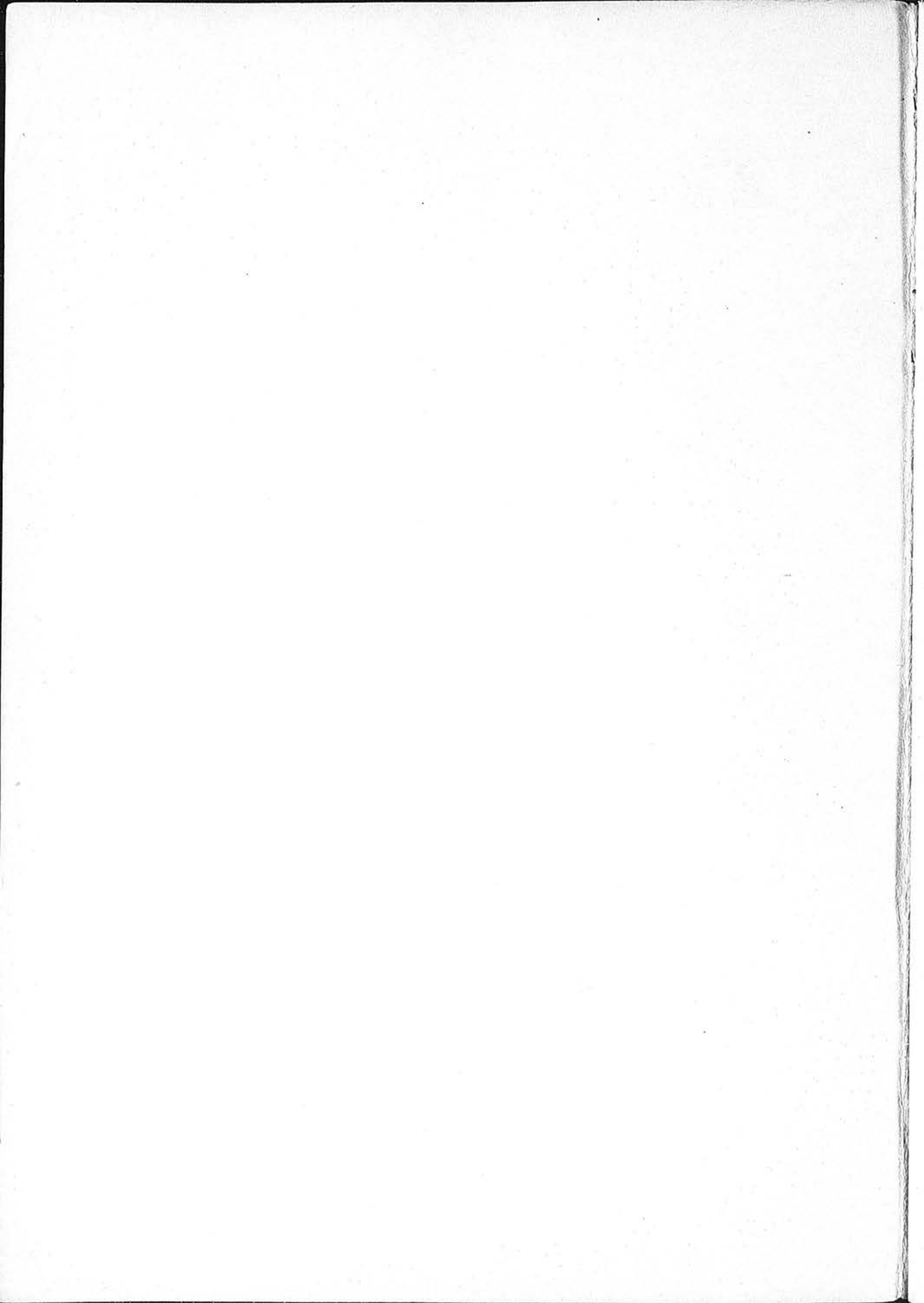


The  
Crimson and White

FEBRUARY, 1913

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# The Crimson and White

Vol. IX

FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 3



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### THE POET.

He may not sit on a gilded chair,  
Nor his home a mansion be,  
He may not dress in gold and lace,  
But yet a King is he.

Alone, in some hut or attic small,  
'Mid cob-webs, dust and dark;  
Without companion, man or beast,  
Still burns the poet's spark.

At his command, Kings rise and  
lead  
Vast armies on to war;  
On hill and plain the bitter fray  
Rages, his eyes before.

Perchance the fairies he commands,  
In their land beyond the sea;  
Then he the one and honored guest,  
At their revelry will be.

Anon, his thoughts to nature turn,  
O'er mountain, plain and leas;  
On winding rivers, rocky bays,  
Her magic hand he sees.

Thus, happy on his homely throne,  
Tho' humble it may be—  
No cushions, gold nor liveried  
slaves—

A monarch still is he.

R. K., *Adelphoi*.

### ON THE OLD TRAIL.

Where the little creek begins to  
flow in its sparkling, cool waters,  
pursuing their way through num-  
erous crags and falling tumultu-  
ously in silvery cascades over high  
precipices, gathering strength at  
each bend to finally victoriously  
reach the mother-stream, a little  
cabin nestled among the firs.

Solitary and isolated in his shel-  
ter, Onesquethau, the half-breed,

only felt its charm. Why should  
he experience loneliness when ac-  
companied by his faithful shaggy  
friend?

The little cabin was neat and  
well-cared for. During his former  
life at the settlement, the Indian  
had learned many of the customs  
of the white-man. However, he  
had not given up the fragrant pine-  
bough bed which lay, slightly ele-

vated from the floor, in one corner of the room and upon which all the cares and burdens of the day were forgotten and peace and comfort ministered to the tired Indian.

But one day all this was changed. Onesquethau, upon one of his numerous journeys to the settlement for provisions, caught sight of a fair girl. He was immediately attracted to her and she, by the same indefinable impulse, admired the bronzed skin and strong limbs of the lithe mountaineer.

A meeting was effected, and after that many more took place. The lovers took long walks through the fragrant forest. Together they felt the alluring charm of the woodland and inspired by the same impulse, they drank eagerly of the liquid songs which filled the great chapel.

Then all the happiness was ended. News came that Elaine must leave the settlement and join her father in his new eastern home.

Sadly, the lovers pledged their vows under the great trees, through whose green branches soft rays of the tender autumn moon fell, while the little brook, never silent, whispered hopefully to them of the future. Elaine promised to rejoin her lover some day in that same forest and thus fulfil the prophecy which the little stream seemed to be making.

Onesquethau, grief-stricken, sought the solace which could only be found through communion with nature. He kept in seclusion, avoiding unnecessary contact with others.

He took long hunting expeditions with his faithful dog as a

companion. Always the trees whispered endlessly to him of Elaine. The wind sweeping through their green branches by night, sighed her name, while the very stars above seemed to twinkle more brightly, as if pleased by the sound.

That was the time in which Onesquethau found the greatest peace. The darkness, spread like a comforting blanket about the tired earth, with its intensity relieved by the soft light of the moon and stars, bestowed the balm of peace and quiet upon the sad heart of the Indian.

Under all of these softening influences, Onesquethau's rather bitter sorrow changed to resigned acceptance of his fate and, always hopefully, he waited.

\* \* \* \* \*

Up the old trail, which was packed solidly with snow that was being constantly increased by fresh reinforcements of the wind-blown drift, a man plodded wearily. The wind, piercing in its sharpness, blew keenly into his face and the snow fell more heavily at each step.

"Pretty place t' send a body this time o' the year," growled the traveler, "thet ol' Injun ain't worth the trouble!" Bending his stockily-built form to meet the blast, he slowly continued on his way.

"Be lucky ef I ever git back alive," he grumbled, swearing fiercely to himself.

At length the little home of Onesquethau rose to view from amidst its setting of trees, now partly shorn of their luxuriant foliage. No smoke was curling out of the chimney and everything seemed

desolate and great drifts of snow were piled against the door.

"Prob'ly off on one o' them huntin' trips o' his'n. He's a queer duck," mused the man.

Leaning with all his strength against the door, it presently yielded. A lean dog sprang to meet the intruder. With a low, disconsolate whine he led the newcomer into one corner of the room.

There, close against the wall, as free from any spark of life as the cold ashes on the neglected hearth, lay the form of the poor Indian.

"Well, he's gone. Ain't nobody else, so I might's well read it!"

Tearing open the envelope, the man spread the paper before him, spelling out laboriously:

"Elaine is dead."

Shaking his head perplexedly, the man left the little room and started down the trail in the direction of the settlement, occasionally, with what feeling he was capable of, turning to gaze toward the cabin, until it was out of sight.

Elaine had "come back" and the lovers were once more together.

E. L. '14

### A BRILLIANT PSYCHOLOGIST.

It was on the eve of the mid-year examinations and all over the college hung an air of impending disaster. Kitty Hastings, having no desire to cram when the game of bluff could so easily be indulged in, strolled aimlessly down the corridor.

Passing before the door of a room from whence issued sounds of frantic study, she stopped, then as an idea smote her, grinned appreciatively and entered.

"What," she cried in simulated surprise to the occupants, "cramming? Honestly, it doesn't do any good, for Professor Maylies asks such awful questions that you are never able to answer them!"

The Freshmen thus addressed, sat up suddenly and with a simultaneous gasp they eyed each other in secret terror.

Kitty continued quite casually,

"Who is to lecture you people to-morrow afternoon?"

"Well," said a serious spectacled Freshman grievously, "all of the

Seniors have begged off. They say that they couldn't think of lecturing on such a difficult subject. All the guests have accepted, too! Next time maybe we'll know enough to get the lecturer first!"

"Isn't that odd?" Kitty smiled sympathetically, "Very few of the students enjoy psychology but Professor Lawson always said that, for my age, I had the most wonderfully brilliant grasp of that subject that he had ever seen in all his years of teaching."

Again, the Freshmen eyed each other simultaneously but in evident delight this time.

Kitty, having accomplished her purpose, departed, graciously smiling. How the girls would enjoy her news!

She had scarcely entered her chum's room, where a fudge party was in progress, when the maid handed her an envelope.

The girls grouped themselves about Kitty and, as she read the note with shrieks of genuine dis-

may and increasing alarm, their curiosity increased.

The hapless young lady threw the note to her room-mate and began pacing the room in a frenzy of wrath.

Nancy, her room-mate read impressively,

"The members of the Freshmen class request the pleasure of hearing Miss Katherine Hastings lecture upon Psychology, College Auditorium. Wed. 2 P. M."

Nancy burst into peals of laughter and the girls bombarded the reckless Kitty with questions.

"Kitty," exclaimed Nancy, "how in the world did those Freshmen ever happen to ask you. Just think of it, girls," cried Nancy, laughing heartily, "Kitty lecturing! Why, when she took Psychology she was so—so—a—obtuse that Professor Lawson put her out of the class. Oh, but it is rich! You've put your foot in it all right, Miss Kitty, but how did those silly girls get your name, you above all!"

"Oh, my tongue, as usual," answered Kitty and looked as downcast as it was possible for her to look. "I just went down to that horrid—stiff—serious—sober—sedate—old Freshman in 309 to scare her dreadfully about exams and the room was full of Freshies, all talking about their inability to get a Senior to lecture on Psychology. I just, well, I guess I did put up an awful bluff about my proficiency in that subject," she finished shamfacedly.

"309. Oh, Kitty, Kitty," said Betty Armour, "That much described Freshman is Chairman of Affairs and, you sinner, Professor

Lawson is going to attend. Now, what are you going to do?"

"You incorrigible girl! We ought to make you write that speech anyway."

"Wait!" said Kitty, rising dramatically, "I have it! Watch me to-morrow, but don't bother me now."

Then she left the room and the girls returned to their neglected fudge making, discussing Kitty's latest prank with animation.

The next morning Kitty descended the stairs in answer to the breakfast gong, daintily gowned and sweetly smiling. The girls were astounded, and Kitty's charming behavior during the early morning classes was certainly bewildering.

But about half-past ten, as classes were passing, all was revealed! A drooping weeping girl walked steadily across the room, the cynosure of all eyes, and the girls recognizing Kitty, awaited developments.

What a little witch she was!

But Kitty, out of the corner of her eye, was watching the approach of the "serious" Freshman.

Turning to cross the room, Kitty skillfully dropped a telegram directly in the path of the oncoming Chairman. The serious one sprang to pick it up and to Kitty's secret delight, unconsciously read the message.

"Oh, girls," cried the gullible one, "the poor thing! Isn't it too bad?"

And, as the Freshmen crowded around, she read,

"Little Patsy is dead. Need not come home. Mother."

"We simply must tell her that



she needn't lecture. Isn't it too sad!"

The others echoed their leader's sentiments and, accompanying the disturbed Chairman, they hurried after Kitty.

In an instant they had surrounded her, expressing their sympathy, and releasing the poor, unhappy girl, as they thought, from her engagement.

"Of course," Kitty said, nobly restraining her tears, "I could try to speak to you but you will relieve me very much"—a sob rose to her throat—"If you release me from that lecture."

They protested that it would be too cruel of them even to mention that she lecture. With many tears and heart-felt remarks they finally convinced Kitty that she must not lecture under such a sad condition.

Seeing the frantic signs of her schoolmates, she gently disengaged herself from the adoring embraces of the Freshmen and walked slowly to the window-seat.

"Kitty," cried Nancy, "You are awful! You ought to be whipped! Just think, girls," and she held up the telegram, "she got this message about a year ago and it was sent as a practical joke by her little brother announcing the decease of a perfectly awful bull-pup. Those poor, gullible Freshmen are just about weeping for her."

Kitty grinned a bit shamefacedly, but, attempting to defend herself, said, "Well, I didn't shout it at them. They just started to boohoo and released me from that lecture before I said a single word. It was too easy, and not a bit of trouble either."

But the young lady spoke too soon, for with the sudden appearance of the maid, came the news that the Dean wished to see Miss Hastings immediately.

"Oh," said Kitty, a trifle taken back, "If those horrible Freshmen have told her about that telegram, what shall I say?"

With the heartless jibes of her chums following her down the hall, she walked toward the door of the Dean's room, called "Inquisition Chamber" in college parlance.

After about an hour of patient watching, the girls were finally rewarded when the young lady in question, strolled over to them with a self-complacent smirk extremely irritating.

Without ceremony she cut short their questions and began in impressive style.

"I entered the room and bowed profoundly to the Dean, who immediately began to express her sympathy. With a resigned mien I settled myself to listen to a lengthy counsel and was pluming myself upon my success when, with my usual luck, she asked me outright,

"But how did such an important telegram go to you without passing through my hands?"

"I was astounded, but my marvelous self-possession"—at this point the girls snickered rudely—"a—a—! Oh girls, I told her the truth!"

"Kitty, you didn't! You're a disgrace to the class!"

"I certainly did," affirmed Kitty grinning widely, "and, say," she shouted to her departing schoolmates, "she enjoyed it first-rate, and laughed so hard that I thought she would collapse!"

Then, raising her voice Kitty finished defiantly as the last girl disappeared through the door.

"Miss Kitty Hastings dines with the Dean to-morrow evening."

C. F. H. '14.

### MONSTERS OF THE NIGHT.

Out of the grewsome gloom they  
 come,  
 Like shadowy spectres glide;  
 Their sirens sounding and resound-  
 ing  
 Wake the countryside;  
 We see the swollen eyes broad  
 gleam  
 And hear their warning shriek or  
 scream;  
 Apast they whizz, as the wind—  
 These monsters of the night.

Our breath is fairly snatch'd away,  
 Our senses chilled quite;  
 As if some mammoth winged  
 thing  
 Had swooped in its flight.  
 Its darksome body cleaves the air  
 As o'er the dusty road it tears;  
 We stand aghast as down it  
 bears—

This monster of the night.

S. M. WOOD.

### DAY DREAMS.

As the door closed Ferd crossed hastily to the window and opened it wide. The room seemed stifling to him. He felt exultation in every fiber of his body. He stood gazing out over the brilliant city, not noticing the millions of lights, the shadows of the tall buildings looming up in the darkness, the crowds of hurrying people below in the streets, nor, the noise and bustle of the clanging vehicles. His gaze was fixed far out beyond the city, on the lighted harbor.

But he was not interested in any of the sights around him. His mind was far away from his surroundings. He was thinking of the next great night, his night, the chance for him to win or lose, the night of his debut to the music lovers of New York City, that he had been planning for years. All his hopes and ambitions, in fact, his entire future, depended on that hour. If he failed that time he would never have another chance.

In a dream he followed his drive through the city to the hall, the lights, the people, the different streets, the arrival.

Then, from behind the stage, during what seemed hours to Ferd, he watched the people gather, only a few at first, then more and more 'till the great hall was filled with one of those audiences which are only seen in large cities. He noted with pleasure a number of the musical critics and celebrities, occupying the boxes, for this was the opening night for the orchestra, and only through the influence of his great teacher and the director of the school, had he been fortunate enough to be placed on the program.

The members of the orchestra had taken their places and he could hear the discordant tuning of the instruments and the chatter of the audience.

After a few moments the conductor advanced to the front of the

stage and was greeted by a generous applause, which was followed by a hush as the conductor tapped with his baton.

With a feeling of dread and impatience he heard the first number of the orchestra, and, as if in the distance the hearty applause which followed it, and mechanically heard someone tell him to go out. With his head and mind in a whirl he walked to the front of the stage and bowed. In a dream he heard the overture of his concerto which sounded far away and unfamiliar, but as he raised his bow to the strings his old confidence swept over him, his mind cleared, and instead of the feeling of anxiety which had taken hold of him, he felt a new desire to show them what he could do, to fulfill the hopes and desires of his friends and teacher, those who had stood by him and helped him when he had felt that it was no use.

With a thrill of power he began the first movement, and gaining confidence played on and on, playing as he had never played before, lost to the audience and his surroundings, wrapped up in his emotions, in his violin, caring only for his playing. His long weeks of arduous practice told in the technique, but added to this was a great feeling of warmth and show of temperament, which made his playing a work of art.

As he finished the last phrase the audience sat spellbound, then with a storm of thunderous applause he was recalled and made to play encore after encore.

But these pleasant dreams were not to remain uninterrupted, for after a great deal of stamping and banging Ferd was rudely awakened from his reveries by a loud knock at the door.

J. '13.

---

#### WHY HE WAITED.

Tony the fruit dealer told it to me with a request that I remain silent, but the person most concerned is now dead and I feel that I may tell it.

"I have kept this stand here for many years and I see much, for I have but little to do. One day, about two months ago a man came here and bought some cigarettes,—the best I had. I noticed that he was tall, well dressed, smooth face, dark hair and eyes, but what attracted my attention was a ring which he wore on the little finger of his left hand. It had a stone which seemed to change from green to gray, and sometimes it

was almost black. His hands were long, thin and well-kept,—they seemed to be continually in motion, with a peculiar twitch he thrust the money at me and departed.

"I thought nothing of this until the next day when the incident was repeated. Again the peculiar ring caught my eye as, with that same sudden jerk, he shoved the money toward me and departed. This time I watched him go to the next corner and stand there looking intently at all the people who passed. He stood there for an hour smoking cigarette after cigarette and scanning the faces of all who passed; then he went away. This

happened every day at the same time for over a month, rain or shine he was there watching every one.

"One rainy day I remarked that it must be unpleasant to stand there on the corner so long. He looked at me closely for a minute and quick as lightning his hand streaked for his pocket; then he pulled himself together and dropped his hand, but I swear I saw the glint of steel. I never questioned him again, but I was very curious and often wondered why he waited."

"It all ended one day rather suddenly. When he came up to the stand he seemed more nervous than usual and his hand trembled when he paid me; I watched him go to the corner, then I turned my back to him to wait on another customer and at that moment a shot rang out. When I looked around he was gone and there, quite near the place where he always stood, lay a man, dead, and on his finger he wore a ring exactly like the one my customer had worn. You may guess what you like, but I saw nothing and I know nothing about it."

When Tony had finished I walked away and went to the hospital to see a friend of mine.

I was misdirected and went into a room where I saw a man sitting in a wheel chair before a window and as his long thin hand rested on the arm of the chair my eye caught the light of a ring on the little finger; the color of the ring changed from gray to green and then to almost black.

I went over to him and told him the story that Tony had told me. He said simply:

"I would kill you if I could, but since I cannot I will tell you the truth if you keep it secret until I die, which will be soon."

I agreed and he went on,

"You have noticed this ring, perhaps; it is the badge of our society. We were banded together with the idea of doing good for our country and sometimes we used violence,—because of that the police were always after us. Once they caught the man whom I shot and to save his skin he turned informer. One by one our members were caught and suffered for crimes either real or imaginary, finally there remained only my brother and myself. My brother was caught and I came to this city to find the man who had ruined us, and I found him." G. D. '14

---

Everywhere in life the true question is not what we *gain*, but what we do.—*Carlyle*.

---

Do not think that years leave us and find us the same.—*Meredith*.

---

There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

---

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.—*Addison*.

---

Romance is the poetry of literature.—*Madame Necker*.

# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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No. 3

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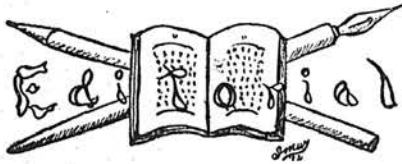
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The month of February is remarkable not only as the shortest month but as the month in which we honor two of the greatest men of our nation, the first president and him who by his far-sightedness, remarkable coolness, and honesty, in its darkest and most trying period, preserved the union. Washington was called "the father of his country" and his glory rather increases with the passing of years for it has well been said of him and his contemporaries, "They builded better than they knew." The memory of Lincoln is still in the minds of many and one needs but to read his speech at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg to realize the depth of his character. His name goes down to posterity

not only as a martyr for his country, but also as a wise and large-heart statesman, a lover of humanity and a noble and courageous man. It is well that on the anniversaries of their birth we honor the names of such men as these, for in honoring them we bring honor to ourselves and our country.

Found: The School spirit and loyalty which the Alumni of N. H. S. lost years ago. For some time the former students have shown little or no interest in the activities of the school at the present. They even lost track of their own classmates. But now they have come to the realization of the fact that they needed to be more strongly bound to their Alma Mater; the Alumni Association has been reorganized. This has been accomplished under difficulties for the present conditions and sur-

roundings are vastly different from what they were when many of the members were in high school, and the records of the association were destroyed when the old building was burned. Great credit is certainly due to those members through whose efforts this has been accomplished. We are glad that we now have the assurance that we will not be entirely separated from our school when we have been graduated, and we wish the Normal High School Alumni Association every success.

Why cannot Normal have a debating club? There are only a very few first-class high schools which do not maintain such an organization. There is, we believe, no plausible reason why we should not form one. The primary aim of a club of this character is not simply to have a good time, although the promotion of friendliness and fellowship among the students is not to be neglected; the main purpose is to develop in its members the power of expressing their thoughts clearly, connectedly, and pointedly, and of being alert in deciding upon the accuracy or fallacy of statements. The powers developed in the practice of debating would be of service to all who take part, and it may be certain that some of our members will find themselves in later life in responsible positions in which the ability to argue well will be of great advantage. The extra work which the proper carrying out of the plan would necessitate should not deter us from the formation of such a club. Much attention is given to literary societies and other

clubs which are largely social and there is positively no excuse for the non-existence of a debating society. An effort should be made to organize one this year. Who is willing to help?

---

We all know the story of seven-year-old Bobbie who could run faster than any of his classmates. One day a race took place and every one expected that Bobbie would surely win. Bobbie practiced long and faithfully but, strange to say, someone else won. Every one was surprised and Bobbie went home very downcast and sad. That evening when his father came home he tried to console the little fellow, but his efforts were unavailing. Finally he asked him why it was that he had always won before but could not win when the important time came. "Well," replied Bobbie, "everybody kept calling 'Run Johnnie!' 'Run Willie!' 'Run Harry!' but nobody said 'Run Bobbie!' and I simply could not run." The words seem to express exactly the sentiments of our basketball team. There is always someone at the games to yell for "Troy," or "Schenectady," or the "A. H. S." but it is very seldom that there rises even a faint cry for "Normal." This is a shame, for our team, which is about the best that Normal has ever boasted, certainly deserves our support and encouragement. Let us be present at the games whenever it is possible and make the gym walls echo with the yells for "Normal." The result will spell greater victories for our team.

Many of us do not realize that we owe a debt to those who advertise in the columns of our paper. Much of the expense of printing the paper is met with the fees charged for advertising. Otherwise the subscription price would

have to be increased. The only way we can show our appreciation of their help is by patronizing advertisers whenever we have an opportunity, and don't forget, whenever you do this, to "please mention the CRIMSON AND WHITE."

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### ALUMNI NOTES.

The first meeting of the Normal High School Alumni Association was held Friday evening, Dec. 20, in the college auditorium. It was largely attended by former graduates of the High School and by the members of the class of 1913. An address was given by Prof. Sayles who is Honorary President of the association and Mr. Fitzsimmons, a graduate of the class of 1897, spoke in a very pleasing manner to those present. Mr. Fitzsimmons was President of the first Alumni Association of the N. H. S. which was formed in 1902, but which has for a few years ceased to exist. The chief officers of the present Association are: President, Clarence Ostrander; Vice-president, John O'Day Donohue; Secretary, George Anderson; and Treasurer, Elizabeth Shafer. A number of committees were appointed and the meetings were decided to be held twice a year, the last day of school before the Christmas holidays and in June the day of graduation, after the exercises. A program followed the meeting consisting of piano duets by Mabel Spencer and Clifford Evory, an oration by John O'Day Donohue, vocal solos by Florence Richards and a mandolin selection by Ruth

Fellows. After this very pleasing program, dancing and a social hour followed in the gymnasium. The entire evening was very much enjoyed by those present and the ties of union woven more closely together among the Alumni of the N. H. S.

Anna Reed a former graduate of the N. H. S. is making a tour around the world.

Gertrude Valentine, valedictorian of the class of 1908, is now taking a Post Graduate course in the Normal College and is teaching a section of the Caesar Class. Miss Valentine was literary editor of the CRIMSON AND WHITE and is a graduate of Vassar.

An article entitled, "How Some Girls with the Will Earn Way Through College," which was published in a recent edition of the Knickerbocker Press, was of more than usual interest to a number of us, as it was written by Jessie Luck, salutatorian of the class of 1910. Miss Luck is now a Junior in the Normal College.

Adele Le Compte, who is teaching school at Medina, was recently made honorary president of the Sophomore class.

We wish to congratulate Kappa Delta Sorority of the Normal Col-

lege upon securing as one of its new members, Harriet Tedford, a graduate of N. H. S., 1912.

In the recent election of Eta Phi Sorority of the Normal College,

Pearl Shafer, valedictorian of the class of 1911, was elected Chaplain and Geraldine Murray also of class of 1911 was elected Echo reporter.

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

The fatal days have come and gone and our doom has been decided. Is it any wonder that we are on the verge of collapse? Mid-years! What a horrible word that is! How we all loathe the very sound of that which signifies,—“exams.” But they are over for a while, at least, and we may as well enjoy ourselves while we can, so let's change the subject.

The class of '13 has already chosen its speakers for Class Day. Loretta Reilly will give the class prophecy, Marion Baker, the class history, Corabel Bissell, the class will, Richard Kirk, the class poem and Florence Gale will be giftorian.

Hazel Fairlee, of the class of '13, has been obliged to leave school because of ill health. We are very sorry that she can no longer be with us, and sincerely hope that she will be restored to good health as soon as possible.

The prize offered by the New York State Historical Association for essays upon “St. Leger's Invasion and the battle of Oriskany” has been awarded, and we are proud to say that Florence Gale received the honorable mention given to our school. Congratulations, Florence!

Again one of our students has won the first prize offered by the St. Nicholas League. In the

March number of the St. Nicholas may be found a story entitled “Luck and Work” written by Marion White, '15. This is the third time this prize has been awarded to some member of our school. In 1910, Helen Evison, ex-'13 won the silver badge and last year Dorothy Russell proudly displayed one. Several others have received honorable mention.

Messrs. Clark and Blessing have left school.

Marion Rosa, of the class of '15, is suffering from a severe fall on Jan. 28th. We extend to her our heart-felt sympathy, and our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Gordon Scott broke his arm on Dec. 27th, while practicing in the Y. M. C. A. gym for a basketball game. We are glad to say that he has fully recovered.

Ruth Holder, of the class of '16, is unable to continue her school-work, because of serious trouble with her eyes. We are very sorry, and sincerely hope that she will be better soon.

The “trial scene,” from “The Merchant of Venice” was enacted, about a month ago, in the auditorium, by several members of the Sophomore English classes. It was very well done, and showed a great deal of talent on the part of many. Marion White took the



part of Portia, Ethel Marte that of Nerissa, Fred Ridgeway represented Bassanio, Edgar Krauch, Antonio, Raymond Fite the duke and the part of Shylock was played by Leighton and that of Salario by Joseph Sweeney.

On February third, a meeting of the Junior class was held, and Edward McDowell was chosen

temporary chairman. Votes were taken with the result that Chester Long and Marguerite Clark were elected temporary president and secretary respectively. The permanent officers will be elected at a meeting to be held soon. Cheer up, Seniors, you may have your reception after all! The Juniors have at last awakened!

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### Zeta Sigma



On New Year's eve the annual Sigma dance was given at the Aurania Club. The hall was very tastily decorated with pennants and the society and holiday colors. The committee in charge consisted of the Misses LeCompte, Gazely, Griffin and Domery. This was a very enjoyable affair for all who were present.

The meetings have been exceptionally well attended and most interesting lately. We have discovered that there is a great deal of talent in our new members. Miss Russell's piano solos, Miss Rosa's vocal solos, Miss White's piano solos and Miss Avery's recitations have added greatly to the enjoyment of the members. Our senior editor, Miss Gale, prepared a very amusing paper for us at the meeting held Tuesday, February fourth. At this meeting the following officers were elected: President,

Corabel Bissell; Vice-president, Eloise Lansing; Rec. Secretary, Edith Wallace; Critic, Marion Packer; Treasurer, Helen Page; Cor. Secretary, Harriet Gardiner; Junior Editor, Marion McDowell; Marshal, Marion White; Mistress of Ceremonies, Caroline Lipes; Pianist, Pearl Sharp.

We are glad to see several of our alumnae, Misses Sutherland, Hoffman and Murray at our meetings.

Now that the excitement of the holidays and the work and worry of examinations is over, we expect to accomplish some very good work during the remainder of the year. Some debates are being planned which promise to be very exciting and interesting.

We are very sorry that one of our members, Hazel Fairlee, has been compelled to leave school on account of ill health.

## Q. L. S.



## Quintilian Literary Society.

Well, Normal, what did you think of "Quin's" first dance! It proved a rather successful affair, did it not? We Q. L. S. girls think so, at any rate, and are just a little proud of our efforts. Graduates Hall, in which it was held, was very effectively decorated with banners, pennants, and the society colors, black and gold. The patronesses were Mrs. J. M. Sayles, Mrs. J. VanDeloo, Mrs. A. T. Lovett, Mrs. J. W. Clark, Jr., Mrs. I. Blauvelt, Mrs. C. M. Dinkel and Mrs. J. C. Birdseye.

In the new year which has opened before us, we see much in our work to be improved, and many things for which to strive. We realize that we are handicapped somewhat by our inexperience, but are one and all confident that enthusiasm and co-operation will overcome this obstacle. We also feel sure that the new officers soon to be elected will take up their duties with such spirit and determination that this year will be memorable in the history of Q. L. S.

## Adelphoi



The meetings have been very successful of late. The literary programs are better prepared and much more interesting.

The alumni list has been recompiled and shows considerable growth.

Our new pennants have arrived and are most satisfactory.

On Saturday evening, February 15th, the active members enjoyed a sleighride to Canton's Hotel, at Newtonville. A dinner was served followed by dancing and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Prof. Sayles chaperoned the party. Ask him if we had a good time. It

was truly up to the standards of Adelphoi.

Again Adelphoi men have been chosen for positions of honor, namely, Chester Long, as President and Joseph McEntee, as Treasurer of the class of 1914.

At the last election the following officers were chosen: President, Richard Kirk; Vice-president, Edward C. Brandow; Secretary, Gilbert H. Daring; Treasurer, Chester Long; Chaplain, J. Robert Watt; Sergeant-at-Arms, Irwin Hanna; Master of Ceremonies, Nelson L. Covey.

## Theta Nu



The meetings have been very encouraging of late, because of the interest shown by members. Debates, recitations and readings of great value have been given at them.

At the last meeting, a mock trial was held, in which John Butler as "Hard Harry" was accused of assaulting Ansly Wilcox, alias "Tiny Tim," while coming down a dark alley. After an hour and

a half of bitter discussion "Hard Harry" was found guilty, and sentenced to discontinue basketball for three weeks.

A very splendid dance was given by the Alumni of the Theta Nu. There was a large attendance at the dance and many old members of Theta Nu were present.

Election of officers for the last term will be held at the next regular meeting of the society.

## GLEE CLUB.

The meetings of Glee Club have been continuing with great interest to all its members. A number of very pretty songs, from the books of "Assembly Songs," which we ordered in November, have been learned, the members responding with much spirit to Prof. Belding's excellent instruction. The short

programs before the lesson have been very much enjoyed by all.

At a recent meeting, club colors were voted upon, and Copenhagen blue and brown were finally selected. At the next meeting, new officers for the remaining school term will be elected and we sincerely hope that their work will be successful.

Nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow.—*Bailey*.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for someone else.—*Dickens*.

Do as well as you can to-day, perhaps to-morrow you will be able to do better.—*Newton*.

Give what you have, to some it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow*.

A good deed is never lost.—*P. Brooks*.

It is not enough to will, we must do it.—*Goethe*.

Duty makes us do things well but loves makes us do them beautifully.—*P. Brooks*.

Plain truth needs no flow'rs of speech.—*Pope*.



### BASKETBALL NOTES.

Our team has won six games and has lost the same number, having lost only two games on our home court. In the twelve games we have scored three hundred and twenty points. Individual scores:

Player	Position	Number of Games	Points Scored
George, R.	F.....	12	101
Wilcox, L.	F.....	11	79
Molitor, R.	G.....	12	63
Butler, L.	G.....	11	41
Fite, Center	.....	11	26
Curtiss, Sub.	G.....	6	10
Adams, Sub.	.....	5	0
Krauch, Sub.	.....	5	0
Covey, Sub.	.....	5	0
Scott, Sub.	.....	4	0

Owing to the fact that Scott broke his arm in a game, he has not taken part in any since the first four.

In Curtiss we have one of the best guards who has ever worn a Normal suit. Although he does not often take part in the scoring, he plays one of the best guard games, holding his man to very few points, and breaks up the pass work of the opposing team.

George is playing the best game of his career as a player of the Normal High. This year is the fourth year for George to wear a Normal suit and each year he has displayed fine form and his playing is most creditable.

In Wilcox we have an excellent man and one who knows the points of the game thoroughly.

Molitor and Butler are playing an excellent game and they have scored in every game.

Fite although a forward is playing a creditable game at center and in time will develop into a fine player. This is Fite's first year on the team.

In the substitutes, Scott, Krauch, Adams and Covey, we have a fine lot of youngsters and next year they will be seen in the regular line-up.

The team has yet to play Chatham, Rensselaer, Albany Academy, Johnstown, C. B. A. and La Salle.

W. Irving Goewey, member of last year's team is taking a Post Graduate course at the Albany High and is playing a remarkable game for our old rivals at forward.

Favorite doings of the members of the team:

Manager Butler: Chewing at the umpire.

Capt. George: Trying to talk and convince the umpire that he is wrong.

Wilcox: Making field baskets.

Molitor: Shooting fouls.

Fite: Playing big centers who out weigh him by forty pounds.

Curtiss: Playing steady guard.

Substitutes, Krauch, Covey, Scott, Adams, Nead: Standing on the side lines talking about the chances of being substitute for a man.

In the last month and a half the Normal Five have played a hard strenuous schedule. Nine games have been played, of which they have won but three. They could all have been won except for the lack of coöperation and the idea of playing "for the school." This is being overcome now, however, and with this out of the way the remainder of the season bids fair but for very few defeats.

At the end of the January examinations Mr. Pepis, the team's coach, received a position as teacher, and his place is being ably filled by Mr. Mackler, also of the College.

On Dec. 6th, the Normal met a severe defeat at the hands of the Schenectady High School Five in their gymnasium. They outclassed our team, running up a very high score. It should be added, however, that they are the champions of Eastern New York.

N. H. S. 53; R. H. S. 21.

On "Friday the thirteenth" of December, the Rensselaer Five

lined up against the Normal team in the gym. The game was a one-sided contest from the outset, Rensselaer scoring only nine points in the first half. George and Wilcox played excellent as forwards, gaining 17 and 14 points respectively.

The line up as follows:

NORMAL

	F.	B.	F.	T.	P.
Wilcox, L. F.....	7	0		14	
George, R. F., C....	8	1		17	
Krauch, R. F.....	0	0		0	
Curtiss, C. ....	1	0		2	
Adams, C. ....	0	0		0	
Butler, R. G.....	4	0		8	
Covey, R. G.....	0	0		0	
Molitor, L. G.....	6	0		12	
Scott, L. G.....	0	0		0	

Totals ..... 26 1 53

RENSELAER

	F.	B.	F.	T.	P.
Heller, L. F.....	0	0		0	
Gray, R. F.....	1	0		2	
Patterson, C. ....	7	3		17	
Waugh, R. G.....	1	0		2	
Carr, L. G.....	0	0		0	

Totals ..... 9 3 21

SUMMARY

Final score — Normal High School, 53; Rensselaer High School 21. Score at end of first half—Normal High School, 38; Rensselaer High School, 9. Fouls called—On Normal High School, 4; on Rensselaer High School, 3. Referee—Ellner. Time of halves—Twenty minutes each.

N. H. S. 8; A. H. S. 23.

On December 16, our team met their old rivals, the Albany High

School, in the gym. A close and very rough game ensued but the High School got away from us in the first half. The Normal pass-work was excellent but the guards were too much for our forwards. Molitor and Butler featured for our team with their excellent guard work. The final score, however, was 23 to 8 in favor of Albany High School.

The game in detail as follows:

ALBANY			
	F.	B.	T.P.
Mackie, L. F.....	4	1	9
Burns, R. F.....	2	0	4
Schwartz, C. ....	3	0	6
Bailey, R. G.....	2	0	4
Brown, L. G.....	0	0	0
Totals .....	11	1	23

NORMAL			
	F.	B.	T.P.
George, L. F.....	0	0	0
Wilcox, R. F.....	0	0	0
Curtiss, C. ....	2	0	4
Molitor, R. G.....	0	2	2
Butler, L. G.....	1	0	2
Totals .....	3	2	8

#### SUMMARY

Final score — Albany High School, 23; Normal High School, 8. Score at end of first half—Albany High School, 17; Normal High School, 6. Referee—Ellner. Umpire—Fitzgerald. Scorer—Brandow. Time of halves—Twenty minutes each.

N. H. S. 49; A. A. C. 18.

Our team started off the new year well, on January 7th, by a 49 to 18 victory over the Albany Academy. The game was entirely

one-sided but quite rough, eleven fouls being called on the Normal and seven on the Academy. George and Wilcox by their accurate shooting secured 20 and 14 points respectively, and Molitor as guard secured four field baskets. Harris and Lawyer played well for the Academy.

The line up as follows:

NORMAL			
	F.	B.	T.P.
George, L. F.....	10	0	20
Wilcox, R. F.....	7	0	14
Krauch, R. F.....	0	0	0
Fite, C. ....	3	0	6
Molitor, R. G.....	2	5	9
Adams, R. G.....	0	0	0
Butler, L. G.....	0	0	0
Covey, L. G.....	0	0	0
Totals .....	22	5	49

#### ALBANY ACADEMY

ALBANY ACADEMY			
	F.	B.	T.P.
Easton, L. F.....	2	0	4
Harris, R. F.....	1	3	5
Frost, C. ....	0	0	0
Stuart, C. ....	2	0	4
Stevens, R. G.....	1	1	3
Lawyer, L. G.....	1	0	2
Totals .....	7	4	18

#### SUMMARY

Final score — Normal High School, 49; Albany Academy, 18. Score at end of first half—Normal High School, 24; Albany Academy, 7. Referee—Ellner. Timekeepers — Pepis and Professor Wight. Scorekeeper — Brandow. Time of halves—Twenty minutes each.

**N. H. S. 20; L. H. S. 39.**

On January tenth, our team went to Lansingburg to play their aggregation, the game was an exceedingly rough one, but the referee had a bad eye, nearly every "held ball" being called a foul. Shinaman played a fast game for Lansingburg, scoring nine field baskets. He could not see the basket on free throws, however, making but one out of nine. There were in all, twenty-three fouls called on us and sixteen on Lansingburg. Butler starred for us holding his man to one basket.

The line up and summary follow:

**LANSINGBURG H. S.**

	F.	B.	F.	T.	P.
Shinaman, R. F....	9	1			19
Lavin, L. F.....	1	1			3
Feathers, C. ....	4	3			11
Pelletier, R. G.....	1	1			3
Ransley, L. G.....	0	3			3
MacCauley, L. G....	0	0			0

Totals ..... 15 9 39

**N. H. S.**

	F.	B.	F.	T.	P.
Wilcox, R. F.....	3	0			6
George, L. F.....	2	0			4
Fite, C. ....	0	0			0
Neef, C. ....	0	0			0
Butler, R. G.....	1	0			2
Molitor, L. G.....	1	6			8

Totals ..... 7 6 20

**SUMMARY**

Score—L. H. S., 39; N. H. S., 20. Score at end of first half—L. H. S., 20; N. H. S., 12. Fouls called—On L. H. S., 16; on N. H. S., 23. Referee—Crone, L. Y. M. C. A. Timekeepers—Gavitt, L. H.

S., and Mead, N. H. S. Scorer—Brandow, N. H. S. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

**N. H. S. 26; T. H. S. 40.**

Troy High School's representation lined up against our team on January 16th in our gym. The game from the very start was very fast and rough. Troy objected a number of times to the decision of the referee and in consequence had extra fouls called on them, eighteen in all being called. The Troy team gained a lead in the first half and held it throughout the game. Wilcox and George featured for the Normal by their excellent shooting, and Butler played an excellent guard game. Hislop played an excellent game for Troy. Although we were beaten we find that Troy beat Albany High on Feb. 5th, by the score of 39 to 17. We did better than that!

The line up as follows:

**N. H. S.**

	F.	B.	F.	T.	P.
Wilcox, R. F.....	5	0			10
George, L. F.....	4	2			10
Fite, C. ....	0	0			0
Molitor, R. G.....	0	0			0
Butler, L. G.....	1	4			6
Curtiss, R. G.....	0	0			0

Totals ..... 10 6 26

**T. H. S.**

	F.	B.	F.	T.	P.
Lasher, R. F.....	4	2			10
Behan, L. F.....	3	0			6
Hislop, C. ....	6	0			12
Collison, R. G.....	2	0			4
Rosen, R. G.....	4	0			8

Totals ..... 19 2 40

## SUMMARY

Score—N. H. S., 26; T. H. S., 40. Score at end of first half—N. H. S., 17; T. H. S., 24. Fouls called—On T. H. S., 18; on N. H. S., 4. Referee—Ellner, S. N. C. Timekeeper — Scott. Scorer — Brandow. Length of halves—Twenty and fifteen minutes.

**N. H. S. 14; A. A. C. 21.**

On January 30th, our team played the Albany Academy at the Racquet Club and for the first time in four years they were beaten by them. Lack of team work caused our defeat. The game was quite rough, George and Frost being the center of trouble. The game was closely contested, neither side having a lead of over two points at any time except in the last four minutes of play, when the Academy scored three field baskets and one foul throw in rapid succession. Butler played an exceedingly rough game and Lawyer as well. Harris and Easton featured for the Academy with eight points each.

The score and line-up as follows:

N. H. S.		F.B. F.P. T.P.		
Wilcox, R. F.....	2	1	5	
Molitor, L. F.....	1	1	3	
George, C. ....	1	0	2	
Adams, C. ....	0	0	0	
Butler, R. G.....	2	0	4	
Fite, L. G.....	0	0	0	
Totals .....	6	2	14	

## A. A. C.

## F.B. F.P. T.P.

Harris, Capt., R. F..	2	5	9
Easton, L. F.....	3	2	8
Frost, C. ....	1	0	2
Lawyer, R. G.....	0	0	0
Steward, L. G., C...	1	0	2
Stephens, L. G.....	0	0	0
Totals .....	7	7	21

## SUMMARY

Final score—N. H. S., 14; A. A. C., 21. Score at end of first half—N. H. S., 8; A. A. C., 9. Fouls called—On N. H. S., 9; on A. A. C., 10. Referee — Fitzgerald. Timer—Prof. Wright, A. A. C. Scorer — Brandow, N. H. S. Length of halves—Twenty and fifteen minutes.

**N. H. S. 19; A. H. S. 54.**

On January thirty-first, the Normal met the Albany High School in the gym of the Central Y. M. C. A. The first half of the game was closely contested, Curtis played a wonderful guard game, holding Mackie the star High School forward to one field basket in the first half. In the second half he switched to guard and in that position scored the remainder of his points. The referee, in the first half, had difficulty in seeing a dribble—with both hands and then a shot. Our old chum, Irving Goewey, was put in second half as referee and was absolutely impartial. The High School got away from us in the last half, however, and when the bell sounded, the score stood 54 to 19, in their favor.



The line up:

N. H. S.		F.B. F.P. T.P.		
Wilcox, R. F.....	1	0	2	
Fite, R. F.....	1	0	2	
Molitor, L. F.....	1	1	3	
George, C. ....	2	0	4	
Butler, R. G.....	2	0	4	
Curtiss, L. G.....	2	0	4	
Adams, C. ....	0	0	0	
Krauch, L. G.....	0	0	0	
Totals .....	9	1	19	

A. H. S.		F.B. F.P. T.P.		
Mackie R. F., R. G..	7	2	16	
Bailey, L. F.....	6	0	12	
Brown, C. ....	5	0	10	
Burns, R. G., R. F..	7	0	14	
Tobias, L. G.....	1	0	2	
Conroy, R. G.....	0	0	0	
Schwartzter, C. ....	0	0	0	
Totals .....	26	2	54	

SUMMARY

Final score—N. H. S., 19;  
A. H. S., 54. Score at end of  
first half—N. H. S., 8; A. H. S.,

20. Fouls called—On N. H. S., 6;  
on A. H. S., 2. Referee—Goewey.  
Timer — McDowell. Scorers —  
Skinner and Brandow. Time of  
halves—Twenty minutes each. At-  
tendance—250.

N. H. S. 2; L. H. S. 0.

On February fourth, the Lans-  
ingburg team failed to "show up"  
without having previously can-  
celled the game and it was there-  
fore forfeited to us at the score of  
2 to 0. A team of Freshmen and  
Sophomores from the Normal Col-  
lege lined up against us. The game  
was one-sided on account of the  
lack of practice together of the  
College fellows. The score was  
21 to 7 and the pass work of our  
team was excellent.

Although this past month has  
been one of hard luck for our team,  
with the support of the school  
they *can* win the remainder of the  
games. *Come out and cheer for us,  
it is a wonderful help.*



The excellence of *The Tiger*  
(San Francisco, Cal.) lies in that  
it is a live enthusiastic school  
organ. Dignified yet bright and  
readable, the athletics and shop

notes concerning girls' activities  
convey a much better impression  
than the all-too slangy accounts of  
*The Rallies* or the other shop notes  
written in a dialect unpardonable in

a school paper. "The Quitter" is a thrilling story, but "Wrecked" is rather cool and nonchalant for the tale of a shipwrecked mariner. As a splendid proof of school spirit, we find the editor bewailing the lack of criticism on his work!

*The Forum* (Lockport, N. Y.) is a dainty magazine—if such a term is permissible here. Special attention has been paid to the art work and the cut heading "Club and Class" is particularly clever. "Letters of a New One" is amusing. "My Garden" is a bright, chatty "bit o' writing." "The New Doctor" might grace the Department of Girls' Experiences in the *Ladies Home Journal*, but here it is rather out of place. The paper is a great success until the one sentence exchange criticisms appears.

We wonder if the majority of stories in *The Opinion* are enjoyed by its readers. They are so reminiscent of the stories told to us when we were infants. "Billie's Christmas" is, however, pretty and pathetic, "The Manlius Christmas," amusing and "Election Bets" decidedly clever and laughable. The "Athletics" are very good, especially the article on school spirit. The Exchanges are fair.

The material of *The Huisache* certainly deserves to be printed on better paper. The literary department is one of the best we have seen—in contents, but the arrangement is too precise. If the poems were placed between the stories, much expense would be saved and this "kitchen cabinet" effect avoided. "Brilliancy vs. Perseverance" is exciting and delight-

fully original, "The Enchanted Guitar" is weird and fantastic but in good taste. In the "Missing Ingredient" there seems to be other things missing. The story is worked up to an exciting point and if continued therefrom would be an excellent story. Your timid exchange editor may know that all exchanges cannot be criticised in one issue and no one ever thinks of hard feelings.

It is seldom that one comes upon a school journal that is as free from harshness, the fingerprint, so to speak, of an embryo journalist as *The Echoes* (Holy Angels High Fort Lee, N. J.). While there are no editorials to portray the sentiments of the school—the popularly assigned task of the editor—the entire paper is in harmony with the school, as we judged it from the sketches in this number. The essays and poems are superior to the stories. The article on Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" is a very fair appreciation of that beautiful poem. We see that Father Russel, whose praise the press of both continents has sung, has also received tribute from high school pupils. One thing that awakes anything but responsive echoes of angels in the minds of the reader is the uncut pages.

A very successful paper is the *Lake Breeze*. Neatness and compactness are its special attributes. The sketches of the literary department have not enough plot to merit the title of stories. "Simpleton vs. Wiseman" is the best one. The exchange and athletic notes are good, but not exceptional.

The cartoons are a good addition to the well-conducted athletic department of the *Black and Gold*. The school notes are too suggestive of the society columns in the newspapers. "Mokuleia" is a very good travel sketch, "Ward Sub. Quarter" is out of the ordinary run of football stories, Jack Palmer is too amateurish. The last sentence is ludicrously so. The exchanges are not as good as the rest.

Excepting the fact that the literary material is a continuation of the editorials, the arrangement of *The Adelpian* is precisely correct. The athletic notes are the result of a painstaking passion for detail and must be appreciated. "His Last Melody" is beautiful, "A Matter of Honor" contains several thoughts adroitly expressed and is much better than either "The Golden Honeymoon" or "Diamonds on Credit." The Academy notes are hardly readable. Such a large school should boast of more activities than here recorded. In clear, dignified and concise criticism, the *Adelpian* excels. It rather amused us to find that we were criticised for too many stories. It seemed your second sentence contradicted the first. *Our manifestation of school spirit lies in writing for the Crimson and White.*

*The Tectonion* can not boast of very good stories, but the news it collects is wonderful. An unusual and pleasing feature is the work of the sketch club. The exchanges are good but short and the poets corner is a rather hilarious one. "The New Regime" is very funny.

The cover design of *The Cue* is quite professional. The talent of the artist might be brought into play by creating a cut which would make the stories separate from the editorials. As the organ of a boys' school, *The Cue* has sought the kind of stories boys like. Yet in struggling with second-hand material—as that of adventure stories must be—the author of "The Punishment" and "A Tragedy of the North" have produced stories into which none of their own personality has been placed; which lack color and are hardly more than synopses. "Before the Dawn of To-morrow" had a very good plot but the same criticism may apply to it.

*The News'* editors, resting in financial security and having what seems to us a poor sense of appreciativeness, have filled the advertisements with some beautiful scenes of Eugene. That smile of the forefather on the cover is malicious rather than thankful. "The Lay of the Fatal Cake" is humorous. The editorials are really school editorials without dealing with hackneyed subjects.

Unfortunately we missed the first two installments of a "Nameless Dilemma" in *The Canary and Blue*. We have become quite interested in it and hope to finish it. We rather admire the unusual way in which you have published the important school news. The class notes are not deserving of the title.

*The Criterion* is truly an all-around school paper. Each department is so complete. For two issues the editor has criticised and

sought to amend the fact that the athletic association is non-self supporting. Few schools seem to be free from this difficulty and if your athletes can fight as well as the athletic editor can write they deserve support. "An Aerial Voyage" is a remarkable story to have been written by a Freshman. One's attention need not be called to the extraordinary command of English vocabulary. The reputation of the exchange department is as good and even better than ever.

"Justice" in *The Sentinel* is a pretty sensational story. It sounds more like an occurrence in France during the Revolution than in America even after the Civil War. "The Hold-up Man" was fairly good. "Mid-year Vacation is over, etc.," begins the editorials. Why do editors waste valuable space in urging their subscribers to work? Why not leave it to the faculty?

Following is the list of exchanges received since our last issue. Exchange editors are certainly to be commended for the promptitude in which they exchange:

*The Adelpian* (2), *Aerolith*, *Argus*, *Chief*, *Chronicle*, *Comet*, *Criterion*, *Daisy Chain*, *Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.), *Echoes*, *Enterprise*, *Forum*, *Gleaner*, *Black and Gold*, *Huisache*, *Iliad* (3), *Lake Breeze News*, *Oracle* (Duval High), *St. Benedict's Quarterly*, *St. Helen's Quarterly*, *H. S. Recorder*, *Red and Black*, *Sentinel* (2), *Shucis*, *Tattler* (4), *Techtonian*, *Tiger*, *Whirlwind*.

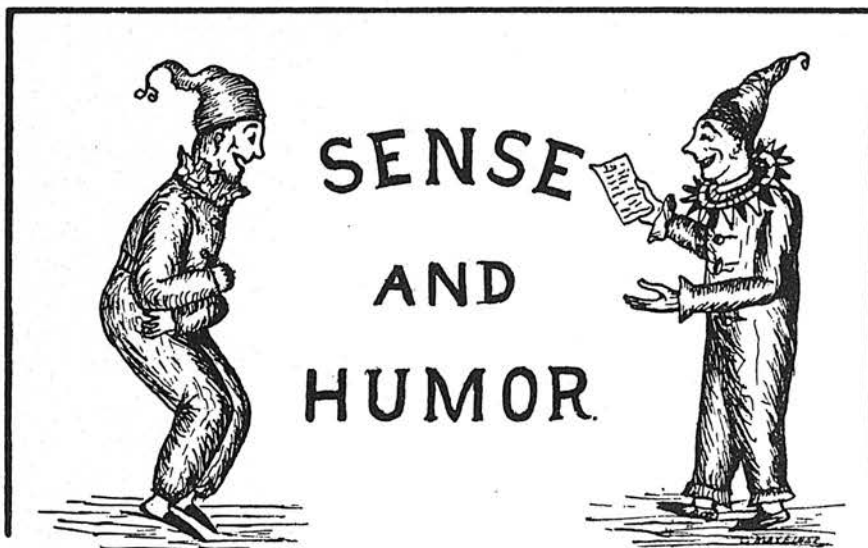
Upon the request of the students we are publishing some of the criticisms on the CRIMSON AND WHITE:

The CRIMSON AND WHITE has too large a proportion of short stories in its October number. The paper shows an apparent lack of school spirit. It has very little in it concerning athletics and still less concerning any other branch of school activities or does it mean the paper fails to represent the school? The sketch entitled "Eight Years After" is very successful in giving a stage effect.—*Adelpian*.

As a literary publication, the CRIMSON AND WHITE sets a high standard. Coated paper would show up the cuts better.—*Techtonian*.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE (Albany, N. Y.)—Your stories in the October number were clever and original, but fewer stories and more poems is our advice. The conversation in "One Evening" and "The Stirring of the Powers" is very natural and interesting.—*Oracle*.

The exchanges of the CRIMSON AND WHITE (Albany, N. Y.) are certainly in accord with our standard of good criticism. You have an excellent literary department with stories both numerous and interesting. However, we must call your attention to your disregard of spacing between the departments, which detracts from the appearance of the paper.—*Criterion*.



“Dapple-Gray” as revised by the Senior students:

I had a little pony, his name was  
Virgil Trot,  
I loaned him to a classmate and  
now I have him not.  
She rode him, she showed him;  
Miss Johnson has him now;  
I wouldn't lend my pony again on  
any classmate's vow.

Miss Secor.—Why don't you study your history lesson so you can repeat it nicely, Miss Baker?

Marion.—I don't have to. I heard father say that history repeats itself.

Miss Clement was explaining some point of syntax to the freshmen. One of the boys did not grasp her meaning and in exasperation she cried, “Can't you understand plain English?”

“I'm taking German now,” was his excuse.

Miss Ziegler, to one of her infants, “What is a lie?”

“A lie,” responded Soper, “is an abomination to the Lord an' a very present help in time of trouble.”

Prof. Sayles (in Physical Geography).—“What Alaskan glacier was named after a California naturalist?”

Mr. Barry (after some pause).—“The Muir glacier.”

Mr. Sayles.—“After whom was that named?”

Mr. Barry (very thoughtfully).—“After the California naturalist.”

Miss Schafer.—“Describe the backbone.”

Marjorie Dunn.—“The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck.”

Popular sentiment of Latin students after the twenty weeks exams:

Veni, Vedi, Busti.

Miss Saulsbury in obedience to Miss Clement's mandate, called at the library for the "Letters of Miss Alcott." On being told that it was "out" Eleanor naively asked; "Have you post-cards by the same lady?"

---

FRESHMAN BRILLIANCY.

"Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do."

"A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box."

---

F. Marion M.'s imagination took this audacious run across country: Elizabeth is well known in literature. She patronized Shakespeare and encouraged Sidney. She was dearly fond of hawks, horses and hounds, chivalry and cavalry and other animals of the chase. In glory and honor we see her strut in her German garden. Raleigh set his cloak for her but Elizabeth finally died a maiden Queen."

---

The following letter was received from his sister by Warren V.:

"I am sending, by mail, a parcel containing the golf-coat you wanted. As the brass buttons are heavy I have cut them off to save postage.

Your loving sister,  
Frances V.

P. S.—You will find the buttons in the left-hand pocket of the coat."

---

Boyotus playabus  
Basketvallorum  
Scottibus breakabus  
Little Armorum.

REMNANTS—POETS' COUNTER.  
A thousand leagues beneath the  
sea,

The village blacksmith stands;  
Still achieving, still pursuing

Foot prints on the time of sands.  
Methinks I hear a ripping noise,  
What has Sir Roderick done?

Don't give up the ship,

A stitch in time saves one.  
Disperse ye rebels!" cried the  
chief,

Touch not a single bough,  
Paul Revere's ride was a glorious  
one,

But everybody's doing it now.  
—W. O. W. *Canton H. S. Monthly.*

Special privileges awarded to  
disabled basketball players:

For a broken arm—the privileges  
of telling in study hall how it  
occurred.

For sprained ankle—a pair of  
crutches.

---

Alice Gazely (translating Virgil).—"And they bound his feet  
with thongs."

Mr. Pells.—"Yes, that is correct;  
and what are thongs, Miss Gazely?"

Alice.—"Oh, they're the things  
that grow on rose bushes."

---

Miss Cushing (in geometry).—"How  
many sides has a circle?"

Caroline Lipes.—"Two."

Miss Cushing.—"What are  
they?"

Caroline Lipes.—"Inside and  
outside."

Miss — was conducting a grammar lesson. "Now," she said, "in the sentence 'John was struck by James,' there is a person known as the agent. James is the agent because he is the person who performed the act. Will you explain what the agent is Mr. Cameron?" who at this time was inattentive.

"Yes, Miss —, the agent is the fellow father kicked out yesterday," was his reply.

---

Mr. Williams in explaining the use of "it," asked Bessie O'Brien how it was used in the slang phrase "Beat it." Miss O'Brien become puzzled and he asked her what the object of "beat" was. Miss O'Brien, thinking he had asked for the subject of beat replied, "You, understood."

---

Soph.—"You're bug-house."

Senior.—"Such terrible vulgarity! You should say insect garage."

---

#### ONE BUTTON WAS IN USE.

A school principal was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life, of the second one as representing Liberty and the third one as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Monday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Monday the teacher said to Johnny:

"Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit o' Happiness on my pants."

---

#### BOTH WERE KNIGHTS.

He was a very decided English type, and as he stopped an Irishman and asked for a light he volunteered to say:

"Excuse me, my man, for stopping you as an entire stranger. But at home I'm a person of some importance. I'm Sir James B——, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. And your name is—what, my man?"

"Me name," was the ready reply, "is Michael Murphy. Night before last, las night, to-night and every night, Michael Murphy."

---

#### BILLY MADE A GUESS AT IT.

Having arranged with his wife to make a long-promised call a faithful husband arrived home in the afternoon only to find his better half out and no message left to explain her absence.

Finally the husband inquired of their trusted handy man.

"Oh, Billy," he said, "can you tell me anything of my wife's whereabouts?"

"Well, I don't know, sir," said Billy respectfully, "but I suppose they're in the wash."

## ANXIOUS ABOUT HIM.

One winter's day a very bow-legged tramp called at a home in Ontario and stood to warm himself by the kitchen stove. A little boy in the home surveyed him carefully for some minutes, then finally approaching him, he said: "Say, mister, you better stand back; you're warping!"

"When did the revival of learning take place?"

"Before the exams."

## VIRGIL.

If there should be another flood,  
Hither for refuge fly.  
For if all the world should be submerged,  
This book would still be dry.

The class of '87 of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., has presented it with a new

gymnasium at a cost of \$150,000. The gymnasium has been built and is now in use. It contains a swimming pool thirty feet by seventy-five feet in size, bowling alleys, rooms for inside baseball, basketball, handball, boxing, wrestling, a squash court and the main gymnasium for general athletic exercise. The building is equipped throughout with the most approved modern apparatus. It is built of Harvard brick with limestone trimmings and is fireproof throughout.

By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.—*Dickinson.*

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