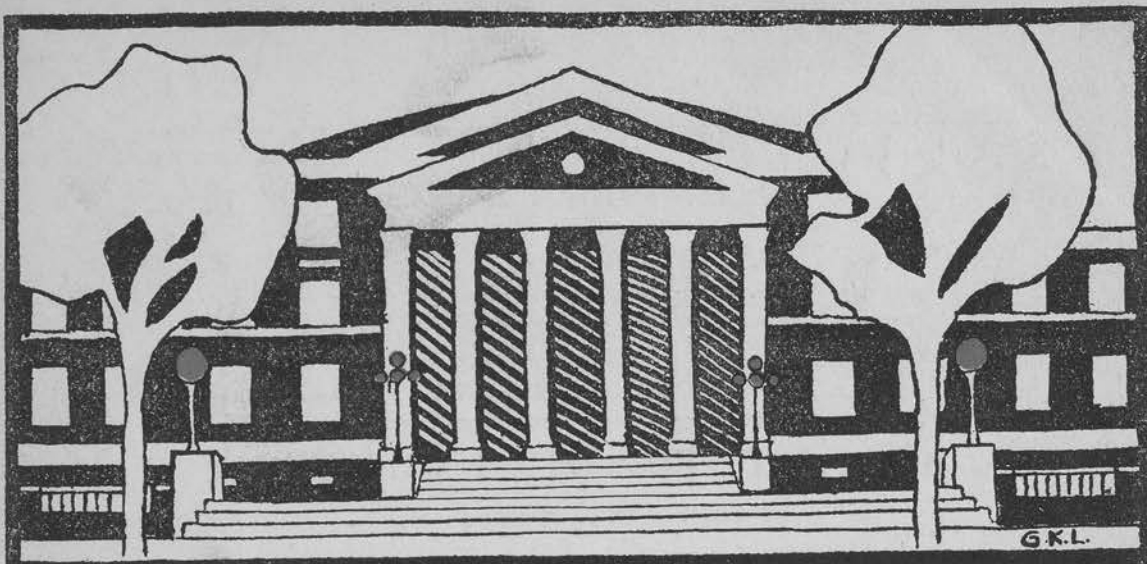


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Crimson and White Vol. XI 1914-15



The Crimson and White

OCTOBER, 1914

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VOL. XI

OCTOBER, 1914.

No. 1



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

THE INFLUENCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S ENVIRONMENT UPON HIS PLAYS.

Winner of Thomas E. Buchanan Medal, June, 1914.

Shakespeare was undoubtedly a poet born, not made, but his environment had a large share in determining the character, substance, and thought of his works. The picturesque beauty of his native Warwickshire inspired in him such a love of nature that Johnson has rightly called him a "poet of nature;" the historical surroundings of Stratford-on-Avon steeped his youthful senses in interest and romance; his intimate knowledge of the country people and their folklore furnished him with character studies and almost inexhaustible material for illustration and embellishment; and the intercourse with men of education and experience in London added the necessary side to his own education. So his environment, combined with his marvelous genius, resulted in works which writers of every age have eulogized and endeavored to imitate, works which shall inspire their readers for many ages to come.

His father's house in Henley street was of the crude, picturesque type in the English village at that time. The street door opened directly into a low-ceiled room with dark woodwork and flag-paved floor. At one end was a wide fireplace with capacious window seats. Here William doubtless spent many an hour of his childhood, his wonderful imagination kindled by the dancing flames, and picturing miniature fairy scenes in the glowing embers, which in after

years he embodied in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to delight millions of readers. Often on winter evenings a little group of peasants and village folk gathered about this hospitable hearth to exchange ghost stories, witch tales, and doings of the fairy tribe, in all of which they believed implicitly and simply. Thus William early became acquainted with those mystical people, whom we frequently meet in "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and his other dramas.

In the grammar school at Stratford, which he attended for perhaps seven years, he read Latin and a little Greek among other studies, and stored in his receptive memory the myths of Virgil and Ovid. These he frequently found use for in his plays for purposes of illustration and allusion.

But the most valuable part of the boy's education was gained outside the walls of the grammar school. The little village of Stratford is situated in one of the most characteristically charming country districts in England. The traveler of today gazes with delight at the scene: a picturesquely irregular cluster of dwellings nestling in the center of fertile farming lands, green knolls crowned with trees of majestic stature, and wooded slopes descending to the brink of the Avon, which winds its silvery way to the sea. One can easily picture the young Shakespeare among such surroundings as these; Longfellow has beautifully pictured him in his ode "To the Avon":

"Thy playmate once; I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall ere long
Be filled with his melodious song."

All through this country one comes upon little footpaths wandering from the beaten road through fields of golden grain, beside leafy hedgerows, or into the shady depths of the Forest of Arden. Shakespeare must have strolled here often, and — look! look! that green sun-flecked glade is surely the spot where Titania and her court assembled! Such beauty of environment would have inspired even a lesser poet, and in conjunction with the genius of Shakespeare it

resulted in such exquisite descriptive passages as are found in "The Tempest," "A Winter's Tale," and "As You Like It."

That Shakespeare was a great lover of nature, and a student of it as well, is evidenced in all his works. He makes mention of various birds and animals very frequently, and often in a way which shows an accurate knowledge of their habits. For instance, in "Macbeth" he speaks of the martin, a migratory bird, as the "guest of summer." His acquaintance with the quaint folklore and curious omens in connection with them also stood him in good stead in his writings, and the interesting allusions which he makes to them are many. One of the prettiest passages of this kind, in "Hamlet," tells of the crowing of the cock on Christmas Eve to dispel evil spirits.

I have a friend who conceived the unique idea of making a garden of poetry. She derived much of her inspiration from Shakespeare, and one of the beauties of her collection is a fine old willow tree, which leans far over a little brook. This is the willow the queen talks about in "Hamlet."

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,"

she says, when she is telling of the finding of Ophelia's body. Ophelia's famous flowers are represented, too. Many columbines make the early June days bright, and English daisies edge the border of flowers that skirts the garden. Wild violets star the grass, and Ophelia's pansies — or "love-in-idleness," as the poet calls them — blossom by the hundreds. The thyme, which hobnobs with the rosemary, is from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It is mentioned in this way:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

Almost all of these sweet, old-fashioned flowers were to be found in Shakespeare's own garden in Stratford, and they appeared many times in his plays and sonnets.

He was a student of human nature as well as of nature, and he knew the peasant folk in all the phases of their lives. He was familiar with their various trades and occupations, and with their folk songs, games, and sports; he knew their joys and their sorrows, their laudable qualities and their ludicrous ones. It was this knowledge of human nature which made his characters so true to life.

The neighborhood of Stratford was rich in tradition and in historical associations. Within walking distance were Kenilworth and Warwick, two of England's most famous old castles, and it is very

probable that the imagination of the young Shakespeare was fired by the eventful histories of these places, and by tales of the redoubtable hero, Guy of Warwick.

When the boy was eight years old Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Manor, which was also located near by, and three years later she again honored Warwickshire with her presence in a visit to Kenilworth. This was a great event, and the most elaborate pageants and festivities of all kinds were held, to which the people of the surrounding countryside flocked in great numbers. William Shakespeare would have been an unusual lad if he had not managed to make one of that crowd. In those gay court scenes he had the opportunity of seeing an entirely different side of life, and of studying a different class of people, of a type which in later years he used often in his plays.

The good people of Stratford especially welcomed to their town companies of actors, and so, as a boy, he came to know the old English plays which were the stock in trade of these traveling companies. As the village was such a small one, and as he was of an inquiring turn of mind, he even grew to terms of familiarity with some of the actors.

Thus it was not unnatural that in London, whither he went in his twenty-second year, he entered the theatre in a humble capacity. Here by force of necessity he learned the technique and management of the stage, which was invaluable to him as a playwright. The busy, many-sided life of London formed a broad subject for such a keen observer as he, and moreover in a few years his circle of friends included scholars and actors of ability. In such an environment his genius developed rapidly, and the personal experience from which he drew in writing his plays broadened greatly. He gained knowledge easily, and from association with men of education and from his wide reading learned something of law, medicine, theology, history, trade, and a variety of other subjects — enough, at least, to be of great use to him in his writings for purposes of illustration. His own ability in acting was not sufficient to draw him away from the drama, but it aided him immeasurably in making his plays adaptable to the stage.

Shakespeare was fortunate in that he lived and labored in what is known as the "golden age" of English literature. True, his own name shines forth brightest of all the famous writers of that time, but the influence of contemporary scholars, wits and statesmen such as Jonson, Southampton, and Pembroke, must have been great, and the necessity of matching his wits against Marlowe, Chapman, Fletcher, and other dramatists spurred him on to greater effort. Spenser, Raleigh, Drake, Sidney, and Granville were also well-known

names in Shakespeare's London world. Indeed, the Elizabethan age of "British pride, British learning, and British pluck and courage by land and sea" was an ideal one for a poet to flourish in. The virgin queen was an enthusiastic patron of plays and playwrights, and during her reign and the years immediately following it the dramatic art received an important impetus. Twenty-five years later, owing to the growing prevalence of stricter Puritan ideas, all the London theatres were closed. What a loss it would have been to the world if Shakespeare had lived twenty-five years later!

We have attributed many of the virtues of Shakespeare's writings to his environment, but some of their faults, too — for they are by no means perfect — may be traced to that source. His parents were unable to sign their own names, and his own education was none of the best. Such circumstances were quite usual at that time, but they may be accountable for the fact that his plays abound in grammatical and geographical errors and anachronisms. In places, too, we find coarseness and bluster, and witticisms that are not witty. This may be due to his association with the lower class of actors in London, some of whom were licentious and unrefined. But why lay stress upon the poor parts of his works, when we can never do justice to all that is excellent in them? Dryden, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," says of Shakespeare: "Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there."

ELEANOR E. DUNN.

INTERROGATIVE SAMMY.

"Say, mother, aren't these lovely seats, and all made of velvet, too?" said Sammy to his mother on his first ride to the city.

"Yes, yes, they are very nice, but hurry up and take a seat. Everyone in the car is looking at you," answered his mother.

"Why is everyone looking at me?"

"Come, Sammy, get a seat quickly or the conductor will put you off the train."

"Why will the conductor put me off the train?"

"Stop asking me any more questions and take that seat."

"But I don't want that seat; it won't sit good."

"Well, never mind, but be quiet."

"Oh! Who pushed us then, ma? Who starts us off?" said Sammy, all out of breath.

"Why, the train just started; I told you to take a seat."

"Well, I don't see how we go."

"Sammy, be quiet!"

"My, aren't the telegraph poles close together; they are never that way at home. What makes that, ma?"

"Why, Sammÿ, the farther you go away from home the closer together the poles are. Haven't you learned that in your Spellin' yet?"

"Naw, we ain't had Spellin' yet. But say, ma, what's that man yell so loud for, every little while?"

"He is callin' out the stations, of course."

"What'd he mean when he said someone ran-on-his-ear?"

"Why, that's a new way of saying Rensselaer. In a few more years folks won't know how to talk."

"Ma, when do we get off?"

"That's right, we do get off here, Sammy. There you go; I told you to wait until the train stopped, but you wouldn't listen, so it's good enough for you."

"Well, at last we are off that awful train."

And I imagine the passengers were glad.

G. D. S., '17.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Evelyn Sherman sprang to her feet in terror, dropping her book on the ground, as the peaceful atmosphere of that bright summer afternoon of 1863 was rent by the shouts of men and the swift approach of horses. "Oh, are the Confederates coming at last?" she thought in alarm. At the same moment there came a thudding sound close by. Her heart beat like lightning as, summoning all her courage, she wheeled about and beheld a handsome young man in the act of jumping over the garden wall. Her fright quickly turned to eagerness when she saw that he wore the blue uniform of a Federal soldier. She whipped from her blouse a tiny silk flag of the stars and stripes and held it up before him. His eyes sparkled at this token, and, hurrying up to her, he exclaimed, "The Confederates are after me. Can you, for the sake of the cause we love, help me?"

She thought for a moment, then answered, "Come quickly." She led the way into the beautiful colonial house, up two flights of stairs, stopping finally at the attic door to look out a window near by.

"Hurry up, this way," she cried. "Even now I see them riding up to the gates."

He followed her, with admiration in his eyes, to a corner of the spacious attic. She went to a small window, pressed a spring concealed under the sill, and the floor, smooth and faultless before, slid back for a space of about two square feet, revealing a small apartment underneath. Into this she fairly pushed him, closed the slide again, and rushed down stairs.

Indeed, she was none too soon. For at that very moment there came a vigorous banging at the door. Trembling, she opened it to admit two gray-coated officers, one of whom demanded, in terms far from polite, that they be allowed to search the house for an escaped prisoner, who carried important messages, and whom they had traced to this place. Of course, she was powerless to resist. The officer called in a number of his men, stationed the rest outside and then confusion reigned. The shouting of men, the clatter of arms, the banging of doors and the scraping of furniture filled the house with unwonted sounds. But, as may be supposed, their search was made in vain. Two hours later they filed dejectedly out of the house; whereupon they rode away, leaving but two or three to guard the outside.

Evelyn flew back to the attic and freed her erstwhile prisoner. Cautioning him to be silent, she took him down into the cellar, where, by the use of another spring, she revealed an opening in the back wall.

"That," she explained, "is a passage that leads down to the river. There you will find a boat with which you can easily escape under cover of the darkness."

His gratitude was too great for words, but, as he stepped into the passage, he pressed her dainty hand in his and gave her one long look, his handsome dark eyes gleaming. Then he said:

"Some day I shall come back to tell you how much I thank you for this." And he was gone.

KINDNESS FOR KINDNESS.

In the village of K—— lived Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who were known through all the village for their kindness and generosity. No matter who came or went, they were always ready to help.

As the years went by, Mr. Brown became poor in health and was not able to work. Their savings were all spent, and there came a time when they were in real distress. They concluded they would have to part with something. There was an old violin in their pos-

session which had been left to them by an aged violinist, whom they had befriended until his death. This they decided to sell. Mr. Brown took it to a music store, stepped up to the clerk, and asked him what it was worth. The clerk, glancing at it, replied that it was probably not worth a dollar. Standing near the counter was Mr. Grey, a wealthy and well-known musician of the town. Hearing the conversation between the clerk and his customer, he said:

“May I look at that violin?”

When he had examined it, he continued, excitedly, “This is a real Stradivarian.” And, looking still still closer, he saw engraved upon it the name of a long lost friend. Turning in great surprise, he asked Mr. Brown how he came to possess it. Mr. Brown then told all he knew of the dead violinist of whom they had taken care. When he finished, Mr. Grey, with tears in his eyes, thanked him for his kindness to his dear old friend, and said he would give him five thousand dollars for the violin, adding that as long as Mr. and Mrs. Brown lived they would be cared for.

When Mr. Brown went home and told his wife the wonderful story, she said:

“We have cast our bread upon the waters, and it has truly returned to us.”

I. P. D., '18.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.— *Thales*.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.— *Cicero*.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.— *Swift*.

Human experience, like the stern lights of a ship at sea, illuminates only the path which we have passed over.— *Coleridge*.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.— *Fronde*.

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.— *Carlyle*.

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.— *George Eliot*.

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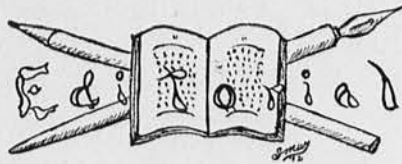
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Welcome to you, our classmates, one and all; both to you whom we have known before, and to you who have but just started your High School career. To the Class of 1918, especially, we extend not only that hearty welcome, but also the sincere hope that you may learn to love and enjoy "Old Normal" as we do who have graduated from the title of "Freshmen." Endeavor to take from the four years of school life before you all that its work and play, its hopes and ambitions, its successes, and failures and its multitude of interesting experiences can offer you; and you cannot fail, when you are out in the "wide, wide world," to remember your Alma Mater with love in your hearts, and to consider those four years spent within her walls among the most helpful and happy you have ever known.

To the Sophomores, who no longer have to stand the humiliation of being "just Freshies," to the Juniors, who have really become quite dignified, and to the Seniors, who are now launched upon their last year, our message is much the same as to the Freshmen. Many

of us have realized — and the rest will follow our example, if they are wise and take any thought of those final examinations — that our work is more serious than we have thought, and accordingly have settled down to good, hard work. But, as we consider that the actual “book learning” is but half of our education, and that all the other things that crowd each day are of equal importance to us, we have learned to temper our work with good times. So there is very little danger that anyone shall say of us, “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

“Dear Old Normal” is now but a name — a name which in years to come will probably be remembered only. For there is no longer any such thing as Normal. The College has for some unknown reason changed its name from New York State Normal College to the New York State College for Teachers. The High School must needs follow suit and become the College High School. It will be hard for us to accustom ourselves to calling our school by another name — especially since there are very few who like the new one as well as the old. However, we must obey orders and submit to being renamed with as good a grace as possible.

And now just a few words about the “Crimson and White.” Do you all know what that is? Well, it is our school paper, published and supported entirely by the students, and is one of the most important features of C. H. S. It is the chain which connects the classes and students in one coöperative body; it is a promoter of school spirit; it is the medium through which we are brought into close contact with one another, with the school institutions, with the alumni and with the little bits of fun and local gossip which add so much to school life. You all want to enjoy these privileges, do you not? Well, then, support the “Crimson and White” by subscribing right away; by contributing anything you can for any department; and by getting us every “ad” that comes your way. Some day, you know, you yourselves may be on the “board,” and then you will be glad if you have supported it loyally.

There have been a few changes in the “Crimson and White” board since last year’s elections. Dorothy Russell, the Literary Editor, has moved to Syracuse; Josephine Hoyt, the Assistant Joke Editor, has gone to the Girls’ Academy, and Joseph Sweeney, one of the advertising agents, has resigned. These three vacancies have been filled by Frances Myers, Helen Meade and Paul O’Brien, respectively. Courage! the work isn’t as hard as you may think, and we know that you can do it well.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Of the Class of 1914 the following are attending the New York State College for Teachers: Eleanor Dunn, Eloise Lansing, Clara Holder, Grace Root, Lillian Magilton, Elmetta Van Deloo, F. Marion McDowell, Harriet Gardner, Ruth Kimmey, Laura Hutchinson, Dorothy Himes, and Jean Moliter.

May LeCompte, of the Class of 1913, is attending the New Paltz Normal School, taking a kindergarten course.

Marguerite Clark, '14, and Francis Vosburg, '14, are at Vassar College.

Margaret Hoffinan, '13, will be married to Glen Brennan on October 28. Congratulations, Margaret!

Katherine Pollock, '14, is attending Simmons College.

Gilbert Daring, '14, is at Union College taking a medical preparatory course.

Edward McDowell, of the Class of '14, is at Dartmouth College.

Helen Page, '14, is attending the Albany Law School. Joseph McEntee, '14, is also at the Law School.

Robert Watt, '14, has gone to Colgate.

Gordon Scott and Chester Blauvelt, both of the Class of '14, are back at C. H. S. taking post-graduate courses.

Chester Long, '14, has secured a position.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Dear Old Normal has opened this year in much the same manner as it has for many previous years, although it has lost quite a number of its old students. Never mind! We also have some new members whom we are sure will do us great credit.

Our Freshman class seems almost greener than ever this year, if that be possible. Nevertheless we welcome them heartily to our midst, and hope that they will not be too much appalled by the superiority of the fortunate ones who have passed beyond their humble position. Follow the example set by your upper classmen and you will be on the safe side. Obey all the rules, no matter how strict, set down by the Faculty, and take all the advantage offered to the school. Don't think that school is all tedious work. There is a lot of enjoyment and fun to be had from it if you are looking in the right place at the right time. Cheer up! You will be Seniors some day.

How does it seem, Sophomores, to look down upon the Freshmen? I am sure you must enjoy it. A few members of the Class of '17 did not return to school this year: Helen Jones, now a member of the Albany High School; Donald Miller, Elsie Wagoner, Ethel Groom, Mildred Korts, James Miller and Julia Rate. Edwin J. prior from the Albany High School, and Dorothea L. Read have joined this class.

The members of the Junior class are sorry to find that they have lost so many of their old classmates. Josephine Hoyt has gone to the Girls' Academy, and Frank Sands to the Albany High School. Minnie Coughtry, Mary Gayring, Elsie Sager, Mildred George, Margaret Jeram, Catherine Reid and Marguerite Seigler have left school. Cornelius Baker, Boys' Academy; Lester Cassavant, Albany High School; Erwin Hanna and William Nead, former members of our school, and Paul MacNamee, Boys' Academy, who have joined this class, form an extremely interesting addition to the school.

We have a very promising Senior class this year and expect them to run off with many honors before they leave us. Madeleine DeMers, Margaret Kirk and Eugenia Lee have joined the Class of '15, while Marie Blauvelt, Helen Cook, Frederick Ridgeway and Alfred Walley have left. The class has held its first meeting and has chosen its rings and pins, which the rest of the school are burning with curiosity to see.

We are glad to see Chester Blauvelt and Gordon Scott back at school taking a post-graduate course. Stephen Chovey, who has come here from India, and Asher Yaguda are taking special courses. Willard Johnstone, of the Albany High School, is taking Caesar here. Elizabeth Lincoln and Agnes Nolan, who took special courses last year, have not returned.

Normal has offered us even more advantages than ever this year. The Drawing and Domestic Science classes are to be continued and also the gymnasium practice. The boys are playing a tennis tournament and we are all very anxious to know how it is going to turn out. So we hope they will hurry and finish it.

On September 30th the memorial services for Doctor Milne were held in the College auditorium. The High School students were invited to attend. There was no session of school afterward.

We were glad to see all the members of the Faculty back in their usual places this year. We hope that we will not cause them too much trouble. We don't mean to, anyway. Let us all try to be model pupils and show our teachers what really good work we can do.



ZETA SIGMA.

After a most delightful vacation, we have come again to our dear Zeta Sigma, ready for both work and play. We greatly miss Helen Cook, our Recording Secretary, who, because of ill health, has not been able to resume her studies. Also, our Corresponding Secretary and Junior Editor, Mildred George and Minnie Coughtry, we are sorry to say have not returned. Ethel Mead, Anna Lemka and Martha Ackerman have been elected to fill these vacancies.

On October 13, instead of our regular meeting, several new members were initiated into Sigma. They are Luella Karl, Margaret Kirk, Dorthy Pease, Henrietta Knapp and Anna Willig, a charming lot of girls. Initiations are some fun! Well, this one was no exception and the girls did look attractive. Blue and green hose cannot be purchased in Albany now. We know these girls will all prove loyal members of Sigma, so we extend a welcome to them all, both great (in size) and small.

The Freshmen class is a very interesting group of baby girls to look at. Of course there are boys, but then they don't count. We are in hopes of becoming better acquainted with you, unsophisticated children. Hence, a frolic will be planned for you in the near future, when we shall endeavor to see if you are as jolly as you look.

And now, Sigma sisters, let us remember the French proverb, "L'Union fait la force." With this as our motto, we shall not find it hard to make this year a prosperous one, and one not to be forgotten in after years when we number among the alumni. There is work to be done this year. Let us work together, and work hard.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

"Quin" has again started its meetings with promise of another successful year. We regret to say that two of our members have left us; Marie Blauvelt, our Treasurer, and Josephine Hoyt, our

Junior Editor. Helen Meade and Gladys Miller were unanimously elected to fill their places. Both meetings have been well attended, and the programs so far have been very interesting.

Although we have not yet met all of the Freshmen, we hope to soon, and therefore we are planning a party for those dear infants, about the last of this month.

On October 15th initiations were held in the "Gym," and now Sarah Harder, Elsie Gresser, Alice Barnes, Eugenia Lee and Madeleine DeMers are "regular 'Quin' girls." And what fun we had torturing those girls! The "eats" were especially enjoyed.

And now, let us by our loyal support, make this the most prosperous year "Quin" has ever had.



ADELPHOI.

Prospects of a busy and prosperous year are very bright for Adelphoi. The old members are welcoming many new ones, and they will surely enjoy some good times during the year.

We have already held a very interesting debate which was won by Messrs. Covey and Hanna, over Messrs. Soule and Relyea.

Three of our alumni have gone to college: Gilbert Daring to Union; Edward McDowell to Dartmouth, and Robert Watt to Colgate. Mr. McEntee is attending the Law School, while Chester Long and Alfred Walley have secured positions.

We are glad to have Mr. Hanna with us once more.



THETA NU.

Theta Nu is again with us this year. Although it lost many members at last year's graduation, the Society will receive several new members who will help to make the usual success of the year. The new officers will take up their duties very soon. The Society expects to give several social events during the course of the year. Although the Society has had few meetings as yet, they have been very well attended and all the members hope to make 1914-1915 a record year for Theta Nu.



January may be the customary time to make resolutions, but in this case, at least, October will do just as well, and even better. Therefore we hereby resolve to decrease the number upon our exchange list and to be faithful to a privileged (?) but smaller number. But please remember, kind exchanges, that we have only five editions during the school year.

Next,— we will do our best to criticize each one of you honestly. Won't you please do the same by us? If you are able to find faults in our columns (and finding fault is never difficult), please tell us what they are. While we editors are only human beings, and therefore susceptible to hard feelings, at times, nevertheless we are also human in that we want our paper to be worthy of the school which is backing it.

We have received four exchanges so far, and are exceedingly grateful for these.

The ever-faithful *M. H. Aerolith* (Mission House College, Plymouth, Wis.), always arrives among the earliest. This paper is written about half in German and half in English. It is neatly arranged, though a "Table of Contents," which is generally considered essential, is lacking. After wading through the five-page story entitled, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten," we can only say that the plot itself is good and leave all grammatical construction for a more able critic. However, we are able to understand and fully appreciate Rev. Lehmann's description of the first part of his journey. Mr. Lehmann, an alumnus of the College, has recently taken a trip from "Lake Michigan to St. Louis, Nashville, Chattanooga, Washington, New York, via Naples and Rome to Switzerland, through Germany and Holland to Scotland and England and back again over New York to the starting point." We will look

eagerly forward to the next installment of his "Notes," for this man is evidently one to be respected. Paragraphing is not your Exchange Editor's forte. (But please don't copy ours.)

The High School News (Columbus, Nebraska) may be interesting to its home readers, but that is all. This paper is in form more like a newspaper than anything else, although school-notes and advertisements are scattered carelessly around.

The X-Ray (Anderson, Indiana) excels in neatness. The two stories in the September number are both well written, and the poem is not so bad. The Joke Editor has done his work well, but the Exchange Editor (as is not uncommon among Exchange Editors) has left out all criticisms.

There are numerous cuts in the *High School Argus* (Harrisburg, Penna.) for September. The one heading the exchange column is especially original. The personals are also original and very comical, but a "Table of Contents" is lacking.

ATHLETICS.

Meeting of the Athletic Association.

On September 25th the first meeting of the Association was held and after a spirited election the following officers were elected:

President.....Gordon Scott
Secretary and Treasurer.....Paul O'Brien

The election for basketball manager was held and Nelson Covey was unanimously elected. It was decided to have regular monthly meetings in the future and to levy dues among the members. After a short talk by Mr. Swain the meeting adjourned.

Tennis Tournament.

Following the success of the tennis tournament last year it was decided to hold another one this year. The call for entries was responded to by a large number of players who all hoped to win the cup. The entries consist of: Shilling, Knipe, Wilcox, O'Brien, Soule, Sperry, Carr, Scott, Hoyt, Cassavant, Fite, MacNamee, Baker, Vos and Seymour. Up to date all the entries have not played their games and it is hoped that they will do so as soon as possible, so that the finals may be played before cold weather.

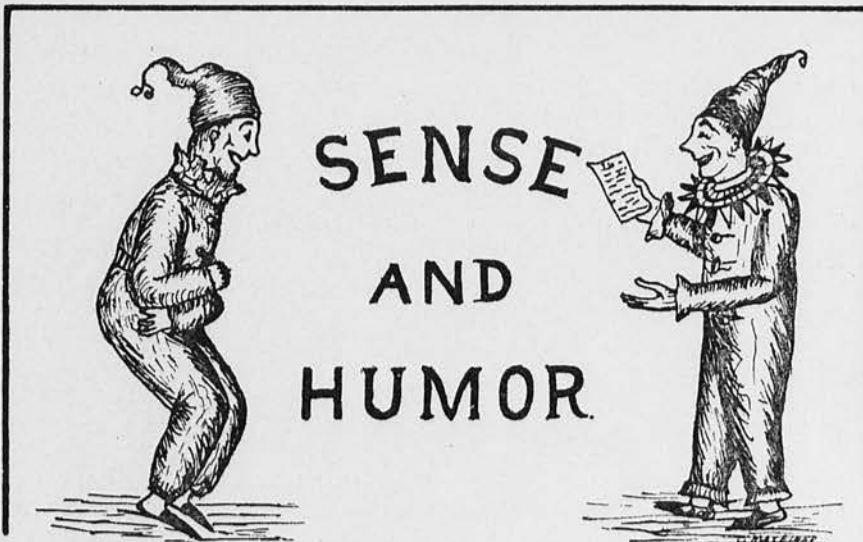
Basket Ball.

The first call for candidates for the team was issued by Capt. Fite on October 12th and was responded to by a number of old and new players, among them being Cassavant, O'Brien, Wilcox, Sperry, Mac-

Namee, Scott, Ward, Covey, Nead, Fite, Relyea, Seymour, Shilling, Carr, Vos, Baker, Sweeney and Blauvelt. Coach Swaim and Capt. Fite think that from these players they will be able to choose a very fast team.

Manager Covey has been hard at work on his schedule and will have it ready for publication shortly. He is negotiating with Gloversville, Albany, Waterford, Rensselaer, Troy, Ravena, Water-vliet, Ellenville and Scotia High Schools, Troy and Albany Academies and Hoosac prep.

The season tickets are now on sale and can be obtained from the manager or any members of the team. It is hoped that the school will respond and make this year a banner year, both financially and in attendance at the games. Last year the games were in some cases poorly attended, and, in order to be able to bring the teams named on the schedule, it will be necessary for the student body to support the team.



Welcome, Little Ones.

Some are short;
 Some are long;
 Some are weak;
 Some are strong;
 Some are pretty;
 Some are not;
 Some are witty;
 Some think they are;

But what's the "diff"? they are "All" Freshmen,

Covey — "Do you believe Hades is a condition?"
 Scott — "No; but vice versa."

P. Sharpe — "Did you ever notice that ninety-nine women out of a hundred press the button with their thumbs when ringing the bell in a street car? Do you know why that is?"

P. Dinkel — "No; why?"

Pearl (brilliantly) — "They want to get off."

A dry subject — an Egyptian mummy.

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder, now we make light of it.

How to restore oil paintings — carry them back to the owner.

Mr. Sweeney — "What's worse than biting into an apple and finding a worm?"

Mr. O'Brien — "Finding two worms."

Joe — "No; to find a half a worm."

He called her "lily," "violet," "rose,"

And every other sweet flower of spring.

She said: "I can't be all of those,

So you must lilac everything." — *Ex.*

Physics problem, after a long drawn-out proof — Now we have X equals O.

Sleepy voice from the rear — "And all that work for nothing." — *Ex.*

Ancient History Teacher — "For what do we remember the Greeks?"

Mr. Wilcox — "I forget."

A "funny man" thought he would break up a suffrage meeting, so, from the audience, he called out to the woman speaker: "Say, Madam, would you like to be a man?"

Back, instantly, came the reply: "Yes, I would; would you?"

All Gaul is divided into three parts; cheek cast-iron, nerve and brass.

J.—“You are the breath of life to me.”

M.—“Well, suppose you hold your breath awhile.”

Am. Hist. Teacher — “Mr. Carr, will you name some Spanish explorers?”

Mr. Carr — “Christopher Columbus.”

Am. Hist. T.—“Are there any more?”

Carr — “Oh, I guess that’ll be about enough for to-day.”

Miss Shaver (absent mindedly) — “Is your name Sperry?”

Lucile Walters — “Not yet.”

Heard in French II.

Teacher — “There are about five boys in this class who study at home.”

Fite — “Who are the other four?”

If you would be well informed, read the paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.— *Ex.*

Teacher (to tardy student) — “John, what makes you so late to-day?”

John — “It is so slippery that every time I took two steps forward I slipped back three.”

Teacher — “Then how did you get here?”

John — “Oh, I started home again.”

Merselis — “Want to buy a book?”

R. Schilling — “What ails it?”

M.—“Nothing.”

S.—“Then, what are you selling it for?”

M.—“Nothing.”

S.—“I’ll take it.”

People say that this is a “horseless” age, but some of our Latin students still cling to the old method.

"Did you make those biscuits, my dear?" asked a young husband.

"Yes, darling."

"Well, I'd rather you wouldn't make any more, sweetheart."

"Why not, my love?"

"Because, angel mine, you are too light for such heavy work."

"Go ask father," the maiden said,
 But the young man knew her father was dead
 And he knew the life her father had led,
 So she knew that he knew what she meant when she said:
 "Go ask father."

Do You Know These Girls?

The musical girl — Sara Nade.
 The smallest girl — Minnie Mum.
 The stylish girl — Ella Gant.
 The big-hearted girl — Jennie Rosity.
 The spiteful girl — Anna Mosity.
 The city girl — Minnie Apolis.

Miss Hayes — "Every time I hear about an orange it makes me think of Christmas chimes. They resemble each other so much."

Miss Poole — "Where's the connection between an orange and Christmas chimes?"

Miss Hayes — "Why, it's all in the peel."

"Some people are more superstitious than others. I know some who tie beads around a child's neck. They say it will bring good luck."

"That's nothing, I knew a man who tied a cigar box around his neck because his hair was falling out."

"Why did he do that?"

"To keep his hair in."

Young Suffragette (about to break a window) — "Oh, I'm so afraid."

Old Suffragette — "Don't fear, put your trust in God. She is everywhere."

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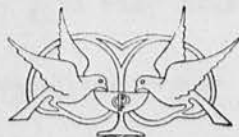
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