

MILNE SCHOOL

CRIMSON AND WHITE VOL. IV 1907-08

Cobb

OCTOBER

1907



The Crimson and White

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The Crimson and White

VOL. IV

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 1



Literary Department

The Fairies

'Tis night—o'er the world falls
the pale moon's light,
Far in the heavens, the stars
shine bright,
Shrilly the katy-dids chirp from
the tree-top,
Firmly declaring katy-did—then
she did not.
Hoarse croaks of the frogs rise
from down near the pool,
There the old singing master
holds nightly his school.
Where the shadows fall darkest,
the night bats do fly;
And clear from the woods comes
the whip-poor-will's cry,
Hark! what is that clear, that
sweet bird-like call?
The fairy queen summoning them
to the ball.
The sweet sleeping flower, that
has shut for the night,
Slowly opens its petals, before
closed so tight;
And from each of the flowers, no
matter how small,

A wee fairy slips forth and
hastens with all,
Down to the meadow where the
grasses grow green;
Where the fairy-ring, largest and
roundest is seen.
And all the night long dance,
with lightsome feet,
But vanish in silence when night
and day meet;
Back to each flower that will
open—then close;
And the fairy-queen sleeps in the
heart of a rose.
And bad fairies—O yes, there are
plenty 'tis true,
Each patiently waiting for me
and for you.
They inhabit the school-rooms—
such places as that;
And at night they ride forth on
the wings of the bat.
They love the dark shadows,
away from the moon;
They hate all the flowerets, and
grumble at June.
To lead us away from our work
they all try,

And if troubles are 'round they
 are sure to be nigh.
 Oh pleasures are sent to us, sent
 by the score;
 We weary of them and we wish
 for no more,
 For although heaped high, they
 are sure to hide care;
 The moss covers the stone, but
 the stone is still there.
 But the joys that the fairies are
 sending to us;
 These joys will last and their
 pleasures ne'er rust;
 They teach us to go through the
 world with a laugh;
 Of the thoughts of the heart to
 disclose but a half;
 To laugh at the sunshine, to laugh
 at the rain,
 To laugh away sorrow, and laugh
 away pain.
 They tell us the songs of the mur-
 muring streams,
 They send to us happiness, send
 to us dreams,
 Dreams that we know are but
 dreams and not real,
 That we cannot express, but only
 can feel.
 All their wonders and beauties
 do not appear,
 But beckon and call to us to draw
 near.
 And are not buds sweeter than
 the full-blown rose?
 They display half their charms
 and half enclose,
 But the rose puts forth openly
 all of its grace;
 There is naught to imagine, all
 shows in its face.
 Then when in this changeable
 world of ours,
 We see but life's shadows, and
 feel but the sorrows;
 Let us dream of the fairies, the
 world without tears,
 Whose wonderful beauties, fade
 not with the years.

G. GOLDING, '09.

The Little Heroine

"I declare, Morgan, you are
 enough to try the patience of a
 saint," said Edward, throwing
 himself down on the ground.
 "What fun do you suppose we
 can have if we take a girl along
 with us? Girls are not good for
 anything."

"I can't help it, Edward" re-
 plied his companion, a bright
 faced boy of fourteen years.
 "The last thing mother said be-
 fore she went to the city this
 morning was not to leave Elsie
 alone. I am sorry if your fun is
 to be spoiled, especially on the
 last day of your visit, but I can't
 disobey mother."

The two speakers were cousins;
 Edward was spending his vaca-
 tion at the home of his uncle.
 They had decided to spend this
 day in a journey through the
 woods.

"Girls are horrid, anyway,"
 said Edward crossly. "They
 don't know how to climb and
 they're always falling down and
 tearing their clothes on the
 bushes. Elsie will be tired out
 before we get half-way, and then
 she'll cry to go home."

"Indeed, I will do nothing of
 the kind," said a pleasant voice,
 and then a girl of twelve years
 appeared in the open doorway.
 "Do take me along brother; I
 want to get enough ferns to finish
 my collection, and I don't like to
 stay here all day with only old
 Jane for company."

"Well, I suppose we must,"
 grumbled Edward, "but we are
 going on a long tramp, and if you
 grow tired we are not going to
 come home with you, do you
 hear? Hurry up now, and tell
 Jane to put up our lunch, the best
 she knows how."

Elsie obeyed without a word.
 Secretly she was very much

afraid of her over-bearing cousin, who was a year older than Morgan. He had been so cross and disagreeable to the little girl that she was heartily pleased to think that his visit was near an end.

The three soon started off for the woods, Elsie carrying the lunch basket, and Morgan the fishing tackle. Edward shouldered an axe, with which to mark the trees so that they might not lose their way, for the boys intended to go further in the woods than they had previously ventured.

Morgan and his cousin went on with strides, Elsie followed more slowly picking ferns and pine cones as she walked. At last the merry trio reached a brook. The two boys sat down and began to fish. Noon came and no fish had made their appearance; they little knew that it was the hardest of things to catch fish in such a brook. Soon the boys became hungry and called for Elsie to bring the lunch basket. After a hearty lunch, Edward was eager to continue their explorations. They wandered along the side of the brook until they reached a large tree, which the boys decided to climb, while Elsie selecting a shady nook was soon absorbed in her delicate work of pressing fern leaves.

But what was that? She was suddenly disturbed by a shriek. Dropping her work she hastened to the tree where she found her cousin white and motionless lying on the ground, with the blood streaming from a deep gash in his hand. In falling from the tree he had struck the sharp edge of the axe. Morgan stood speechless with terror, while Elsie dropped on her knees by the wounded boy.

Her keen eyes soon discovered that an artery was severed, and knowing the danger, if nothing was done, she quickly tore her skirt into narrow strips, and bandaged up the arm, compressing the artery by twisting a stick into firmly knotted ends. She then directed Morgan to hurry home for aid.

During his absence the shadows in the woods grew longer and longer; the chattering of the birds at last was hushed, and only the tinkling of the brook broke the stillness. Still the girl kept her watch, with fears and a new resolution struggling in her heart.

At last after weary waiting, help came, and the injured boy was carried home. As he had sustained no other injuries, he soon recovered.

From that day Elsie never had to complain of Edward's treatment. His feelings concerning girls had undergone a change, and he could not do enough to show his gratitude.

"After all, girls *are* good for something," he used to declare.
" '09."

Teacher—"Can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Johnnie—"I heard pa say they smelt it."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Nuritch: "I want to get a pair of swell white gloves."

Clerk: "Yes'm. How long do you want them?"

"See here, young man, I ain't talking about rentin' 'em. I want to buy 'em."

Good for big feet—big shoes.
—*Ex.*

Mr. Jones' Business Propositions

"There, Mrs. Jones! I've got it now. My fortune is made and you're a happy woman. No more fun will you make of me when you see the money I shall reap. No more will the neighbors sneer at me, and turn their backs. They shall grovel before me. They shall bite the dust at my feet."

"They may," said Mrs. Jones dryly. "It's hard telling what anyone will do with a city pavement and three inches of snow over the dust."

"There now! That's just like a woman. That's the feminine mind all over again. I might have remembered your sex, and said nothing. I've had experience. I have indeed. A woman's hand is indeed too weak to grasp the strong points of life, and her mind is not fit to cope with the massive, masculine intellect. Whenever a man proposes something to her great advantage, in comes her nose, and she treats his statement as naught, by putting in something entirely foreign to the affair. Yes, woman's nose is her sharpest faculty. It's as sharp as my penknife. It is indeed."

"It may be sharp but she don't use it for a screw driver into other people's business," said Mrs. Jones, taking a parting glance at her husband's ungainly feature as she went toward the kitchen.

When once he was alone Mr. Jones began to speculate. "I will build a new house here (the location is good), and I'll heat the house with electricity. I'll buy a touring car for me, and a small car for Bubby. I shouldn't wonder but what two teams and a pony would do, and I'll take shares in the Railroad Company. Won't the neighbors crave my

favor? And I'll be generous to them. (Here he smiled a benevolent smile.) I'll give that man next door ten thousand dollars to board his baby out. (The little brat yells all the while.) I'll give that Musical Instructor, that practices all night, another ten thousand to move to Germany on. And I'll give Mr. Voice Culture ten dollars a night (and a box of axle grease besides) for keeping still. And I'll give Johnny Little five dollars if he'll poison his bull pup. And I'll——."

But just here, there arose a burnt smell from the cellar, and Master Bubby appeared to say that "Pop's stuff was a-burning faster'n stickin' plaster."

Jones retired down the backstairs in haste, and was presently seen bending over a large kettle of an exceedingly odd looking mixture.

"Ah!" he said. "That looks good but I won't waste any, trying it. It might prevent my filling a can."

It must here be stated that Jones was a man of many business propositions. His first move had been to invent a rat trap in which the rat was supposed to walk, from the back, go into a sort of bay-window compartment, put its head through a hole and nibble the cheese which was hung outside, in front, and, while doing this, be shut in. However, as the rat invariably took the cheese from the outside, without going in, this invention did not succeed. His next invention was a crochet needle with three hooks, but as only one hook could be used at a time, this did not sell. His third and last invention was "Jones Pure Canned Stuffing—to be used in chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys, and make the holiday season easier for cooks."

He had already been around to the different grocers, asking them to sample the stuffing at Thanksgiving, and at Christmas, he would be able to receive orders. He had gathered and dried the sage, himself, so he thought he could afford to give a few samples.

When Mr. Jones brought the sage home, his wife declared that it resembled no sage she had ever seen, and objected to his using it. But Mr. Jones was sure, and nothing could move him.

* * * * *

It was the day after Thanksgiving and Jones was seated in state waiting for orders to come in.

The door bell rang and Bubby ushered in the leading grocer. He came, with wrath in his eyes, to state that Mr. Richman's cook had taken a can of that stuffing. She had put it in the turkey, and had tried it herself. She was taken violently ill directly after, and dinner had been postponed while the doctor was sent for. The doctor had inspected the stuffing and found it to be made, not with sage, but with dog-wood leaves, and the doctor had said the cook might pull through.

Others soon followed with like stories and all threatened to sue him. But Jones, when he realized his failure, refused to see anyone, which obliged Mrs. Jones to entertain and settle with all comers.

His blighted hopes and prospects weighed so heavily on Jones, that he failed in both mind and body rapidly, and a month found him in a home for the Feeble Minded.

The neighbors, however, were generous and did their best to help Mrs. Jones in her destitute condition. Mr. Voice Culture gave a concert, Johnny Little sold his

bull pup, and the Musical Instructor gave an extra lesson every night to raise money to help the family. But the man next door was the most noble. He hired the baby out to a stage manager for two nights in the week, to do a crying act.

* * * * *

Now the moral of this story is this: "Do not run down your neighbors until you find out of what service they will be to you."

—————

Little boy—trolley car;
 Didn't see it—"gates ajar."
 Little boy—banana stand;
 Ate too many—"happy land."
 Little boy—pair of skates;
 Hole in ice—"golden gates."
 Little boy—loaded gun;
 Looked in muzzle—"kingdom
 come."—*Ex.*

—————

He (with arm around her)—
 Roses are red,
 Violets are blue,
 Sugar is sweet
 And so are you.

She (struggling)—
 Now don't! Let go!
 Upon my soul,
 Do you want to break
 The sugar bowl?—*Ex.*

—————

A burglar, who had entered a senior's room at midnight, was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room. Drawing his knife he said, "If you stir you are a dead man. I am looking for money."

"Let me get up and strike a match. I'll hunt with you."

—*Adapted.*

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Editorials

This being our first issue of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE published this year, we extend to our readers, our sincere wishes for a successful year. Vacation ended, it becomes our duty to attend to our studies and in so doing to preserve the high standard of old Normal.

We are glad to note the hearty co-operation shown by the school in assisting our new principal, Professor Sayles, in performing his new duties. Many undoubtedly made his acquaintance last year while he was principal of the Grammar Department. We are also glad to welcome as a member of the Faculty, Miss Clement, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College who is teaching English. Also Miss Cook, a graduate of Smith College who

is teaching some Latin and some mathematics. Solid Geometry and Review of Mathematics are taught by Mr. Birchenough, a graduate of Cornell University, who is also a member of the Faculty.

The new schedule of courses as adopted last year to meet the requirements of the State Normal College and other colleges has been perfected and is now working for the best welfare of the students.

Alumni Notes

'07

Katharine Parsons is at Wellesley College.

Grace Binley is at Oneonta Training School.

Bertha Bott is attending the Normal College.

George Weaver is at Union.

Ida Chave is attending the Oneonta Training School.

Frances Warner is teaching school on the Post Road.

'06

The Misses Mary and Jessie Harpham are attending the Normal College.

Laura Wilson is at present residing in Wilmington, Del.

Mabel Wood is attending the Business College.

'05

Elizabeth Wheeler is teaching the sixth grade in Schenectady.

Mabel Rockefeller is in the Normal College.

Winifred Goldring is a Junior at Wellesley.

Edith Morton is at her home in South Schodack.

James Cox is a Junior at Cornell.

Herbert DeForrest is a reporter for the Times Union.

Helen Carroll is teaching school at Couse.

Sophie Thornton is attending the Business College.

Beth Carroll is working in the Capitol.

'04

Ruth Guernsey is teaching school.

Eleanor Marsh has returned from Europe.

School Notes

Miss Edna Traver is attending school at Syracuse.

Miss Mary Traver has entered the Albany High School.

Miss Ruth Patterson has left school on account of poor health.

Miss Florence Hurst has left school.

Harold and Horace Van Ostenbrugge have gone to Oregon.

Elsie Danaher is attending the Albany High School.

Miss Ruth Fuller has moved to New York.

Theodora Jansen has left school.

Theresa Hersberger is attending the Albany High School.

Catherine Conway has entered the Normal College.

Marcia McLaughlin, A. H. S. has entered the Class of '09.

Jessie Carhart, A. H. S. has entered the Class of '09.

Marian Dodds of A. H. S. has entered the Class of '10.

The Class of '08 has been organized and the election of officers held. The officers are as follow: President, Clifford S.

Evory; Vice-President, Adele LeCompte; Secretary, Jeanne Bender; Treasurer, Russell Meany.

The selection of class-pins is now under discussion.

Society Notes



The active work of the Theta Nu Society was commenced at the first regular meeting held this year. Several new plans have already been perfected for the coming year and will undoubtedly prove of great benefit to its members. The literary work of the society is constantly improving and the meetings are both profitable and enjoyable to the boys. On the afternoon of October eleven, Mr. Wiswell, Mr. Boynton and Mr. Quigley bravely stood the initiation, in consequence of which they were admitted as members at the following regular meeting.

The Adelphoi has resumed its usual activity and is showing a strong interest in the affairs of the school, though it regrets exceedingly that circumstances render it necessary to strike from the list of active membership the names of several of its most valuable members. In this they are consoled by the noteworthy example set by those recently leaving the school.

Messrs. Weaver and O'Connell are attending Union College.

Harold and Horace Van Ostenbrugge are conducting on a somewhat extensive scale, a truck gardening farm.

Mr. Clary has a position with Boardman Bros.

Mr. Patten is assisting his father and Mr. Brewster has an interest in his father's carriage manufacturing business.

Adelphoi has indeed good reason to be proud of the way in which its sons are applying to practical life, the many valuable hints obtained while active members of the organization.

At the last regular meeting of Adelphoi in 1906-7, the following officers were elected for the first quarter of this year: President, Morgan Dickinson; Vice-President, Robert Wheeler; Secretary, James Penrose; Treasurer, Carl Wehale; Corresponding Secretary, Arthur Wilson; Chaplain, Howard Weaver; Sergeant-at-Arms, Gilbert Newell; Master of Ceremonies, Russell Meany.

A-e-e (translating in Virgil)
 "Here and there the arms and planks appeared swimming." It's safe to say that the pony hadn't been "passed on."

Lady (over the 'phone)!
 "Hello, is this Hardy's?"

Mr. Hardy: "Yes."

Lady: "Have you any fresh tongues this morning?"

Mr. Hardy: "Yes, I have, but I can't send you any. This is the High School."—*Ex.*

Diner (fighting with tough steak)—"Look here, waiter, you'll have to bring me something else, I can't tackle this."

Waiter (after careful examination of the article)—"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't take it back; you've bent it."—*Ex.*

A number of men on the street were having a discussion as to who was the greatest inventor. Some said Edison, some Watt, some Morse, some one, and some another. Finally a pawnbroker got in a word and said: "Vell chentlemens, dose vas good peoples but I tells you dot man vot invented interest vas no slouch."

Have you a pony for your class?

Pass it on—

'Twas not meant for just one lass,

Pass it on—

Let it travel down the aisles,

Let it help another's trials

Help us win the teacher's smiles.

Pass it on—*Ex.*

Two very nice little girls had a quarrel one day. "Anyhow," said one to the other, who was an adopted child, "your parents are not real." Whereupon the other little girl retorted: "I don't care, my papa and mamma picked me out. Yours had to take you just as you came."

To shave your face and brush your hair,

And then your Sunday clothes to wear—That's preparation.

And then upon the car to ride;

A mile or two to walk beside—That's transportation.

And then before the door to smile,

And think you'll stay a good long while—That's expectation.

And then to find her not at home—That's thunderation—*Ex.*



Owing to the early date of this issue we have received as yet but few papers from other schools. We hope before the next issue to welcome all our old friends and many new ones. The criticisms and the work shown in other school papers are most helpful and THE CRIMSON AND WHITE has derived much benefit from them. New exchanges are always welcome.

The Shucis from Schenectady is an attractive, well-edited paper. We welcome it among our exchanges.

The *Oracle* from Fulton, N. Y., is fairly good though the exchange column shows much room for improvement.

The *A. H. S. Tidings* from the Amesbury High School would be improved by a new cover.

The Chinese notice and its translation in the July issue of the *Yellow Dragon* is an interesting feature to Americans.

As Others See Us

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE of Albany comes to us for the first

time this month in a cover which would look much simpler and more striking without as many margin lines. The material is good, solid reading and worth while.

The Shucis,
Schenectady High School.

"Famous Women" is a good sketch in the April number of the CRIMSON AND WHITE, Albany, N. Y. Your exchange column couldn't be improved.

A. H. S. Tidings.

There are two interesting articles in the April CRIMSON AND WHITE, Albany. The one concerning lepers draws a striking contrast between the conditions of these unfortunate beings in ancient and modern times.

The Russ,
San Diego High School.

CRIMSON AND WHITE, New York Normal School, Albany, N. Y. A very interesting and dignified paper. Possibly a bit heavy, but on the whole an excellent exchange.

The Tiger,
California School of Mechanical Arts.

Just a little freshman,
 Just a little pie,
 Just a little general slowly pass-
 ing by;
 Just a little tombstone,
 Just a line which saith,
 Just above the martyr's grave:
 "He died a pie-ous death.—*Ex.*

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