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JUNE, 1913

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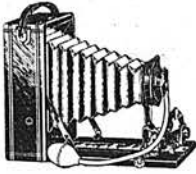
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# The Crimson and White

Vol. IX

JUNE, 1913

No. 6



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### THE PARTING, CLASS 1913

The years have pass'd,  
And now unto us comes the time  
When we must part—  
When we, as travelers from a ship  
just in,  
Must leave the vessel of our  
student course,  
And melt away into the world's  
vast crowd.

Each mind's at ease,  
Each heart is gay,  
And such a joy we know as Midas  
did,  
When all he touch'd turn'd gold,  
Yet as we pour our happy song,  
There comes a sudden sadness—  
Here and there a silent tear steals  
down some cheek;  
We turn us back,  
And from the pages of our  
memory  
Recall the past.

The studies, pleasures and the  
trials,

The days beset with gloom,  
And e'en each prank is for inspec-  
tion call'd.  
At this we did excel—  
At that we fail'd,  
With him we work'd in peace—  
With him at war,  
This lesson lik'd and that ab-  
horr'd—  
All we recall, and each seems dear.

But from the dearest of those  
scenes  
Our divers paths lead us away.  
Far tho' some Fate transport us,  
To foreign land or sea;  
Still in our memory dearest,  
Old Normal wilt thou be;  
Tho' ours may be some mighty  
place  
With wealth and pow'r to rule,  
Yet ever will we sing the praise  
Of thee, our grand old school.

The time is pass'd,  
And this, our little play, is almost  
o'er,

The sun hangs low,  
 The night comes on,  
 And evening breezes 'gin to  
 swell—

So with the day, good comrades,  
 Fare you well.

RICHARD KIRK, *Adelphoi*.  
 Class Poem, 1913.

### THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1913

It is no easy matter to write any class history but to write that of the class of 1913 was unusually difficult and I suppose that is why they gave the task to me. We always were an unusual class. Ask Professor Sayles if I'm not right, or, better still, ask him to show you our wonderful records.

Right in the beginning a great honor was conferred upon us, such as had not been given in eighteen years to any students of the New York State Normal High School at Albany, when they built this building for us. Such a beautiful building it is, too, all red for our zeal and white for our youth and innocence. Even after having been in it now for four years some find it hard to tear themselves away from this wonderful place, the building of which they inspired, and are contemplating returning for another year. When we first came here they put us on the top floor and thought they could keep us there, but by our second year they let us come down on the second floor sometimes, probably because our brains had expanded to such an extent that to keep us in such cramped quarters as one floor was impossible, and now some of us are even down on the main floor. Of course they were very considerate in trying to keep us on the top floor so that the college department would not disturb us.

By-the-way, is it not fortunate that we are leaving this year or we would have that college department entirely crowded out?

Speaking of the building makes me think of that sunny morning in September, 1909, when we for the first (and last) time came tripping past Minerva in the main hall, our outward boldness not at all in keeping with our trembling little hearts. What a relief it was to some of us to see some familiar faces among the faculty. There was Professor Sayles, a very tall gentleman with a big voice, calculated to let you know who was head here, whom some of us had known several years before in Grammar School. Then there was Miss Shaver who had just successfully guided about half of that class of sixty through the eighth grade. To see her here was like meeting an old friend in a strange land! The rest of the faculty we didn't know then, but we do now.

That day we strolled around and criticized our new home, greeted old friends and met those who were to accompany us through our four years, and lastly we wrote our names on slips of paper with the name of the course we expected to take. Most of us decided on this course by taking the one with the nicest name in the catalogue. The



catalogue is a little book they issue yearly here containing a lot of "dos" and "don'ts" and which the students try to keep the parents from getting.

Let us call that first year our year of aspiration. We worked with a purpose but we played too. The faculty all liked us because we were so lively and the upper-classmen looked upon us with envious pitying eyes, thinking that we would soon get over our playfulness as they had done, but they didn't know us! We haven't lost a bit of it. We had three parties that first year, they haven't let us have but one a year since, and I can't find out why.

We had some bright children in that class as some of their remarks will show. Miss Shaver in Biology, for instance, once asked if anyone could tell her something that was large like a rhinoceros and blows a horn. Gail Todd looked as if he knew and she said, "Well, Mr. Todd?"

Then Toddy answered, "An automobile." One day a Senior came up to Edith Mead and said: "Say Edith, ever take chloroform?" and Edith politely said, "No, who teaches that?"

About the last thing we did before exams that year was to take a trip down to Kingston Point. It was a lucky thing we went before the Regents, for we had no heart left for fun afterward. Quite a few of us were encored in Algebra the next year, and some of us haven't recovered from those first-year Regents yet.

Our second year might be called our year of humiliation. We were

only second-years, no longer nice green freshies about whom the Seniors might write:

"The cows are in the pasture  
The sheep are in the grass  
But all the little goosies  
Are in the Freshman Class."

Nor were we worthy Seniors. We had lost some of our number too, mostly boys. A man who lectured here this year told us that boys who smoked usually dropped out of high school before they reached their Senior year. I suppose that accounts for the fact that so many left our ranks and that Mr. Todd and Mr. Molitor have stayed with us through the four years.

We were rather quiet (for us) that year and let the Juniors and Seniors have their way, some were awfully nice to us but others thought we were "only second years." But "he laughs best who laughs last," and they were rather sore when Florence Gale ran away with the Robert C. Pruyn Medal for Prize Speaking.

In our Junior year we had quite an addition to our class, Corabel Bissell came. When she first entered the building she asked of the janitor who happened to be standing near: "Can I go through this door?" And looking at her he replied: "Wait just a minute and I'll open both of them."

That was our year of affectation. What was the use of working when we could bluff (so we thought then). The class motto then was "Study and you'll be happy but you'll miss all the fun." When Ruth Jeffrey asked Alice Ody that February, why Miss Johnson

flunked her in Cicero, Alice said it was because of cruelty to animals. Wondering, Ruth said, "Why, how's that?" and Alice replied: "Too excessive use of my pony."

We were greatly honored that year, for Margaret Hoffman took the Latin Medal. Just think of it for a Junior to take the *Latin* Medal! And Alice Griffin took the Pruyn Medal. Alice always could talk well.

I might liken this class of ours to a great, soft, pliable mass at first, from which gradually one by one molecules have been thrown off till now in our Senior year it is a hardened mass of about only one-half its original size. Some of us passed our exams last June and some didn't, but we didn't mind till we came back last fall and saw the work before us. This then has been our year of realization.

Still, for all our having so much to do, some of us have been up to our old tricks and when "fun and duty clash have let duty go to smash." Not all of us are like that though, we have one student so wrapped up in Latin that she gets it mixed with her English and we hear Loretta A. Reilly say:

"O Virgil was a rogue  
He certe was, you bettum  
He ran his automobilus  
And smoked his cigarettum."

Maybe that is something original of hers but I think probably she found it in one of those exchange magazines she guards so jealously.

Alice Griffin has not overcome her bluffing habit yet and the other day when Miss Shaver asked her

in American history who Dred Scott was, Alice said: "He was a Southerner very much interested in slavery."

The other day I overheard a conversation between our Class Poet and our Valedictorian. Edith Wallace (Also editor of the *CRIMSON AND WHITE*) said, "Why, Mr. Kirk, I cannot accept this, it is no verse at all, merely an escape of gas." Richard good good-naturedly answered: "Oh, I see, something wrong with the meter."

This has been a pleasant year to remember, for we had a nice *CRIMSON AND WHITE* entertainment. (The *CRIMSON AND WHITE* is the school paper, which each one thinks the other fellow ought to support.) Then there was an excursion to Otis Summit, and the school excursion to Kingston Point, in connection with which those very august beings, Miss Clement, Miss Shaver and Miss Johnson are remembered. Last but not least, we again took the Pruyn Medal. Besse Vanderpool helped us out this year. We surely are able to talk well. I have no doubt that we will take all the rest of the medals. Edith Wallace will take the French probably, and I don't like to say it, but I know I'll take Latin.

Thus our Senior year has passed, and the question at present is "To be or not to be" (graduated). If we are we shall be happy, and if we aren't we shall still fondly remember the class of 1913. According to the custom of four long years I write "We, now



at the close of this four years, declare that prior to taking this course we had no knowledge of the problems which would arise therein, nor have we given or received

aid or used books or helps of any kind."

We do so declare

The Class of 1913.

MARION TERRY BAKER.

### THE PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1913

Since the world descended from Chaos, each year has added new events for History students to learn. The dove went forth from the ark, the Hyksos from Egypt; the Virgil Class had no recitation on Moving Up Day and the Class of '13 was graduated from the Normal High School. But the glory of these events was dimmed when History recorded that the faculty of the N. H. S., advanced so far in wisdom that they required a more ethereal abode than even the hills of Albany afforded, demanded that they be established on Mt. Olympus. The gods were not accustomed to have out-by-the-first-of-the-month notices served on them and owing to International Peace regulations they were unable to use their thunder bolts; Prof. Sayles couldn't make his suggestions more specific so the matter was by common consent given over to the most learned body of people in the world, the Class of 1913. They decided that both parties should try Regents examinations and that Olympus would be given to the side that passed and did not have its papers rejected.

Accordingly, Miss Loeb and Juno tried French, but Juno who had never been in a French restaurant in her life couldn't translate menus. Ceres and Miss Schaver were examined in Biol-

ogy, but the former couldn't give the scientific reasons why chickens cannot see in snowstorms. Miss Cushing triumphed over Diana who didn't know that a zero is something. Miss Johnson and Minerva had to distinguish between the deliberative and dubitative subjunctive. They say Miss Johnson knew it. Those who have passed through the same torture believe that they both rumbled and Miss Johnson won. Miss Clement, whose fertile brain had conceived and tried on us (be it said), every possible question, passed gracefully, but Venus tore her gory locks over a literary Essay on "How to Iron a Shirt Waist." After calling in vain on the Muse of the laundry and the spirits who carry fire from Cyclop's forge to the flat-iron, she died, going to Hades as fast as her shade could go. Mr. Sayles engaged in a debate with Jupiter, who collapsing after a half-hour discussion, called up Neptune, who met a similar fate. Pluto, coming up to avenge his brothers, stayed but ten minutes and then followed.

Once in possession of Olympus, each assumed the name of and the place left by his antagonist. When Jupiter had settled in a chair that had no hinges and Juno had had the place properly fumigated, they bethought themselves of the illus-

trious Class of 1913, who had assisted them to this state by requiring constant repetition of their lessons and some of whom were about to leave the world. In his wisdom, Jupiter saw the danger of allowing this class to go to the underworld by the usual route, which was crowded with college students, so solely for this class he made an entrance at Kingston Point (suggested to him by the ambrosial sandwich he was eating). As each member entered with his pass-card, a faculty meeting was held, and each victim was consigned to Elysium, receiving his due according to the way he adhered to his teachers' advice.

Mabel Pritchard came down first. She had gone to the wilds of Patagonia and lived in solitude and silence. Ceres knew that Mabel had once located Cuba in the Philippines and declared that she should take charge of the pass-cards (which task Ceres disliked) as she would never reveal their secrets.

Edward Brandow came next. Soon after his graduation from Cornell he attempted to manage an agricultural farm on a large scale. Here his love for conventionality broke bonds. His horses' manes were frizzed into a good imitation of Marion Packer's curly pate. Each manger was equipped with a menu card. Each cow received an invitation to pasture; all this work being done by the Brandow Printing Co. Jupiter grieved to find so little attention paid to his advice, condemned him to exercise his gentle temper in managing the rest of the class.

A short time later the Stygian Caves that had formerly given the shades cold chills, were equipped with electric lights by Besse Vanderpool, who had, while on earth distinguished herself and extinguished her family by her experiments in electricity. She had also invented a hair restorer, using Ruth Jeffrey's picture as an advertisement. Richard Kirk, who had always cherished the original, bought a hogshead of the aforesaid specific and used it with such zeal that a prodigious crop of whiskers appeared on his chin. In a few years he was rolling in wealth, accumulated by frequent sales of these whiskers to a mattress company. When he appeared, Venus had it in for him since he had served Mammon instead of the Muses. So his shade with his snowy fillets awry, went galloping around on the back of Pegasus, singing, as Venus commanded the eternal praises of the faculty. And sweet pensive Ruth Jeffrey was modestly plucking her laurels in the field of literature, when Marion Baker, just out of Pratt, asked her to pose for a picture. Immediately forsaking her heroine, whose gentle disposition and love of Jasper strongly resembled Ruth's own, she posed together with Marion Domery. Under Miss Baker's skillful hand our two beauties were changed into two subjects which eminent physicians said should never be omitted in furnishing an insane asylum. They served as a sort of homeopathic treatment which cured thousands. Both Ruth and Marion became famous for their unselfishness in

imperiling their reputations as beauties. Diana bestowed a wreath of daisies on their respective brows, when she realized that people who become stark mad through Geometry were again restored to reason. It must be said that Marion Baker, after she had had time to eat, became rather stout and it was a corpulent shade that presented itself with the required pass card. Minerva and Venus had always been able to give Marion as good as she gave, but Diana and Ceres took revenge when Marion Terry sauntered into the Fields, she had been destined to decorate the fences.

And so, as one lifted his eyes unto the high board fence which encircles Elysium he saw thereon cross sections of cats and polygons interspersed with profiles of her teachers. And as one lifted his eyes still higher he saw Alice Gazeley perched on the top. Four husbands had preceded Alice and when she appeared the faculty were at a loss to dispose of her. Alice was always subjected to severe headaches on sunny days. Jupiter had something to say on that subject but Diana tried to win Juno to her side by saying Alice had such beautiful eyes. Juno never committed herself on the subject of beauty, so Alice entered the Fields unharmed and has been sitting on the fence ever since, waiting for the arrival of the fifth spouse. And if one climbed the fence he might see Guy Ferguson sailing down the river Styx in his motorboat. Guy Ferguson had achieved great success in motorboat races and aeroplane flights, and now his

duty was to ferry the souls over the Styx. As a passenger he had Margaret Hoffman, who was obliged to come down by the usual route. She had gained fame by acting before the camera; starring in boarding school pranks and hair breadth escapes especially, and winning the applause of Ceres and Minerva. Once in Elysium she had cheerfully imparted the various pranks, gained by a year in college, to her friends.

At times, too, Ferguson sailed down the river Lethe with Helen Hotaling and Sarah Witbeck who had spent their lives writing trots. Minerva had given them charge of all Marion Baker's ponies. This was their pastime when off duty.

Now and then Corabel's ambitious shade flitted here and there, but Hades could not contain one who had gone to Syracuse and taken degrees, to Harvard and Yale and taken degrees, until the weary professors presented her with a thermometer. Satisfied, she had become a judge of the Supreme Court, dealing out decrees as systematically as she had taken in degrees. Now she was accustomed to journey twice a week in Ferguson's airship to Olympus where she held debates with Jupiter.

Gladys Watt had come down early. She had kept a select school for girls where pupils were taught to hand in essays a week ahead of time, and to master every detail of Latin Grammar. Venus and Minerva had a dispute over awarding her a laurel wreath or a toga. so Gladys entered the abode of the just unadorned, selected a seat

commanding a fine view, sat down and complacently fanned herself throughout the years. When asked why she came so early she answered: "Oh, it was good to have it over."

Sleep is a powerful thing and 'tis mightiest in the mightiest. Now nimbly and sweetly commend themselves to one's ears murmurs soft and harmonies as melodious as those of an automobile horn, and on a bed of heaped Elysian flowers lies Todd. His soporous influence upon the class became so augmented that he affected the weather and after he had become associated with the Weather Bureau the United States had no more droughts or floods so great was his influence on the weather clerk. When he sauntered into Hades Venus freezingly told him that managing a button factory was more suited to him and ordered him restore property to people who *were losing something*.

By Lethe's bank sat Edith Mead, clasping tightly in her hand a martyr's Palm. Edith had felt the call of the cannibals and packing her English notebooks and Blecher's Speech at Liverpool in her "Hope Chest," she set forth. Earnest had been her efforts to teach the little cannibals the five forms of writing but she was destined to die; when she stood at the kettle she continued to read Blecher's speech so feelingly that the chiefs nearly put out the fire with their tears. Although she thought it extravagant to let so much sewing for the future go to waste, Venus declared her cause noble and pronounced her death the most literary one

she had seen. Jupiter produced with pride the letter that the cannibal chief had sent him containing this prayer: "Oh send us another as tender as Edith!"

O'er hill and dale skipped the dainty ghost of Jennie Dodds with a jumping rope. She had attended the Normal Domestic Science School and had become proficient in the art of cooking. But Jennie was wont to say to her pupils:

"You may be agile in arithmetic but to be faithful housewives you *must* be agile in cooking." As soon as Venus laid hands on her she impressed upon her the meaning of agile. Hence her unusual activity.

In a shaded nook sat Ethel Fryer who had founded an orphanage for curly headed children. She had adopted Venus' method of rewarding and both Ceres' and Juno's method of scolding. These proved impracticable for after a scolding à la Ceres, the rest of the orphans begged to be scolded too, and one à la Juno swept the building from its foundation so great were the tears of repentance. Juno declared she had overworked and dismissed her with the admonition to rest up. Near her was Alice Ody. She had published a book of statistics telling precisely how many brass buttons Napoleon's soldiers wore in the battle of Waterloo; how many shoe strings Caesar's army wore out while in Gaul and how many polka dots the children of Israel had in their neckties when they fled from Pharaoh. Diana pronounced this passion for detail the result of

Geometry and patted her approvingly on the shoulder.

Thus the years sped on without excitement until Molitor appeared. Then there was excitement. Olympus had been desecrated by a mouse. Diana withdrew. Eugene had always been near when needed. He invariably took three girls home from every party he attended. He had spent his life carrying banners in suffragette parades and it was he who with Kirk's money erected a monument to Edith Mead, boiled at the kettle A. D. 1930. Now with a world-wide reputation for his politeness he spent a strenuous two weeks chasing the mouse around Olympus with a baseball bat. Diana forgave all his past transgressions and Minerva swore by all Caesar's worn out shoes that his services to Woman's Rights should let him go unmolested. When Florence arrived, late as usual, there was continual excitement. Her interest in banking had become military and since she could find no military man willing to serve Mars or Hymen she became a noted suffragette and President of the United States. On the morning after her most successful ball the Secretary of State reported war with China. "Oh dear," said Florence, "why didn't someone tell me about it. I'm going home." Brandow's peace-loving soul knew no tranquillity after Florence and Eugene met and Alice Gazeley joined in the conversation.

Behind a table richly spread in regal mode, with dishes piled and meat of noblest sort and savour, sat Ruth Lape who had conducted

a Rensselaer Cheese for tourists to that city, which was suggested to her by a description of the Cheshire Cheese. Now she lent lunches to the Misses Baker and Gale.

With powerful specs be my Pegasus fitted! For before mine eyes dazzles scarlet and cerise, cardinal and old rose; wonderful combinations that mark the little establishment of May Le Compte who had, on earth, driven Paquin out of business; and of Eleanora Saulsbury who had wrecked Carlier by the wierdly entrancing vastness of the structural beauty of her hats. Here they made the Ambrosial weeds of the faculty and Florence Gale's clothes.

Huddled up in a little unfrequented corner was Becker, chewing gum, and not far away was Grace Flemming in a similar state of dejection. They had formed a company for the propagation of anti-suffragism. Becker translated all pre-historic antediluvian and obsolete manuscripts dealing with Woman's Rights and Grace compiled them; both winning their fame when they reported that Cain killed Abel on the afternoon Eve went to a club meeting and left Adam in charge of the house. Both were properly squelched by Minerva and Venus for circulating such a thing and it took them some time to recover.

Seated together before a large shoe box were Marguerite Cole and Marion Becker. Miss Cole's early love for old shoes rushed through her bones at a pace equal to Dido's passion and in later life increased. Likewise did Miss Becker's crav-



ing for crochet patterns. In a little cottage they had spent their days solaced by several turbulent cats and their heart's desires. Juno had refused to let Marguerite bring her old shoes into Hades until they were disinfected but Diana persuaded her on the grounds that it proved one's heart could sink to his shoes. Seated in a lawn swing with Marion Domery was Earl Wilsey, wearing the white woolen bands about his forehead. He had been a distinguished novelist using Marion as his heroine. Here they sat knowing Venus smiled approvingly upon them and chewed caramels with which Wilsey was constantly supplied.

But we look over the shining plains of Elysium in vain for Edith Wallace. Ten years after her graduation from High School Miss Edith O. Wallace, B.A., P.D.B., B.S., M.A., etc., had become Latin instructor in Normal High which position was resigned by Minerva when she discovered that there was one person in the world whose ability in detecting relative clauses that were to be translated first, exceeded her own. But since Minerva could find only 94.99¾% to her credit in Latin, at her death she was inducted to Olympus. But oh the inclemency of the gods! Ceres recalled that on the eve of graduation Edith had but learned that fish were animals. For this she was destined to care for Ceres' pet frogs which she fed with the crusts Venus didn't eat. Neither do we find Eleanor Senecal who had become a doctor and had compounded a certain tonic using her own rosy cheeks as a permanent

record of her achievement. In high school Eleanor had been one of the few healthy ones who, study as they might, never looked it, Juno declared that she was the only one whom she did not fear would have a breakdown and didn't have to urge to stop studying. She therefore gave her the honorary position of cup bearer of the gods.

Alice Griffin's dulcet tones never rang out in Elysium. She had become an opera singer. May Le Compte and Eleanora Saulisbury furnished her wardrobe. In Venus' opinion Alice's voice had the Sirens skinned a mile and Ceres swore by the antennae of a lobster that her ringing tones should summon the fish whenever she wish to photograph them from a thirty-foot ladder, in atonement for the way Alice bluffed in History Class. So Alice did.

Behold! the beloved of the tribe, Marion Packer. Marion had betaken herself unto an arcadian idyllic, pastoral retreat filled with joyful songs and music where people feasted on picnic lunches and which was surrounded by a wall which protected Marion from—"noosances" weeds and other wild animals). Here to receive Marion's loving sympathy and comfort, came tired school teachers, chaperons who wished to learn new dances, and all bereaved creatures, excepting widowers. They went forth smiling. Thus in perpetual joy she lived until,  
" 'Ere sin could slight or sorrow  
fade,

Death came with timely care."

In accordance with her express



wish she was cremated and it required much of Ceres ingenuity together with enormous quantities of litmus paper acids and  $H_2O$  to restore her to her original condition. Ceres also realized that to send Marion to the Elysian Fields would mean great loss to the florists as Marion would dance on all the flowers down there. But in Hades the class waited in breathless suspense for their beloved. Finally the mighty Jupiter decided that her time should be equally divided between Olympus and Hades.

Their work is done. Venus' countenance assumed the same saintly expression she used to wear after the issuing of report cards. But Jupiter rested up, Juno took a tonic, Diana sought a health resort, Ceres tried a new and very restful way of chasing butterflies, Minerva sought Hades to fortify herself for the next faculty meeting with Marion Terry's jokes, Lippincotts being no longer available. Florence Gale was collecting money for a reception. All this preparation preparatory to the ushering in of the class of 1914.

LORETTA A. REILLY.

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### THE ECONOMIC IMPORTANCE OF FOREST PRESERVATION

The importance of forests from an economic point of view is being emphasized as never before. The continually increasing price of lumber, the growing frequency of floods, and the drying up of important streams in the summer time, have directed special attention to the need of forest conservation. Our forefathers considered the primeval forest which they were compelled to clear away before being able to cultivate the land, a thing of little or no value. In many cases magnificent timberlands were ruthlessly destroyed. It was no doubt necessary in early times to clear land for cultivation and wood and lumber were so cheap that the farmers living remote from the villages and cities could not afford to take them to market. It would be unjust therefore to criticize our ancestors harshly for laying waste the forest

materials we now so highly prize. It is much to be regretted however that greater foresight was not exercised in the clearing of forest lands been treated in the modern way was not conducted on a more economical scale. In some sections of this and other states, lands totally unfit for agricultural purposes were ruthlessly denuded and are now barren wastes. Had these lands been treated in the modern way of foresting a steady income could have been derived therefrom and the forests which covered them could have been maintained in their original beauty and grandeur.

Instead of viewing the forest as more or less of an economic hindrance, as did the early pioneers, we now recognize the forest as absolutely essential to our continued prosperity. Among the many useful purposes that are

served by trees and forests the following may be mentioned as having special significance in our own country:

1. *Forests render conspicuous service in soil formation.*—Many of our most fertile lands have resulted from the decomposition of the litter on the forest floor deposited through hundreds or perhaps thousands of years. Along our southern rivers there are miles of swamps which consist largely of humus. If one should dig down several feet through the vegetable accumulation of the Dismal Swamp he would find sand containing shells. We immediately draw the conclusion that this was once an arm of the sea. A swamp is generally so saturated with water that it is unfit for cultivation but when cleared and drained it makes excellent farm land. The willow has great ability to grow in water and mud and is an efficient agent in the formation of soil. Its stems extend above the surface of the water, collect sediment and flitage and help to hold the soil in place against the action of waves and currents. In the north the cedars are constantly aiding in the formation of soil. Besides mechanically forcing their way through the crevices of rocks, the roots of these trees secrete acid and this, combined with the acids produced by the decomposition of organic matters causes the disintegration of rocks. In limestone regions the roots of trees work their way through rock, and thus aid in the formation of soil.

2. *Forests add to the beauty of nature.*—The presence of well kept

groves of forests in the vicinity of great summer resorts indicates the appreciation of the forest by the city dweller. The forest attracts visitors and is the best advertising agent a resort could have. The proper mingling of forest and field makes an ideal country. The forests generally cover the hill-sides, and the farm lands, the valleys. The contrast between the sombre greens of the coniferous forest and the brighter hues of the meadows and fields of wheat, rye, and oats, lends a peculiar charm to the landscape. Moreover a scene such as this appeals to the spectator as a natural harmony. When one compares the denuded hills of China and of Palestine where not a trace of vegetation is found with the beautiful forest-covered hills of New England, the value of the forest as a beautifier of nature becomes still more apparent. We could scarcely imagine the dreariness of life without trees or forest.

3. *Forests may act effectively as wind breaks.*—In regions exposed to high winds, forests are used for protection to houses, orchards, and field crops. In some sections orchards planted in the open country will not thrive, but when located in the proximity of a protecting forest will grow and produce excellent crops. A high wind not only breaks the stems and branches of growing plants, but also causes rapid evaporation to take place. The wise farmer knowing these facts will leave a strip of forest land on the exposed side of his farm and thus maintain a buffer against the destructive winds. In some of our western

states where the prairie fires and other agencies have long since destroyed primeval forests, new woodlands have been planted to afford shelter from the severe winds. Many villages and some cities in Germany maintain woodlands about the town to modify the climate and to prevent the disagreeable winds which might otherwise fill the air of the city with dust.

4. *Forests serve as health resorts and game covers.*—Their value in this respect has been greatly enhanced in recent years. In the old country forest parks and preserves were established by kings and emperors for the purpose of giving a few days' pleasure to the members of the Royal family and their guests. Although in our country rich men have established forest and game preserves our largest forest reservations are owned by the state and nation and are held for the benefit of the whole people. In New York State anyone seeking health or recreation may camp in the Adirondack Forest Preserve and hunt and fish in season to his heart's delight. Were it not for the forest preserves and the protection given by the state, the game birds and other animals would soon be exterminated. And were it not for the maintenance of forests about the beautiful mountain lakes, the health resorts, which now attract annually many thousand people from our great cities, would lose much of their beauty and charm. As a contribution to health the forest acts in two ways: it purifies the air by increasing the amount of

oxygen contained therein and it humidifies and cools the air by the evaporation constantly taking place from the surface of the leaves. Consumptives and those afflicted with nervous diseases naturally find relief in the mountain forest regions.

5. *The forests regulate the flow of streams.*—This is one of the most important functions that forests perform and if they served no other purpose we should feel obliged to maintain them to protect our cities from disastrous floods and to prevent our navigable rivers from becoming dry in times of drought. The forest breaks the force of the falling rain and the bed of humus or forest floor absorbs the moisture and makes a natural reservoir. Thus by checking the rapid run-off of the rain water the forest prevents floods in springtime and by giving out the water by means of steady flowing springs keeps the brooks filled in the dry summer days. The forests also hold back the snows of winter. On account of the shade afforded by the trees, thawing takes place much less rapidly in the forest than in the open field. It follows therefore that the water coming from the snows of the forest enters the brooks after they have carried off the melted snow from the open fields. The effect of this action is similar to that performed by the forest in the case of heavy rains. The service rendered by the forest in these particulars will be better understood by observing what happens in places where the forests have all been cleared away. The destruc-

tive floods in China in regions where floods are lacking are well known. Here when heavy rains occur great erosion takes place on the hillsides and the unchecked waters dash through the valleys destroying everything in their path. Naturally such sections become unfit for human habitation. The soil is washed from the hillsides and the frequent floods destroy crops in the valleys. The unfortunate people who are driven from their homes are thus paying the penalty for the imprudence of their ancestors.

6. *The forests supply many commodities necessary to the welfare and comfort of man.*—Foremost among these is lumber which until recently was the principal material used in constructing the homes of people in the United States. A century ago the people living in New York State seemed to believe that the supply of lumber furnished by nature was inexhaustible, that no care need be taken of forest lands and that no prudence need be exercised in cutting timber. Now the forests of the state are greatly depleted and are able to supply only a small portion of the lumber required for building purposes within the state. The forests of the New England States and Pennsylvania have suffered in a similar manner and the people are asking what can be done in order to remedy the present deplorable conditions. Fortunately the new science of forestry has come into being and people are being taught how to harvest the timber products of the forest without unnecessary waste and without

injuring the forest itself. When trees grow to a certain size they should be cut and the lumber used for its proper purpose. In the ordinary forest a certain number of mature trees may be removed each year and without injuring the forest as a whole. In countries like Germany where the people depend on planting forests, it is customary to clear a strip of matured woodland and to plant the same or another strip each year. The planted forest differs from the ordinary forest in that the trees of the planted forest are of uniform age and variety. In order to supply the lumber needed in future years, new forests must now be planted and the progressive states are already at work covering the waste areas with young trees.

The commodity second in value furnished by the forest is the wood pulp used in the manufacture of paper. So much paper is now being manufactured that the demand for wood for this purpose can scarcely be supplied. Fortunately pulp may be made from wood unsuited for lumber but the manufacturers of paper have, in the main, considered only their own interests and have purchased wood regardless of its availability for lumber or of the effect the taking of the wood would have on the forests that supplied it. It is to be hoped that a substitute for wood in the manufacture of paper may be found if not more care and economy will have to be exercised in securing the wood needed and additional forests for this purpose will have to be planted.

A few years ago wood was the principal fuel used in the villages and rural districts of the Northern States, but as wood has become scarce, coal has come in use in its stead. At the present time very few people living in villages and cities depend on wood for fuel while many of the people living in rural districts are now burning coal. So long as the coal mines continue to furnish us fuel at reasonable prices we shall have no occasion to return to the use of wood for warming our houses. However, the people who live in the vicinity of forests will find it economical to use the waste products of the woodland for fuel purposes.

Other commodities furnished by the forest are resin, turpentine, tar, wood alcohol, wood acetate, tannic bark and maple sugar. The tanning industry was at one time highly developed in New York State and many splendid hemlock trees were destroyed in order to procure the bark for tanning purposes. As the supply of bark has given out the industry has almost disappeared from the state.

In the Northeastern United States the maple tree forms a very conspicuous proportion of the farmers' wood-lot. He uses the thinnings and trimmings for fuel and in summer the cattle enjoy the shade and feed upon grasses and bushes which are abundant upon forest floor. Generally a sugar bush is an open forest and cattle may often do good service in checking the growth of weeds and brush.

The maple sugar and sirup in-

dustry is of special interest because it is the only forest industry in this country which is scientifically indebted to the Indian for the first ally developed. It is also a much more extensive industry than people ordinarily suppose. It is truly an American industry; in fact, we are knowledge of it. We practice today the same method, although it is much improved, of tapping the tree collecting the sap and boiling it in receptacles as did the Indian three hundred years ago.

In the foregoing paragraphs we have set forth briefly the value of forests to man. It is evident that our own welfare and the welfare of succeeding generations demands that we exercise the greatest care in preserving the forests we now have and that additional lands be planted with trees as rapidly as possible. In order to protect existing forests we must prevent destructive lumbering and we must guard our forests from the greatest enemy of wooded regions—the forest fire. While it is difficult under our present laws to regulate the cutting of wood and lumber on private property, some action should be taken to preserve these privately owned forests as well as those owned by the state and nation. How this may best be done is a problem yet unsolved. On the forest preserves, however, skilful foresters should have charge of the cutting of the mature timber and the revenue derived by the state from the sale of the timber should be used in planting additional trees.

The greatest care should be exercised to prevent forest fires.



The systems of fire prevention now used in New York State is one of the best thus far devised. Lookout stations are maintained throughout the forest preserve and when a fire in any part of the preserve is discovered the man "on the watch" telephones the fire warden nearest to the point where the fire occurs and the latter secures help, proceeds to the place of the fire and extinguishes it as soon as possible. Locomotives passing through the forests are requested to burn oil instead of coal and posters are placed at conspicuous points throughout the Adirondack region cautioning travelers and hunters against the careless setting of fire. In spite of all these precautions some very disastrous

forest fires have occurred in the Adirondacks in recent years.

It is indeed fortunate that science has at last come to our aid and taught us how to make partial amends for the ruthless forest destruction of the generations that preceded us. With the knowledge of what forests mean in the progress of civilization, with a knowledge of the wealth to be derived from forest culture, with a knowledge of how to obtain the desired results in the planting and care of forests, we should be unmindful of our duty to ourselves and our successors if we did not put forth our most strenuous efforts for the maintenance and upbuilding of our forest lands.

KATHARINE POLLOCK.

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He whose goodness is part of himself, is what is called a real man.—*Mencius*.

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Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad;  
Rest a little, jest a little, if a heart is sad;  
Spend a little, send a little to another's door—  
Give a little, live a little, love a little more.

—*Douglas Mallock*.

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It is said that when a man is measured for a high position, it is always by dry measure.

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The future is purchased by the present.—*Johnson*.

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One thorn of experience is worth a wilderness of warning.—*Lowell*.

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The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—*Carlyle*.

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The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle*.

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Then take this honey for the bitterest cup,  
There is no failure save in giving up.

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God often visits us, but most of the time we are not at home.—*Joseph Roux*.

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In things pertaining to enthusiasm, no man is sane who does not know how to be insane on proper occasions.—*Beecher*.



# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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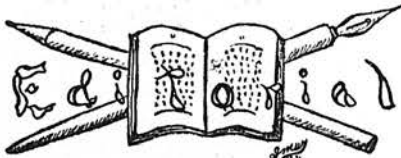
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We realize that the efforts of the board of editors alone have not made our paper what it is. The interest and support of all the loyal students have contributed in no small degree to its success. To our subscribers, to those who have contributed to the literary and other departments and to those who have secured advertisements for the paper, especially Mr. Molitor and Miss Packer, we wish to express our heartfelt thanks for their valued service. The editor-in-chief wishes to express her appreciation to her assistant and members of the editorial staff representing the Literary, Alumni, School and Exchange departments, all of whom have striven to cooperate and have thereby lessened

greatly the amount of work connected with the preparation of each issue.

Then there are others outside of the student body who have displayed no small interest in the success of our paper. The members of the faculty have all shown a marked sympathy with our affairs and have given an unfailing support. Especially do we wish to acknowledge our appreciation of the interest which our principal, Professor Sayles took in our musical given May 25 for the benefit of the paper. We are very grateful for his aid in assisting us in the general arrangements and in the sale of tickets. Also we wish to express our gratitude to our English critic, Miss Louise Clement, for the aid and advice she has given us. When the various editors are working to find material for their departments it is common to hear the remark:

"Well, Miss Clement will tell you where to find something." Certainly it is splendid to have such fine support given by the students and such a kindly interest taken by our teachers. One and all we thank most heartily.

Nor has the interest shown been entirely by those connected with our school. The Brandow Printing Company has been helpful and considerate in connection with the publication, and the printing which

was necessary for our entertainment was furnished by this company without any charge.

We sincerely wish for the editors who are to take our places a still greater success. We know that they will enjoy the work as much as we have. And we feel confident that if they have the same loyal support that has been given in the past their efforts will be successful.

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### ALUMNI NOTES

And now another year has elapsed and another class joins the many who have hitherto formed the Alumni. With a mingled feeling of regret and pleasure we watch the approach of graduation. It is the turning of the last page in an epoch of our lives and with its closing, friends will be separated and fond memories will be all that will remain. And yet, we are but coming to a bigger, broader field where new friends, new hopes and greater ambitions are to be found and as many who have gone before, may we too bring honor to dear old N. H. S. as Alumnis.

Great preparations are being made for the Commencement Dance to be held the evening of June 23, in the gymnasium. The dance this year is given by the Alumni Association to the Class of 1913 and its friends and it is looked forward to with great expectation.

Laws are not masters but servants and he rules them who obeys them.—*Beccher*.

In the recent elections of the Eta Phi Sorority of the State Normal College, Geraldine Murray, Class 1911, N. H. S., was elected Vice-president.

Mary Jennings and Roy Herbert both former graduates of the N. H. S. were married on June 4th. They will reside in Brooklyn.

It is with great pleasure that we note, that the new editor-in-chief of *The Echo*, the Normal College paper is a former graduate of the N. H. S., 1910, Edna Moat.

Among those graduating this year from the State Normal College are Ethel Secor and Mabel Wood, B.A., Gertrude Valentine, Pd.B.

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As an evidence of the spirit of interest revived in the Alumni we have them at last writing for THE CRIMSON AND WHITE.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.—*Emerson*.

## THE SOPHOMORE TREE CEREMONIES AT VASSAR

It is during the sophomore year that groups of individuals at Vassar begin to take on the form and semblance of a class and become entitled to recognition as such. The first acts which bring them to the notice of the upper classmen, magnify them in the eyes of the Freshmen, and enhance their own importance are the Tree Ceremonies. These take place in the spring, and consist in selecting a tree on the campus as the special care of the class, around which all class spirit centres from that time on.

The keynote of the whole is Mystery. Time was when the exercises were strictly secret, and revealed only to members of the class. Now though an effort is made to keep the nature of the ceremonies from being known by the uninitiated until the appointed time, there is always a most obvious air of mystery abroad the last of April,—the sophomores have a too consciously innocent appearance, and despite their protestations, if the truth be told, they would be heartbroken if the whole college did not turn out to witness their ceremonies.

In the spring of 1910, the individuals composing our class were seized with the Tree-Ceremony fever. Rehearsals went on merrily for three weeks: each afternoon saw some 275 sophomores furtively (?) escaping off campus to the time-honored orchard on the hill,—the chief charms of which were that it lay in full view of the college and was reached by crossing

a brook on a wobbly plank five inches wide. Not one day passed that at least three people did not fall in, but that was considered a necessary factor, and did not dampen our ardor in the least.

At dusk one Saturday evening we assembled in the gymnasium, ready for the actual performance. Here we had our final directions, rubbed our faces and arms with alcohol, and then were told the location of the tree which up to this time had been kept secret—a young maple in front of the main building. Then we slunk stealthily to our appointed posts.

The nature of the ceremonies was Greek and typified the dedication of the tree to the divinities of Wisdom and Goodness. Half the class were dressed as Greek maidens, others as men,—while a few represented flowers. Beneath the tree was an altar with a fire tended by two priests. The Greeks asked aid in their search for wisdom; an oracle from the tree told them to consult Flora (the class president). She appeared with her attendants, addressed the Greeks, and as a pledge of her fidelity enclosed the class spirit in the tree by binding it with the class seal—the torch.

The ceremonies were impressive,—the singing to the violins and guitars, the white costumes against the dark trees, the fire and the calcium lamp the only lights. We could distinguish no audience, and so entered more heartily into the spirit of it. After the Greeks dis-

banded, we got together again, and did our first official act as a body, singing on campus, our first marching song. Loudly and lustily we sang, until the discordant bells re-

minded us of 10 P. M. and "quiet hours." Silently we scurried to our halls; we were at last a class!

GERTRUDE CRISSEY VALENTINE,  
1908.

### MOVING-UP DAY AT THE STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

The "moving-up" ceremony which took place Friday, May second, was an event that will long be remembered by both faculty and students for, on that day, the long hoped for college spirit was born.

Although we did not move-up until chapel period at 10.30, enthusiasm and excitement prevailed from nine o'clock. All the girls were gowned in white, and all lower classmen wore armbands of their class colors. They seemed very proud of these decorations, but I heard some of them wondering why there was a question mark on the underside of their bands.

When the bell rang for chapel the lower classmen assembled there and awaited the arrival of the Seniors. They soon appeared looking dignified and grand in their caps and gowns. They marched in slowly, singing as they came, a song written for the occasion by one of their own number.

When they had reached their places the regular program began. This included a college song, an

inspiring address by the President of the Senior class who gave us as a motto "Seek new courage," the real moving-up and class yells. Dr. Milne had been asked to deliver the address of the day, but he gave us something that the students appreciated more than an address, a delightfully informal and helpful talk. The exercises were concluded by the singing of a song written by Dr. Blue. During the singing the Seniors filed out while the faculty and students looked smilingly on.

The students spent the next half hour on the lawn and walks in front of the college. Here they indulged in "snake dances," class "yells" and cheers for the faculty to their heart's content. The faculty, as always, entered into the spirit of the day and seemed to enjoy our childish performances as much as we did.

May all future moving-up days be as successful!

ETHEL E. SECOR, '09.

### SCHOOL NOTES

Once more the closing of the school year draws near. How quickly this year has flown by! And with its passing, we lose from our midst so many dear friends. The Seniors, who have faithfully

toiled, for four long years, along the path of knowledge here among us, are about to depart from under the protection of the school, which has guided them during this period of their lives. They have at last

come to the "dividing of the ways," and are about to separate, some to continue their studies, others to enter the business world, and still others to follow their own sweet wills for a year or so. We shall all greatly miss them, and, to prepare for the loss, THE CRIMSON AND WHITE Board has already elected new members to take their places on the Board. Marion White has been appointed assistant editor; Dorothy Russell, assistant literary editor; Margaret Lovett, alumni editor; Sarah Davison, exchange editor; Margaret Shirtz, joke editor; Mr. Zephus, assistant business manager, and Edward McDowell, assistant advertising agent. John Butler has been elected to the position of athletic editor, although he has held the office of advertising agent during this past year. We compliment these new members on their appointments, and welcome them to the Board. May they fulfill their obligations to the school, as well as their predecessors have done!

Those present declare that THE CRIMSON AND WHITE musical of April 25th, was a great success. A large number attended, and the program was surely most interesting. By the proceeds of this recital, the board of editors has been enabled to pay the current expenses of the magazine for this year, and to leave a small sum in the bank, as a starter for next year.

Thursday, May 15th, was "Girls' Day" at Normal. An interesting program was furnished for the enjoyment of "insiders"

and outsiders, under the supervision of the two girls' societies—Zeta Sigma and Quintilian Literary. A procession of the members of the societies, was formed outside the auditorium, and headed by two Freshman, each carrying a wand bound with the colors of her society, who immediately preceded the two presidents. The processional was played by Dorothy Himes and Elmetta Van Deloo, members of "Quin." Dorothy Himes favored us with a piano solo, and Florence Gale, a Sigma girl, rendered one of her delightful recitations. The main feature of the day was a debate between the two societies on this subject: "Resolved, That the federal government is justified in entering upon a general policy of establishing forest preserves." The affirmative was supported by three "Quin" girls, Dorothy Himes, Clara Holder and Eleanor Dunn, and the negative by three Sigma girls, Helen Page, Frances Vosburgh and Eloise Lansing. The judges were the Misses Johnson, Clement and Valentine, who awarded the victory to the negative. Dorothy Russell, of Sigma, rendered a piano solo, and the recessional was played by Marion White and Marion McDowell, also Sigma girls. But, best of all, after the entertainment, there was dancing in the "gym"!

Adelphoi fraternity had charge of the Memorial Day exercises, held in the auditorium on Thursday, May 29th. Mr. Edward Dody, one of the few veterans still living, favored us with a very



pleasing and interesting address on some of his experiences as a soldier. Dorothy Singer gave a beautiful piano solo. Edward McDowell rendered Lincoln's Gettysburgh Speech with truly patriotic fervor, and so the exercises were really very enjoyable.

The annual prize-speaking contest, for the award of the Robert C. Pruyn medals, took place on Thursday evening, June 5th. The recitations and declamations were particularly good this year, and very well delivered. Beside the speaking, Marion Rosa and Marion Packer rendered vocal solos, which greatly added to the enjoyment of the evening, and the Girls' Glee Club opened and closed the program. The girls' medal was awarded to Besse Vanderpoole, '13 and the boys' to Nelson Covey, '14. We all sincerely congratulate them on their success.

Edith Wallace, '13, has won the honor of valedictorian and Marion Domery that of salutatorian. Next in standing are Corabel Bissell, third; Gladys Watt, fourth, and Loretta Reilly, fifth. The girls have run off with all the class honors this year, and seem to have left the boys far behind. Congratulations, girls!

Albert Luff, of the class of '14, has been obliged to leave school for the rest of this year, on account of his health. We hope he may be able to return next September.

A very exciting debate recently took place in the Senior English class, on the all-involving topic of the day: Resolved, That women (in New York State) should be al-

lowed suffrage. Those in favor of "Votes for Women" were Alice Griffin, Marguerite Cole and Marion Domery. The negative was gallantly supported by Alice Ody, Marion Baker and Marion Packer. Both sides brought forth excellent arguments, but, as only one side could win, the debate was, after weighty consideration, decided in favor of the negative.

There soon followed another debate, in the same class, on the subject: Resolved, That the commission form of government should be adopted by the cities of the United States. Those on the affirmative were Edward Brandow, Guy Ferguson, and Gail Todd. Opposed to them, Corabel Bissell, Eugene Molitor, and DeForest Becker stood on the defense. The victory was a second time awarded to the negative.

Normal was again well represented in the Sons of the Revolution Contest. Edith Wallace received second prize, Marion Packer, third prize, and Grace Fleming, second honorable mention. Thus Normal carried off three honors out of five, and it isn't the first time, either! It takes Normal to do it!

On June 8th, the school went on a picnic to Kingston Point, and, truly, there never was a picnic more glorious or more perfect. Unfortunately, Mr. Sayles had other fish to fry (?) and could not accompany us, but under Miss Johnson's watchful eye we were, indeed, very well cared for. The boat left the dock at 8:30 a. m. and, though the sky was a little clouded, our hearts and minds were



anything but dismal, all thoughts of lessons, Virgil prose for example, being carried off by the breeze that nearly took our hats away. In the course of the morning, games were played on board and everyone had a jolly time; but far more important came the lunch, when we landed at Kingston Point. Certainly no lunch ever made a more hailed appearance and a more hasty exit than did that one. After the lunch, there was the merry-go-round, which none felt too old to enjoy but, unfortunately, a few felt that dinner had been eaten too recently. Then came a most exciting thunder and lightning storm, which added little to the pleasure of the day or to the stiffness of the girls' dresses. At 2:10, the new boat, "Washington Irving," steamed up to the dock and we had the distinction of being on board on her maiden trip. Before we had finished exploring her decks, all traces of the storm had been driven away, and the Catskill Mountains were as clear as they ever were. The afternoon seemed to be on wings, and all too soon, the beautiful trip ended, and, amid yells for dear old Normal, we landed on the dock with our minds filled with the remembrance of a delightful experience.

After weeks of discussion, such as only the Senior class knows how to conduct, it was decided to have a class picnic to Otis Summit and invite the juniors. However, the thirty-first of May, coming as it did between two holidays, did not seem to be a very opportune time, for it was discovered upon extending an invitation to our faculty

and the school that many had been planning on this day since Easter! So it was rather a delegation from both classes that Miss Clement and Miss Shaver, both equipped with all the things a chaperon should have, met at the boat landing. Inas-much as a member of our honored company sang missionary hymns on the way, the Albany contrived to contain our exuberant spirits as far as Catskill whence we advanced by train with the usual rapidity to Otis Summit. Here, when our souls had absorbed the spiritual repast the beautiful scene offered, the festal cloth was spread. What muse that neither soars too high nor sinks too low shall aid us to present the delicacies of the feast so refreshing alike to the eye and palate? Snowy sandwiches falling from Marion Packer's lunch box precede by a moment Jennie Dodds delicious cake; May Lecompte's peerless fudge and the deviled eggs, pickles, olives, cherries, and strawberries intermingled. This was the lunch—a repast the gods never knew—of which our innocent and refined predilection partook. As a fitting climax, we drank to the health of the founts of our English and History lessons with Edith Wallace's matchless grape juice.

Uneventful was the journey down the mountain. Our eyes feasted on the glorious scene and the pinksters our friends had nearly broken their necks to get. Notwithstanding the eminent satisfaction, the demands of each inner woman (there were no boys) had received, the Seniors and their honored chaperons were unusually

active on the hurricane deck of the Hendrick Hudson as it floated toward Albany.

Surely there has never been a school year more pleasant or delightful than this. And, as we leave the Alma Mater, some of us

to return no more, let us give three cheers for dear old Normal! Now three for Prof. Sayles! Now for the Faculty! And last, but not least, three "rousers" for the Seniors, who will be here with us no more!

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### GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has now completed the second year of its existence and although it cannot be termed flourishing it has not been a failure. There is scarcely a member in the club that is not active either in Quintilian or Sigma, yet we managed to meet fairly regularly. It must also be said to our credit that we had the delicacy and consideration to wait until the building was vacated before we even begun to warble. This last term, we have been practicing for the Prize Speaking Contest and on June 5, the Glee Club under Prof. Belding's direction opened the exercises by singing a double number and also helped relieve the suspense while the judges were making their decision, by rendering another selection.

The officers for next year have

been elected and as the hand that now holds this pen will soon clasp a diploma (??), it may tender them a few words of advice concerning the "permanency of your happy state." When the Glee Club reorganizes next year, have a definite set of rules and see that they are observed. If the Regents chasten the now mirthful Freshmen and the skipping spirits of the present Sophomores are allayed with a few drops of moderation, there is no reason why they may not take part in the chapel exercises of the school as they do in other schools, and make this Prize Speaking Contest a climax to their triumphs rather than a Swan Song. And now showering the tenderest of blessings on the defenseless head of the treasurer, we close.



### Zeta Sigma.

As another year in Sigma's history draws near its close we feel that we may honestly say that Sigma has, this year, not only kept up its usually fine record, but what all Sigma girls deem necessary for

true success, has improved upon it. Sigma's membership is now larger than it has ever been. Never have the meetings of any society been more lively, more interesting, more helpful than

those of the past few months. On May 20, the last number for this year of Sigma's paper, Alpha Iota Phi was read, and truly "Last the Best" for no editor could have prepared a paper in a more amusing and original style than did Marion McDowell this particular one. We were able in a measure to show others of what our programs consist by the parts which Sigma girls played on Quin-Sigma Day. We felt quite a pardonable pride over our victory in the debate.

Our chief aim has been work but realizing that all work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy, on May ninth the members of Zeta Sigma gave a reception to the Seniors of the High School at Graduates Hall. The hall was decorated with bunting, pennants, and to be seen among those enjoying the dancing was nearly every one of the Sigma girls. Professor Sayles was present to act as a chaperon. Every person present felt with the Sigma girls that it was a great success.

The Zeta Sigma Alumnae Association has already held several meetings and it is reported that the alumnae are as much interested in the meeting of the active members as in their own—and that is not slight. The meetings are carried on in the same plan that is followed in the regular Sigma meetings and the girls declare it is "just like old

times." Certainly such a spirit among our alumnae is admirable!

On June tenth the election of those members under whose supervision Sigma meetings are to be carried on next year and we leave it to anyone who knows these girls to decide whether future prosperity is not ensured: President, Marion M. McDowell; Vice-president, Marion White; Secretary, Eloise Lansing; Treasurer, Bernice Covey; Corr. Secretary, Eurette Avery; Critic, Ruth Kimmey; Editor, Harriet Gardiner; Marshall, Gertrude Lathrop; Mistress of Ceremonies, Anna Switzer; Pianist, Dorothy Russell.

When the Seniors are graduated on June 23, Sigma loses many splendid, wide-awake members. These members feel regret that their relations with Sigma must be broken off now but they know that keeping before them the true standard of progress which has ever been Sigmas motto the future members of Sigma cannot fail to keep the name of Zeta Sigma as honorable as it is now. As we pause on the threshold between the Zeta Sigma Society of N. H. S. and the Zeta Sigma Alumnae Association, we look back and extend to our successors the wish that they will have not merely the same success which has always been found in Sigmas history but a greater, a progressing success.

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"Well, mother, I captured the booby," said Florence as she returned home with Oswald.

"My dears come here and let me kiss you both," said Mrs. Gale rather absently.



### Quintilian Literary Society.

Reviewing the work of the past year, we Quin girls feel that we have enjoyed it greatly, but we hope for still more gratifying results next year. Then, too, we have just elected a new staff of officers under whom there is every assurance that the meetings will prove both interesting and advantageous to all. These are as follows: President, Marguerite Clark; Vice-president, Margaret Shirtz; Secretary, Margaret Lovett; Treasurer Hazel Schilling; Senior Editor, Elmetta Van Deloo; Junior Editor, Phyllis Clark; Critic, Mildred Birdseye; Marshall, Catherine Tedford; Mistress of Ceremonies, Marion Poole.

The Panalathean paper, cleverly prepared by our editors, Clara Holder and Hazel Schilling, has always created much amusement. The last one in particular was very entertaining. At the final meeting of this term a debate was held in which Freshmen and Sophomores participated. The subject, which has been one of national interest for some time, was, Resolved, That the Japanese should be allowed to hold land in the United States. The affirmative was maintained by Mildred Birdseye and Marion Poole, the negative by Hazel Schilling and Marjorie Dunn. The judges were Margaret Lovett and Eleanor Dunn. The arguments were followed with enthusiasm by the other members of the society, and, although the judges awarded the victory to the

affirmative there were still some who were unconvinced.

We are all glad that the custom of conducting a joint program with Zeta Sigma has been instituted, and hope that it will be continued in the years to come.

We feel much honored to find that one of our number, Eleanor Dunn, is now the editor-in-chief of our school paper, the CRIMSON AND WHITE. Two other Quin girls have also been elected to the staff: Margaret Lovett as alumni editor, and Margaret Shirtz as joke editor. We are confident that they will do as conscientious work in this connection as they already have done in their relations with Q. L. S.

One of our alumnae, Harriet Tedford, of the class of '16 in the State Normal College, has so distinguished herself in basketball that in future she will be the proud wearer of her class numerals upon her sleeve. Good work, Harriet!

Last year's excursion to Indian Ladder proved so tremendously successful that we are planning for another affair of the same sort. If such a thing be possible, we anticipate an even better time.

We are happy to say that there will be no sad partings among us this June, as we have no Seniors on our roll. So we look forward with pleasure to a reunion after the vacation days are over, when we shall return with fresh zeal for the work before us.



### Adelphoi

In looking over the past year for Adelphoi it presents itself as one of great success both in student and fraternal activities. The members have worked hard on their literary work both in debating and in declaiming as appeared in winning the Prize Speaking Contest.

It has taken in a number of new members and at present its membership is larger than ever before.

But Adelphoi has not alone excelled in literary work, but also in student government. The president of the graduating class of this year and also the Class of 1914 are Adelphoi men, and four representatives of Adelphoi serve upon Athletic Council. There are also three from Adelphoi on the Board of Managers of the CRIMSON AND WHITE.

Several social events have occurred during the year. The revival

of reunion banquets has proved a success, the last one being held at Keelers on Saturday evening, May 17, at which many alumni were present. The annual excursion to Otis Summit took place June 14th and was a great success.

On Thursday, May 29th, memorial exercises were held in the auditorium under the auspices of Adelphoi. The address was given by the Hon. Edward A. Doty. Mr. Doty served in the 19th Artillery, N. Y., during the Civil War, and very vividly depicted his experiences during his years of service. The Adelphoi wishes to thank all those who assisted them in carrying out the program.

The prospects for next year seem fairer than ever and the members hope that the 62nd year will be as successful as the one just past.



### Theta Nu

At this time, when the work of the school year has been completed one likes to go back and think of the many happenings during the year. So we, as members of Theta Nu take pleasure in reviewing the happenings of our society during the past school year.

Our meetings, on the whole,

were very successful, the number of members has been increased and the fellows have taken up the work of the society with interest. The program of the meetings through the year was varied in order to make each meeting interesting and leave no chance for dullness.

Nearly all the members have



taken active parts at different meetings. There were many debates which, from the spirited arguments, showed very excellent preparation on the part of the contestants in almost every instance. We have a large number of readings throughout the year. Some of them were from noted authors while others dealt with current events both of which proved to be very instructive as well as interesting. Some very fine declamations were given at different times by a few of our members who are interested in oratorical work.

Although our debates, readings and declamations created great interest, the members enjoyed mostly the many mock trials which were held.

Besides our literary work Theta Nu has had some very pleasant social events. Some of the fellows have entertained the members at their homes. A straw ride, which was held in the fall was greatly enjoyed by all who attended. The alumni of Theta Nu gave a splendid dance at the Albany Yacht club on Friday evening, January 31, 1913. If anyone doubts as to the time we had just talk to one of our members who attended and he will settle the question for you.

The Theta Nu members have been planning for their annual stag ride which will come shortly after graduation. This event, which is always looked forward to with pleasure will end the activities of Theta Nu until we start anew next year.



As commencement draws near and we realize that for the last time while in mortal clay we shall pen the exchanges for our well-loved CRIMSON AND WHITE, the situation becomes serious. Would that some muse might aid us in tendering our thanks for the faculty's seraphic tolerance of our mis-

takes and the editor's inimitable patience or in dilating on the satisfaction derived from criticizing, from a safe distance, a few hundred exchanges. This year has established a precedent in academic organs. Every journal has undergone some improvement. The poor ones have reached a fair degree of



excellence and there has been a great improvement in the magazines we thought had reached the zenith of all around excellence. Stories that would have done credit to many popular magazines have graced their pages; the copious school notes show that the various editors have been wide awake to every occurrence. The exchanges, too, evince a genuine interest in making this feature worth while, and what is most wonderful there has not been a *single* editorial this year that has begged help from the student body and only one or two informed us this spring that the birds, after a winter in singing school were about to enter upon a professional career and the babbling brooks were flowing in the sunlight. Space will not permit us to give detailed criticisms on our exchanges so we must confine our remarks to a few general statements.

The following school journals have reached the highest standard of excellence in their literature: *The Oracle* (Duval High), stands pre-eminently the best, *The Acropolis*, *Canton H. S. Monthly*, *Criterion*, *Huisache*, *St. Benedict's Quarterly* rank high. To this list also must be added the *Vexillum* with the "Man at the Corner's" profoundly philosophical views on gay life, that are so entertaining. If we exclude the story "Good Queen Bess" which is sadly at variance with all historical facts, we shall also add the *Triangle*; the *Literary Novice* with its pretty poems, the *Echoes of Holy Angels* containing so many really beautiful

criticisms, poems and stories and the *Academe* by virtue of that charmingly dainty poem Pastorella (April number) cannot be omitted either.

*The Cardinal*, *Chronicle*, *Echoes*, *Academe*, *Kuay*, *Irvionian*, *Lake Breeze Magpie*, *Oracle*, *Oriole*, *St. Benedict's Quarterly*, *Russ Shucis*, *Toka*, *Techtonian*, *Vexillum* and *Triangle* have had the best school notes.

*The Academe*, *Adelphian*, *Criterion*, *Echoes*, *Oriole*, *Oracle*, *Russ*, *Opinion*, *Sentinel*, *Triangle* and *St. Benedict's Quarterly* have the best exchange notes. The exchanges of the *Enterprise* (Keene, N. H.), are the best feature of that paper and rank well among others. They contain such sly humor and are delightful to read.

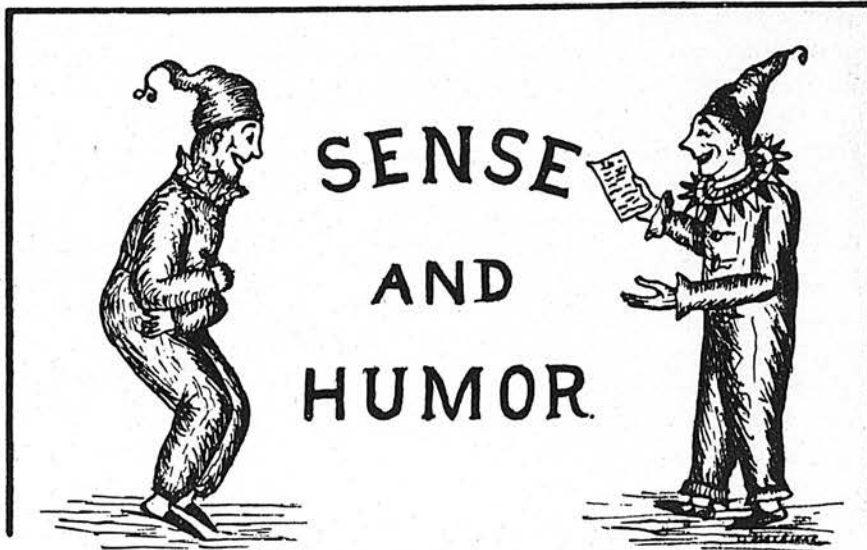
*The News*, *Russ*, *St. Helens Hall Quarterly* and the *Forum* if we exclude the last number, which was a trifle too full of art, are the most artistic.

The athletic notes are equally good in all.

*The St. Benedict's Quarterly* ranks pre-eminently the best in jokes. They are funny—an unusual thing in any school paper and they do not lack the dignity essential to a school organ—something which cannot always be said of boys' efforts at journalism.

*The Aurora*, *Totem Bellerivian* and *High School* contain the most general interest.

To all of our exchanges we say good bye in our editorial capacity and wish you well.



These jokes are respectfully dedicated (seniors command respect) to the

Sensible  
Enviably  
Notorious  
Illustrious  
Original  
Rattle-brained  
Seniors.

If dear reader you may chance upon an unfrequented cemetery, the following epitaphs will identify those seniors who slumber beneath.

Full of much dignity she had indeed,  
Nor of other's wisdom was she in need.—Gladys Watt.

No one ever knew she was in the class  
A modest, gentle, quiet lass.—Mabel Pritchard.

"Rest, thy warfare (With F. Gale and A. Gazeley) o'er."—Eugene Molitor.

"I am not only witty myself but the cause of the wit in others."—Richard Kirk.

"Her voice was but a whisper."—Marguerite Cole.

"Lost to everything."—Gail Todd.

"He could dance and wield a lady's fanne.  
This much gifted man was called Earl."—Earl Wilsey.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure,  
And wisdom with mirth."—Marian Domery.

"A rose bud set with wilful thorns."—Jennie Dodds.

"Her voice was the voice of a siren."—Alice Griffin.

"Stately she looks half smiling,  
With girlish looks beguiling."—Sarah Witbeck.

"Not enjoyment not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way."—  
Edith Mead.

"She was a bonnie lassie."—  
Ruth Lape.

"She flavored everything; she  
was the vanilla of society."—May  
Le Compte.

"As became a knight, he was  
gracious to ladies."—Guy Fergu-  
son.

"A sweet heart lifting cheerfulness  
Seems ever on her steps to wait—  
No wonder she was dear."—Ruth  
Jeffrey.

"Sound sleep be thine, sound  
cause to sleep hast thou."—Marion  
Baker.

"The crimson flow of modesty  
o'erspread her cheek and gave new  
lustre to her charms."—Eleanor  
Senecal.

"May her shade never grow  
less!"—Corabel Bissel.

"Oh, woman, thou wert fash-  
ioned to beguile."—Alice Gazeley.

"Song on her lips and mischief in  
her eyes  
Bright as her clime and sunny as  
her skies."—F. Gale.

"She had a pair of dark, vivid  
and eloquent eyes."—H. Hotaling.

"A spinster, prudish and prim  
looked she."—Marion Becker.

"At whose sight all stars hid  
their diminished heads."—Besse  
Vanderpool.

"Bright was her face with  
smiles."—Eleanor Saulisbury.

"Flow gently sweet Afton dis-  
turb not her dreams."—Grace  
Flemming.

"A simple heart and sweet."—  
Ethel Fryer.

"Let me call you mine."—  
Becker.

"However crossed in love I  
have been I have never been a  
cynic."—Alice Ody.

"Gallantry consists in saying the  
most empty things in an agreeable  
manner."—Ed. Brandow.

"Whose little body lodged a  
mighty mind."—Edith Wallace.

"And when in merry laughter  
Her sweet clear voice was heard  
All who heard were moved to  
smile."—Marion Packer.

"Modest and shy as a nun was  
she,  
One wee chirp was her only note."  
—Loretta A. Reilly.

Marion B. (classifying public  
works)—"Under what head would  
you include the State nurseries?"

Miss Shaver (puzzled)—"Un-  
der charities, I presume!"

"Babes in the woods."—Gordon Scott and Phyllis Clark.

In order that the under classes may be able to conduct their class meeting with the same dignity as the seniors we are publishing a preamble to a committee report on eats, delivered in Ciceronian style before a suitably impressed audience whose sides ached for hours after.

We, Eugene Molitor and Richard Kirk, committee on eats, do now and hereby through the Grace, Mercy and Permission of his most high and mighty excellency submit our humble report begging that it may meet with your approval and if perchance any error has been committed on our part that your course may be lenient, clement and merciful in remembrance of the fact that we are but men.

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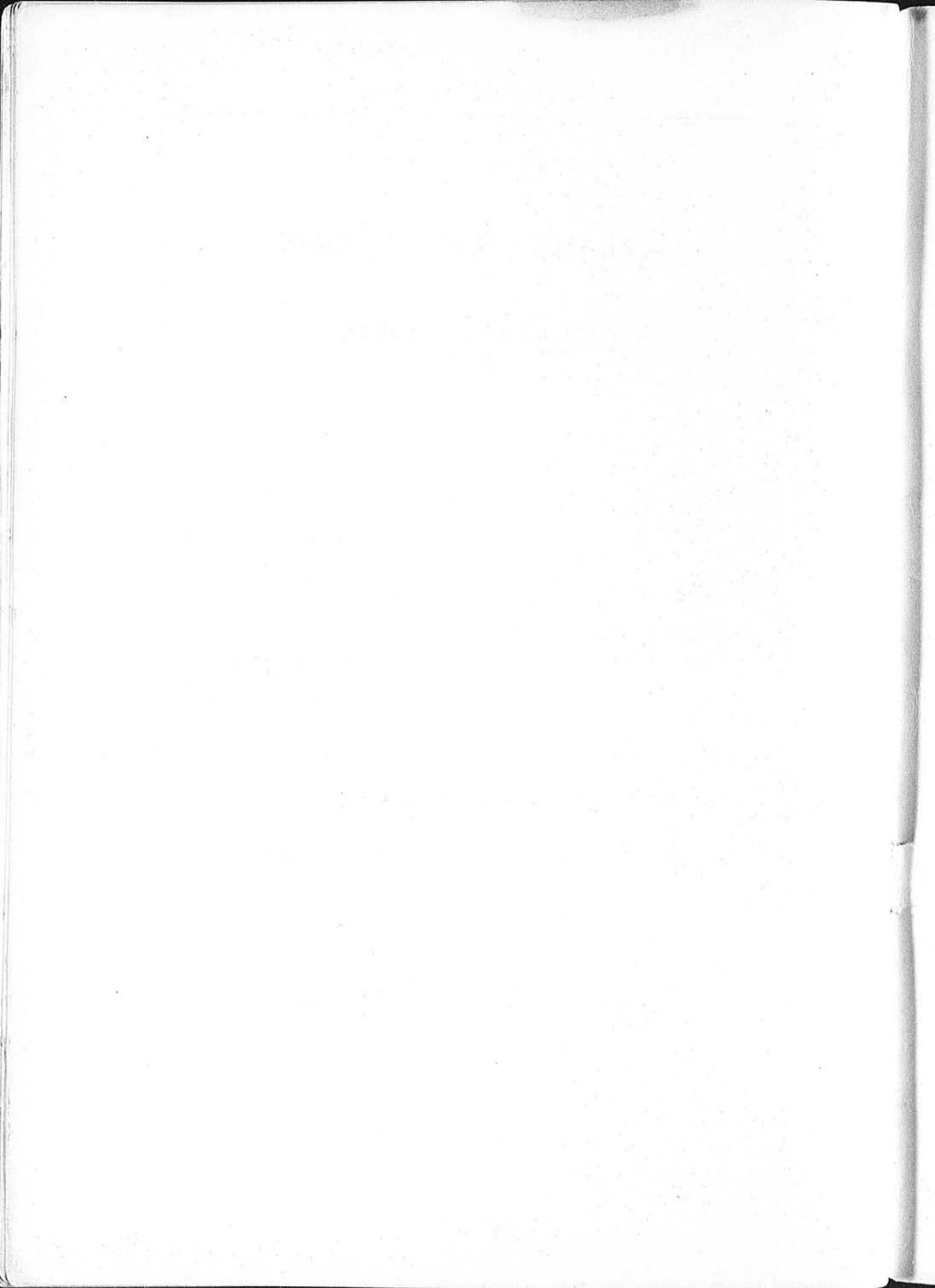
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