

April 1910

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# The Crimson and White

VOL. VI

APRIL, 1910

No. 4



## Literary Department

### Heralds of Spring

Guess what I heard as I crossed  
the dune,  
And over the meadow the other  
day!  
'Twas a ripple, a warble, a flood of  
tune,  
From the blithesome bluebird  
over the way.  
Guess what I saw as I listened  
long,  
Enraptured by the bluebird's  
trills!  
'Twas a waving, rustling, smiling  
throng  
Of golden-petaled daffodils.  
Guess what I felt as I watched the  
band  
Of daffodils dancing beneath the  
trees!  
'Twas the delicate, cooling, soothing  
hand,  
And the loving kiss of the gentle  
breeze.  
Guess what I knew as I felt the  
wind's  
Caressing arms about me fling!  
I knew they were heralds which  
Nature finds  
To announce the presence of  
lovely Spring.

J. E. L. '10

### World Fellowship

"I know now," wrote the venerable Count Tolstoi, "that my fellowship with others cannot be shut off by a frontier or by a government decree that decides that I belong to some particular political organization. I know now that men are everywhere brothers and equals. When I now think of all the evil that I have done, that I have seen about me, arising from national enmities, I see clearly that it is due to that gross imposture called patriotism."

I do not say that patriotism is a gross imposture, I do not say that love of country is not a virtue worthy of every effort we can give forth to encourage and perpetuate it, I do not say that the soldier who leaves his home, friends and family to lay down his life for his country is not worthy of every honor in our power to bestow upon him, but there is a virtue higher, nobler and grander than even our love for our country, and that is love for the human race.

We are beginning to realize now that further education will make the future generations see more fully the magnificence there is in

our fellowship with the whole world.

Why should we not show love toward our fellowmen? What are we after all—we of every nation and every clime? Are we not all sprung from the same earth to which we must some day return? Are we not all struggling for our own lives, and for the lives of others near and dear to us? Are there not millions without our land struggling from morn till night to keep body and soul together? Can we sympathize with those within our gates and fail to sympathize with those without, who are of the same flesh and blood as we? Can we love our fellow-countrymen and make war upon our foreign brothers?

Is it right that the rulers of Europe should keep hundreds of thousands of men constantly under arms; that every young man is obliged to spend three of the best years of his life to acquire the art of destroying his fellowmen, at the same time adding terribly to the taxation and causing unceasing poverty and suffering to an already poverty-stricken and overburdened peasantry?

What are the purposes for which nations carry on war? We generally think that one country engages in warfare with another in order to punish that country for some wrong, but think of the vast and awful punishment we inflict upon ourselves, the effect of which is readily seen after the war is over. Have we gained our purpose? If so I wish to know in what way.

Every day of our lives murder is being committed throughout the universe and the hearts of men throb with vengeance and they cry out that the murderer's life-blood be spilt, but why shouldn't the ruler or instigator who brings

about war calling honest, happy innocent men from their wives and children, never to return again, why shouldn't he be considered guilty of innumerable murders and be hanged?

As for the horrors of war itself, too much cannot be spoken. Upon fields all aglow with harmonious nature, we see bands of brothers, children of a common father, heirs of a common happiness, struggling with murderous weapons for the lives of their brothers, who have never injured them or their kindred. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood, the air is rent with their commingling cries.

At the same time we behold in two distant lands, the kneeling forms of women, their pale faces upturned to God, asking that their loved ones, far away, be spared, so that the sobbing prayer for his life and the soldiers groans of death go up to Heaven together.

Think of the widows left penniless by this curse. Their little rafts cast out upon the broad ocean of life there to earn that living which their husbands promised to provide them with. See those poor creatures struggling to feed their little children. See their once happy faces, now pale, thin and wrinkled.

Many stories might be told of the sad occurrences brought about by brutal warfare, but let them go unnoticed and look forward upon a brighter horizon.

Mankind is beginning to realize the inhumanity of warfare and perhaps in a short time war will be a humiliating recollection of the past, for we have at last awakened to the fact that the best means of settling national grievances is by arbitration.

It was but a short time ago that delegates from all over the world

met at The Hague and there compiled a means of averting unfriendly relations, which was a reform that will cause the twentieth century to go down in history—a commission on arbitration to settle all questions arising between nations.

When this plan reaches its maturity and the desired effects are realized, then may the angels of peace send forth their peaceful music, unmolested by the bellowing of cannon or the shrieks of the wounded; then indeed men will be at peace with themselves and the great God who placed them on this earth that they might live happy and prosperous lives, fulfilling the grand motto "Peace on earth, good will toward men." J. T. D. '11

### An Easter Story

The late afternoon sun streamed hazily through the windows, touching with soft golden light the long book shelves and deep chairs of a luxurious room. Its one occupant, however, quite heedless of the warm flood of sunshine, paced slowly up and down, a deep frown upon his brow.

He was an elderly man—though still tall and straight. The hair about his temples was streaked with gray and his countenance was that of a man who has seen much of the world. His expression betrayed a mind severely troubled as if struggling against a great temptation.

"I must decide—It is decided," he muttered. "The crisis has come. The turning point is here. To-morrow will determine my course. If the experiment succeeds, I shall write to Clayton, the deal will be off and we shall begin a new life—Fay and I."

A faint look of hope brightened his eyes and he squared his shoul-

ders proudly with the new resolution.

A door opened and a young doctor in a white surgical uniform appeared. "It is over Mr. Marsh," said he, in a voice mingled with fear and courage.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was midnight. In a room lighted only by a dull-green-shaded lamp, three people watched and waited for the first streaks of dawn. The skillful specialist with his head buried in his hands, deep in thought, the young doctor gazing with brooding eyes into the future, and the anxious father sitting patiently at the side of his only daughter. If only he might snatch that hateful band from her eyes! But no, the learned specialist said "Wait." He smoothed gently and tenderly the soft, wavy hair from the brow of the young girl as she lay stretched out on the couch at his side. She was sleeping now. Perhaps it were better that she should never wake up. What would she think of the father whom she had never seen? Would she not read the marks of his mistaken life in his face—she who was so keenly sensitive? Carefully and patiently he reviewed once more his past records. Was it too late to mend? No, he felt that it was not. Then he glanced thoughtfully at the young doctor near him. His future also depended upon the same frail little girl. The great magnate smiled tenderly as he thought of that strange but beautiful story to which he had been a witness. He knew that if the experiment should succeed and Fay should really receive her sight, that he would keep her only for a short time. "After all," he sighed, "what does it matter. They will be happy and she deserves it, dear little Fay."

The great clock in the corner of the room struck four. The young girl stirred and then raising her head, said, "Doctor is it time yet?"

"Very soon, Miss Fay," answered the specialist, a deep sympathy vibrating in his tone.

The half hour sounded, then five and half past. The old doctor motioned to the young man who sprang to the youthful patient.

"No, no, wait," implored the blind girl, "let me first open my eyes under the blue sky. It is Easter morning and I should like to see it as the birds do."

With breathless eagerness the three led her to the broad balcony overhanging the garden. The great doctor loosened the bandage about her eyes with trembling fingers.

"Father," cried the girl, scarce daring to open the eyes so long sightless, "do not be disappointed."

The white lids opened slowly and with a little startled cry of joy, Fay exclaimed, "I see, I see! How beautiful it is! Father, father—where are you?"

The gray haired man stood before her, a great wistfulness shining in his sober eyes. The girl gazed long and steadfastly into his strained face. "Father," at last she whispered faintly, "you have suffered. You are not happy, but I will make you so. It shall be a new life for both of us. No," she continued as her eyes rested upon the young doctor, "for three of us."

"A new life for Easter morn," said the thankful specialist.

"Two," added the happy father.

"Three," replied the young doctor as his eyes gazed deep into the clear blue ones, now eloquent with expression, raised bravely to meet his own.

BETTY, '10

### "Turn About is Fair Play"

John McMann, the "Boss" down at the office, was a big, jolly, fiery-tempered Irishman, about thirty years old. He had great, large, gray eyes, which fairly sparkled with fun, and seemed to belie the firm expression of his mouth and chin. His hair was red—to be in keeping with his temper, I suppose. Still for all, he was one of the best natured men one would want to meet, and his inordinate love of practical jokes often led him into serious difficulty.

There were three other people in the office besides McMann himself; Miss Brown, better known as Nona, a dainty, bewitching little person, with pretty brown hair and eyes; Miss Grey, who was of quite a different type, being distinctly "brunette," and Mr. Lynn, a youth just recently graduated from college.

Taken all in all, I think that they were the four jolliest people who ever worked together. They were continually joking, and the dull monotony of their daily work was greatly lessened by the jolly good times which they had with each other.

It had long been evident that the "Boss" took more than a mere impersonal interest in the dainty young woman who acted as his secretary, but still the other employees at the office were unable to find out anything definite in regard to the matter.

It happened that the editor of the *Daily News*, and his staff in the office adjoining this, were very friendly with the four "jokers," and the editor himself, being a personal friend of the "Boss," was also greatly interested in the affair between him and Miss Brown. But imagine their astonishment when one morning they received the mes-



sage that McMann and Nona had been secretly married the night before and were already on their wedding tour to the far South.

A council of war, consisting of the Editor, his assistant, Miss Grey and Mr. Lyon, was held that evening and all unanimously agreed that the two runaways would have to be punished for cheating them out of their share of fun at the wedding. No definite plans were made, but the conspiracy was started nevertheless.

An opportunity miraculously presented itself a few weeks later. McMann and Nona had been so intent on keeping their preparations from the people at the office, that they were unable to furnish their cottage completely. During the first week after their return, it developed that on Saturday afternoon (as it was a half holiday), John, being of rather an artistic nature, was to hang the pictures in the living room.

Friday night was a very busy night for certain people. Various stores were visited and much talking done over the 'phone. But the newly married couple were in blissful ignorance of it all.

The results of the activity on the part of these people was seen the next day. As John was leaving his office, he was intercepted by his friend the editor, and soon they were walking swiftly toward fifty-two Main Street, McMann's future home. The editor was to find out how their scheme would work.

Now there was one "trait of character" of the editor that McMann did not admire—he laughed too loud. And whenever the joke was on McMann himself the editor's merry ha, ha, could be heard for blocks around. And it was such a taunting, exasperating laugh!

When they reached their desti-

nation, McMann immediately set to work, picked up a picture, and proceeded to unwrap it, when the door-bell rang. He answered the ring and the following conversation ensued:

"Is this McMann's?"

"Yes."

"Where do you want this coal put?"

"Coal? Where is that from? I haven't ordered any coal."

"Well, ain't this McMann's, fifty-two Main Street?"

"Why, yes; but I haven't ordered any coal. I had all the bins filled last week, and I haven't room for another piece. Wait, I'll call up your company and see if there hasn't been a mistake."

No, evidently there hadn't been a mistake; five tons of coal had been ordered the night before. A heated conversation ensued, and the coal man, angrily stamping down the steps, fired back as his parting shot, "Well, if you think it's a joke to bring all that coal up here on a day like this, with the thermometer below zero"—but he forgot to finish the sentence for just then McMann handed him half a dollar to appease his wrath, and the coal man drove away, thinking that it was not such a bad joke after all.

McMann proceeded upstairs and no sooner had he finished unwrapping his picture when the doorbell rang again. Downstairs he stampeded, to find three huge rugs piled up in the vestibule. In amazement he looked at the man.

"McMann's?" Sounded a gruff voice.

"Yes."

"A young woman sent these rugs up on approval. Said you were to choose the one you like best;" he tersely explained.

McMann stood as one stupefied, as the man spread out before him

more surprised in her life. She had entirely forgotten that it was Sunday, in her eagerness to make the bonnet, and she was somewhat ashamed. But Great-grandfather didn't scold, and she says that since then she has realized what kindness he showed her, considering his principles, for he never spoke about the color of the bonnet, or the bow.

And grandmother says that when Easter Sunday came, the little white bonnet was packed away, and she wore a gray one to First Day Meeting of her own accord. Though I'm sure she would have looked well in the other.

JAY, '10

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(One of our Seniors became brilliant the other day, and quite dazzled his English teacher and classmates with this little gem of *light*.)

### The Searchlight

On summer nights the *searchlights* from the night boats can be plainly seen from long distances. From the shores of the river, the objects upon which the *light* is thrown can easily be recognized, but away from the river, only long shafts of *light* can be seen.

A person watching these *lights* from a distance, sees only the changing positions of the *lights*. Sometimes there is a long streak of *light* along the horizon, much like the early *light* of morning as it appears between two cloud masses. At other times the *light* changes from north to south so quickly that it looks very much like a flash of *lightning*.

Nearby the *light* looks like some kind of boat that can be propelled with great swiftness and in any di-

rection with the greatest of ease. In short, the *searchlight* vividly shows the difference between *light* and darkness.

I have had opportunity to see the *searchlight* a short distance from the city, when it is most active. If a grove of trees is between the observer and the *light*, a rather strange picture is presented. The strips of *light* on the trunks of the trees, blotches of *light* on the foliage, and different degrees of intensity along the path of *light* all blend to make a somewhat unnatural view. However, if the *light* is between yourself and the trees, it looks much like the views on the slides of a magic lantern. Of course the *light* is better than nothing at all, but it does not make the country look as pretty as in the *sunlight*.

When one of the night boats that has a *searchlight* is at the dock ready to leave, one sees, at once, the great intensity of the *light*. After looking at objects illuminated by this *light*, the arc *lights* look rather pale. When the *light* is thrown on objects nearby, the *light* is so intense that it is almost painful to the eyes. If a person is in the *light* one instant and in the shadow the next, it gives the same impression that a flash of *lightning* gives.

From the distance it is rather pleasant to see these *lights*. They look much like fingers of *light* pointing out things in the darkness. The dazzling brilliancy of the *searchlights* at close range is painful, even if only looking at objects illuminated by their *light*. They are excellent for sight seeing at night but very much inferior to moon-*light*. For my own part, I would rather have a rather faint *light* over a great extent of surface than have a very bright *light* all in one spot.

*The*  
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**Editorials**

We have reached the last term and are on the home stretch, as it were. There is so much to be accomplished before school closes that we hardly know where to commence, and it is just the season of the year when we would rather be out of doors, anyway. Yet, we must not give up. When we have come so far, we must finish, and finish as well as possible. Let us get to work, and work so that this last term is the best term of our school year.

The Board of Editors request your hearty coöperation for the remainder of the year, both in respect to material for the paper, and in money matters. The best way to help financially is to support the entertainment which they are planning.

**School Notes**

Miss Dolan has been absent on account of illness.

Messrs. Fry and McElheeny have left school.

Misses Murray and Keenholts are absent on account of illness.

On February eleventh, the Freshman Class gave a Valentine party at which most of the members were present. The room was prettily decorated with red hearts. Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed. The Misses Clement, Shaver and Cushing were chaperons.

On the twenty-first of February, the Sophomore Class gave a reception to the Junior and Senior Classes. Refreshments were served and dancing enjoyed, the music being furnished by Mr. Steers. A prize was awarded to Miss Sutherland as winner in the conundrum contest.

The Juniors held a Class meeting on Monday, March, twenty-eighth. The following officers were elected:

- President—William H. Thomson.
- Vice-President—Pearl B. Shafer.
- Secretary—Clara M. Sutherland.
- Treasurer—John T. Delaney.

On February eighteenth, the Senior Class enjoyed a sleigh-ride to Voorheesville. Dancing was enjoyed, and refreshments served at the home of Mr. Vosburgh.

Preparations are made for the Class Day programme.

Miss Marian Allen was a visitor on April first.

Misses Spears and Holmes were visitors on March thirtieth.

On Friday evening, April twenty-second, a musicale is to be given in the College Auditorium, for the benefit of the CRIMSON AND WHITE. All the students are urged to attend and bring their friends.

**Society Notes****Theta Nu**

The literary programs including debates on the subjects of the day, readings and recitations, have for the past few months been exceptionally well rendered.

At the meeting held on March 15, Mr. Donahoe was admitted as a member.

**Adelphi**

Our new cut, because of its first appearance, must be considered a society item.

The literary programs have not been as good as usual, but suggestions have been received for revision and improvement.

Mr. Springstead is a frequent visitor at the meetings.

The officers elected and installed are:

President—Mr. Clary.

Vice-President—Mr. Weaver.

Chaplain—Mr. McEntee.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Mr. George.

**Zeta Sigma**

On March first, the following officers were elected.

President—Ruth E. Thompson.

Vice-President — Florence Van Vranken.

Secretary—Edna Moat.

Treasurer—Marian Flanders.

Critic—Jessie E. Luck.

Junior Editor—Geraldine Murray.

Marshal—Katherine Keenholts.

Mistress of Ceremonies—Carolyn Lansing.

Pianist—Jennette Brate.

**Athletics**

We could hardly call the basketball season just ended a successful one, although, having a team for the first time, we did very well. The two games played with the Rensselaer High School and the one with our Normal College were very close.

Our one great triumph was the game with the Boys' Academy in which we made up for past defeats in baseball by an overwhelming victory.

The basket-ball team lined up as follows:

Goewey, R. F.

Wurthman, L. F.

Weaver, C.

Dubois, R. G. (Capt.).

McGarr, L. G.

Donahoe, Mgr.

George and Anderson, substitutes.

The baseball season is about to open and more success is hoped for in this sport.

The candidates for the team have already practiced at Beverwyck Park and the prospects are bright. It is hoped that heartier support will be given the team this year by a larger attendance at the games.

Mr. Cody was elected captain.

Mr. Donahoe is manager and has already booked a number of games.

On Thursday, March 31, the Athletic Meet took place in the gymnasium. The following events were called:

| Event                             | Winner  |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Mile run .....                    | Tyler   |
| High jump .....                   | McArdle |
| Standing broad jump....           | Vosburg |
| Fence vault .....                 | McArdle |
| Three-legged race, Donahoe-DuBois |         |
| Twenty-yard dash .....            | McArdle |
| Inter-class relay .....           | Seniors |



A number of our exchanges have questioned and reproached us for not coming more frequently. Therefore we wish to have this matter understood. The CRIMSON AND WHITE is published five times a year, and not every month. Consequently, although we exchange regularly with every paper upon our list, we do not reach you as often as some other school papers may.

*The Ledger*, Brooklyn, N. Y., and *The Polymnian*, Newark, N. J., have unquestionably the best jokes of any school paper yet received.

Your cuts and latest cover design, *Tiger*, show much ingenuity. Try not to mingle your jokes with your advertisements.

The article, "The Best-Laid Plans," in the January *Critic*, Hackensack, N. J., is really pathetic. I am sure there are many of us who can sympathize.

"The Modern Maid," in the February *Russ*, San Diego, Cal., is both clever and amusing.

The story "A Valentine Trilemma," in the February *Ripples* promises to be interesting. We are sorry it is continued.

We congratulate *The Montclair High School*, Montclair, N. J., upon their fine athletic standing.

*The Spinster*, St. Helen's School,

Portland, Oregon, would be brightened by a few jokes.

The departments of *The Tectonian*, Buffalo, N. Y., are neat and compact in form. It is too bad that some of your jokes are lost among advertisements.

We might cry "Vanity, vanity, etc.," to *The High School News*, Eugene, Oregon, for publishing so many favorable criticisms of itself. Three whole pages full! A reasonable amount of pride is quite natural, however.

The departments of the *March Oracle*, Greenport, N. Y., are sadly confused. The Alumni seem to hold the most important position.

The contents of *The College Index* are rather heavy. Try having a couple of bright, interesting stories.

*The Wind Mill*, St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y., certainly has a well-developed sense of humor. Your "Chaff" department is particularly witty.

### Exchanges Received

*Our Tattler*, *The Spinster*, *The Ledger*, *The Shucis*, *The Focus*, *The Tiger*, *The Russ*, *The Hui-sache*, *The Stylus*, *The Echo* (S. N. C., Albany), *The Yellow Dragon*, *The Opinion*, *The Voice*,

*The Cue, The H. S. Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.), *The Academy* (Owego, N. Y.), *The Adelpian*, *The Skirmisher*, *The Bulletin*, *The Crimson and White* (Gloucester, Mass.), *The Academe* (Hamilton, N. Y.), *The Sans Souci*, *The Polymnian*, *The Lilliputian*, *The News* (Eugene, Oregon), *The Orange and Black*, *The Crimson and White* (Pottsville, Pa.), *Hendrix College Mirror*, *The Loyal Sons Clarion*, *The Whirlwind*, *The H. S. Critic*, *The Argus* (Shelton, Conn.), *The Blue and White*, *The Comet*, *The Reveillea*, *The Wind Mill*, *H. S. Gleaner*, *The College Index*, *The H. S. Recorder* (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.), *The Enterprise*, *Ripples*, *The Oracle* (Greenport, N. Y.), *The Tectonian*, *The Recorder* (Winchester, Mass.), *The Academe* (Girls Academy, Albany, N. Y.), *The Register* (Burlington, Vt.), *The Orange and Black* (Falls City, Neb.), *Comus*.

### Our Bulletin Board

Mr. Lindsay's mother uses washing soda in making pancakes. Now, girls! here's a chance to learn a new receipt.

Headquarters for Fancy Socks  
Howard Wheever.  
Bill Thompson.  
Edward McIntee.

Are you fearing your next report? Ask Irving Goewey how to get on the best side of the teachers. He'll tell you if you don't try to cut him out at afternoon receptions.

For Sale: A complete and detailed account of the death of Booker T. Washington. Donald McArdle.

Resolved: A cheerful grin turneth away wrath—upon somebody else. Raymond Lindsay.

Wanted: A harmless, but effective "soothing syrup" for our excitable young classmate, Warren Vosburgh.

Special Notice: Our learned Senior, Miss Mary Gauger was actually absent from school one whole day!

Did you notice how many of the dear, little Freshies were wearing violets after Easter. Truly, "the lowly loveth the things of earth."

Somebody came to school with a dandy "shine" about a month ago. However, we could not help feeling thankful that some of us are wont to neglect our shoes.

"A flood of sunshine,  
A dash of rain,  
Joyous April  
Is here again."

Mahomet said that if he had two loaves of bread he would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed his soul.

"Only men made of finest clay  
do their duty without compulsion."

The Night is mother of the Day,  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling.

*Whittier*

After friendship it is confidence;  
before friendship it is judgment.

—*Seneca*

An Irishman and an Italian entered a street car, each giving the conductor a dime, but receiving no change. The Italian spoke up:

"Ah wanna de nick."

Conductor: "You don't get no more 'nick,' I jest give you one."

The Italian meekly sat down, but the Irishman followed the conductor to the door.—*Ex.*

"Oi phawnt a nickel and I phawnt it quick. Yer kin play this chune on a hand organ but yer can't play it on a harp."

He got his nickel.

*N. Y. Evening Sun—*

Just as a traveler was writing his name on the register of a hotel, a bedbug appeared and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked:

"I've been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders and interviewed by Fort Scott gray-backs, but I'll be darned if I was ever in a place before where the bedbugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"—*Ex.*

When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.

"Well, where's the boy?"

"William is upstairs in bed," replied the sad mother.

"Why, what's up? Not sick is he?" (an anxious pause).

"It grieves me to say that your son has been swearing on the street. I heard him."

"Swearing? Great Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started upstairs in the dark. Half way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the step.

When that atmosphere cleared a little, Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway. "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."

—*Judge*

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;

It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.

When God sorts out the weather, and sends rain,—

W'y rain's my choice.

—*Riley*

"A man is more than the sum of his attributes."

Tommy, very sleepy, was saying his prayers:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep," he began.

"If," his mother prompted.

"If he hollers, let him go; eny, meny, miny, mo." —*Ex.*

The old lady was being shown over the battleship by an officer.

"This," he said as he pointed to an inscribed brass plate on the deck "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," exclaimed the old lady, "I near slipped on it myself." —*Ex.*

Telescope proprietor—"Step up ladies and gentlemen, and view the planet Mars. One dime, ma'am."

Old Lady—"Gracious isn't it round and smooth!"

Proprietor—"Will the bald-headed gentleman kindly step away from the front of the instrument?" —*Ex.*

College Senior—"Did you bring any evening clothes with you?"

Freshie—"Yes, mother put two suits of pajamas in my case." —*Ex.*

Little Edna, who was taught to be strictly honest in all details, on seeing a family of gypsy "movers," remarked:

"If I were as poor as they, I'd borrow a gun, go out into the woods and shoot myself—but who'd bring the gun back?" —*Ex.*

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### Dont Snub

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull and stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was slow at learning, and did not develop as soon as most boys.

A man stopping at a country hotel complained to the landlady the next morning that he had fleas in his room.

"Fleas?" repeated the landlady indignantly. "I haven't a single flea in my house!"

"No," said the man, "I believe that—I'll wager they're all married with large families." Ex.

Van: "What does R. S. V. P. mean?"

Edgar: "Why, Rat Shows Very Plainly."



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#### The Sum of It All

"The boy that by *addition* grows,  
And suffers no *subtraction*,  
Who *multiplies* the thing he  
knows,  
And carries every *fraction*,—  
Who well *divides* his precious  
time,  
The due *proportion* giving,  
To sure success aloft will climb,  
*Interest Compound* receiving."

Tramp: "I'll just eat the grass in this front yard and the mistress will think I'm awfully hungry."

Kind Old Lady, coming to the door: "You poor tramp, go right around to the back door yard, the grass is much longer there. Ex.

An inscription recently found on a monument in a very noted cemetery was:

"Here lies the body of Samuel Peas Under the daisies and under the trees.

Peas is not here, only the pod,  
Peas shelled out and went home to God."

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"Believe not all you hear,—nor repeat all you know."

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—Stevenson

Who seeks a friend without a fault remains without one.

—*Turkish Saying*

"The way in which some people talk of their friends is enough to drive an enthusiastic young spirit to despair. 'I used to like' is a too common speech."

The world is so full of a number of things,

A Voice in the Dark—"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water: I'm so thirsty." "No, you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." (A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!" (Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"

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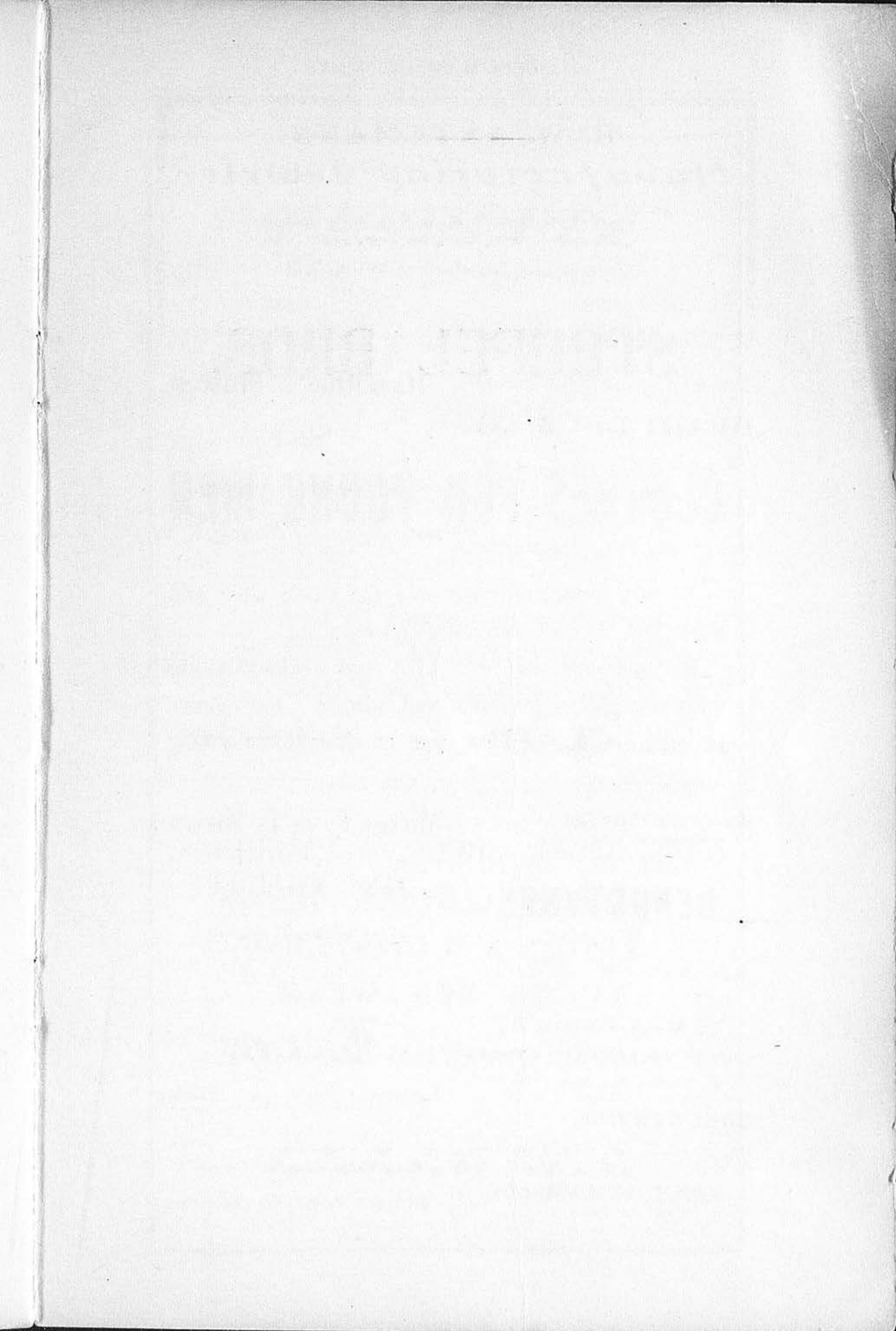
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