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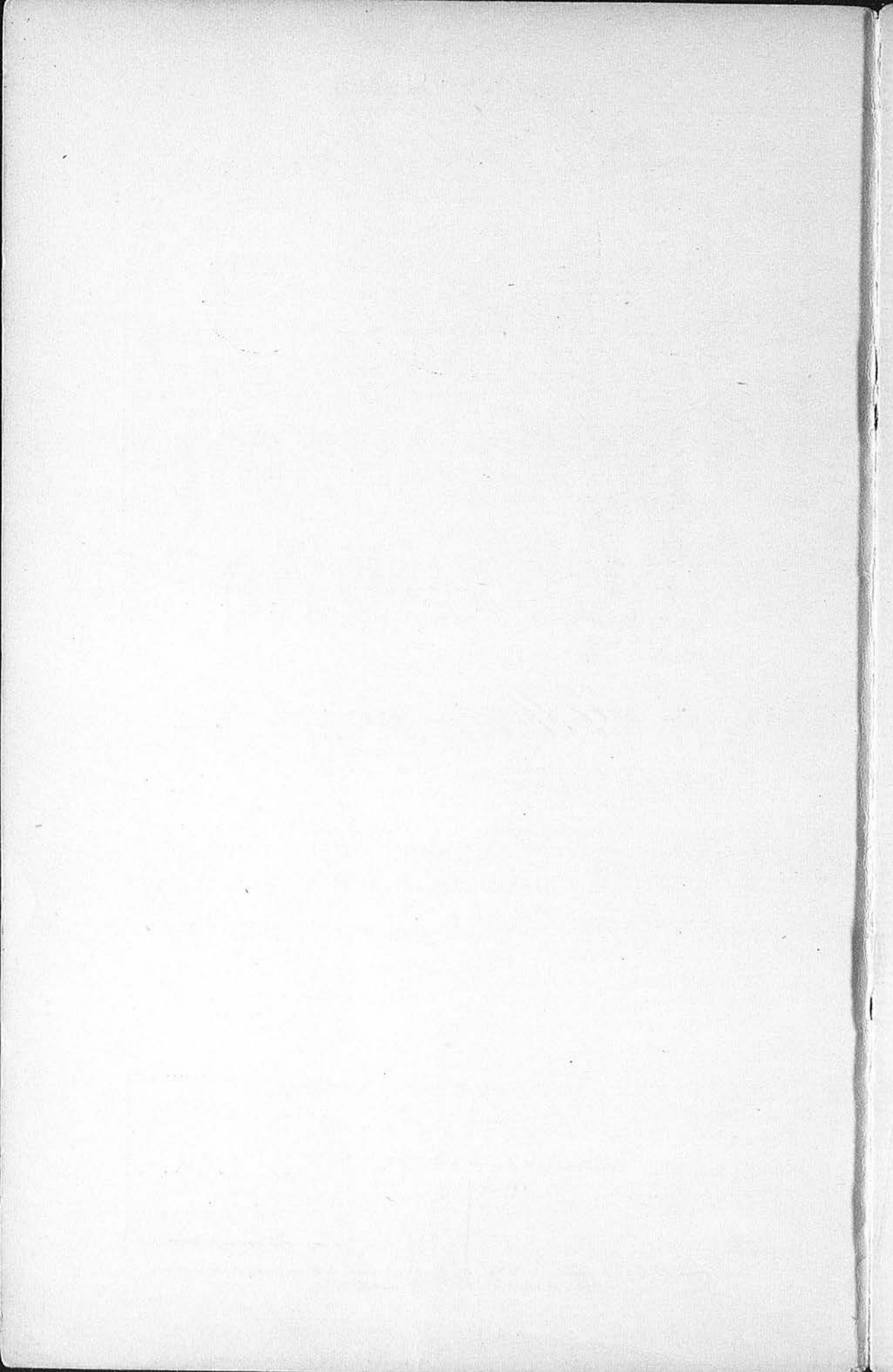
November, 1909

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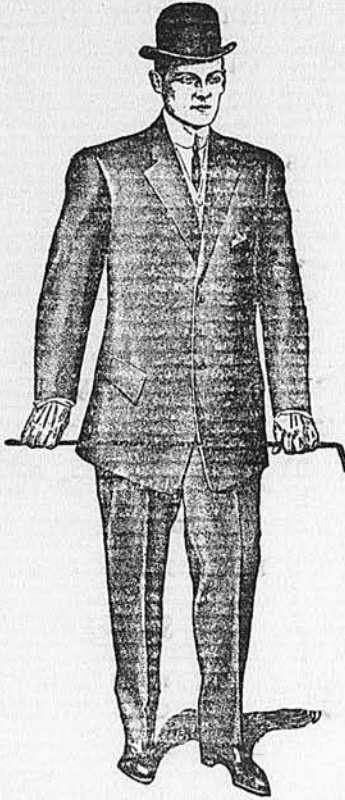
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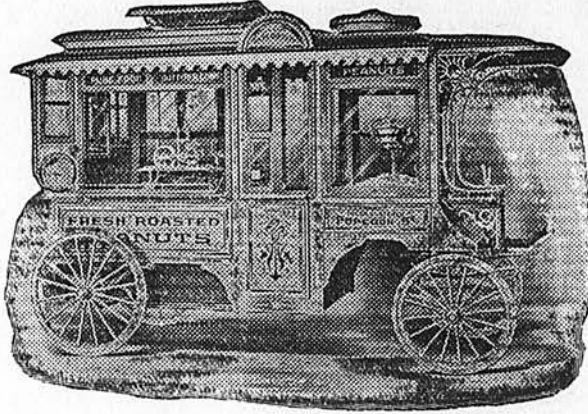
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# The Crimson and White

VOL. VI

OCTOBER, 1909

No. 1



## Literary Department

### The Discovery of the Hudson River

There was a noble Dutchman,  
His name—you all must know,  
For he discovered the Hudson,  
Three hundred years ago.

With his little ship the "Half  
Moon,"  
And his Dutch and English crew,  
He started for the unknown lands  
To discover all things new.

In the year of sixteen hundred nine,  
On the morning of April fourth,  
Hudson embarked at Amsterdam,  
And sailed through the seas to the  
north.

After a fruitless voyage,  
And after some delay,  
He turned his ship toward the set-  
ting sun,  
And sailed into Delaware Bay.

The little ship proved faithful,  
For she knew she had work to do:  
On September third, in sixteen nine,  
She brought to the Hudson her  
crew.

HELEN MERCHANT '12

### Legends of the Hudson River

THE SHATE-MUC.

Long, long ago, so many years ago that you and I can hardly imagine much less remember, there was a beautiful country. Now this country was a vast wilderness, a wilderness of mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes, forests and plains and wild pasture lands, and with all, a wilderness so beautiful that only the garden of Paradise can compare with it. And perhaps, if the seekers after Paradise ever reached this country, they gave up their search, satisfied that they had found the true Garden of the Gods. I do not know about that, I only said perhaps, but I am sure of this, that the country was beautiful. And over all this loveliness, the Great Spirit reigned, the Great Spirit which gave life and health and beauty to this country and its creatures.

Now in this beautiful country there was one great lake more charming than any of its companions. Here it was that the Great Spirit dwelt and ruled over His people. For you must know that



He had peopled the land with a strange race; a race as wild and beautiful and free as the country itself; a race with skin as rich in hue as the red-brown soil,—with hair as black as the murky blackness of the forest at night,—with bodies as rugged as the mountain crags,—with eyes as piercing as those of the eagle which soared above the waters of the great lake. And the Great Spirit and His people lived happily by the great lake in that beautiful land.

But one day, a stranger came to the banks of the lake. This stranger, whose name was Amasis, was one of the magi from a far eastern country. He was a good man and the red men allowed him to take a wife from among their women. All went well for a time and Amasis lived in peace with the red men. But soon they found that he would not worship as they did, but had built an altar on the summit of a high mountain. This made them very angry and they tried to kill him. The Great Spirit loved Amasis, however, and He intervened and sent a terrible earthquake which swallowed up all those who had been his enemies.

And that was not all. When the earth trembled, a cleft was made in the mountains and the water of the great lake broke through its barriers and found a path of its own through the forests and over the rocks, till it finally made its zigzag way to the sea. I said that the course of the water was zigzag. They say that it was because the stream flowed over the Fountain of Fire Water which the Great Spirit kept in the forests, and from which He drew the water of life to give to His people.

However that may be, the red men were greatly astonished when they saw that the great lake, by whose banks they had dwelt so

long, now flowed into a mighty river, upon whose broad bosom were reflected the blue of the sky and the gold of the summer sun. But they knew that the Great Spirit had sought to change His abode, that it was His will that the river should flow, and they were glad.

All the country rejoiced because of the new river. The forests became darker. The tall grass became greener. The rocks lifted up their heads higher than ever. Even the mountains attracted by the sound of running waters, came to the banks of the river. They were so charmed by the beauty of the spot and the song of the stream as it flowed over its stony bed, that they stood at the water's edge to listen. And,—they are standing there until this day.

It was to these mountains that the old weather hag, the servant of the Great Spirit, came to live. This old woman confined the winds in a dark cavern in the rocks, while the sun and rain she tied up in a stout bag which she hung on the peak of a mountain. In this way she was able to prevent their straying away until she needed them. (You see, she only let one of them out at a time.) Some say too, that she spent all her odd moments making new moons and cutting the old ones up into stars, but how true that is, I cannot tell.

Henceforth, the Great Spirit dwelt in the mountains, and He brought His people with him. So the red men now built their fires upon the river banks, and they called the river the Shate-muc.

It was many years after the Great Spirit willed that the beautiful lake should become a mighty river, when the stranger Amasis had long ago left the shores of the Shate-muc that a strange thing happened. The Great Spirit had called the Chief of his red men to the

Happy Hunting Grounds, a field of joy for those noble souls who have bravely completed their walk on earth. But before he entered the Garden of the Great Spirit, the old Chief prophesied to his people. "Watch," he said, "watch diligently for the white-winged bird, for at its coming—" What was to happen at the coming of the white-winged bird, he never told. The old Chief was dead.

But his people watched. They watched diligently. And I know that their watching was rewarded, for not long afterward they saw the white-winged bird sailing on the bosom of the Shate-muc. The white-winged bird was a ship.

#### "DE GROOTE" RIVER

Yes, the white-winged bird came. Those red men who were watching for it are dead, but history tells us that the ship belonged to Hendrick Hudson, a Dutch trader who was searching for the East Indies.

But what was to happen at the coming of the ship? The old Chief did not tell us because he could not, but there are many strange stories which the mountains could tell us if they would. And the Shate-muc, perhaps it, too, could tell us wonderful things about the strange crafts which sailed upon its waters, and the new faces which it saw upon its banks. For, after the arrival of Hendrick Hudson, houses sprang up along the shores of the great river. Good, comfortable houses they were with neat dooryards surrounding them, and still neater children playing in those door-yards. The river admired these children very much. They were such plump, rosy children with flaxen hair and blue eyes. But still, I think the great stream missed the little dusky boys and girls who used to dwell there, but who were reluctantly leaving the old homes.

The Dutch had come to make the beautiful country their home. They called the country America, and, because they knew no other river as large, they called the Shate-muc, "De Groote" River.

As for Hendrick Hudson, one would naturally suppose that he died at a good old age loved and respected by all. However, I have been informed quite to the contrary. I do not mean to say that he was not loved and respected, but only that, that honorable gentleman is not dead yet, but is alive and enjoying exceedingly good health;—and also, that every twenty years he sails up the great river in his vessel the Half-Moon, and he and his crew disembark, (at the city which bears his name), in order that they may have a quiet game of ten pins in the mountains. The way I come to know this is, that a certain man, Rip Van Winkle by name, took part in one of these revels. And whatever else Rip's neighbors may choose to say about him, he is certainly a truthful fellow. Not only that, but you yourself, if you should happen to know the right time, might listen for the roll of the balls like distant thunder, as Hudson and his men are at play. And I have no doubt but that you would hear it.

Great events now took place along "De Groote" River. There were glad days when the mountains smiled upon the people, and there were dark days when the mountains were no longer pleased. The Great Spirit no longer dwelt by the mighty stream, they thought. Then there was strife among the people, and many foreign soldiers came to lay waste the beautiful country. One of these soldiers, a Hessian, is even now occasionally seen riding about, in the dead of night, carrying his head before him on the saddle. He



had been killed in the war by one of the Dutch, it is said.

As a general thing the Dutch people were good-natured and peace loving. Some of the younger men were a little reckless, perhaps, but then—they usually paid dearly for their folly. Why one young fellow, Yost Vanderscamp, was always up to some mischief. He was the nephew of the innkeeper at Communipaw, and his uncle was kept busy helping him evade the law. One night, however, Yost disappeared accompanied by an old negro servant named Pluto. His uncle was just congratulating himself at being rid of him, when he reappeared, and by the lavish way in which he spent money, led the people to believe that he had found the fatted calf, and that it was made of gold. It was reported that he had been with Captain Kidd, but Yost himself refused to throw any light upon the matter. A second time he disappeared, and when he returned this time he brought his wife with him. There was, however, a great change in his manner, and it was supposed that good wife Vanderscamp was the better man of the two. Strange men visited him sometimes, and it became known that he was carrying on secret smuggling.

One night, Yost escaped from home in order to have a little fun with some companions, on board his boat. It was about midnight when they rounded Gibbet Island on their homeward trip, and there before his frightened eyes, Yost saw three of his former comrades strung up by the necks to a tree. Trying to regain his self composure and his merry manner he addressed the phantoms, and invited them to "enjoy fair weather in another world," and to "call around sometime," when they were passing his way. When he reached home, his

wife met him at the door with a candle and—a scowl.

"You're a nice one," she said, "to be out at this time of night—and to send company besides."

"Company?" he gasped.

"Yes, company. Don't say you didn't send them. They said you did. You'd better go to them. They're in the blue room."

Yost ascended the stairs and sure enough, there sat the three visitors of the island in the blue room, bobbing their heads and croaking weird songs as they drank tea by the blue light of a candle. Yost was so surprised that he missed his footing and fell headlong down the stairs. He was picked up speechless, and was buried the next Sunday.

Another young fellow, Anthony Van Corlaer, (who was also called Anthony the Trumpeter from his vocation), met his death on account of his recklessness. Anthony was sent on a mission to Patroon Van Rensselaer, and started to swim across the river in a storm. His companions warned him not to venture, but Anthony, heedless of their warning, plunged into the water, exclaiming defiantly, "Spugt den Duyvil." It is said that his Satanic Majesty took poor Anthony at his word and appeared to him in the form of an enormous moss bunker. At any rate, he never reached Shoraskappock, but his companions named the rock from which he plunged, Spuyten Duyvil, in memory of him.

There is another promontory on De Groote River which is named after him. This is generally called Anthony's nose. It seems that one day Anthony was leaning over the side of Stuyvesant's yacht when the sun struck his nose. The reflection shot through the water and killed a sturgeon. The fish was the first of its kind which had been seen in those parts. It was good flavored

but it tasted somewhat of brimstone where the flash hit it. The promontory is a monument of fame for poor Anthony.

There were many strange things which happened at that time. There is a ship which can even now be seen on the Zappan Zee, a small arm of "De Groote" River. Two hundred years ago this ship entered the New Amsterdam harbor, regardless of the law that no ship should enter the river without a permit. The ship carried the Dutch colors, and she sailed proudly up the river, minding no interference. Guns were fired at her from the battery, but they did her no harm. Strange to say this ship has never left the harbor, but boatmen see her sometimes tossing about at night, and when they do see her they expect a storm. For this reason she is known as the Storm Ship.

There was a naughty little Dutch Goblin who took charge of the storm winds near the Dunderberg Mountains. This little Goblin dressed in trunk hose, wore a sugar loaf hat, and carried a speaking trumpet in his hand. A certain Captain saw him in a storm one day, ordering up the winds and the thunder claps in low Dutch. He was surrounded by a band of noisy little imps, who wore broad breeches and short doublets. As the ship passed the Dunderbergs the storm became more terrific, and the sailors saw a little sugar loaf hat on the mast head. After they had passed the mountains, the little hat spun around like a top, and whirled away, carrying all the rain clouds with it. The sailors declared that the horse shoe nailed against the mast was the only thing which saved the ship from destruction.

One other time the imp was seated on a bowsprit, and the vessel ran into Anthony's nose. Dominic Van Gieson happened to be on board,

and he sang hymns till the Goblin, throwing his hat in the air, whirled away, and took the Dominie's wife's night cap with him. The next Sunday, the cap was found hanging on the steeple of the Episcopal Church, forty miles away. Ever after, the sailors lowered their sails when they came to the Dunderbergs, and after this homage the little Goblin would let them pass in safety.

And there is still another thing which I would like to relate, for perhaps it would be of interest to any modern baker who should happen to read this. A certain Volchert Jan Pietersen Van Amsterdam, called Baas Jan for short, kept a bakery in Rensselaerwyck. One New Year's Day an old hag entered his shop and asked for a dozen New Year cakes. Baas Jan gave her twelve cakes. The old hag counted them.

"I want thirteen," she said.

"You can't have'm," said Jan. "Thirteen is too many."

"Thirteen," demanded the hag.

"Twelve's a dozen," said Jan.

The old hag went away vowing revenge. And oh, what a lot of trouble Jan had that year. His trade fell; his chimneys fell; his barn fell; even his friendships fell,—and finally he fell himself, and severely injured his knee. The next New Year's Day the old hag returned and again asked for a dozen cakes. This time he gave her thirteen, and the next year he prospered finely. Ever since then, it has behooved all bakers to give thirteen cakes for a dozen.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Shate-muc has passed away. "De Groote" River is almost forgotten. There remains to us, the Hudson River, dear to every lover of nature, and beauty. The days of the red men are as a dream. The Dutch are fast departing. But those who love the mighty stream,

still love to hear the quaint old tales which breathe forth the spirit of the old days on the Hudson.

JESSIE E. LUCK, '10

### A Camp in the Berkshires

There they all were—the last stake had been driven and the last tent pole raised. The heavy lumber wagon which had brought them was still to be heard rumbling down the old mountain road. Around a newly kindled camp fire stood a disconcerted, dismal little group. The New Yorker with a puzzled Broadway frown still upon his brow, the nature enthusiast staring in his usual abstracted way at the glowing embers, the Harvard senior grinning good-naturedly and half indifferently at the distinctly bored Society Belle, the meek little chaperone wearily folding towels, the sweet, placid old lady warming her wrinkled hands over the flames she could not see and—at the farther side of the clearing—a young girl busily laying the table for their first outdoor meal.

It had all happened this way. The season at the summer hotel below the mountain was drawing to a close. Everyone had been deploring the absence of some gay friend who was enjoying himself, perhaps, at a far-distant hunting-box. In the common need of sympathy all the petty class distinctions of the early summer were forgotten and when the unknown but cheerful little school teacher proposed camping, it had been seized upon as the last resource.

To be sure the Society Belle had shrugged her shoulders disdainfully until the Harvard senior had announced his intention of trying the new "sport." Also, the New Yorker had made many skeptical remarks, but the earnest words of

the little school teacher had won them all. "Anyway it will be worth something to hear Miss Janet's voice by moonlight," the chaperone had added hopefully.

As for Miss Janet—but who could tell what plans were being formed in that curly brown head of hers? She was not of the butterfly crowd which had flitted gayly about the tennis court and golf links. No one knew her except as Miss Janet—a country school teacher, so the Society Belle had volunteered—and the owner of a beautiful voice. She was accompanied by a very gentle old blind lady whom she called Aunt Peace and who looked to her as the window opening upon a hidden world.

The water in the bright new tea kettle soon reached the boiling point and the fragrant odor of tea revived the spirits of the would-be campers. Miss Janet merrily called "supper" and gloom vanished.

"This is rather refreshing," admitted the Society Belle as she languidly sipped her tea.

"Bully," agreed the Harvard man. He was curiously watching Miss Janet butter toast for Aunt Peace and his eyes wandered back again thoughtfully to the over-fashionable Society Belle.

"Oh," said Janet, looking up brightly, "you are all going to improve wonderfully. Our busy New Yorker will forget all about his politics and money projects, the Professor will wake up to the fact that there are other things as interesting as bugs and toads and this careless Harvard man will suddenly realize the importance of his career."

"I wish I might," candidly confessed the Harvard student as he thought of his father's last lecture and of the useless lives of the sons of other wealthy men of his acquaintance.



Then began a merry rush for dish towels and all lent a helping hand in clearing up the dishes. The sun set and, one by one, the stars came out. The waters of the lake lapped softly along the shores as a cool mountain breeze stirred amongst the tree tops. The Senior replenished the fire and brought wraps for the ladies and with one accord all joined in as Miss Janet's sweet voice rose in the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." So ended the first night in the Berkshires.

The following days were full of revelation for the uneducated campers and brought many trials to their young guide. The New Yorker was at first hard to amuse, but when fishing was attempted he became interested beyond all the expectations of Miss Janet and, armed with a trowel and tin can, began an eager search for fish worms. Miss Janet was in great demand. Patiently she accompanied the nature student in long tramps through the woods, listening to his lengthy discourses and endeavoring to understand. It was as great a triumph for her when the Professor offered to explain Nature's beauties to the Society Belle, as when the Harvard senior requested her to read him a few lines from her beloved Browning. The timid chaperone gradually overcame her fear of the water and grew young and cheerful again as she paddled along the shores of the lake in her pretty canoe. But the Society Belle was the most incorrigible of all. Miss Janet found it very hard to endure her haughty half-insolent manner and it was only in the evening that this vague superiority vanished in self-forgetfulness. Even the care-free Harvard man felt their charm and became strangely silent.

So the week passed until the last night found a sorrowful group seated about in their accustomed

places. Sorrowful because each one had come to sympathize with the other and knew that the morrow would separate them from friends whom they might never see again. The last song had been sung and the last story told. Aunt Peace was already nodding sleepily. Then with a winning frankness the New Yorker leaned over and grasped the little school teacher's hand.

"Miss Janet," said he, "You have helped me to realize the comparative worthlessness of money. I want to thank you for showing me how to be unselfish."

"And I," added the Society Belle, "will second you and also apologize for being stupid. My dear, won't you please pay me a visit during the winter season and show others of my set how to really live?"

"Miss Janet has a sphere of her own," replied the Professor, "it is useless for us to try to transplant her but I for one, would be willing to enter hers if she would show me how."

With tears in her eyes Janet thanked each one and heartily embraced the little chaperone as they said good-night. But the Harvard man of all the rest remained silent and later tossed uncomfortably upon the pine boughs within his tent. At length, giving up in despair he stepped outside for a breath of pure mountain air. A view—the most beautiful he had ever seen—lay before his eyes. The moon rising over the tree tops made a luminous pathway across the waters of the lake. The rocks and pebbles along the shore gleamed with silver light and, in the dark forests behind, lurked alluring and mysterious shadows. All about was silence save for now and then the hoot of an owl or the lonely cry of a night hawk.

With a strange weight in his heart the Senior turned to heap fuel upon the dying embers of the camp

fire and his eyes fell upon a motionless figure seated upon a nearby rock. It was Miss Janet with her chin propped in one hand and with her thoughtful eyes gazing across the water. Silently the Senior seated himself beside her and quietly taking her hand said, "Janet will you let me thank you for showing me what a simpleton I have been? It's strange that I never thought of it before—even when Father lectured. But I *do* mean to make something of myself and I know I *can*. Next year is my last at college. Won't you let me write to you and won't you help me—"

Slowly Miss Janet turned, and in her deep gray eyes shone a happy light. "Jack," said she, "Your father understood you when he asked me to educate you and I'm sure we shall neither of us be disappointed."

Glancing at the tiny card which she slipped into his hand, he read the name of New York's greatest financier and his father's warmest friend!

BETTY, '10

A little girl was greatly interested in watching the men in her grandfather's orchard putting bands of tar around the fruit trees, and asked a great many questions. Some weeks later when in the city with her mother she noticed a gentleman with a mourning band around his left sleeve.

"Mama," she asked, "What's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"—*Ex.*

An old hen was picking at some stray tacks in the back yard.

"Now what do you suppose that fool hen is eating those tacks for?" said Jones.

"Perhaps," rejoined his wife, "she is going to lay a carpet."

## The Four Chestnuts

(A Tragedy in Four Acts.)

### ACT I.

Scene laid in the woods. A chestnut tree in foreground. Four chestnuts descend from the tree.

1st Chestnut—Pitter.

2nd Chestnut—Patter.

3rd Chestnut—Pitter.

4th Chestnut—Patter.

### ACT II.

Scene, same as in Act I. Enter a man with a bag.

1st Chestnut—Timble.

2nd Chestnut—Tumble.

3rd Chestnut—Timble.

4th Chestnut—Tumble.

### ACT III.

Scene, a street corner. Enter, an Italian with a roaster.

1st Chestnut—Spitter.

2nd Chestnut—Sputter.

3rd Chestnut—Spitter.

4th Chestnut—Sputter.

### ACT IV.

Scene, same as in Act III. Italian asleep on the curb. Enter four little boys, who each steal a chestnut and eat it.

1st Little Boy—Oh, My!

2nd Little Boy—I'll die.

3rd Little Boy—Oh, My!

4th Little Boy—I'll die!

All exeunt with flourish.

Curtain.

J. L., '10

Freshie, innocently: "What was Noah doing when the animals were entering the ark?"

Sophie, tartly: "Preserving pears" (pairs).

J. Hagar, condescendingly: "Say, Mr. C—, I love your daughter and—er—want to marry her. Is there any insanity in your family?"

Mr. C—, "No, young man, there's not, an' moreover, there ain't goin' t' be!"

### The Discovery of a Virtuoso

A small boy walked slowly along the dark, wet streets of a large city.

It was late and cold, but he seemed in no hurry to leave the brilliantly lighted stores and go to the cold, companionless room, that he called home.

Suddenly a sound caught his ear, he stopped and awakening, as it were, from his reverie, looked eagerly about him.

Ah! yes, he knew now. He was near the Opera House and to-night was the grand concert. A famous foreign musician was to play, and maybe that was he, now. No, it couldn't be he; he heard singing; it was the opening piece.

Woh! how cold he was. Then seeing no one he slipped into the lobby and sat down behind a large picture, in the farther end.

For a few minutes there was silence, then softly, sweetly came the sound of a violin, growing stronger and mightier with every stroke of the bow,—now like the rushing of many waters, then sinking to a low pathetic note, only to rise and fall again. Onward, upward, sweeter every moment, came the sound. The very soul of the instrument was singing and the touch was a master's indeed.

Then the boy forgot it.

Suddenly he was awakened; an angry usher was dragging him into the open and beating him soundly.

"Come, get out o' here you little loafer. Go on! now. What 'dye mean by sneakin' in like that any way? Here! Officer take him to the station."

"Please, sir, I didn't mean anything wrong. I only heard the music an' came in. I'm sorry, I'll go out," gasped the frightened youngster.

"Get out then," snapped the

usher and emphasized his invitation with a kick.

"Hey you fool! let dot lettle fellar alone vonce und tell me der trouble vat iss," exclaimed an excited German who had just emerged from an adjoining room and witnessed the performance.

"Yes, sir," said the usher with a respectful bow. "He sneaked in here ter graft, heard the concert without payin'. 'Most likely lookin' fer somethin' to steal."

"Iss dot right, mine poy?" queried the German.

Then the little fellow, summoning up all his courage and trying to act as though he had not felt the kick, answered "No, sir, I was passin' and heard the music. No body was 'round and I didn't have no money, so I came in an sat behind that picture, listenin' to the music, till I fell asleep."

The German was surprised and touched by the boy's straightforwardness. "You like der music, vot?" he asked.

"Oh! I love it, but I must go now—and get some supper," he added, involuntarily.

"Ach! no supper yet? Den mit me you go, und py Jinks!" continued the German, turning to the usher, "if you any more lettle poys trow out, I take der head off you, alretty vonce." With this terrifying threat the German left, taking with him a bewildered and sleepy boy.

"Kin I carry your box fer you?" asked the boy when they had reached the street, pointing to an oblong shaped box which was somewhat narrower at one end than the other and covered with black leather. "Vot! carry mine Cremona, alretty yet? Nein, I take it. Ve here ein cab take," answered his new friend. "Hey der! vake up," he called to a sleepy cabman and after giving some directions, followed the boy in.



Away they rode and soon arrived at a large hotel. They at once entered and went to the German's room where the boy had a supper he never forgot.

The next day the German, who was really the famous musician, learned of the boy's love for music and his parentless home and adopted him.

Several years later a boy virtuoso, accompanied by a white-haired German came to that city and gave a concert for the benefit of a free school of music. And his violin was a Cremona.

RICHARD KIRK, '11

### The Wave and the Cloud

The little canoe swung easily on with its one occupant. The waves lifted it and gently passed it on. It had neared the Island 'ere the Little God of Love raised his sunny head and peered about him.

Suddenly he leaned over and his eyes brightened as he held out his hand to a huge, on-coming wave.

The wave seemed to falter and the Little God of Love whispered to it, "The girl in red, the one with the dreamy eyes, and the man in gray, who is looking sad. You understand?"

The wave smiled back at him, showing its white teeth and passed on with a graceful salute, dimpling at the joke it was going to play.

The Little God of Love reached the Island and stepped on the sand with a smile. He hurried to the place where a cloud hung low and rising on tip-toe, he whispered to it, "They will come to the Island. She will see you. Look your blackest. You know the pair?"

The cloud nodded and quivering, rose in the air and was swept out to sea.

Satisfied, the Little God of Love stepped into his canoe and paddled back to shore.

The waves were unusually gentle and the bathers were becoming venturesome. A certain pretty girl in a red bathing suit was slowly making her way out.

Suddenly a wave, larger by far than the rest, came in. It caught the girl and frothing and terrible wrapped her in its folds. Several people swam out, but first among them was a tall man in a gray suit.

He dove! He rose! Down again. Ah! there they were. He staggered to shore and laid her in the arms of the hotel doctor.

That night he saw her dancing with a man who had stood on shore while her life was in danger. She did not see Williams.

The long planned excursion had, so far, been a grand success. It was the last one of the season and the young people had made the best of the opportunity by visiting all parts of the Island and bidding them "good-bye."

The boat left the Island pier and slowly turned out into the Channel. The gay crowd on board were unconscious of the darkening sky.

Several minutes later a man hurried down to the pier and looked after the boat. Then he sank down on the steps and laughed nervously.

"Oh, Mr. Williams, where is the boat?" Margaret Carter stepped upon the pier. Her "dreamy" eyes were suddenly very wide awake and her voice was very near to sobs as she spoke.

Williams stood up. "The boat is gone. I, too, have been so unfortunate as to lose it, but I may be of some assistance in procuring shelter from the oncoming storm."

He pointed to the sky and the girl shrank back in horror.

He led the way into the grove. In a few minutes they came upon a vine-covered spot. He offered his hand and helped her to make herself comfortable. He drew off his

coat and placed it over her shoulders. "Your dress is thin, Miss Carter," he said as he turned to go.

"You are not going out in this storm, surely." The girl started from her seat on the log.

The lightning flashed as she spoke and the girl shuddered. He sat down beside her.

For several moments there was no sound save the patter of rain on the vines overhead. Then the girl spoke. "Mr. Williams, I want to thank you for your heroic act the other day. I am told that I owe my life to you."

The man smiled grimly. "Yes, I have made a practice all my life of saving things, that prove dearer to others than to myself."

The color came into the girl's face. She laid her hand on his arm. "James Williams!" she warned.

The leaves behind them stirred and the Little God of Love stole out into the rain. A moment or two later, he settled back in his canoe and reaching out his hands to the cloud overhead, he called, "Well done, my dear!"

The sun came out and the Little God of Love leaned over and kissed a wave that swung nearby.

Then he pushed his canoe out of sight as a girl in a red gown, with a man's gray coat over her shoulders came down to the shore, hand in hand with a tall man, whose face was very radiant.

ALBERTA, '12

### An Afternoon Call

"Hello, Trixy! Yes, I got back yesterday and came to repay the call you made at Christmas time. I'm educated now, but you couldn't tell it by looking at me. I've had enough excitement these last three weeks to last for a lifetime.

"You know the faculty decided to have the sororities each write a play, and choose the best one for Class Day. Of course Pi Chi didn't stand a ghost of a chance, for the girls are not chosen because of any particular ability in any line, but because of an extra large pocket book. But we Phi Delta Phis and the Alpha Sigmas stood a pretty even chance.

"Of course everybody was wild with excitement. I called a meeting for that afternoon and then our troubles began. I thought Alma Moore would be a good one to write the play, but right away Mabel Williams decided that she must go, and I knew what was hurting her. After much scrapping we decided that it would be best to have a committee of four or five of our best literary stars and get the benefit of each other's ideas and criticism. The girls couldn't agree among themselves whom to choose, so the unpleasant duty of making enemies of some of the girls fell to me, as president.

"Then began the task of deciding a subject for our play. Crissy Sangborn thought a play with castles and moonlight with a young knight rescuing his lady love would be beautiful. And not until we had made her mad and she had declared herself off the committee, would she give up her idea. We finally decided on a musical play entitled, 'Fickle Marie.' We had Betty Dolman take the part of Marie, and Marty Schumacker and Libby Cressman take the parts of the col-

"Bacilli," remarked the boarder who had been reading the scientific pages in a patent medicine almanac, "are invisible."

"Right you are," rejoined the cheerful idiot, "at least, those in kisses are simply 'out of sight!'"

lege fellows who were rival suitors to her. There were a lot of other characters and we were quite sure it would take. Every member was sworn to secrecy and we adjourned.

"Alma and Mabel worked every spare moment on the play, the girls by common consent leaving most of it to them.

"At the first rehearsal all of the girls were so nervous they couldn't do a thing, and Libby forgot what she was to say when she proposed to Betty. Most of the girls were pretty well scared and went back to the study of their parts.

"Finally the afternoon for the trial came. I made the girls' complexions and put on the boys' wigs, and was about frantic with running after girls who ought to be behind the scenes, but could be seen wandering aimlessly around the campus or tramping up and down the corridors, saying lines to themselves, which they knew they were going to forget.

"The girls struck up the march. Betty grabbed my arm and Libby strolled up with her hands in her pockets and her teeth chattering.

"Never will I forget the torture I underwent as prompter. You can imagine how I felt when I told Marie the wrong lines when she forgot her part and the remorse that came over me when Libby's wig came off and I realized that I had forgotten to fasten it on.

"We managed somehow to get through, and the last act was really splendid. I think that was what won for us. Sigma had a good play too, and I felt awfully sorry for Marguerite Daley; she's the president you know. She took it awfully hard when they announced that Phi Delta Phi had won. But she was game and came and congratulated me afterwards. She lives just the next town from me. I'm going to see her some day.

"Why, the idea! I've been talking here for almost an hour. But when I get to thinking of it I always forget everything else, and just live over those nerve-racking days when we thought we wouldn't have any play.

"Well, good-bye. Come over and see me. I'm always home Fridays."

RUTH JEFFREY, '13

October turned my maple leaves to gold;  
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers;  
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,  
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

T. B. ALDRICH.

A woman in New Hampshire wrote the poultry expert of the department of agriculture as follows:

"Every morning when I go out to my hen house I find that three or four of my hens have turned over on their backs, legs curled up, never to rise again. Please tell me what the matter is.

After thinking long and earnestly over the matter, a bright thought entered his head and, seizing a pen, he wrote:

"Dear Madam: Your hens are dead."—*Ex.*

Reporter—"The name of that man who was struck by lightning is Brizinslatowskiwicz."

Editor—"What was his name before he was struck by lightning?"

There once was a sluggard who said,  
"It cannot be time to leave bed."  
When at last she was dressed,  
Her mistake she confessed;  
For the cat had her breakfast instead!



*The*  
**CRIMSON and WHITE**

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**Editorials**

This issue begins a new year for the CRIMSON AND WHITE, and we extend our heartiest greetings to all who are interested in us. We will give you our best efforts in return for your interest and support, and judging from the bright prospects, this year's best will be better than ever before. We have a large number of new pupils, some new teachers, and a new building, and surely we ought to be inspired with new ambition and a greater love for our Alma Mater.

Perhaps some of us do not realize what it means to be a new pupil in a school, and none of us, I am sure, know what it is to be a new teacher. Therefore we all ought to give a hearty welcome to everyone, and make our school home as pleasant as possible, that strangers will forget to be strangers and will begin by loving our school. Then, we owe it both to ourselves and to the new pupils, to set a good example, and surely, we ought to be "on our best behavior," toward the new teachers. First impressions count you know.

The Hudson-Fulton celebration has inspired great enthusiasm in us all. We hope that the same zeal will remain, and that some of it, at least, will be directed toward the interests of the N. H. S. and the CRIMSON AND WHITE. There is so much that we can do in the new building which we have not been able to do in the last few years, that we all should be anxious to begin work.

It is not a feeling of patriotism which we need as a school, but it is a spirit akin to patriotism. Just as patriotism is a love for our Fatherland and our people, and a life devoted to their interests, so school spirit is a love for our Alma Mater and years of good hard work, that the standard of our school may be raised.

The standard of Normal has always been high, and we must not allow it to go down. If we cling to what we have already proven to be good, and welcome that which others have found true, we can not help but gain success.

We are glad that we once more have a gymnasium of our own, and that gymnasium practice has been added to our curriculum. And we are especially pleased to welcome Miss Dunsford, the new instructress in the girl's gymnasium work.

**Alumni Notes**

1904

Ethelyn Hurst has resumed her studies at the Normal College.

1905

Winifred Goldring is teaching at Wellesley College.

1906

Mabel Wood has resumed her studies at the Normal College.

Marion Klienhaus was married to Stephen H. Whitbeck.

1907

Edith Jones has gone to Los Angeles, Cal., to study music.

1908

Jeanne Bender was married to David Wayne.

Roger Fuller has entered Yale.

George Weaver has entered Pratt Institute.

1909

Ethel Secor has entered the Normal College.

Arthur Wilson has entered Union College.

Margaret Reineman has a position as society editor with *The Argus*.

Elsie M. Gray is studying music.

Grace Goldring is teaching at New Scotland.

Helen and Mary Horton are studying music.

Edna Bender is teaching at New Salem.

Mr. Kirby is attending the Medical College.

Mr. Ostrander is planning to enter the School of Pharmacy.

### School Notes

Mr. Frost has left school.

Mr. Ballagh is attending the Business College.

Miss Angeline Zelig is at the Albany High School.

Misses Rachel Griswold, Sadie Moran, Maleska Spears, Edna Walsh have entered the class of 1910.

The Class of 1910 have had their first class meeting this year and arrangements for pins were made.

Among those who have entered the different classes from other schools are Helen Richards, Messrs. McGarr, Kirk, McElheeny, Goey.

In the contest for the medals given by the Hudson-Fulton Committee for the best essays, the girls medal was won by Jessie E. Luck, and the boys medal by Willis H. Morton.

### Society Notes

#### Theta Nu

The active work of the Theta Nu Society was commenced at the first regular meeting held this year. The Society feels the loss of some of its best members, but with a new building, plans for this year's work can be successfully carried out.

During the week of June 23rd the members of the Society camped at Ballston Lake. A delightful cottage had been procured, and all who went there enjoyed the various sports and amusements participated in.

#### Zeta Sigma

On Tuesday, September 21st, the regular meetings of the Zeta Sigma Society commenced with a program consisting of quotations, recitations and Alpha, Eota, Phi. The attendance was splendid and all members by their prompt actions and good order aided the officers in their new positions. Miss Helen Horton, ex-president, received a cordial welcome at this meeting.

#### Quintilian Society

The Quintilian Society held its first meeting of this year on Thursday, September 23rd. The attendance was very satisfactory and plans for the future were made.

At the second meeting a program was rendered which consisted of quotations, a recitation and the debate, "Resolved that the Hudson-Fulton Celebration is beneficial to the Scholar."

It is expected that there will be many interesting debates during the coming year, which will not only aid the members in English work but which will also keep them in touch with current events.



The *Normal News* from Cortland, N. Y., shows much originality. But why not improve your literary department by a few short stories?

The *Gleaner* from Pawtucket H. S. is well written and interesting though it seems unfair that the Senior Class should have so large a share in its columns.

We welcome on our list this month *The Totem* from Juneau H. S., Alaska. Your annual is both bright and attractive. We would be pleased to exchange with you.

*The Nautilus*, Kansas City, is one of our most successful exchanges. Your local editors are evidently wide awake. Your infant staff is very unique though I must say that the outlook at that time did not seem to promise so energetic a board of editors.

The literary department of the *Academe* shows remarkable taste and forethought. We wish that more of our exchanges would publish good short stories rather than learned essays. A high school paper's aim should be to cheer and encourage its subscribers—not lecture them.

The *Bulletin*, Montclair, N. J. Your commencement number is very good but a few cuts would add greatly to its attractiveness.

The *Courier*, C. S. N. S. has a large staff. Do you not think that each department might be more fully developed? Your exchange list is quite long. Why not lessen the number and give more attention to the remainder? Your commencement number is a decided improvement upon the April one.

We admire the athletic enthusiasm shown in the *Anvil* from Middlesex School, but do not allow baseball to monopolize your columns. Perhaps your exchanges would be glad of a little friendly criticism. "To see ourselves as others see us" is always profitable.

The *Lilliputian*, Canton, N. Y., is neatly arranged but we would not advise continued articles in a paper of your size.

---

I love old October so,  
I can't bear to see her go—  
Seems to me like losin' some  
Old-home relative or chum.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

---

"A promise should be made with caution and kept with care."

---

"Friendship is the best college character can graduate from. Believe in it, seek for it, and when it comes keep it sacredly."



**The Summer Man's Request**

Woodman, fell that tree,  
Spare not a single bough;  
I carved a girl's name there  
I love another now.

"Young people need models  
more than they need critics."

"Bill, I do believe the new girl  
has stolen the whiskbroom. I left  
it on the diningroom table last  
night."

"I guess the joke's on me, Clara;  
it was not quite light when I got  
up this morning and I thought you  
had left the breakfast food biscuit  
out for my breakfast."

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Little Bessie's mamma wished her to learn to go to sleep without having a light in her room. "You see all those pretty stars out there," said her mother, "they are not afraid in the dark."

"Well!" said the little girl, "they have the electric lights."

Treat your friends for what you know them to be. Regard no surfaces, consider not what they did, but what they intended.

H. D. THOREAU.

A little London waif was taken to the seashore, and got his first glimpse of the ocean. He heaved a sigh and said, "That's the first time I ever saw enough of anything!"

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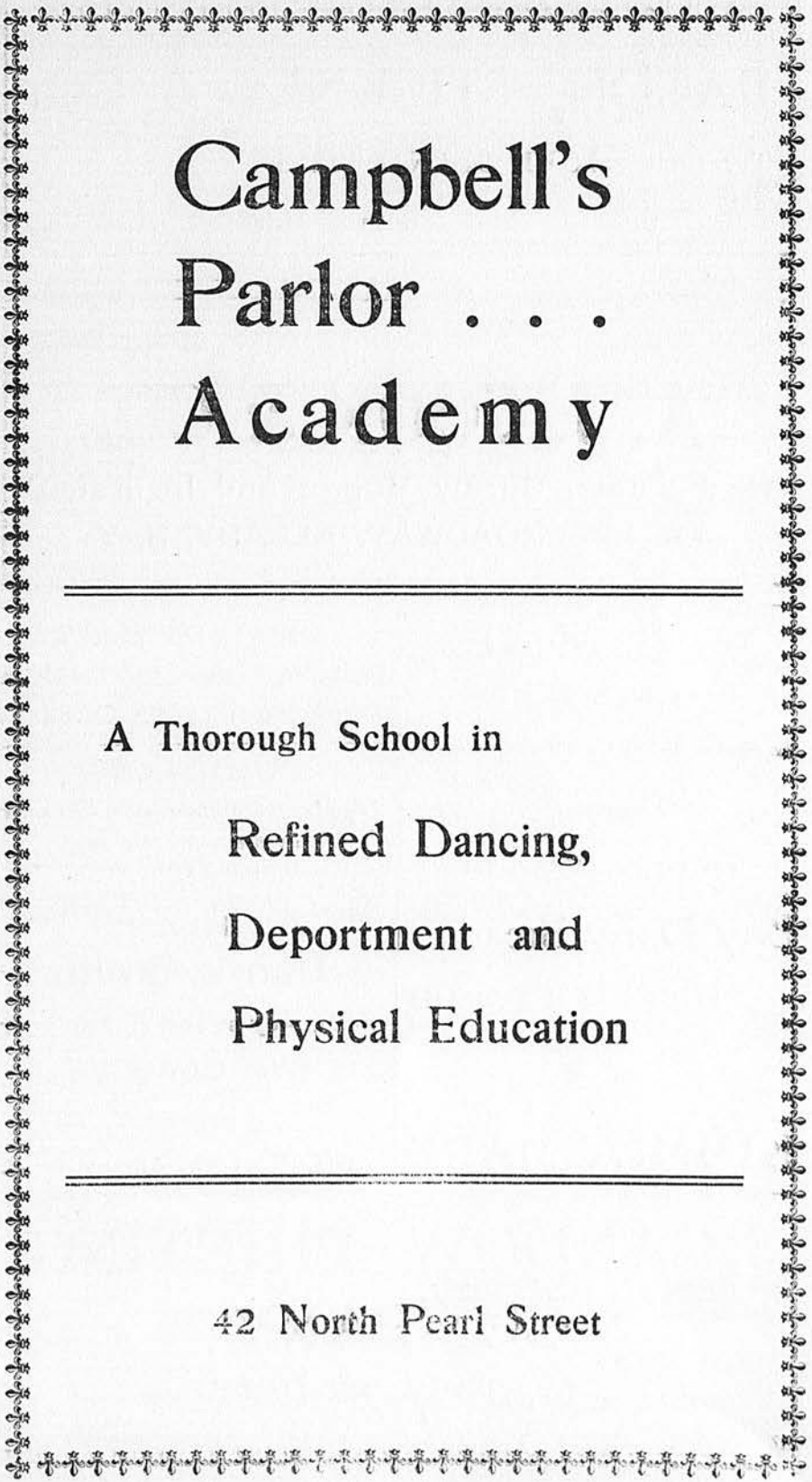
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