

Ray Hazlett

The Houghton Star.

VOLUME IX

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1917

NUMBER 13

The Secret of Happiness.

There are times that come to the best of men.

Times of trouble and testing when Everything in their lives seems sad, And all the men around them, bad.

There are times of worry and times of doubt,

Times when men with their friends "fall out,"

Times when the weather seems dark all day,

Times when it seems to them useless to pray.

If such a time should come to you And you should then be feeling blue, If you would all your sorrows end, Just follow the rule below, my friend.

First go to God, your Savior true, He's ever ready to welcome you. Upon His heart your burdens place, And gain a supply of His wondrous grace.

Then find a man than you less blest Bring to him comfort, peace, and rest. Help him onward with counsel sweet, Guide Heavenward his wavering feet.

If such advice you will obey, Happiness will crown your way. You will find no work too hard to do Since now your friends to you are true.

You will sing about your tasks all day, You will work and hope as well as pray; You will gladly your best to all men give, You will "look up and hope and love and live."

Vivian Elizabeth Saunders '17.

Copperhead.

The sun was fast setting over the western hills and gilding their wooded tops with a golden glory. Up the winding trail which meandered up the Genesee valley a lone young Indian was urging his tired pony steadily toward the south. He had passed the Three Falls an hour before and if his pony held out he intended to reach the camp of his tribesmen, the Senecas, in time to participate in the sacred ceremonies in honor of the god of harvest, Gwatema. Now and then the pony stumbled and at length the exhausted beast fell heavily to the ground, throwing young Copperhead violently against a tree.

When the young Indian opened his eyes

again he looked about him in a dazed sort of way. He surely had never been in such strange surroundings before. He was lying in a clean white bed, clad in a clean white shirt and a clean white woman was working busily at the other side of the room. What! In a white man's cabin? Among the sworn enemies of the Senecas? Never! He uttered a snort of anger and contempt and tried to rise but a knife-like pain shot through his chest and he sank weakly back into the pillows.

In a moment a white man stepped in and coming over to the bed spoke kindly to him. Copperhead look sullenly up into his face but spoke no word. At length the man leaned over and, drawing back the blankets, showed him the cause of his disablement. It was nothing more nor less than four broken ribs, and the young Indian realized with a pang of dismay that he would be obliged to remain in this place of horrible cleanliness and among enemies for at least two or three weeks. He tried to turn his face to the wall but he could not even turn his body so he glared at the ceiling and sulked.

Day after day the young brave lay there in the same position, looking neither to the right nor to the left, not even so much as rewarding his benefactors with a smile of gratitude. At first he would not even touch the offered food but when the pangs of hunger became too severe, he ate in sullen silence some of the broiled venison which the pretty young housewife brought to him.

Before two weeks were over Copperhead had, in some degree, forgotten his animosity toward his white friends and frequently expressed grunts of approval at the way the white squaw prepared dainty dishes for him, and sometimes indulged in a queer Indian smile when she brought his food to him. At last the time came when he was allowed to sit upright in bed and then came happy times for both Copperhead and his benefactors. At first each talked in his own language and understood nothing the other said, but it was not long before each learned enough of the other's language so that they were able to converse with some degree of ease. During the day the pretty white squaw would bring

her sewing to his bedside and watch him weave wonderful willow baskets for her. In the evening the hunter would sit beside her and explain, as best he could, the mysteries of his musket. And then came that beautiful autumn afternoon when a child was born to these happy parents. It was the first white baby Copperhead had ever seen. He seemed almost as delighted as the parents themselves and almost worshiped the small newcomer.

He had now lingered in the white man's cabin long after he was able to travel simply because he was loath to leave his friends. One morning he spoke of his intention of going.

"Copperhead go to-day," said he, "Eat too long white man's meat. Go back to own tribe."

He was urged to stay, but he was firm in his purpose, so he was given a new pair of moccasins for the journey and just as the sun was rising over the hill-tops he left the paleface village and went slowly up the trail toward the south.

It was midday when he reached the encampment of his tribe. There was a great council in session and the whole village was gathered around the tepee of the chief, Black Hawk. The great man sat on a pile of bear skins and his subjects squatted before him. Copperhead was aware that he had incurred the chief's displeasure as soon as he entered the council and sat down in his place. The braves almost held their breath to hear what their chief would say to the culprit. At length the great man spoke.

"Copperhead has been two moons from camp. Where has he been?"

Copperhead answered slowly with averted eyes, "Lazy horse threw Copperhead against tree and broke many ribs. Must lie still long time. Great Spirit care for him."

The chief's countenance immediately changed. "It is good that you have returned at this time. To-night we raid the paleface village."

Copperhead gave an involuntary start. Could it be that they meant to raid the village where his white friends lived? Yes, it must be so, and his friends lived in the very center of the village so that there could be no escape. After the coun-

cil was dissolved, the braves extended to Copperhead their stoical greetings and the shy maidens offered the customary homage to their favorite warrior. But as soon as he had freed himself from his friends he hurried down to the river bank where some of his ponies were grazing. He had soon caught one and mounted it.

"Where go you?" asked a voice at his side, and he looked down to see a brave standing near him.

"Saw big buck in valley this morning. Go get him," was the curt reply and Copperhead rode swiftly away.

As soon as he was out of sight of the camp he turned his horse's head toward the north and galloped madly down beside the winding Genesee toward the white man's village. Where the river turns sharply toward the east and then makes a great loop in the valley, Copperhead turned from the main trail and after splashing through the little brook that had cut a deep ravine in the hillside, he dismounted and led the panting creature up the hillside path on which the little cluster of houses was situated. He made his way to the well known cabin at the center of the group and in answer to the woman's surprised inquiry he held up his hand for silence.

"Copperhead come back," he said. "White man much good to him, so he warn him. To-night Copperhead's tribe raid village. White man fight hard. No get kill," and with that he turned and rode swiftly away.

That night when the Seneca warriors surrounded the little cluster of houses they did not notice that Copperhead was not with them. High up on the wooded hill back of the village sat a heart-sick Indian watching for the coming conflict. He could not murder the whites who had so kindly befriended him and neither could he raise his hand against his own people. Suddenly, as the warriors neared the little village, a sheet of flame burst from the bushes, followed by the report of heavy muskets. Then followed a confusion of noises—cries, groans, and the crashing of bushes. Another volley burst forth from the white man's guns, and then another, and the Indians were completely routed. More than half their number lay dead or dying upon the field of battle and the remainder fled in confusion.

Where the rest of his tribe went, Copperhead never sought to know. He guessed that they were aware of his deed but he knew it was impossible to make them see it as he did. He built his hut a

little apart from the little circle of houses on the terrace and spent his life among his white friends. There was not a fire-side in the village where he was not welcome, for the people realized that they owed their lives to him. He saw one generation grow old and pass away and still he lived in the same spot with his adopted people. For almost a century he lived here, beloved and respected by all.

One morning he sat in the door of his little hut watching the sun rise over the eastern hills. His hair was white from the snows of many winters and his kindly head was bowed with age. Slowly he raised his head and saw a man standing beside him with outstretched hand.

"Come," said the man, "The Great Spirit calls you."

And Copperhead, weary of life, went joyfully to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Wallace Hanford '17

Reminiscences.

The backward look is of profit. The glance into the past, into times that have been is of value, whether those times have been good or ill. For if good, the look will give an added inspiration for more increased efforts, while if ill, that look may not cause pessimism but may open the eyes to the true state and enervate the mind to desire the better. Whether good or ill there is at least some pleasure in the look. However the tangible profit gained is far outweighed by the pleasure that the part holds on all. Especially to the youth is it sacred in its most triviality. Priceless to him is everything that bespeaks the part for, one of his "selves" lives and revels in it.

Of all times most dear to an unfolding life is the period of school, that time of detention in an institution of collected learning or college which will ever remain a gala day. That formative period even to an obdurate nonchalant person cannot help being a bright spot. But to a homing appreciative youth it is forever enshrined in mental images of living light—fixed forever to adorn memory's walls and gladden the day when the flood tide of life, Jordan, will have risen and adversities come.

Life at Houghton is no exception. It holds forth to a thoughtful reminiscent mind a richness, an infathomable treasure. To a meditative youth like myself life here has meant all in all. That instruction preached from class room and rostrum and from association with the elite students of Houghton and from that do-

main of books where all the best that has ever been thought is inscribed, has found a ready welcome in my life to the end of inspiring an insatiable longing for truth and a vigilance to pursue it.

In my review, I observe that seven and one-half years have come and gone since I first entered Houghton and placed myself as one of her sons. It is long as men count time but to me it has seemed but a few days and now the last moments are fleeting to join the great past. A tinge of sorrow comes as I review, as I select one incident from among the rest and dwell over it only for a moment for I must place it back and reverently select another, holding that one for a lingering moment, and then place it among the rest in the roomy galleries of memory. Great as is the joy of bringing out this lore, we must not dwell too long at its shrine for in selecting the past the present moment must join its fellows as a blank,—entirely slighted—while that selected one has been twice honored. Be that as it may, there is profit in reflection. As I review the many faces that come before me, that have walked the corridors of the "Sem," I am inspired. The many consecrated lives that have touched mine have left their mark. The refining influence that emanated from these could not help affecting me. Literally hundreds have come and gone till the thousandth mark has all but been reached. Some have stayed but a fleeting moment, hardly matriculating before taking their several roads that lead from their Alma Mater. Others have stood by with aid when help has been sorely needed. Some have come with deep religious convictions. These have been deepened. Others have come to scoff but have remained to pray.

The Houghton influence effects its way into all hearts. Day by day the transformation goes on under the subject's own eyes. So gradual is the change, he is not aware of it until after leaving he compares himself among the ones that he was erstwhile connected. Lo and behold they seem blase and uncouth. He of course attributes the change to them and pities. They, alas, have remained in their same tread mill of ceaseless round; and lo, the change is in him that pities. Reader, has not this been your experience? If so, all honor is due to the institution of your help and to God its founder.

Clarence Barnett, College '17

Happiness is a road-side plant growing by the way of usefulness.

Moral Courage.

"I pity the man who has no enemies." What a statement! But by reflecting on these words, we will see that they are not so absurd after all, that in fact the man who goes through this world without enemies is really to be pitied for his lack of principle and moral courage.

Many well meaning men will tell us a good man will be loved by every one. How can we reconcile this with the treatment that the best men have received down through the ages. Can the definition Confucius gave for a good man be improved? He says a good man is one that is loved by the righteous and hated by the wicked.

The man lacking moral courage is merely an instrument in the hand of others,—a straw that changes its course with every current, driven and tossed by every gale. He dares not stem opposition. He dares not stand firmly on principle regardless of consequences. He is anything and everything that occasion demands. He agrees with everybody because he has not the courage to do otherwise. He may not be such a character as just described and yet so much so that he will not take an open stand and uphold that which he knows is right. Such a character may pass through the world without ridicule but he will never inspire respect. He who is not capable of having enemies is not capable of having real friends. Indeed, such a person is so good that he is good for nothing.

It does not pay to be a compromiser. The world is full of conflicting opinions and if we evade them all, we must dodge, deviate, and constantly change our opinions and justly receive the contempt of every rational being.

Life is a constant warfare and especially is that true of a Christian. He is encompassed by enemies both of the natural and of the supernatural world. He must face temptations, ridicule and opposition. It seems to require more courage to face the sneers of the world than to confront the mouth of a cannon.

How strange that men should dread the frown of the world more than physical suffering. How strange that the opinions of our fellow-mortals, who are so prone to be mistaken should have more weight than the decisions of an allwise and just God who knows our every thought and motive.

There is such a dread of singularity. We do not like to come out from the multitude, and stand alone,—and it is more pleasant to be with the crowd for we

seem to lose personal responsibility, but the Bible says "everyone must give an account for himself to God." We cannot hide in the shadows of others.

Christians are as much in need of moral courage today as any time in the history of the world. For people will not "endure sound doctrine" and "he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey."

Wm. H. Kaufmann, '17.

The Lockport Conference.

Among the many privileges which the students of Houghton are permitted to enjoy, one of the greatest was the privilege of attending the Lockport Conference, which convened for its fifty-sixth annual session in the Houghton W. M. Church, April 3, 1917. It opened in the evening with a sermon by the Rev. J. R. Babcock.

The following morning the Conference assembled for the first business meeting at 9 A. M., the meeting being called to order by the President, Rev. Chas. Sicard.

From the beginning to the close of the Conference, there prevailed a very noticeable and gracious spirit of peace and harmony. Again and again it was remarked how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Rev. Mattoon of the Chestnut Ridge Charge preached a fine sermon at the service in the evening.

At the morning meeting on April 5, the officers for the coming Conference year were elected. President, Rev. J. R. Babcock; Vice President, Rev. A. D. Fero; Secretary, Rev. Dean S. Bedford; Assistant Secretary, Millie E. Whitten; Treasurer, Rev. H. R. La Vere; Sunday School Secretary, Rev. C. B. Whitaker; Tithing Secretary, Mr. H. R. Barnett.

Rev. Waldron from the Brooklyn charge preached in the evening.

At the afternoon meeting held April 6, Rev. E. Teter, Missionary Secretary, addressed the conference, after which six hundred and thirty-five dollars were raised for the missionary work. The sermon in the evening was preached by the Rev. J. S. Willett and on the following evening by Rev. Anderson, who has just recently moved into Houghton.

Another great privilege during the Conference was the opportunity of hearing the singing by "The Four Girls," as they are known to the readers of the Sunday School Banner. To others they are Mrs. Edith Stevenson, Mrs. Lilian Stevenson, Mrs. Elsie Taylor, and Miss Ruth

Baxter, the organist. They sang with much feeling and the many selections they rendered were enjoyed by all. The sermon at Sunday morning service, following a fine testimony service, was given by the Rev. E. Teter.

Sunday evening the meeting opened with a communion service after which a fine sermon was preached by the Rev. Northam.

This was the final service of the Conference, which was unanimously conceded to be one of the best ever held. The Conference next year is to be held at Hess Roads, New York.

R. E. L. '17

Our Pastor's Farewell Reception.

On Monday evening, April 2, in the Library of the Seminary a social gathering was given in honor of those who, for four years, have labored among us as pastor and helper, Rev. and Mrs. Whitaker.

The guests were made welcome by Pres. and Mrs. Luckey, Rev. and Mrs. Coleman, Rev. and Mrs. Whitaker. During the early part of the evening the guests enjoyed one another's company in discussing weighty subjects such as weather.

After light refreshments had been served the orchestra favored the audience with several pieces. "His Mother's Sermon," a very appropriate reading, was rendered by Miss Riggall after which the Glee Club sang a selection. Several people then gave their own and some special class' appreciation of Rev. Whitaker. Mr. Clark Warburton, representative of the student body, told of the Pastor's work in the Star Office; Rev. Coleman, representing the Church, expressed their thanks to him; Prof. Fancher told of Mr. Whitaker's co-operation with the Faculty and Mr. Molyneaux, representative of the community, expressed their hearty appreciation. Pres. Luckey then presented the couple with a box of candy, (like they used to have) in which there was, "a piece of pink wrapping paper," as Pres. Luckey said, to show the heart felt appreciation of Rev. and Mrs. Whitaker. After Mrs. Hester had sung a beautiful song the guests took their leave, each saying they had spent a pleasant evening.

A. L. H. '17.

Senior Class Colors

Old Rose and Dark Green.

Class Motto

Ad Vincendum Eximus.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published by the Union Literary Association of Houghton Seminary, eighteen times during the school year.

Subscription price, 50c. per year; foreign countries, 60c.; regular issues, 5c. per copy; magazine numbers, (Feb. and June) 20c. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE to the Business Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at Houghton N. Y., as second-class matter.

PREP. SENIOR EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Lula Benning, '17
Associate Editor Clara Campbell, '17
Reporter Ruth Luckey, '17
Exchanges Beatrice Hale, '17
Athletics Lawrence Spencer, '17
Campus Anna Houghton, '17
In Lighter Vein John Wilcox, '17
Business Manager Fred Warburton, '17

Editorial

"Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,
Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,
And in blooming of flower and budding of tree
The symbols and types of our destiny see."

The beautiful springtime is here! Every thing proclaims the fact. Our joyful anticipation has at last, after frequent disappointments, become an equally joyful realization. Nature is again donning her beautiful robes. The thrilling melodies of her feathered songsters are irresistible. Gloom, melancholy, and sordid care must be banished. Indeed, they must not be allowed the remotest corner of our hearts. Shall we, then, allow ourselves to become merely seekers of pleasure and frivolous fun? True, we are enjoying the beautiful springtime of youth and the inestimable privileges of school life, priceless indeed, to those Seniors who realize that their days are numbered; soon as alumni, they will be far from dear Houghton's familiar halls with their high school days, forever—a pleasant memory.

Still, now is the time to catch a vision of the future, to prepare ourselves for the fulfillment of those day dreams. It may be possible that someone is without a dream, without a vision of his life work, or more deplorable still, one that is grasping and selfish.

But, remember, no life that is not of

benefit to our fellowmen is worth considering. We may become wealthy or popular, but that is not success. One needs not wealth, fame is not a requisite, but one must have a vision and a determined ambition to realize that dream, which lures him on to higher achievements, if he would make his life really successful. While, sometimes, the path to the goal may seem difficult and the obstacles insurmountable, we realize that nothing worth achieving is won without earnest endeavor, and an aimless, vacillating life truly despicable.

The sluggard chooses the easy path. The contemptible coward fears the strenuous conflict. We are not sluggards! We are not cowards! We are willing to labor, and therefore to achieve, for every difficulty overcome makes us stronger and more courageous.

Would Booker T. Washington have arisen from a common slave to one of America's most noted educators had he made no efforts to arise? Would Garfield have become a president of our United States had he been satisfied to continue driving the old mule along the tow path? Would Clara Barton's name have become familiar to every school child had she thought only of self and followed the path of least resistance? No, most assuredly, No.

Neither will our lives count, if we flit carelessly from one notion to another, or sit idly down, feebly imagining that sometime, somewhere, we will accomplish something great. Such false hopes must be abandoned, for although honest endeavor will achieve wonders, idle fate will never.

However, we may succeed—we will succeed, if we strive earnestly toward a worthy goal, though to ourselves the success may not always be apparent.

Now, in the beautiful springtime of nineteen-seventeen, as we catch a glimpse of the beauties of a life of real success, a life that ennobles and elevates everyone who feels its influence, we will strive with untiring devotion toward the goal of our ambitions, for our efforts will not be in vain.

The Class of 1917.

In several ways, the Senior class of 1917 stands out prominently as it is quite unusual from all the other classes that have left these halls of learning in previous years.

First, it is distinguished from all the other Senior classes as it contains the good round number twenty, the largest class

of Seniors that has ever graduated from the preparatory department of Houghton Seminary.

Although the Senior class not only has the quiet and meek ones in her midst but also those who have a considerable amount of "will and spunk" and fluency of speech when occasion may demand, yet in the frequent class meetings which are always so necessary in determining the weighty questions in Senior life, the first class "spat" has yet to make its appearance. Whenever the class has been divided, and that has been times almost without number, each has realized that some must yield and such a spirit was manifested. Each seemed to have learned the art of yielding to another's wishes without generating antagonism. Is this spirit not unusual in a Senior class?

Who enjoyed the fun when the Senior caps were "swiped" more than they? No one. Throughout it all, only the very best of good wishes were extended to the Junior class.

With special interest, we note that in the revival services held at the Church last winter almost all of those of our number who were not Christians, sought and professed to have found the "pearl of great price."

The social side has not been neglected, and as the days come and go, the members of the Senior class of 1917 are bound closer together.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

C. E. C. '17.

The Class of '18.

The Junior Preparatory Class of Houghton Seminary is one of an interesting and unique make-up. It is a class in which individualism is a leading factor. Perhaps one reason for this is its lack of numbers, it being the smallest, with the exception of the Senior College Class, of the entire school. Being necessarily thrown into contact with them both as a class and as individuals we could not but notice the characteristics which stand out prominently in the person of every one of them.

There is McElheny, the witty, persevering chap who likes a good time and makes the most of his association privileges, and yet who does not lose sight of the more serious side of life. Perhaps he wishes merely to dwell in the social sides in order to be more effective when he gets to be a preacher.

Then comes Stugart, the politician, and a great friend of the Germans. Being an admirer of Teddy Roosevelt, like him he is happiest while wielding the "big stick." Bold, shrewd, self-confident, he has the making of a man of politics.

Of the fairer sex, Miss McMillan, the scholar, who views life as a means of helping others, not neglecting, however, the lighter side. She believes in independence and is learning the printing trade.

Miss Fero, the demure and sedate maiden whose good nature now and then asserts itself, despite her dignity. As a daughter of a minister, she is well versed in the theological doctrines of the Church.

Miss Farmer, the jolly, the energetic girl who sees the humor of life and is of the kind that make life pleasant and worth living.

As a class they show the wilfulness and originality which must be carefully governed and trained that they may uphold the standards set by the Senior Class.

F. W. W. '17.

Hy Yi, Hy Ky, Pink and Green!
Seniors! Seniors! Seventeen!

Seniors of '17.

Der Seniors vas a jolly bunch.
Dey vas nefer on der bum,
Und ven dey vas all movin'
Dey vas somting got to hum.

Dey chust vas twenty uff dem,
Und dat vas quite a lot,
So ven you vants to fool dem
You vas got to have some plot.

Der Seniors, dey vas had some caps,
Uff green und tassels pink;
Der Juniors, dey vas swipe dem
Und put us on der blink.

But ve vas chust so sober,
Und made some diplomations,
Und wait for dose young Juniors
To cease dose deprecations.

Ve vent home mit der vinter vind
Like soldiers brave und bold,
But ven some Seniors got a cough
Vy den dey got a cold.

Den Bill, his hair vas pretty thin,
Und Bill vone uff der oldest,
So ven der Juniors swiped der caps
Etink Bill got der coldest.

But den vone day ve vas got oop,
Und in der garret land,
To get a bunch uff green caps
Dat belonged vonce to der band,

Und mit der drums und piccalo
Ve raised up such a clatter
Dat der people vas come oop der stairs
To see vat vas der matter.

Ve vent down on der campus
Und yelled und yelled ag'in,
So ven der freshman come along
Den he vas butted in.

Ve dragged him on der campus
Mit his back on, all around,
Und ven ve did dis quite a while
Ve laid him on der ground.

Soon after dat dose Juniors
All us dey vas surprisin'
By callin' oop a meetin'
Und den by compromisin'.

Der pres'dent he vas made a speech,
Und mit some old brick bats
Und many ceremonies
Dey gave us back der hats.

Oh, ve had a lot of droubles,
Und a bunch of tribulations,
But ve vas still upon der top
Und livin on full rations.

Now here's to der class of seventeen;
Long may dere might increase,
Und ve hope dere stickability
Und grit may never cease.

J. D. W. '17.

SENIOR ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Name	Alias	Ambition	Noted For	Common Saying	Favorite Song
Lawrence Spencer	Spene	Never to leave Houghton	Moonlight Walks	What do we care!	When Johnnie Comes Marching Home
Suessa Dart	Sue	To be a singer	Sweet Smile	That's horrid!	In the Sweet By and By
Wallace Hanford	Wally	To get Hale and Hearty	Having a chaperon	We should worry!	By the Light of the Silvery Moon
Lula Benning	Lu	To be Meek and Lowly	Gripping out loud	My land, child!	Little Dream Girl
Vivian Saunders	Viv	To draw a circle	Using slang	I'm not crazy about it	Star Spangled Banner
Agnes Francis	Polly	To teach school	Charming young men with music	Oh, shucks!	Mother Machree
John Wilcox	John D.	To be a stump speaker	Scientific silence	Why, man!	The Girl I Left Behind Me
Ruth Luckey	Ruthie	To be dean	Love for Physics Lab	Why, child!	Mister, will you walk?
Wm. Kaufmann	Bill	To get in with the deans	Superfluous hair	Oh, my!	Miltonvale College Song
Mildred Jones	Millie	To teach small children	Something original	I don't see.	Billy Boy, Billie Boy
Anna Houghton	Johnnie	To vote	Spencerian writing	So blessed many!	Annie Laurie
Robert Haines	Bob	To be among the ladies	Loud talking	Good night!	Sweet Cider Time
Clara Campbell	Campy	To know the why and wherefore	Ability in Math	Look here!	Happy Days Gone By
Mabel Benton	Midget	To keep house	Talking in the halls	Oh dear!	When David Was a King
Ben Trafford	Benny	To fire on the railroad	Cutting wood	You bet!	Forsaken
Bertha Irving	Betty	To be a Miner	Good housekeeping	Sam Hill!	If You Don't Love Your Uncle Sammy
Fred Warburton	Freddie	To sing	Driving the old grey horse	Sure!	The Campbells Are Coming
Beatrice Hale	Bee	To run a ford	Tending her own business	Oh dear me!	Scots Wha Ha' Wi' Wallace Bled
Merton Davis	Kitch	To be a loyal Senior	Bolting classes	Confound it!	We'll Hang Jeff Davis On an Old Apple Tree
Florence Sawyer	Fliss	To flirt	Swiping the back seat	For cramp sake!	If I Only Had A Sweetheart

Exchanges

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges:

Echoes, Bible School Park, N. Y.
Central Literary Data Ubee, Indiana.
The Ramble Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.
The Everett High School Clarion,
Everett, Mass.

Heart, Head and Hand, N. Scituate, R.I.
Heart and Life, Chicago, Ill.
Charos, Detroit, Michigan,
The Student, Rochester, N. Y.

M. H. S. Life, Montrose, Penn'a, has a very pleasing cover design.

The Student, Franklin Academy, Malone, N. Y., contains two fine stories, and the Biography of the Class of '17 is very good.

On Bounds, Montclair, New Jersey, contains a fine story "How Jack Won His Promotion."

The Normal Leader, Fredonia, New York, contains the poem, "Be Careful What You Say," which is very good.

B. A. H. '17.

A. E. Moses, Houghton, N. Y.

DEALER IN

Riding Bow Frames Gold and Goldfilled.

Sure-on, Shelltex and Veltex

Mountings

CON SULTU SABO UTYO UREY ES

JENNINGS' Dry Goods Store

Contains a Fine Line of
Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats,
Caps, Gents' and Ladies'
Furnishings, Etc.

Gents' Fine Tailor-made Suits
a Specialty

A Fine Line of Ladies' Suits and
Coats Carried in Stock

JENNINGS COMPANY

BELFAST, N. Y.

Athletics

Spring, after going through many changes of weather, has finally arrived. Again the big astronomical telescope is being focused on the athletic world. The big league teams which have been basking and training in the warm Southland are awakening that it is time to start North again.

Here, after a short period of training, they will exhibit their skill in playing ball on the big league diamonds.

The students of Houghton are also showing a big interest in athletics. What's more, they are showing real school spirit in boosting their own baseball team. We as a student body can truthfully say that

the baseball team representing Houghton Seminary has never been beaten by any other team and we are justly proud of that fact.

No one has shown signs of growing fat from bragging about our new gym. Everybody is completely tired out by their strenuous exercise in the gym during the winter.

The warm balmy days that we have had thus far have roused our sporting blood. The men's division of the student body has met and plans of the annual field meet have been started. The work is taking shape and is rapidly being systemized by the committees that have been appointed to see and help the project through. Woods and Lapham, two of our most worthy athletes, have been appointed captains of the meet. The meet has the backing of every faction in the Seminary and therefore it bids fair to outdo any field meet we have had so far.

Great enthusiasm is being shown because those that are on the track team are in strict training and our greatest desire is that they keep strenuously at it until that great day when the event is to be pulled off because we desire hard fought contests at that time.

The question as to whether there should be or not be a physical examination has been fully discussed from all sides but as yet is not fully decided. Some are unable to see the need of it because Barrett no longer complains of a weak heart and as yet no one else has evinced signs of a similar malady.

In the field meet we are sure to have keen competition because as we view the prospect now, our athletes seem to be evenly matched. We know this because there are no longer men like Johnson in our ranks to carry away all of the events.

We are almost sure of some good tennis matches this year. By permission of the faculty we are to have two good tennis courts. It is highly desirable of those members of the athletic association who are enthusiastic manipulators of the tennis racket, that they turn out in a body, when the time comes, and lend a strong hand in preparing the courts for play and I am sure that you will win the hearty thanks of the lady members of the student body.

Lawrence H. Spencer '17.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

—Byron

To get carbon copies
that are not only un-
usually sharp and
beautifully neat, but
copies that are really
permanent, use

TRADE
MULTIKOPY
MARK
Carbon Paper

Manufactured by

F. S. Webster Co.,

Boston, Mass.

Our Stock of Furniture is Complete.

We can furnish your house in the

FURNITURE

line from cellar to garret.

The best line of

PICTURE MOULDING

in any style frame to suit.

F. A. PHIPPS, FILLMORE, N. Y.

Locals

Two former students, Lee and Curtis Rogers, visited Houghton recently.

The Seniors regret that one of their number, Wallace Hanford, has been called home. However he expects to return to graduate in June.

Miss Riggall spent her vacation at home.

Misses Thurston, Osborne and Latham went to Niagara Falls during vacation.

The Seniors who of late enjoyed a visit at home were: Agnes Francis, Merton Davis, Vivian Saunders and Florence Sawyer.

A few days ago the faculty resigned their chapel positions to the members of the Junior college class. The Juniors appeared to be quite dignified. In addition to the ordinary chapel Mr. Robert Chamberlain gave a very interesting talk on, "Selfishness, the Root of All Evil," after which they sang the "Houghton College" song.

Lawrence Woods entertained his lady friend Miss June Bolles and Robert Kaufman over part of vacation.

Arthur Burnhoft '16 returned to Houghton for a visit during conference week.

Most of the students have returned from vacation, ready for the pull to June.

Mrs. R. C. Lynde and daughter, Winifred, spent Spring Recess at Centerville.

We are glad to welcome Rev. Anderson and family in our midst. They have moved into the house previously owned by Mr. Ward.

The delegates and visitors during conference were made welcome in the village homes.

The friends of Glenn Burgess are glad to know he is slowly recovering.

Alfred Parker is driving a new Ford car.

Vera Crawford, a former Sem. student, has returned home from Mercer, Pa., where she has been working in a telephone office.

Our minister for the coming year will be Rev. Chas. Sicard. A hearty welcome is extended to himself and family.

Have you seen the complete line of spring hats at the Blatchley and McVey millinery parlors, Fillmore, N. Y.? Making over a speciality. [Ad.]

Ask the Juniors if they believe this: "It is better to love a girl you can't have than to have a girl you can't love."



Use A Kodak.

Brownies, Premo Film Packs and Kodaks, \$2. up.

CLARK A. WARBURTON

Houghton Corporation

BARGAINS in SHOES

General Merchandise

When in Need Come and See Us. We will Please You

Houghton Seminary

with the following

Departments and Advantages:
PREPARATORY
ADVANCED (College Equivalent)
THEOLOGICAL
MUSIC
ORATORY
HEALTHFUL SURROUNDINGS
ORTHODOX TEACHERS

WITHOUT

TOBACCO
CARDS
DANCING
FRATERNITIES

Board is \$3.00 per week with room heated and lighted, tuition very low, and many opportunities for self-help.

For catalog send to

JAMES S. LUCKEY, President.

For Best Quality

Cement, Wall Plaster, Hard

and Soft Coal

Sewer Pipe and Drain Tile

and Reinforced

CONCRETE SLUICE

PIPE

Inquire of

L. S. GELSER & SON

FILLMORE, N. Y.

W. W. FRANCIS
CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

Manufacturer of and Dealer in
Artificial Stone, Cement Brick and
Tile, Ornamental Porch Trimmings,
Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

ALBANY LAW
SCHOOL

This course of study leading to the degree of L. L. B. extends over a period of three years. Students who have pursued one or two years in a law office may enter the second year class as a candidate for a diploma but not a degree.

The high standard of the school and the facilities which the city affords with its legislature, courts and library, offer unequalled opportunity for a thorough and practical training.

J. NEWTON FIERO, Dean.
ALBANY, N. Y.

L. E. WILES

DENTIST

FILLMORE, N. Y.

WE MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT ON
THE FOLLOWING GOODS

Ladies' Fine
SHOES

"Queen Quality"

House Furnishings

Rugs
Carpets
Linoleums
Lace Curtains
and Draperies

JOHN H. HOWDEN

FILLMORE, N. Y.

In Lighter Vein

Alice, (upon serving refreshments at the Dorm)—"Will the gentlemen please come forward and receive the refreshing for their perspective ladies?"

Just before the last lecture—"Hill, have a candy."

Hill—"All right, it may help my voice"

"Your voice! Are you going to sing tonight?"

Hill—"Oh, I may have to coo a little this evening."

Dorm girl—"Well, George, does Victoria call you 'Hub' yet?"

Hub (thoughtfully)—"Why-a-no-o not yet, but—"

Ira B., who has had only two years of Latin,—"Now you see how that little pendulum osculates back and forth?"

Evidently Ira had forgotten that 'osculate' comes from Latin, 'osculum' (a kiss). Unfortunately he was talking to Mrs. Bowen. Beware if you have only two years of Latin.

Prof. Elliott (in Eng III)—"Stugart, you take this sentence, 'May I have the pleasure of your company this evening?'"

Stugart repeated it thoughtfully several times.

Prof. Elliott—"That's right, Stugart, learn that, it will come in handy pretty soon."

In I. P. A. meeting it was determined that Miss Head should be a delegate to the convention. Then after Mr. Chamberlain (largely through Miss H's efforts) was decided upon as another she was heard to remark—"That's just a little family affair."

Prof. Fancher (in German III) "You people remind me of my little boy."

Betty—"Well, he's cute anyway."

Lula was singing "My Little Dream Girl." She said to Spencer, "My, I love that song."

Spencer—"I like my little girl better."

Polly will never have to go hungry nor be lonesome while she has her O Leo.

Harold was telling Sally of his intention of going to Buffalo to get a chauffeur's license.

Sally—"Aw, no. Wait till I am going home; then we can go together to Buffalo and you can get the license and then we can go home."

STATE BANK OF FILLMORE

FILLMORE, N. Y.

Resources - - \$450,000.00

Leading Bank of Northern Allegany