wellsville, Friday, May 10th, with Rev. W. Chubb of Friendship, the president of the association, presiding.

The program is full of worth while addresses, sectional conferences on important subjects, interspersed with special music. A Quartet from Houghton College will have a place on the evening program and the Young People's Council will take charge of the early evening.

Dr. W. G. Landes, general secretary of the New York Council of Religious Education will speak at the morning, afternoon and evening sessions, and other speakers and conference leaders from our own county will take important parts on the program.

Fourth Piano Recital

The fourth piano recital of the year was given recently in Miss Hillpot's studio. The pupils of Miss Hillpot and Professor Lawless were presented in the following program:

- The Dancing Sprites *Bohm*
- Theodora Newcomb
- Idilio *Lach*
- Vernon Howse
- Flying Leaves *Koelling*
- Florence Smith
- Narcissus *Nevin*
- Marion Wright
- Fireflies *Grout Shaeffer*
- Edith Stearns
- Pas de Amphores *Chaminade*
- Aleda Ayers
- The Water Sprites *Combs*
- Phyllis Estabrook
- Hungary *Koelling*
- Leon Hines
- Country Gardens *Percy Grainger*
- Mildred Stevenson
- Nocturne in F Major *Chopin*
- Wilfred Bain

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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