

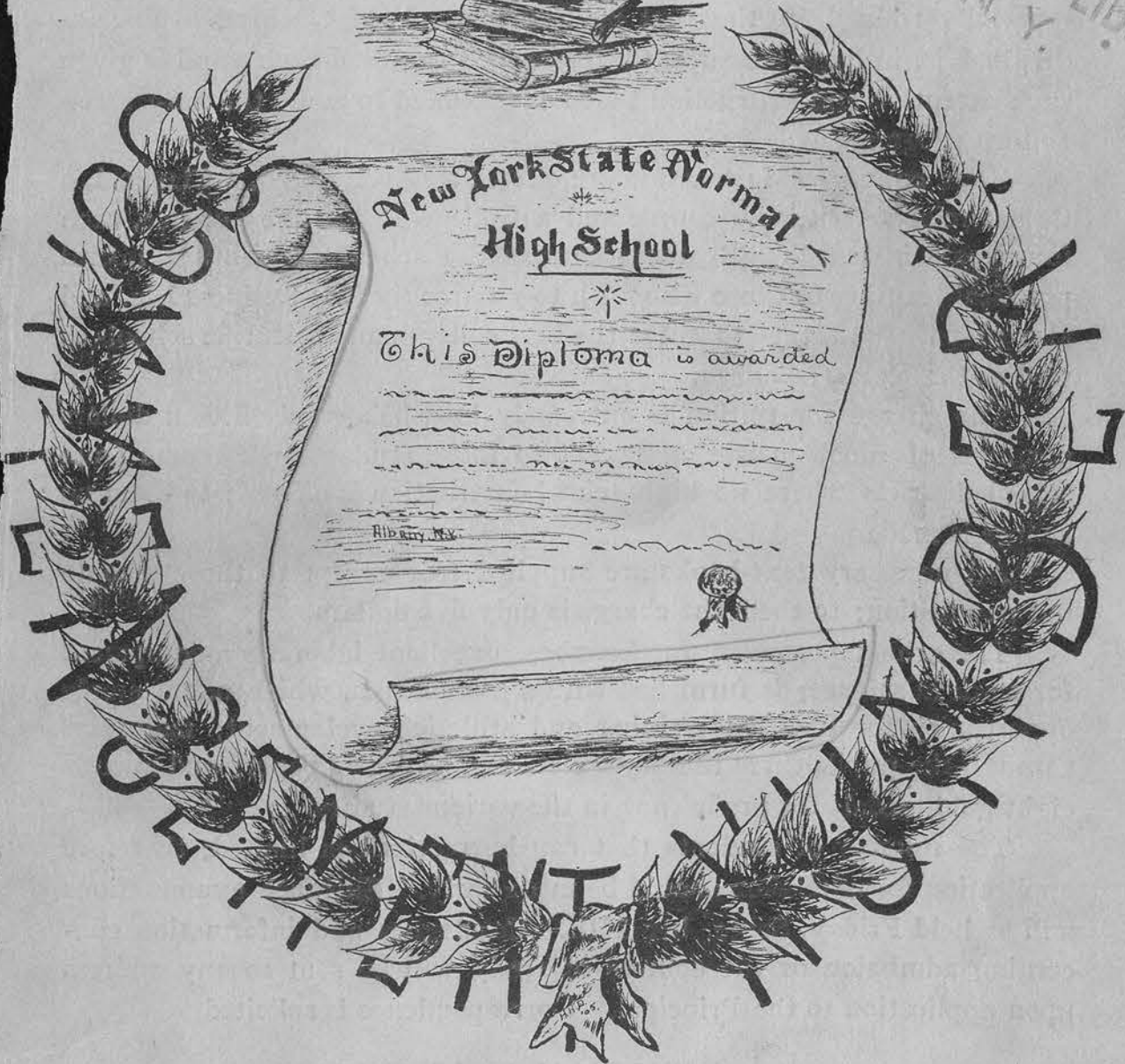
Milne School

Crimson and White Vol. I 1904-1905

The Crimson and White

JUNE, 1905

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY
ALBANY, N. Y.



New York State Normal High School,
Albany.

NEW YORK
STATE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL,
ALBANY.

ENGLISH, CLASSICAL, COMMERCIAL AND
COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSES.

THE FALL TERM of the new academic year will begin on **MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH.** The attention of the friends and patrons of the school and of the public is invited to the advantages and excellent work of this school. The instruction is given by teachers especially trained in the best modern methods of teaching. The individual is, in large measure, the basis of work, and each pupil is given such attention and instruction that he is enabled to make the most satisfactory progress.

Four courses of instruction are offered: An English, a Classical, a Commercial or Business course and a College Preparatory course, each four years in length. By these courses the school furnishes a liberal practical training to those who wish to go directly into business life, and also prepares students to enter the best colleges and scientific schools as well as the Normal College.

The charge for tuition is extremely low, being only fifteen dollars per term of nineteen weeks, except to those students who come from school districts where no high school instruction is offered; to them no charge is made.

All necessary text-books are supplied free except to those who do not pay tuition; to them the charge is only five dollars.

The school possesses, furthermore, excellent laboratory equipment for work in science; is furnished with a gymnasium, which offers ample opportunity for physical training and athletic development; maintains through the pupils three literary societies and a school paper; and awards eight gold medals for proficiency in the various studies.

The number of students that can be received is limited; therefore application for admission should be made early. Entrance examinations will be held Friday, September 15th. Catalogues and information concerning admission or the courses of study will be sent to any address upon application to the Principal. Correspondence is solicited.

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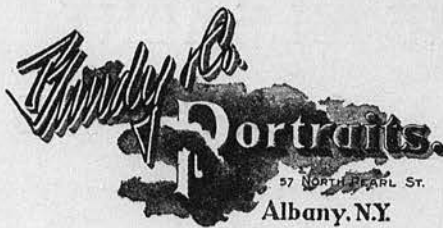
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The Crimson and White

... LITERARY DEPARTMENT ...

"The Crimson and the White."

(Air: "Morningside.")

[This song was awarded first prize in the competition for the best school song.]

I.

On a hill within a city we call Albany
by name,
Stands an old and famous high school,
that is surely known to fame,
For it is our own dear Normal, and
its colors proud and bright,
We hail in ringing measures: "The
Crimson and the White."

CHORUS.

O, the Crimson and the White, you are
ever in our sight;
While we cheer for dear old Normal,
and the Crimson and the White.

II.

On the foot ball and the base ball field
our boys excel the rest,
And when the girls play basket ball,
they rank among the best;
So is work and play divided, while the
fleeting moments bright,
Ever shorten our glad school days
'neath the Crimson and the White.

CHORUS.

O, the Crimson and the White, you are
ever in our sight,
And we give three cheers for Normal,
and the Crimson and the White.

— E. L. D., '06.

It is generally the girl with a fine carriage who is most willing to walk.—Ex.

A Tale of an Approaching Crisis.

I.

A little way back from a Russian highway leading to St. Petersburg, situated among a group of evergreens, was a peasant's humble home. It was a well built structure, and much better than the average peasant's house, though quite low, being only one story high. Very little more could be told of its appearance, for it was half buried in the snow. The only living thing in sight was an aged man, tall, and muscular. His face, which had a stern expression, was partly concealed by a long, gray beard. His complexion was ruddy from constant exposure, and deep wrinkles covered his face. His eyebrows were thick and dark, and his piercing eyes glittered with a peculiar light. Attired in a long, heavy overcoat and a fur cap, he plodded through the snow until he came to the house. Opening the door, he entered. A young lady was seated by a window, sewing, and, as he entered, she jumped up and ran to him, with a cry, "Oh, father, what success did you have?" The old man turned to her and shook his head. "None," he replied; "absolutely none; the Czar refused to notice our appeal."

The girl sat down with a look of

despair, and the old man looked at her intently. She was a girl of twenty; tall and stately in figure; her expressive eyes were dark, shaded by long, black lashes. The nose well chiseled; the lips a perfect Cupid's bow; her hair hung in golden waves over her shoulders. "That means a revolt; more bloodshed and strife. Oh, I wish I were out of this miserable place. What will they do?" she asked.

"There is but one thing to do," the father replied, "revolt. Can we stand this oppression any longer? Here we are, a people held under the heel of a few, represented by one man, 'The Little Father.' The very name's an insult to us; are we not worthy, and as able to assist in government? Some say, 'No, we are ignorant and worthless.' If we are so, who is to be blamed; who but 'The Little Father?' Let him give our children schools, and in them teach subjects that are a benefit to them. Let him give us liberty; we are now living in an age in which oppression, in other nations, has been overthrown, and those nations are the strongest, and are constantly rising. That's what we'll have. We'll go again to the palace and appeal, and, if we are refused, something terrible will happen."

The old man shook with excitement as he stood glaring at the fire. The girl knew what he said was true and said nothing.

Finally the old peasant got up. "I am tired," said he; "I need rest, for I have been awake all night," and he went into another room to sleep.

The girl was continuing with

her sewing, when there came a knock at the door. She opened it and saw without a tall man, dressed in a long, heavy coat and a fur hat, pulled partially down over his face. As he stepped to the door, the girl uttered a joyful cry, "Naham, how came you here?" she asked. "Well, Nerva," said he, "let me in, and I will tell you all," and he came into the room. He threw off his overcoat and hat and stood there in the uniform of a Russian soldier. "You see," he began, "for a wonder I have a short leave of absence, and I made good use of it by coming to see you; did I not?" "Yes," she replied; "but if you were found in the house of a revolutionist?" "Oh, never mind," he laughed, twisting his mustache, "no one will find out. Oh, if I could but get out of the clutches of this cursed government." "But can't you?" the girl entreated; "can't you run away?" "Run away!" he laughed; "no, little one, you don't know what that means. Although my heart is with your party, I couldn't run away and be called a coward. Under these circumstances, I believe I would be justified by all but the government, in running away, but, if caught, my life would not be worth that," snapping his fingers. "Some day," he continued, "if I can serve my people a good turn, I will do so. I will turn against the government if I have the chance; can you blame me for such thoughts? I, who was forced to join the army of this tyrannical government? I shall be free from their hold some day, Nerva, and then—" The girl, in reply, threw herself into his arms.

Thus, we will leave them and turn our attention elsewhere.

II.

It was Sunday, and, in the crisp, cold weather, the famous Nevsky Prospect of St. Petersburg was a sight worth seeing. Sleighs were being drawn here and there, and many pedestrians were about. Some were wandering idly from place to place, and others were on their way from church. Among these people were an exceptionally great number of strikers, probably due to the fact that, being idle, they were passing away their time by walking through the streets. In the distance could be seen the winter palace of the Czar, around which were an unusually great number of soldiers, on guard. Everything was apparently in good order.

Suddenly there appeared down the street a large body of workmen, who came marching in irregular order. As they drew nearer, there could be heard the cry, "The Czar! the Czar! Let the 'Little Father' hear our appeal!" The guards about the palace drew up in a great line before the palace square and stood ready for action, but still the people continued to advance. Suddenly there was a volley from the soldiers. None fell, for they had fired blank cartridges. This did not drive the people back; some continued to advance; others fell upon their knees, begging the Czar to hear them. They were answered by another volley; this time people fell in lines and heaps, mangled with bullets; another volley followed, and hundreds more were slain. The formerly

white street was now red and slippery with blood; men lay about, slain or wounded, and women and children were among the fallen. Those unhurt fled with cries of terror and vengeance, some carrying their wounded with them. Their appeal to the Czar had been fruitless, and many lives had been lost in the attempt.

Soon the streets were filled with people, claiming the dead and helping the wounded. Sleighs were brought, in which to carry them away. Cries, curses, and groans of agony could be heard on all sides. The soldiers stood watching; ready for action, at the given word, but the word was not given, and the people continued to search among the wounded.

Our attention was drawn to a young woman, heavily veiled. Apart from the crowd, near her, was a man so dressed that one could not easily recognize him. He stooped, turned over a body, and started back; it was the body of an old peasant. The girl saw him start and looked at the body. She uttered a cry, and fell down beside it. "Father, father," she cried; "oh, why did you come here?" The man placed his hand on her shoulder. "Get up, Nerva," said he, "this will do no good." She turned and looked at him. "Naham!" she cried; "and you were with those murderers?" "No," he replied, "my heart was here, and I could not stay there; they will not miss me now. But not so loud; I must soon go back; come, we'll take your father's body home, and then I must return." So he found a sleigh, hired the driver to do what he wished, and

soon he and the weeping girl were on their way to a saddened home.

III.

In the suburbs of St. Petersburg was situated a mill, closed on account of the strike.

The night of the St. Petersburg riot groups of men came quietly along and entered this mill. In it, a meeting was soon called to order by a workingman, and, from the different speeches which followed, it was plain to see that it was a secret meeting of revolutionists. "Let us arm ourselves," they said, "oppose the government, and avenge the wrongs done us to-day. But are we strong enough to cope with the soldiers? How can we do it?" Then there arose a man. "We must be avenged," said he. "We must kill the Czar. I am a soldier, but I am with you, as are half the soldiers," and he threw open his coat, and displayed the uniform of the imperial guards. It was Naham. A wild cheer arose at this, but someone began to cry, "A spy! a spy!" As he raised his hand, there was silence. "I am no spy," he continued. "I am here for your good. I belong to your band," and he made a sign. "I am forced to be a soldier, and I intend to avenge the wrongs this government has done me. I want to avenge the death of one who was killed to-day. You all want revenge. I place myself in your hands. I am your spy; what do you want me to do?" After this speech there was a great stir in the place. Men shouted; some wanted to kill the Czar with a bomb; others wanted to kill his ministers. Finally they decided

that the Czar was to be warned; if he still refused to listen to their appeal, they would assassinate him. Naham was to leave the Czar the warning messages. Then the secret band dispersed.

IV.

Home life in the imperial household was by no means peaceful. The Czar was in fear of his life. He would see no one but his most trusted ministers and servants. The close confinement began to tell upon the imperial family, the more restless nature of the children especially. They must have exercise and out-door air, the doctor ordered. So the Czar gave his children into the charge of their nurse and two of his trusted guards, so that they might wander about in the courtyard. Soon the children were running and playing in the open air, the court being surrounded by high stone walls, and, under the eyes of the two guards and their nurse, they were perfectly safe. Finally the guards passed close to one another. One made a sign; the other started. "You belong to the band!" he said. "Hush!" was the reply; "now is your chance with the message; the nurse maid." Naham (for it was he) looked at the maid, and finally approached her. "This is a fine day, madam," he said, "but are you not afraid out here?" "Afraid!" she laughed. "What have I to fear; they should be afraid, and their renowned and all-powerful father." "You do not seem to think much of our strength," Naham replied. "Strength," said she, with another

laugh, "some day your strength will burst like a bubble." "Be careful," said he, "you might be imprisoned for those words, but never mind; would you warn the Czar of danger if you had the chance?" "Warn him? No—er yes, I would; have you a warning for him?" "Perhaps a threat would be more to your notion," he replied, but she remained silent. "I have a letter," he continued, "which I would liked placed where the Czar might see it. Do you think you could manage it? You will be well paid for your trouble." She hesitated. "How do I know this is not a trick to trap me?" she said. "I assure you it is not. Can you take my word for it? I'll swear, if you wish it, that I'll not betray you," he replied. "Well, I believe you," she answered. "Remember," he continued. "It would be a serious matter if you were caught, but, as I said before, you will be well paid for the risk. Do you want to chance it?" "Yes," said she, aroused with the spirit of adventure, "where is the letter?" "Here," said he, quickly thrusting one into her hand, "take it, and report progress to me later," and he was immediately marching back and forth as before. Soon the children and the nurse went into the palace.

The next morning, when the Czar entered his library, he discovered a curious note on his desk. He picked it up and read: "You do not heed our appeals. Beware." (Signed by) "The Common People." The Czar was astounded and broke in a rage. He said, "How came this here; are not my guards enough to keep these

threatening letters out of my presence?" Several days later another note was found by him. It bore about the same words. He called for the chief of police and placed the matter in his hands. But still he received the letters at different intervals. If the chief of police watched, no letter would arrive; if he did not, the letters were found on the table the next morning. The Czar became crazed. If letters could be left under the most careful watch, his life surely was in danger. The chief of police must do something, and he told him so. The chief finally thought out a plan. The Czar would order an ancient set of full armor to be placed in his library near the table. That was the first step. Such things were a "hobby" with the Czar, and people would think nothing. The armor was placed as the Czar ordered, while he continued to receive the letters. One night the chief of police got inside the armor. It completely covered and concealed him; thus he watched. The first night his efforts were fruitless, but he was not discouraged. He tried it again. Toward midnight, when all was quiet, he heard the door softly open; the light of a candle gleamed in the room, and he saw a woman enter, dressed in her night clothes, with her hair hanging down her back. In one hand she held a candle, in the other a letter. He watched; she crept softly to the table and carefully laid the letter where it would be plainly seen the next morning. She laughed softly to herself and started to retreat. The man in the armor reached out his hand and

grasped her by the hair. "Madam," he said, "I have caught you at last." She uttered a piercing shriek and swooned. The household was immediately awakened; guards and servants rushed here and there. Finally, the Czar appeared. He was astounded at learning who the captive was. "How came you to do it?" he asked. "Because I hate your government," she replied, "and believe the people are right." "But who are you in league with; who is helping you?" asked the chief of police, sternly. "No one," she replied, with defiance. "I know you lie," he said; "there would be no object in your doing that alone." "Tell him," said the Czar, "or, by heavens, at sunrise, I will order you executed as the spy you are." She winced at this, and, finally, seeing no mercy in the faces around her, replied, "I was helping one of your guards," "A guard! Who?" he exclaimed. "Ah, this is the way I can trust my people." "I do not know his name," the girl replied. "Let all the guards be brought before me at sunrise," ordered the Czar. "Then you can have the chance to pick him out."

At sunrise all the guards were made to appear, one by one, before the Czar and the girl prisoner, only to go out as they came. "It is not he," she would reply, as each appeared. At last they ceased to come. "All have been here," the Czar was told. "He has not been here," the girl said. "Are any missing?" the Czar asked. Finally he received the reply, "Yes; one named Naham Patrisky." "Spare no effort in finding him," was ordered, and the search began.

V.

In the meantime, where was Naham? While sleeping that night in his quarters, he was aroused by the soldier that had done guard duty with him in the court. "Hush! You must get up and fly," he said; "you are discovered, and to-morrow at sunrise we are all to appear before the Czar to be identified by the nurse, who has been caught, and the one she picks out will meet unknown horrors." He then told how the girl had been caught, and how he had received the news by a house guard. After urging him to hurry, he went out on duty again.

Naham arose, put on his accustomed long coat and slouch hat, and crept out into the midnight air. He passed the sentry and started towards the home of his sweetheart. He arrived there before dawn, and knocked at the door. She let him in. "Oh, Naham," she cried, "what has happened?" "Our plot against the Czar has failed," said he. "At daylight they will be on my track. I must flee, and I have come to bid you good-by." "Good-by!" she exclaimed. "You are not going away and leave me here alone!" "I must; what else can I do?" said he. "When this riot quiets down I will return to you." "That will not do," said she; "there is a better way; I will go with you." "But—," he began. "There are no 'buts' about it; I will go, and that settles it. Come, change that uniform to a suit of my father's, shave off that mustache, and put on this red wig. It is one my father sometimes wore in doing secret duties. Come now,

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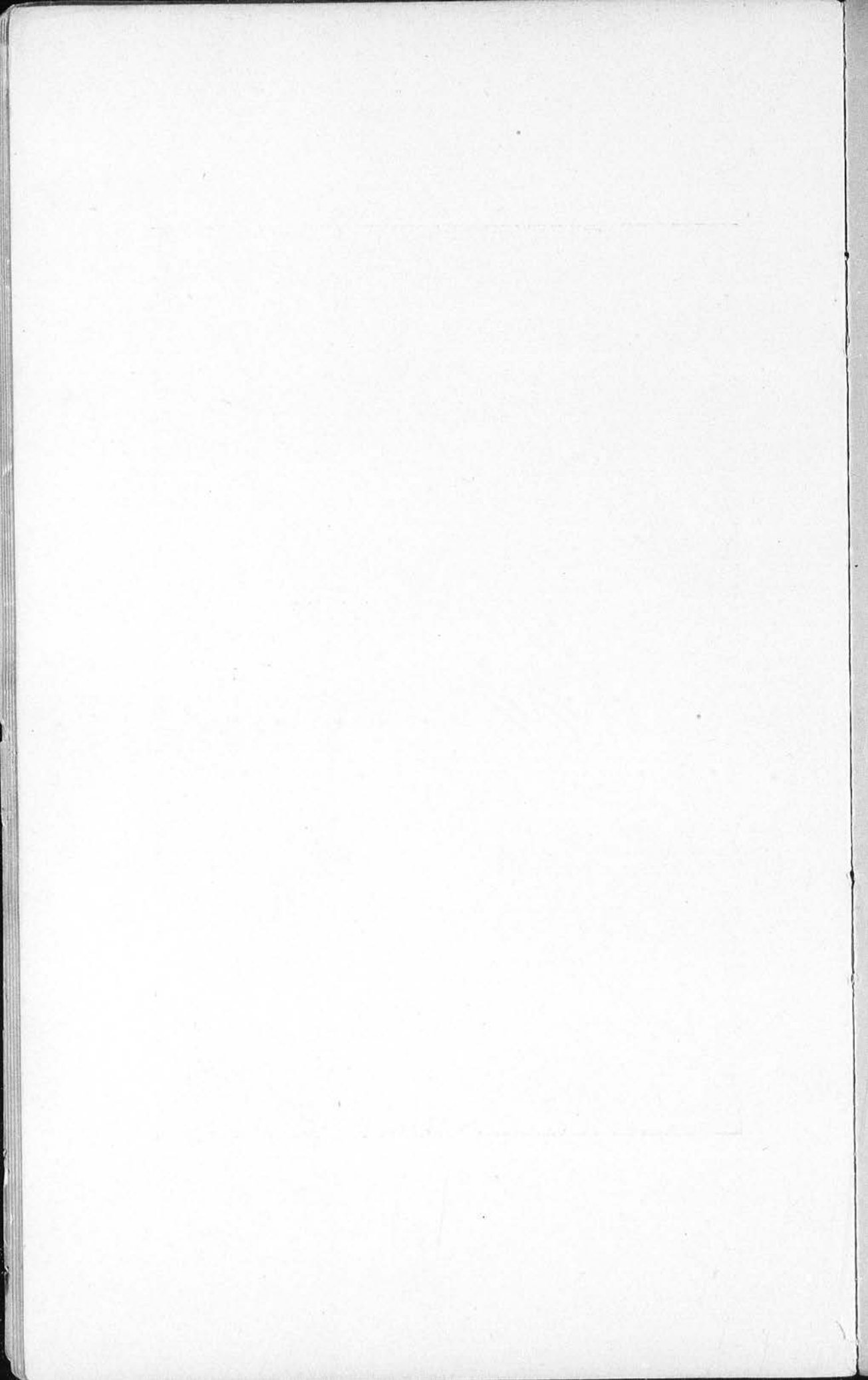
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hurry. There is no time to lose." Soon the change was made, and the two started for St. Petersburg, which, in time, they reached. There they purchased a ticket and boarded a train for Germany. The sharp eyed guards never dreamed that the red-headed, smooth-faced peasant with the handsome girl, was Naham Petrisky, of the Imperial Guards, the man they were looking for.

The rest is quickly told. The couple reached Germany without mishap. There they were made man and wife, and there they live now, waiting for the ending of the strife in their unhappy country.

— H. H. D., '05.

A Discovery.

A gem has been discovered;
'Tis of intrinsic worth;
Its fame and splendor is destined to
reach

The uttermost parts of the earth.

This gem, so pure and spotless,
Is filled with lore discreet;
Through every ray its beauty shines—
For a monarch's crown 'tis meet.

The sage with his wisdom, is welcome,
The hero, with laurels true;
Its beauty and grandeur *all* may share,
'Twill sparkle for me, and for you.

The muse may bring her powers,
And of her glories sing;
The great may bring their honors,
The wise, their offering.

'Tis thus, the promptings of my pen
From this pure fountain flows;
Its mystic rays inspire my thoughts
In pure, artistic pose.

"Where can this gem be found?" you
ask;

Would you revel within its light;
Then call at the dear old Normal, and
Ask for "THE CRIMSON AND WHITE."

— L. F. M., '05.

The History of the Class of 1905.

It was somewhere near the "Ides of September" in 1901, that we first took our place among the greater and lesser intellectual stars of this local cluster. On that memorable morning we filed into the High School chapel, from regions below, gazed with stupidity at the mass of faces before us, and humbly took our places upon the bench on the further side of the room. More fear arose than wonder at the laugh that went round from the numerous students in the chapel, when they saw the boys following, and taking seats with the girls. After a little excitement, the entanglement was adjusted by the principal. All that day, and for several days following, the bewildered freshmen spent more time in finding the right classrooms than in the performance of their educational duties, but, finally, we began to feel at home in the Normal High School.

We were pleased to welcome a fifth boy, whom we are now proud to call the president of our class.

Two modest, unassuming young girls, short of stature, now appeared upon the scene, and since they were inseparable, we christened them the "Heavenly Twins."

One morning, before the bell rang, one of our rosy-cheeked twins bent over the railing and exclaimed to a number of boys below: "My name's Hattie Smith, and her's is Josephine Cashin. What's yours?"

As the year wore on, we found our numbers gradually increasing. We had little experience with the sophomores, other than having the

pleasure of watching them eat our lunch or take possession of boxes of fudge which we had taken so much time to prepare.

(Examinations came, with their usual before and after effects.)

When June came, we went home, assured that the freshmen class was not the least of all the classes in the school.

With cheerful hearts and smiling countenances once again we greeted our fellow-classmates as we assembled on that bright September morn in 1902 to enter upon our second year of high school work.

One year of High School life was o'er,
One year of toil and trial past,
When we into this class did come,
As full-fledged Sophomores at last.

(We found a great difference between sophomore and freshmen years. The work was different, and then last, but not least, we had a whole freshmen class to educate and admonish. Our duty to direct the children in the path they should go, at once became apparent. We believed in the old adage that "Humble you must be, if to heaven you would go;" and entertaining as we did, a responsibility for their training, we took great care that humility should be instilled in their child-like minds.)

Laura Meigs and Louise Wood became renowned fudge makers that year, and each day would bring a supply to share at recess with their favorite teachers. Of course, the boys had to have some, too, but Tracy Kingman always managed to appear on the scene when Laura's turn came to bring the fudge. Now, whether it was the girl or the fudge that attracted

him most, took but a short time to decide.

Jennie Veeder was extremely fond of zoology, as taught in room 208, but the only part she can remember at present is the circulatory system of the spider. So, if Miss Goldring wishes to be tutored on that subject, Miss Veeder would be more than delighted to assist her.

Bessie Lindsay, the baby of our class, always worried more than any of the other girls, especially when examination time came. One day after the report cards had been distributed, and many were rejoicing over the results, Bessie was found in the rear end of the chapel, gazing intently at her card. "What is the matter, Bessie?" asked one of the girls; "were the results good?" "Yes," said Bessie, mournfully, "but I got excellent once."

During the year the majority of our class had joined the various societies. The Zeta Sigma Society had just been organized, and many took advantage of joining it. I am pleased to state that in the Quintillian and Zeta Sigma the matter of hazing was confined wholly to a few lessons in dancing and singing, with instructions how to bear one's self in the presence of upper classmen. Of course, a little water was applied now and then, but it is always needful to young sprouts.

In the Adelphoi, from appearances during the past year, such has not been the case, especially the day our worthy president was initiated. Ah! Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

Well, most of our number shone at spreads, receptions and

luncheons, and, in fact, became so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times, that we have several cases, since then, of sherbert dyspepsia and daggers at the heart.

Sophie Thornton's humiliating experience with fly-paper has deterred her from offering her services in the initiating ceremonies in the Quintillians.

But not until our sophomore year did we realize what hard work meant. How diligently did we strive in geometry to remember the axiom, "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other."

There were botanical trips, of course, educational in a way, but some of the party seemed to be more interested in other things than the specimens sought for, and a photograph taken by our prophet is the only memento we have of the trip to Forbes' Manor grounds.

Just before the close of the year a foot ball team was organized, but all that I can relate concerning it is contained in our song:

"We have won athletic victories,
On the foot ball field we fight;
Still we work for dear old Normal,
And the Crimson and the White."

School closed, the summer vacation passed, and we gathered again, not as the gentle, innocent lambs, but wild and wholly juniors.

Miss Horne, whose pleasant duty it was to inject knowledge into our already teeming brains, was added to the faculty.

This was leap year, and Georgie Adams gave an order for her cards to Mr. Sweet. A few days later she ran up to him with this start-

ling announcement: "Mr. Sweet, I want to change my name." Yes, we all think that Miss Adams is a very *Sweet* girl, and Guy; well, he thinks so, too. A few of those dreadful Adelphoi boys, passing one of the grammar class rooms, and hearing voices from within, peeked through the transom to investigate. To their great surprise, they found Georgie and Guy studying their French together.

"Ah, there are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is meter alone."

We have noticed that Mr. Sweet has made frequent excursions to Sixteenth street, Watervliet. Ask Ruth Podmore why. Be careful, little boy, papa wears a number fifteen shoe.

The most interesting part of physics was considered by the majority of us to be the study of electricity. Anna Brown enjoyed this part of the study immensely, especially when Herbert De Forest was required to hold her hand throughout an experiment.

When to a question asked her,
A pupil will reply,
She always starts to answer
With a customary "why?"
— Helen Malone.

During a Cicero examination Helen Carroll seemed extremely nervous. First she was on one side of the seat and then on another. The teacher who was conducting the examination went up to her and asked if any question troubled her. Helen looked up, with a forlorn stare, and exclaimed, "No, ma'am, it's the answers that bother me."

During the last ten weeks of our

junior year our senior class was formed, when the class officers were elected, and the class pin, flower and motto selected. But that which has made us most widely known is the model way in which our class meetings have been conducted. No wire-pulling, no political combines, break the harmony which exists among us. As a result, Cox's Rules of Order will soon be on sale at the leading book stores. We advise every junior to avail himself of a copy. Emulate us, under classmen, but never hope to excel us.

Ruth Podmore was chosen to respond to the presentation of the Class of 1904, which she did in a delightful manner.

Our junior year was full of all manners of good times, with now and then a touch of something deeper and more lasting. This was perhaps our happiest year, and it passed the most swiftly.

Almost before we knew it we were back in the old places as seniors.

When we were freshmen it was confidently predicted to us, and not without reason, that we would not be able, when the time came, to assume the shining garment of senior dignity. It was a round-about way of admitting that we, as a class, had a very great deal of life and spirit; such an abundance of it, in fact, that the sedate upper classmen of that time doubted the possibility of there ever any good coming out of us. But we have duly settled down and taken on our senior dignity in exact proportion to the intensity of our freshmen zeal for racket and mischief.

We were surprised on returning in September to find that our former principal, Dr. Jones, had resigned to accept a position in the College, and his place was filled by Prof. Wm. B. Aspinwall, who has won the admiration and love of the Class of 1905, and that continued success will crown his efforts in the years to come is our constant wish. We have missed from the faculty our former teacher, Miss Horne, but her place has been most ably filled by Miss McCutcheon.

An innovation in the school was the offering of prizes for excellence in French, German, mathematics and public speaking.

Alta Gallup did excellent work in Latin throughout the four years, but

"Put not your trust in the *horse*, Miss Gallup,
For things would become pretty hot
If your keen-eyed professor discovered
That you were speeding along with
a trot."

In October we were notified that the rhetorical by the seniors would begin the following week. Georgie Adams had the pleasure first, and the others followed in alphabetical order.

Ethel Wheeler declared that it was utterly impossible for her to recite, while Sophie Thornton said she would have to get a note from the doctor, excusing her, as she was too nervous.

Miss Rockefeller would not advise a senior to wear new shoes when they are going to recite, for they might possibly fall off the platform. Nevertheless we all did what was required of us, and did it well.

A school paper, THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, was established, with Ruth Podmore as Editor-in-Chief.

The board meetings were made extremely pleasant by the embraces, etc., which our valedictorian received from a valiant sophomore, a base ball warrior bold.

Miss McHenry always taught her class in literature never to swallow everything they heard whole, but Anna Brown doesn't believe in that, since a pill can be swallowed whole, and she has had experience.

Elizabeth Gorman was deeply in love with a tall, manly junior, and a minister's son, at that, while Florence Jennings always wore blue, because the secretary of our class considered it so becoming.

The art of "butting in" is taught in all colleges, but this class has learned it in the High School, and the honors are awarded to Miss Louise Wood.

A member of our class, who prides himself upon his language, came upon a youngster a few days ago angling for gredgeons. He addressed him thus: Adolescence, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulf into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurements?"

"Naw," said the boy, "I'm a-fishin'."

Among the thinkers of our class are Charles Oswald, who comes into our mind when Miss Carroll selects the "Tin Soldier" to be sung in chapel; Lorena French, our salutatorian; Edith Morton,

Elizabeth Wheeler. Jessie Diehl, Laura Zeigler, Emma Krenrich and, of course, Winifred Goldring.

Miss Connell's hearty laugh is occasionally heard in the class room, while Miriam Schneider is continually rolling her eyes about, looking for mischief.

We all know that Laura Meigs is looking for a man, but when it comes to looking for one in the Paleozoic age, it is getting far beyond us.

Mr. Bazzoni, in English History—"I believe the lesson extended to page 200, did it not, Miss Glaser?"

Miss Glaser, who dislikes long History lessons—"No, sir, to the bottom of page 199."

During the absence of Miss Horth, the various students taught the class in physical geography, but much credit is due Beth Carroll for the excellent manner in which she governed the boys.

Throughout our course we all found some problems which were hard to understand, but those which troubled Frances Keegan most were in advanced algebra.

After Miss Hall had spent nearly half the period explaining the difficult part, Frances would sigh and exclaim that it was still "as clear as mud."

So far the story of the life of 1905 has been marked by glorious victories, intermingled with a few graceful defeats, just sufficient in number to give an air of probability to the encountering of its career.

Not until the end of the third term did we realize the strength of that quotation:

"Be still, sad heart, and cease re-
 pining—
 Behind the clouds the sun's still
 shining;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all;
 Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary."

At this period in our career as a class, the most prominent and promising young man was James Cox, Jr. It was due to his efforts that we were successful in so many of the base ball games.

During the study of Milton's *Lycidas*, Miss Getman thoroughly explained that the poem was written in honor of Edward King, a classmate of Milton's. Shortly afterward she asked Miss Cashin in whose honor the poem was written. José thought for a moment, and then exclaimed: "Why, King Edward, wasn't it?"

As the time for awarding the prizes drew near, the greatest interest seemed to center about the contest for public speaking. The fifth of May, the day of the first contest dawned, and nineteen youths and maidens, with inward fear and trembling and outward calm and dignity, ascended the rostrum and made the college hall re-echo with their bursts of oratory. Six of these contestants were chosen to appear at the final contest on the evening of May twenty-sixth.

The night was dark and stormy, but later the stars came out, and then it was Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! All Sweet! It was (Pruyn) prime sweet.

The good times of High School days for us are drawing to a close. For the first time in four years the Class of 1905 must say a last farewell; a farewell to the High

School, to our teachers, to one another, and to those deeds of fun and glory which have bound us together. Only recollections will remain, standing forth more vividly with each advancing year, "until the sands of life are run!"

We may look back upon the past with the feeling that many of our recitations were not what they might have been, but we feel that we have mastered some of life's lessons, and we are glad that our history is a brilliant record of *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.

—Mary Josephine Mattimore.

1905.

Class Prophecy — Normal High School.

Discovered — A Magician.

It was a bright summer's day not long ago, when I was interrupted at my mystic work by a person who claimed himself to be a member of the class of 1905 of the State Normal High School. He gave me a paper, on which was written the names of the members of his class. "Sir," said he, "these people are about to take an important step in life. They cannot wait to see what is in store for them. They want you to foretell their destiny before they start out in life." And after telling me the necessary details, he departed.

I studied the heavens, and made numerous charms, until I was satisfied as to those people's future. To-day I was summoned to appear and give a public report before the class, and here I am.

The first scene that arises before me is a barren field. White tents are arranged in order all over the

ground, and a sentry is pacing to and fro along the boundary line. The men wear the uniform of the United States soldiers. Aha! what does this mean? A spirit tells me that these soldiers are part of the United States Regulars, once the Tenth Battalion of New York State. Over on a hill are some of the regulars, shooting at a target. "They spend much of their time at this work," the spirit says, "as they have nothing else to do. That tall fellow has been trying to hit the bull's-eye for a good while. He is known as Charles Oswald, the president of the Class of '05, N. H. S." Now I can see myself in the interior of a large building. Rows of seats and desks are in almost every room. At these desks in the main room are seated numerous girls, working diligently under the eye of the preceptress. She is a tall, slim woman, bearing the letters A. M., Ph. D., LL. D., etc. She is amusing herself by walking to and fro, carefully studying and making corrections in the Encyclopedia Britannica which she carries. "Now, girls, work hard and do as I say, and I will make valedictorians of you all," said she. "I will now go to the office and work upon my text-book upon Psychology." As she departs, the spirit turns to me and says, "That woman used to be known as Miss Winifred Goldring."

Another name brings before me the picture of a tall, light-haired woman, weighing, I should judge, about a hundred and seventy-five pounds. Before her is a throng of bejeweled women and renowned men, and all about is a glitter of electric lights. See! before her

is a grand piano. She is playing softly, now louder, and the music swells, then dies away. She has stopped; the lights grow dim; a soft blue light is thrown upon her from the wings; the audience suddenly breaks from the mystic spell. It goes mad with enthusiasm; it applauds, and cries: "One more selection by the great American musician,"—Beth Carroll.

The vision passes, and I find myself in a great solemn body of men and women. It is a court room, where a celebrated case is being tried. An unusually great number of spectators are present, and I soon see why. They are there to see and hear the noted counsel for the prisoner. Now a woman arises. She begins to speak; her words are forcible and eloquent. Why, *she* is the prisoner's counsel. "She," the spirit says, "has made a great name for herself. She was once only an unknown lawyer, now she is great. Her name is French; Miss Lorena French, salutatorian of the Class of '05, N. H. S."

My visions drift rapidly. Now I find myself in an office where there is much hustle, bustle, and confusion. In an office, by herself, sits a dark-haired woman, busily writing as fast as possible. She gives orders to those who come in to see her. Evidently she is manager. "This," the spirit says, "is the office of the 'Woman's Fireside World,' which is edited by a woman. She obtained her first experience on the staff of 'THE CRIMSON AND WHITE.' She was then known as Miss Ruth Podmore."

Now the scene is changed to a

book store. Crowds of people are pushing and hauling, from the gutter to the door; all are trying to get in at the same time. The proprietor is evidently pleased, and a right, good reason he has, too; for these people are all after the most popular novel of the day, entitled "The Clover Blossom; or, the Mystery of a City Meadow," written by Miss Jennie Veeder.

The scene gradually passes. It dissolves into a more peaceful one. Church bells are ringing, and the deep peal of a pipe organ I hear close by. Yes, we are in a church; people of all ages are seated in the different pews. The choir is singing. The voices are rich and harmonious. "This choir," the spirit says, "is the best in the city. The singers are talented and draw large salaries. That alto soloist is known as Laura Zeigler, and those two leading sopranos are Ethel and Elizabeth Wheeler." Now the music dies away, and the minister arises in his pulpit. He is a large, light-haired fellow, and upon speaking, the congregation listens intently. His sermon is eloquent and inspiring, and he shows many the error of their ways. "Who is this reverend gentleman?" I ask the spirit. "Oh, he is known as James W. Cox, D. D.," is the reply.

Quickly this time the scene vanishes, and I see before me a large crowd of people rushing for seats in a great auditorium. The seats are soon filled and all standing-room is before long taken. Why are they here? Upon glancing at a program we see it announces, "For one performance only, Madam Jones, the great

American actress." The curtain arises; the great actress appears as Lady Macbeth. She holds the audience spell-bound by her art and beauty. "She acts divinely," they say, and, at the end, they applaud her again and again, until she is forced to come before the curtain and give a few words of thanks for their appreciation. "She has dyed her hair for the part," the spirit says; "you know her hair is not naturally black. She used to be known as Miss Mary Mattimore."

But who is this I see taking the part of Lady Macduff? She is rather a small actress, but displays great talent. From the name on the program I take it that she must be some Spanish actress. "Josè" Cashin? "No," the spirit says; "she is sometimes called Josè, but her real name is Josephine Cashin."

A quieter scene now presents itself. I see the interior of a happy home. A large, stout woman is sitting beside a chafing dish, trying to make fudge, and read a novel at the same time. Around her are romping a couple of children. "Mamma," says one, "give me some more candy." "Me, too," says the other, and she gives the children each a piece of the delicious concoction. About her is much elegance; rich pictures and draperies are in the room. "She," the spirit whispers, "was Mrs. Sweet, but she obtained a divorce and is now Mrs. Williams. She used to be known as Miss Georgie Adams."

Again the scene fades, and a new one appears. I now see a little schoolhouse, quaint in appearance and sadly in need of paint.

Suddenly, with a great rush, out pour a noisy and merry crowd of boys and girls of all ages under seventeen. They seize dinner pails and hats and start on a journey towards home, while the teacher seizes the broom and begins to sweep out the schoolroom. This done, she takes the key, and tells several youngsters, whom she has kept after school for punishment, that they may go; then she locks the door, and starts for the farmhouse at which she boards. "That woman," the spirit says, "is a member of the Class of '05, N. H. S. She was known as Miss Anna Brown."

Now I see myself within a building which seems to be situated near a plank-road. In it are rows of beds, in which are people afflicted with different ills. About are numerous women dressed in white suits, and wearing little white caps. As they glide noiselessly over the floor, we notice one in particular. She is rather small of stature, but she seems to brighten the afflicted persons by her presence. Now she is carrying water to this one, now giving medicine to another. A doctor enters. She helps him dress the wounds of one man. "She," the spirit says, "used to be known as Lillian Gorman."

The scene changes slowly, and a new one appears. Now I see a small island in the ocean. Many half-naked savages are gathered together in a group; some are gesticulating wildly, others are quiet and solemn. Evidently they are impressed over something. As the scene gets clearer, we see there is a woman sitting upon a trunk

and talking to them. She is showing them the error of their ways, especially in eating the last missionary who had appeared among them. She seemed to have a hard problem in trying to convince them that they did not like missionaries. "That woman," says the spirit, "was known as Miss Jessie Diehl; her success will probably be heard of later."

Now I am on a street. Before me is a large, dark-haired man, weighing, I should judge, about one hundred and ninety or two hundred pounds. With him is a small, light-haired woman, and running ahead are four children. "That woman was once Miss Harriett Smith. That man is her husband. He is one of our railroad magnates, I am told."

Let us pass on. Somehow we have entered an elegantly furnished office. Around the office are numerous scientific books and instruments. A patient enters. She wishes to see the doctor. "Yes, madam, just as soon as she is through with another patient." In a moment a dignified looking woman enters. She approaches the woman, and says, "How do you do; do you wish to see me? Yes,—let me feel your pulse," and the doctor draws out a watch, places on her nose a pair of glasses, and begins to examine her patient. "Women doctors," I say, turning to the spirit, "are becoming more and more numerous." "Yes," is the answer; "and this one has made herself famous, too." I had wondered who she was, when upon turning to the door, I see upon the glass, "Laura E. Meigs, M. D."

Now it seems as if I can see a rippling stream of water, with wild flowers growing along its banks. Seated upon the ground, under a tree, is a woman. In her lap is a novel, but she is not reading. Her eyes are searching the soft, blue sky, and she is softly saying to herself,

"Oh, for a castle grand and strong,
Oh, for a man with millions — and
young."

"Hush!" says the spirit; "she is only dreaming. Don't disturb her. Her name is Helen Malone."

Now a cosy little farm appears before me. A white house stands among some maple trees, and in the dooryard are skipping about several small children. At the door of the house there appears a very large woman, with sleeves rolled up to the elbows. In her hand is a long tin horn, on which she blows a long, cracking blast. Then, turning to the children, she says, "Come, Johnny, Willie and Mary, now wash the dirt off your faces, and get ready for dinner." "Who is this?" I ask the spirit. "She," is the reply, "is Mrs. Howard Sager, formerly known as Miss Florence Jennings."

Now the scene is gradually changing into a green lawn. A richly dressed, elderly lady is seated on a chair in front of her home. She is very fond of literature, and, being in rather a poor state of health, she is assisted by two women who sit beside her. One is reading a popular novel to her, and the other is reading a "History of England." Between the two, the old lady is receiving all she can comprehend. "Now," says she, finally, "you need not read any

longer, Miss Thornton, nor you, Miss Morton. You can have the rest of the time to yourselves."

The scene is again changing, and I see a large room, in which is a big, high table, upon which are many dress goods. At one end of the table, is a woman using a pair of shears in a very scientific manner, while within an adjoining room, is another woman using a tape measure upon another of her sex, and repeating in low tones: "Length, fifty inches; waist, forty inches," etc. "That is the voice of Frances Keegan," the spirit exclaims. Plainly it is a dressmaker's establishment, but who can be the proprietor? Upon glancing at some letters upon the door I discover the words, "Susie Glasser, Ladies' Fine Tailoring."

We pass from this room into the one next to it. Here we find scattered all over counters and tables ribbons, feathers, wires and numerous other articles. Arranged in glass cases are many hats, so attractive to the feminine heart and pocketbook. A tall, slim woman is busy fussing over some red and green ribbon and a green hat. Her task seems rather tedious to her, and, finally, throwing down her work, she orders another to finish it, while she goes to wait upon a customer. "She," the spirit says, "has made quite a success of this business; she receives the trade of the most critical in this part of the country." "But who is she?" I ask. "Why, her name is Helen Carroll," is the reply.

Now we see a street; nearby is a large crowd and great excitement is in the air. "I wonder

what the trouble can be?" Ah, now I can see more clearly. It seems to be a stable. A large, slim-limbed horse is being attended to by several men. The horse is hurt, and we hear the cry, "White Star, the champion trotter of the world, is hurt. Can she enter the race?" One man turns quickly to the other. "Ah," says he, "here comes the doctor at last." A stylishly dressed man enters, carrying a black case. He is dressed in a long coat, derby hat, and wears a Vandyke beard. He examines the afflicted, and, after performing a short operation, pronounces that the horse will be all right by the time of the race. "Ten dollars, please," and now he is departing. "That man is Guy V. Sweet," the spirit informs me.

But we cannot watch long, for the scene is fading. Another appears. It is the office of a prosperous business man. We hear the rattle of a typewriting machine and notice on a desk the instrument, at which is seated a dark-haired woman. She is reproducing upon paper what a man is speaking. "She is the most expert in the State," the spirit says; "her name is Louise Wood."

My magic charm is losing its power. We must hurry, for I can see only one more picture. It is a public hall, which is filled with women. Behind a bench, upon a platform, is a tall woman, who is addressing the meeting. We are too late to hear all of the speech, but we catch the following words: "Fellow-sufferers, we want our rights; we *will* have our rights; we are determined to have our rights—" Crash! The woman has stumbled and fallen. There is

great excitement. But the scene has vanished. I hear the departing words of the spirit: "That woman was known as Mabelle Rockefeller."

Ah! the charm is broken. I can tell no more. If the fate of any has not been told it is because the charm has lost its power. Hoping all have accepted their fate in the same spirit in which it was given, I await the results. Now, I must leave you and return to my mystic duties. I wish you all a long and happy farewell.

— H. H. DeForest, '05.

Prize Winners.

The gold medals were awarded at commencement as follows:

The *Pruyn* medal for public speaking, the gift of Robert C. Pruyn, of this city, to Guy V. Sweet; honorable mention, Mary J. Mattimore; the *Milne* medal, for Latin, the gift of William J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D., president of the State Normal College, to Winifred Goldring; honorable mention, Marion E. Kleinhans; the *McDonald* medal, for mathematics, the gift of William McDonald, of this city, to Lloyd N. Robinson; the *Sage* medal, for French, the gift of Henry M. Sage, of this city, to Elizabeth N. Wheeler; honorable mention, Lorena J. French; the *Pruyn* medal, for scholarship in the senior class, the gift of Charles L. Pruyn, of this city, to Winifred Goldring; the *Merecess* medal, for scholarship in the junior class, the gift of Henry E. Merecess, M. D., of this city, to Mary C. Jennings; the *Vander Veer* medal, for German, the gift of Edgar A. Vander Veer, M. D., of this city, to Winifred Goldring; the *Principal's* medal, for the best English essay, to Winia E. Miller, and the *Alliance Française* medal, for French, the gift of the Albany branch of this society, to James W. Cox, Jr.

The Crimson and White

Vol. I

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No. 4

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Editorials.

With the publication of this issue, ends the connection of the present board of editors with THE CRIMSON AND WHITE. Announcement of the incoming board has been made in other columns of this paper. In selecting the new board, we have endeavored to choose those most competent to fill the positions assigned them. Through the past year, we have derived great pleasure and profit from our work on the paper. The members of the school have stood by us splendidly, and we thank them heartily for their support. We bespeak for the new board of editors as hearty a co-operation as we have received, and then we predict as bright a future for the paper as the founders have hoped.

* *
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The very attractive cover for this issue was designed by Mr. Herbert DeForest, '05.

The Editorial Board of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE takes great pleasure in announcing that the prize for the best school song has been awarded to Miss Eleanor L. Danaher, '06. We received several very good songs, but after careful consideration, it was decided that Miss Danaher's contribution was the best. The song appears in another column of this paper.

* *
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The pins, which were designed for the Board of Editors, have been received. We think that every one agrees with our opinion, that they are very neat and attractive. The pins are of gold with a monogram, C. W., signifying THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, and crossed quills denoting the editorial occupation.

* *
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During the past year old Normal has awakened and has been repre-

sented by two athletic teams. We have had a base ball team and a girls' basket ball team, each of which has done excellently, considering that this was the first year that we have *ever* been represented in those lines. That is the way for a school to do, show school spirit, have athletic teams of all sorts, and play sportsmanlike and squarely in every game, no matter how adverse the circumstances may be. No team can expect to win every game the first year of its existence, no matter how good it may be. We can pride ourselves upon the fact that we are the **ONLY** school team in Albany that has never played a "ringer," and if we lost a game, we did not lose with the aid of outside players, but with a straight school team.

The school has turned out pretty well to the base ball games, but more might have been present to help cheer. When the players see a big Normal crowd cheering for them, they are much more likely to play a good game than when they only see a few familiar faces.

It is too bad that the boys are not allowed to go to the basket ball games, because a good crowd and cheering will do as much for a basket ball team, as it will for a base ball team. It would be a fine thing for the school if an arrangement could be made whereby the boys could attend. Let us hope, that next year it can be fixed so that they can.

We should have good teams next year, as the basket ball team loses only one player, and the base ball team two. So the teams are practically intact, and after this

year's experience, fine teams should be produced.

But let us not limit ourselves to two teams, but be also represented on the foot ball field, in hockey and by a boys' basket ball team. We have the material, why not the teams?

Why, then, schoolmates, can not we be represented in all athletics next season, and show the city of Albany that we are not dead, but very much alive?

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We present in this issue pictures of the Board of Editors and the base ball team.

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Is it possible that we have reached the end of our High School course? Can it be that we shall soon be, not pupils, but Alumni of the Normal High School? When we entered, the four years, which have passed so quickly for us, seemed a long time. They mean a great deal to us, not only because of what we have accomplished in them, but because of the immeasurable pleasure that they have brought to us.

In looking back over our school life here, we find other things besides pleasures—obstacles, surmounted only by hard work, difficulties passed through only by patience and endurance, and last, but not least, that which probably belongs with the other two, but ought to be placed by itself—examinations—sometimes accompanied by failures, which have spurred us to do better next time.

It is not necessary for us to say

that we are sorry to leave, though we know our places will be filled by the juniors. Though we have the greatest confidence in their ability, yet is it natural that we should wish to stay, if only long enough to start them on the last part of their course, so that they will have even less difficulties to encounter than we? We have not yet quite realized that some of our friendships will be broken off entirely on that day when we receive the final token of the successful completion of our work—our diplomas. Yes, graduation day has its sadness as well as happiness, its drawbacks as well as pleasures.

We shall always remember our Alma Mater and our fellow-classmates; and our greatest wish in leaving is that we may be remembered, that, though other things may take their time, attention and energies, they may still save us a corner in their memories and a place, even though small, in their hearts.

Society Notes.

Zeta Sigma.

On the sixteenth of May the Zeta Sigma Society held an initiation. At that time Miss Grace Binley and Miss Adele Le Compte were initiated.

At the election of officers on the twenty-third of May the following were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Ethel Breitenstein.

Vice-President—Katharine Parsons.

Recording Secretary—Katherine Kirkwood.

Treasurer—Letha Cooper.

Corresponding Secretary—Nettie Udell.

Marshal—Bessie Crebel.

Critic—Mary Jennings.

Pianist—Margaret Merlin.

Mistress of Ceremonies—Saida McCarthy.

On June third, Zeta Sigma day was held. The following program was enjoyed, after which a reception was given the class of 1905.

Processional, Miss Edith L. Jones; recitation, Miss Mary Jennings; vocal solo, Miss Ruth Boyce; Alpha Iota Phi, Miss Laura Wilson; selections, Miss Maud Giles.

Pantomime, "Bluebeard." Cast: Bluebeard, Eleanor L. Danaher; Mrs. Bluebeard, Saida McCarty; Sister Ann, Letha Cooper; Six Murdered Wives, Laura Wilson, Mabel Wood, May Chase, Ruth Podmore, Helen Carroll, Louise A. Wood; Reader and Manager, Katharine Parsons, '07. Time: Present.

Officers.—President, Anna I. Brown; Vice-President, Ethel J. Bull; Recording Secretary, Helen Carroll; Treasurer, Katherine Kirkwood; Corresponding Secretary, Ethel Breitenstein; Senior Editor, Alta Gallup; Junior Editor, Laura Wilson; Critic, Susie Glasser; Pianist, Edith L. Jones; Mistress of Ceremonies, Ruth Boyce; Marshal, Mabel Wood; Committee, Chair., Ethel Breitenstein, '06; Katharine Parsons, '07; May Chase, '08.

Quintilian Society.

Miss Mattimore was elected president of the Quintilian Society, to serve this last quarter, on account of Miss Schneider's leaving school.

The Quintilian girls gave a reception to the senior class on class day, June tenth. It was largely attended by members of the Society and also of the senior class. The decorations were very appropriate, being green and white, the Society's colors. The orchestra was seated behind large palms.

The following have been elected to hold office during the first term of next year:

President—Miss Coventry.
 Vice-President—Miss Baumes.
 Secretary—Miss Kleinhans.
 Treasurer—Miss Vagele.
 Senior Editor—Miss Swayne.
 Junior Editor—Miss Colvin.
 Critic—Miss Beale.
 Musician—Miss Schifferdecker.
 Corresponding Sec.—Miss Traver.
 Marshal—Miss Hartman.

Adelphoi.

Friday, June second, officers for the first term of next year were elected. They were:

President—J. Le Roy Herber.
 Vice-President—Edward O'Connell.
 Secretary—W. W. Brewster.
 Corresponding Secretary—T. R. Cox.
 Treasurer—G. B. Weaver.
 Chaplain—K. Zeigler.
 Sergeant-at-Arms—N. Persons.
 Master of Ceremonies—C. Clark.

The last meeting of the year was held on Friday, June second, when Messrs. Sweet, Cox, Oswald and DeForest made their farewell speeches.

The new pins have been ordered and are expected about commencement day.

Commencement.

The commencement exercises were held in the College Chapel at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, June fourteenth. The stage was beautifully decorated with palms and presented a fine appearance. The program rendered was as follows:

Music, orchestra; prayer, Rev. E. C. Nichols; Latin salutatory, Lorena J. French; essay, "The Power of Women," Elizabeth N. Wheeler;

chorus, "Sailor's Song," class; Un Discours Français, James W. Cox, Jr.; essay, "Christopher Marlow, the First English Dramatist," Anna I. Brown; chorus, "Spring Song," class; valedictory, Winifred Goldring; music, orchestra; address to the class by the principal; awarding of medals; conferring of diplomas; benediction; music, orchestra.

Graduates.

College Preparatory Course.—James W. Cox, Jr., Winifred Goldring, Ruth Podmore.

Classical Course.—Georgie Edna Adams, Beth Carroll, Helen Carroll, Jessie Diehl, Lorena Josephine French, Helen Germain, Florence Jennings, Emma Josephine Krennrich, Laura Elizabeth Meigs, Edith W. Morton, Mabelle Rockefeller, Guy Vernon Sweet, Elizabeth Nichols Wheeler, Ethel Frances Wheeler, Louise Anna Wood, Laura T. Zeigler, Blanche E. Johnson.

English Course.—Anna Isabelle Brown, Alice D. Carroll, Josephine M. Cashin, Edna M. Cassidy, Sarah V. Connell, Herbert H. DeForest, Susie May Glasser, Elizabeth B. Gorman, Francis A. Keegan, Helen F. Malone, Mary J. Mattimore, Charles H. Oswald, Harriet A. Smith, Sophie Thornton, Jennie H. Veeder.

Honor Roll.—1, Winifred Goldring; 2, Lorena J. French; 3, Elizabeth N. Wheeler; 4, Georgie E. Adams; 5, James W. Cox, Jr.; 6, Edith W. Morton; 7, Ethel F. Wheeler; 8, Anna I. Brown; 9, Ruth Podmore; 10, Charles H. Oswald.

School Notes.

Mr. Olin L. Russum, '06, formerly business manager of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, has left school for the remainder of the term, his family having moved to Fultonville, N. Y.

Miss Miriam Schneider, '05, society editor of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, has left school on account of ill health.

Mr. Edward Clary, '07, has returned to school after an absence of several months.

The High School assembled with the College in the College Hall on May twenty-ninth for Memorial Day exercises. The program, which consisted of patriotic songs by the school and addresses by several members of the G. A. R., was enjoyed very much.

Miss Laura M. Wilson, '06, has left school.

On Saturday afternoon, June tenth, at three o'clock, the Class of 1905 held their class day exercises. The following program was presented:

Processional.
Music—"Sailor's Song".....Class
President's Welcome...Charles Oswald
Class History.....Mary Mattimore
Vocal Solo.....Beth Carroll
Recitation.....Florence Jennings
Class Poem.....Laura Meigs
Class Prophecy.....Herbert DeForest
Class Song—

(To the air of "Byron Lay Dreaming.")

We greet you kind friends with a welcome,

Within these walls now so dear,
Your presence we herald with gladness,
At the close of our senior year,
We'd gladly tell you, dear hearers,
Of conflicts and labors well done,
And of many a cherished laurel—
Earnestly sought for and won.

And now our dear teachers and classmates,

With hearts so loyal and true,
We would clasp your loved hands in friendship

And bid you a fond adieu.
Shall we leave these dear walls forever?
The future, ah, who can tell?

We'll pause at the threshold and murmur,

Dear Alma Mater, farewell.
— Miss Meigs.

Presentation to Class of 1906.....

.....James W. Cox, Jr.
Response.....Ethel Breitenstein
Music—"Spring Song"..... Class

The following Board of Editors has been elected for the year 1905-1906:

Editor-in-Chief—Sarah Swayne.

Literary Editors—Ruth Boyce, Jennie Coventry.

School Editors—Mabel Wood, Ethel Breitenstein.

Alumni Editor—Edith Jones.

Exchange Editor—Katharine Parsons.

Athletic Editor—Edward J. O'Connell.

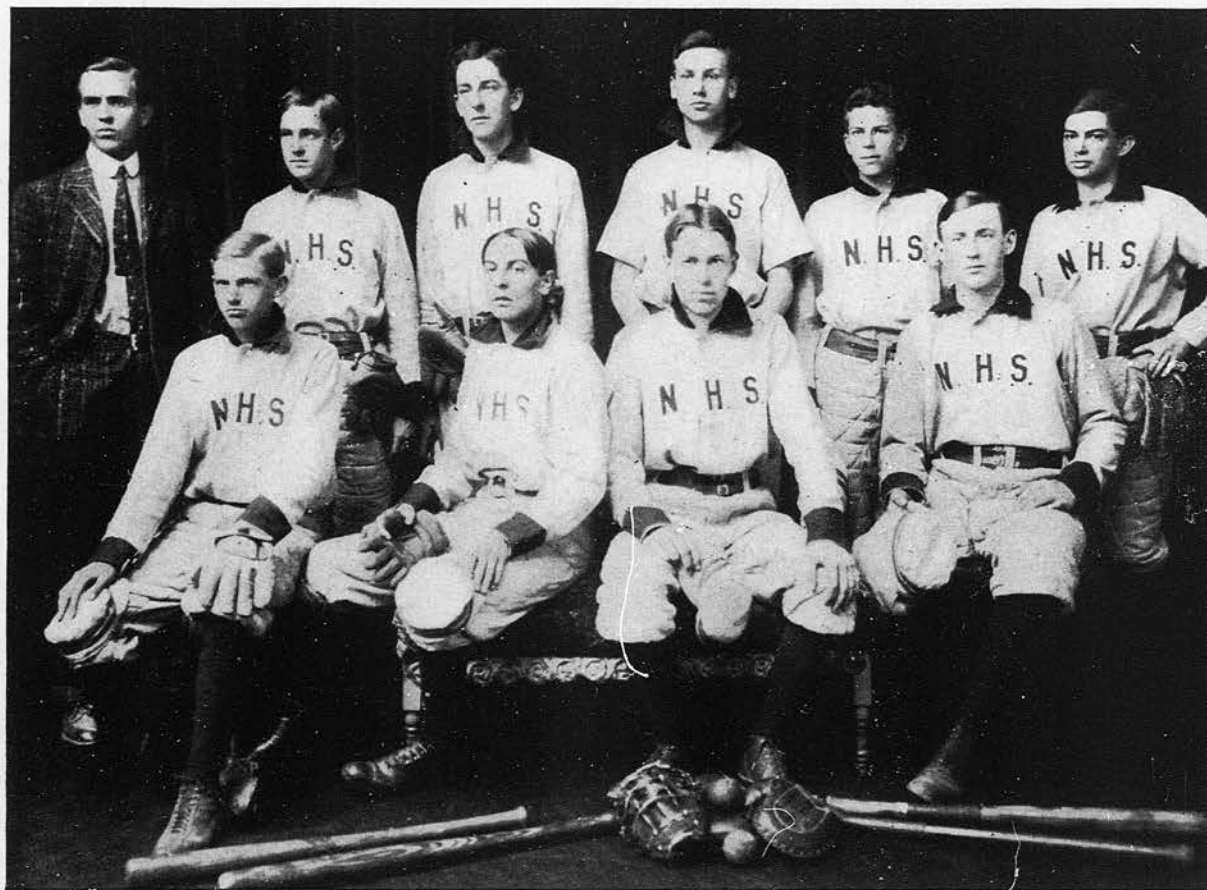
Business Managers—T. R. Cox, J. Le Roy Herber.

The meeting of the Alliance Française, held at Mrs. Manning's home May twenty-seventh, was attended by the French students of the senior and junior classes. It was greatly enjoyed by all, and the French conversation heard then will act as an incentive to do better work to all the students. The Alliance Française medal, a handsome reward for good work, was awarded to Mr. James Cox, whom the judges considered the best French student who tried the examination held April 26, 1905.

The trial competition for public speaking was held Friday afternoon, May twelfth. The following program was given:

Music; "The Tramp's Story," Will Carlton, Saida A. McCarthy; "With the Shadow of Thy Wing," Mary Stuart, Florence Jennings; "The Deacon's Horse Trade," E. N. Westcott, Beth Cobb; "The Little Match Girl," H. C. Anderson, Frances W. Warner; "The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus," Willis, Ethel J. Everingham; "The Ruggles' Christmas Party," K. D. Wiggin, Beth Carroll; "Starbright," L. E.

NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL BASE BALL TEAM, 1905.



Sweet, Mgr.,
Clark,

Van Oostenbrugge,

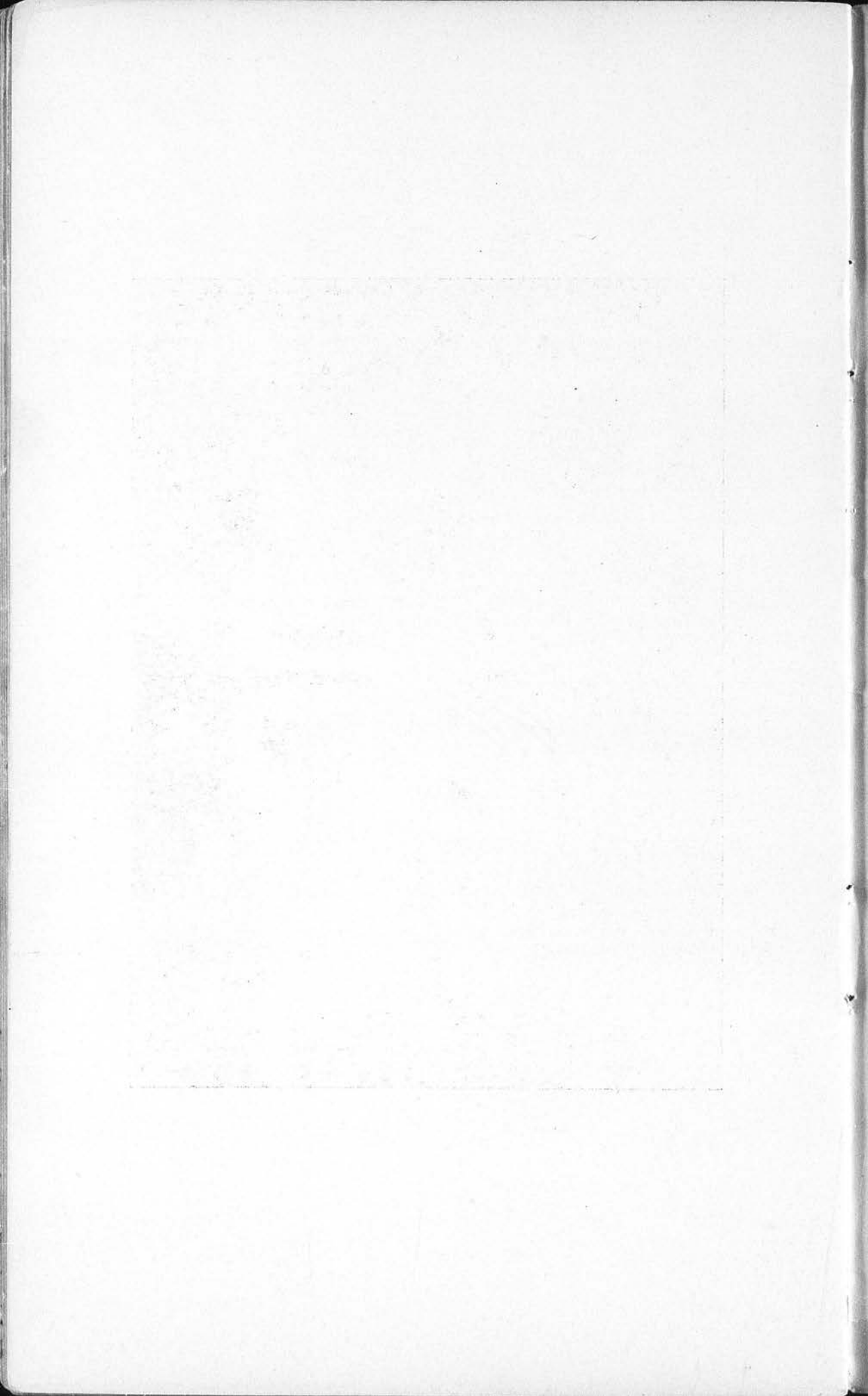
Oswald,
Persons,

Weaver,
J. Cox, Capt.

T. Cox,

O'Connell,

Meneely,



Richards, Mary Josephine Mattimore; music; "Tributes to a Dog," selected, James W. Cox, Jr.; "An Old Sweetheart," J. W. Riley, Edward M. Clary; scene from "Merchant of Venice," Shakespeare, Edward J. O'Connell; "John Maynard," H. Alger, Jr., Bertha M. Bott; "The Legend Beautiful," Longfellow, Anna I. Brown; "The Bugle Song," Tennyson, Edna Schifferdecker; music; "Madame Malibren and the Young Musician," selected, Emma Krenrich; "Spartacus to the Gladiators," E. Kellogg, Guy V. Sweet; "College Oil Cans," McGuire, Louise A. Wood; "The Happy Little Cripple," J. W. Riley, Katharine S. Parsons; "The Swan Song," selected, Ruth Podmore; "Tom," C. F. Woolson, Eleanor L. Danaher; music.

Judges — Prof. Edward W. Wetmore, Mr. George Lawyer, Rev. Chellis E. Nichols.

From among these, Miss Mattimore, Miss Parsons, Miss Bott, Miss Everingham, Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sweet were chosen by the judges to take part in the final competition. This was held Friday evening, May twenty-sixth. The following recitations were given:

Music; scene from "Merchant of Venice," Shakespeare, Edward J. O'Connell; "Spartacus to the Gladiators," E. Kellogg, Guy V. Sweet; music; "Starbright," L. E. Richards, Mary Josephine Mattimore; "The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus," Willis, Ethel J. Everingham; music; "How He Saved St. Michael's," M. Johnston, Bertha M. Bott; "The Happy Little Cripple," J. W. Riley, Katharine S. Parsons; music.

Judges — Prof. James R. White, Prin. John G. Murdock, Dr. E. H. Hannahs.

Mr. Sweet was favored by the judges and was awarded the prize.

"All the world's a stage," and all the women thereon want speaking parts.— Ex.

Alumni Notes.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Alumni Association was held in the law office of William Fitzsimmons, on April fourteenth, to arrange for a reception to be given on the evening of June fourteenth, in the Normal College Hall.

'96.

Clara Ross is teaching in the lower grades of one of the public schools of Rensselaer.

Mrs. A. J. Meyer, *née* Lucia Miller, is now residing in Jersey City, N. J.

'97.

Charlotte Du Bois has a position as stenographer in the Huyck Felt Mills, Rensselaer.

'99.

Florence Helm is singing in the Lutheran church, Albany.

Raymond Watson Jones, who graduates in June from Cornell University, has been awarded the fellowship in German and a Phi Beta Kappa key.

'01.

Chester A. A. Hemstreet has graduated from the Albany Medical College.

'03.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Charlotte Moore Perry to Mr. John C. Bently, who graduated in 1904 from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Bently is now employed by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

According to the "Darwinian theory," both men and women have sprung from monkeys, but some don't seem to have sprung very far.— Ex.

ATHLETICS

Basket Ball.

The work of the basket ball team for the last part of this year has been fairly good, the girls having won two and lost three games. They have worked hard, and were only defeated after long and gamely fought struggles. They showed great spirit, fighting out every contest to the very end. The team was composed of Misses K. Parsons, captain; L. Wilson, manager; E. Schifferdecker, T. Harfinger and M. Wood.

The following is an account of the five last games played. We are sorry that more details cannot be published, but were unobtainable.

On March twenty-fifth the team played the Watervliet High School, at Watervliet, and were defeated by the score of 14-4. The Watervliet girls made most of their counts on fouls by our team.

March thirty-first, a return game was played with the Watervliet team, in Albany, and we were again defeated by the score of 6-2. It was the most exciting and best played game of the year, and up to the last moment there was a doubt who would win.

The Academy of the Holy Names were our opponents on April third, and they were trounced by the score of 24-7. In this game the team work was excellent, and our girls played all around their opponents.

On April twenty-ninth The Racquet Club was played, and the "old ladies," as the girls called them, trimmed us to the score of 22-3. Fouls by the N. H. S. helped The Racquet Club along considerably.

The last game of the season was played on May fifth with the Female Academy team, and they were taken into camp to the tune of 37-6. In this game the Normal girls showed superior team work, and the result was at no time in doubt.

BASE BALL.

We have had this year, a thing which has never happened before, a base ball team worthy of representing the school. It has done fairly well, considering the inexperience of some of the players, and that this is the first year that we have ever had a team. Although more games *might* have been won, the team showed up exceedingly well, taking into consideration that some of the fellows had never played on a team before and were "green" at it. About the first of April the fellows had a meeting, and elected James W. Cox, Jr., '05, captain, and Guy V. Sweet, '05, manager. The players, and the positions which they usually played, were:

Pitcher — Weaver.
Catcher — J. Cox (captain).
First base — O'Connell.
Second base — T. Cox.
Short stop — Meneely.

Third base — Clark.
 Left field — Oswald.
 Center field — Newell.
 Right field — Van Oostenbrugge.
 Substitute — Persons.
 Substitute — Myers.

The team had hard luck when the season was about one-half over, Newell being sick with the measles, and Myers being laid up on account of a broken finger.

This necessitated the shifting of players somewhat, and is probably the reason for the loose playing displayed in some of the games.

The team played pretty consistent ball, doing good work in the field, and showed good team work, but were, on the whole, woefully weak with the bat.

O'Connell, Weaver, Capt. Cox, and Newell did the best work in that line.

In the field, Weaver as a pitcher is all that could be desired. He has great speed, good curves, but is inclined to be a trifle wild at times. This, however, can be remedied.

Captain Cox did pretty good work behind the bat. He fields his position excellently, but is not so good on the throws to second base.

At first base, O'Connell played a very steady game, taking all throws with a remarkable sureness, but was a little wild and inaccurate in throwing to bases at times.

At second, T. Cox played pretty well, but did not cover nearly as much ground as he should do, because he is light, and should be able to cover more space. He and Weaver were the principal runners for the team.

Meneely, at short stop, put up a

good game, but was very erratic in his playing and throwing, some days playing like a professional, while on others he made many errors.

Clark, on third, fields his position like a veteran, throws swift and accurately, but is woefully weak with the bat. A good lot of batting practice this summer would make him one of the best third basemen on any school team in the vicinity.

In left field, Oswald played the game well, covering a lot of territory, but being, as some of the others on the team are, weak with the willow.

At center field, Newell put up a great game, making many fine catches, but his throwing at times is a trifle wild. He is good with the bat, and, with a little more experience, will make a fine all-around player.

Van Oostenbrugge, in right field, put up an excellent game. He played good ball all season in the field, but needs to improve his batting.

Myers and Persons, as substitutes, did not play in as many games as the rest, but showed up fairly well. Both need to improve on their batting.

Now, boys, don't get mad over these criticisms, but try to profit by it, so that next year the team will be second to none in its class.

The outlook for next year's team is very bright and promising, as only two men will leave this June. Captain Cox will go from behind the bat, and Oswald from left field. This leaves the infield practically intact, so next year we may expect a fine team.

Following is a brief account of the games played:

N. H. S., 8; E. H. S., 16.

Wednesday, May third, the team journeyed to Cohoes and played the first game of the season with the Egbert High School of that city. The Cohoes boys won by the score of 16-8, due mostly to the attack of stage-fright which the majority of our boys had. Our fellows woke up towards the end of the game and scored eight runs, but it was too late to overcome their opponent's lead. The score by innings was:

N. H. S..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 3 2 2—8
E. H. S..... 0 3 1 0 3 6 0 3 *—16

Batteries—N. H. S., Weaver and Cox; E. H. S., Jones and Lambert.

N. H. S., 16; Horicon Club, 15.

On May sixth the team won its first game by beating the Horicon Club nine of this city by the score of 16-15. Up to the ninth inning the Horicons had the best of it, but in the ninth a grand batting rally took place, seven runs were made, the score tied, and the winning run made in the tenth. Weaver did some fine work, striking out no less than eleven men. This is the way it happened:

Horicon 0 1 0 1 2 2 2 3 4 0—15
N. H. S..... 1 1 0 3 2 1 0 0 7 1—16

Batteries—Ijams and Underhill; Weaver and Cox.

N. H. S., 47; S. N. C., 3.

On May tenth we defeated the State Normal College team by the score of 47-3. The game took place in Maple Ridge and drew a big crowd. It was too one-sided to be interesting. The following tells the story:

N. H. S... 3 2 3 1 2 1 17 7 11—47
S. N. C... 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 0—3

Batteries—Weaver and Newell; Colister, Campbell and Bazzoni.

N. H. S., 25; A. H. S., 13.

May thirteenth the team played the Altamont High School at Dobler Park, and won by the score of 25 to 13. Newell started in to catch, but was replaced by Cox in the third inning. The score by innings:

A. H. S... 6 2 0 0 0 2 0 1 1—13
N. H. S... 1 1 2 1 1 5 11 3 *—25

Batteries—Cheesebrough and Fowler; Weaver, Newell and Cox.

N. H. S., 2; R. H. S., 5.

On May eighteenth the team went to Ravena and played the Ravena High School. The game was called off at the end of the sixth inning on account of rain, the score then being 5 to 2 in favor of Ravena. The score by innings:

N. H. S..... 0 0 0 1 0 1—2
R. H. S..... 0 2 0 2 1 0—5

Batteries—Weaver and Cox; Hill and Winne.

N. H. S., 5; R. H. S., 14.

A second game was played with Ravena on May nineteenth, when we suffered defeat for the second time, by the score of 14 to 5. This is how it was done:

N. H. S..... 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1—5
R. H. S..... 0 2 4 3 0 3 0 2 *—14

Batteries—Weaver and Cox; Hill and Winne.

N. H. S., 3; W. H. S., 15.

On May twenty-fifth the team went to Watervliet and played the crack team from the High School there. We were defeated, 15-3, due to the rank errors made by

most all the team. Weaver pitched a fine game, but lost on account of the miserable support. Scan the following:

N. H. S..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—3
 W. H. S..... 1 0 0 3 3 4 3 1 *—15

Batteries—Weaver and Cox; Johnson and Mahoney.

N. H. S., 1; W. H. S., 16.

On May twenty-seventh, at Dobler Park, the Watervliet High School again defeated us by the score of 16-1. We were clearly out-batted and out-fielded. The score by innings:

W. H. S..... 1 1 4 0 0 3 0 7 0—16
 N. H. S..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1

Batteries—Forsyth, Johnson and Mahoney; Weaver, Meneely and Cox.

N. H. S., 12; A. H. S., 14.

Decoration Day, May thirtieth, the team went to Altamont and played the return game with the Altamont High School. In the fourth, by three bases on balls, off Meneely, two hits and numerous errors, they piled up eight runs, which won the game for them. Meneely was replaced by Weaver in the fifth and did not allow a single hit to be made off him. The score by innings:

N. H. S..... 2 0 1 0 0 5 1 1 2—12
 A. H. S..... 1 2 1 8 0 0 2 0 *—14

Batteries—Meneely, Weaver and Cox; Young and Ogsbury.

N. H. S., 5; R. H. S., 5.

Saturday afternoon, June third, a game took place with the Ravena High School. It was a good game, and many fast plays were made on both sides. T. Cox, on second, played a fine game in the field, taking no less than ten out of eleven chances. The game

ended, however, with a questionable score. In the eighth inning, on a passed ball, Weaver came home, but was declared out by the umpire, and thus a row was started. It was clearly evident that he was entitled to the base, as it was a passed ball, but the umpire called him out and would not change his decision, even when proved wrong by the rules. The score follows:

R. H. S..... 0 0 2 0 3 0 0 0—5
 N. H. S..... 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 2—5

Batteries—Weaver and Cox; Hill and Winne.

Exchange Department.

We welcome the newcomer, *The Phonograph*. "A Cowboy's Letter" is very interesting.

The Comet arrived in much neater style this time. The Debate is a very interesting feature. Could you not find room for more editorials? The editorial is the voice of the school, and we are inclined to believe that a weak voice betokens a weak spirit; so give us two or three good strong editorials.

Yours is a neat little paper, *High School Critic*. We are pleased to note that you are enthusiastic athletes. An Exchange Department and a little literary work would add greatly to your paper.

The Blue and White (South Bethlehem) is one of the best papers that we receive. The covers are always neat, and the material between the covers, is always neatly and carefully arranged. We note that your exchanges have "passed

the century mark," and we congratulate you.

The number of your advertisements, *Cue*, would lead us to believe that you have the business men of Albany hypnotized. It speaks well for your paper and its management.

Oh, no, Guy Vernon's hat is not any larger now than before May twenty-sixth.

Mr. Cohen—"Any old clothes to sell?"

Meneely—"Naw, I got 'em all on."

Epitaph.

Beneath this mound lies all we found
Of little Johnny Green;
He filled, one night, by candle-light,
A tank of gasolene.

Found in Room 217.

Little Ruth Boyce,
With her low, sweet voice,
Sat in her seat near the aisle;
She tilted her chin,
And tried to "butt in,"
And kept up a laugh all the while.
—"Thinker."

Isn't it funny that big Van
Ost . . . etc., has lost his *Hart*.

We are sorry to report that Miss
Veeder will not sing at commencement.

Herber is progressing in
French; he can recite the past
participle of the verb "to love"—
"Aimée."

"Oly Moses" Clark.

"The Psalm of Death," in the
last issue of the *Echo*, is one of the
best articles that that paper has
had in some time. It is all the
more interesting for being true.

(From the American Journal of Health.)

The Stomach is for Food — Not Drugs.

Eminent members of the medical profession have agreed that the indiscriminate use of drugs is largely responsible for the commonness of many stomach complaints. This is hardly to be wondered at when we remember the sensitiveness of the digestive organs and how easily they may be affected far worse by the ill-considered use of drugs. Proper digestion and assimilation of food are impracticable when we interfere with the organs that accomplish those processes. The pneumogastric nerves may be affected by this unwise use of drugs so that the whole system will finally suffer. It is also true that the stomach, through its natural secretions, will sometimes convert what should be a remedial agent into a positive poison. Thus we cannot with certainty predict what effect the taking of a drug will have upon an individual.

The newer methods of combating disease have sought to provide a remedy for the conditions referred to, and for this reason the medical profession and the hygienic press are greatly interested in any of these methods which are based upon the principle that cures may be effected without dosing the patient with drugs.

It is now a well-established fact that though the stomach may be able to provide for the reception of food it will often

fail to endure drugs, which will cause it to react upon all the rest of the system. The lining of the stomach is too delicate to withstand the action of many medicines, and this consequence is sure to follow: the action of the heart will be affected, the liver and kidneys will suffer and a general deleterious effect will ensue. It is the trophic nerves which become demoralized in the first instance and precipitate the final result. The tendency therefore is to minimize the quantity of drugs prescribed, and the great aid that is offered by the substitution of such a remedy as The Suttonia Magnetic Appliances is fully appreciated by the medical profession. The great object aimed at is the relief of the stomach from drug dosing and the making it free to digest and assimilate natural food. That is its true function and anything which interferes with it is to be condemned and avoided. And as the American Journal of Health always seeks to be early in the field as an independent endorser of anything which tends to alleviate the ills humanity is fated to suffer from more or less, we now commend cheerfully the use of The Suttonia Magnetic Appliances, which, like all genuine articles of its class, must be regarded in the light of a boon to mankind.

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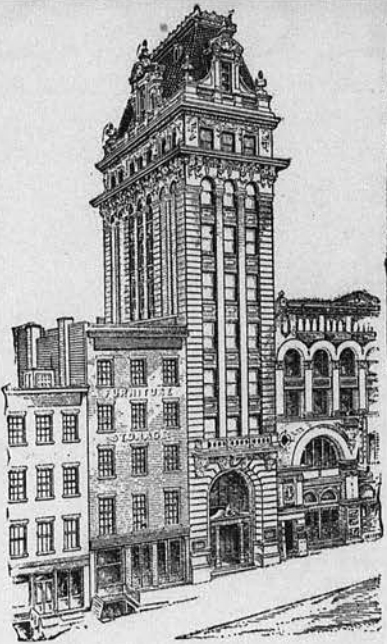


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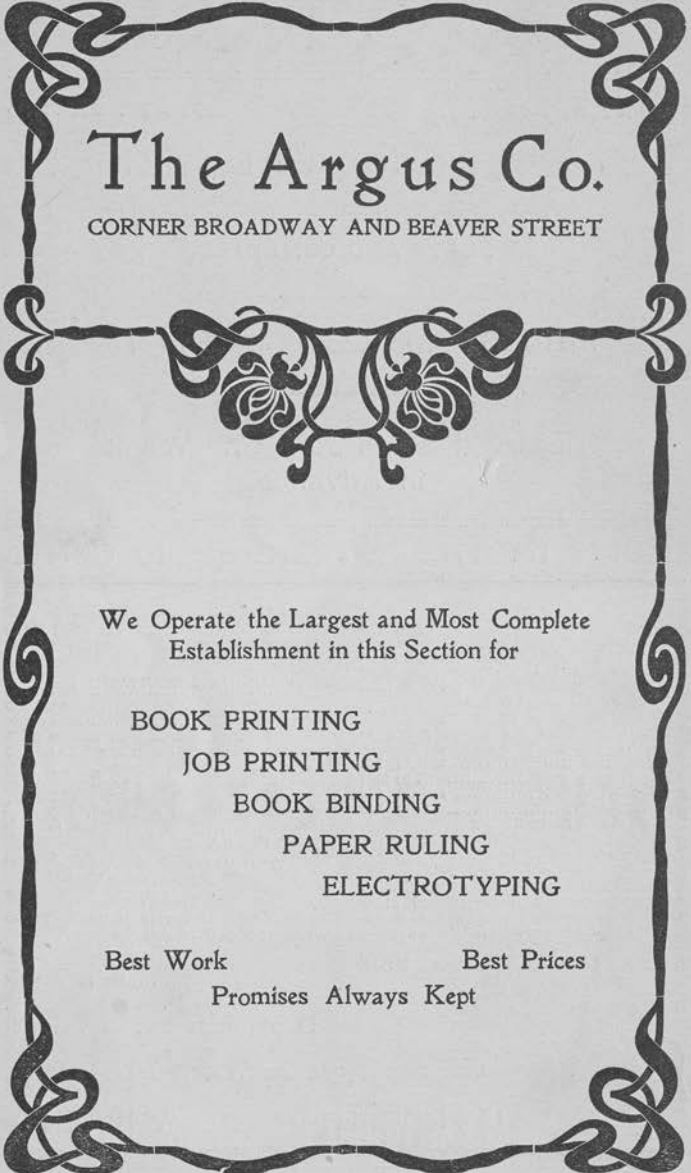
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