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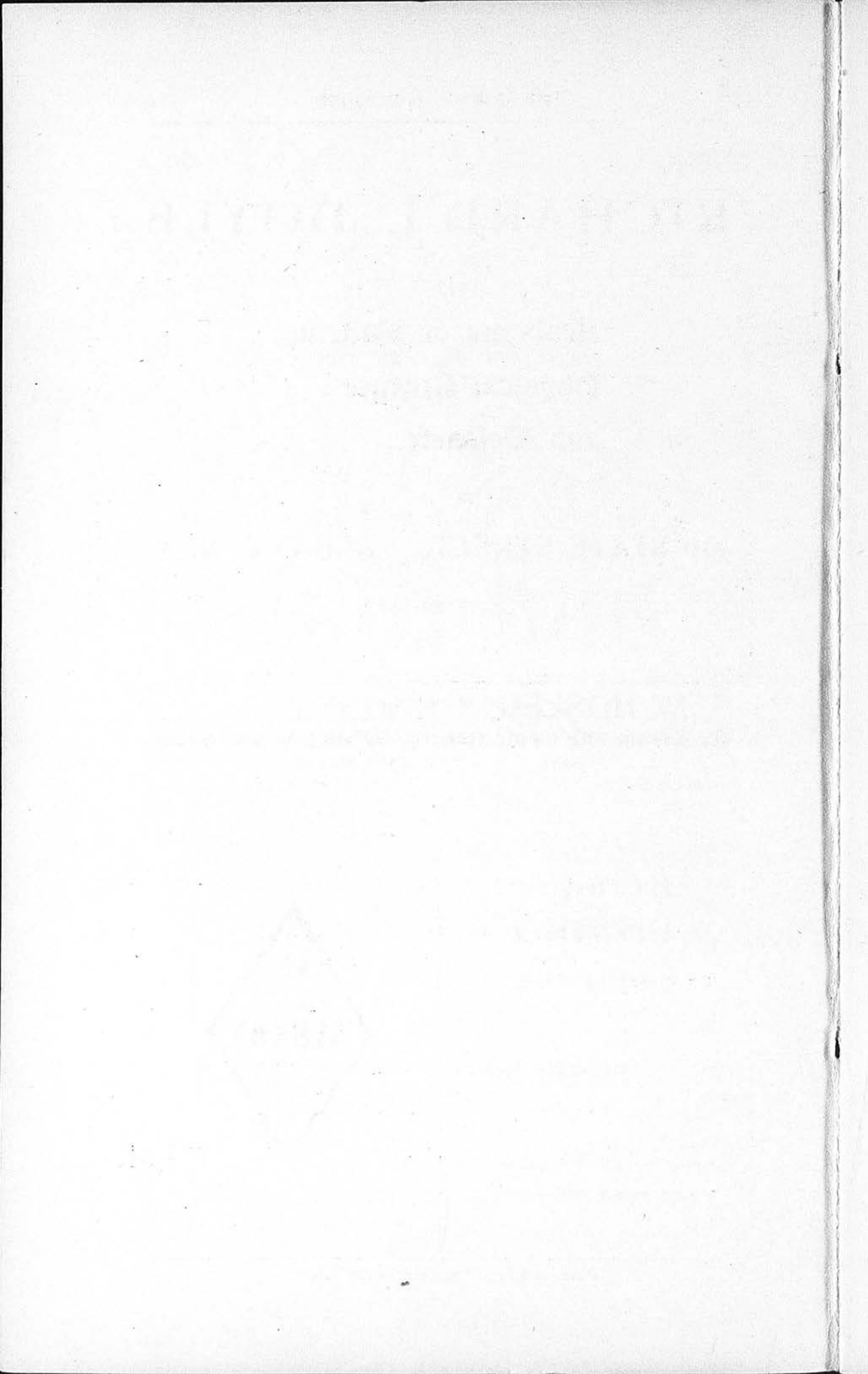


The Grimson and White

CONTENTS

	PAGE
April	73
Famous Women	73
Lepers: Their Life in Judea and on Molokai	75
A Normal College—"Child"	78
An Adventure in the Swiss Mountains.....	80
Athletics in the High School.....	82
Editorials.....	84
School Notes	84
Exchanges	85

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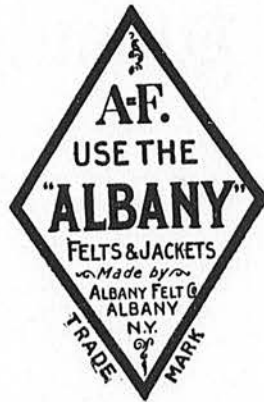
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The Crimson and White

VOL. III

APRIL, 1907

No. 4



Literary Department

April

April's like a little child;
She often smiles in pure de-
light,
For Nature never seemed more
fair—
Each budding twig now charms
the sight.

No summer month can rival her
In cloudless sky, in balmy air;
Her hands are full of springing
flowers,
Of fresh green leaves and
meadows fair.

But when she gayest seems to be,
How soon her other mood
appears.
Now April's joy is changed to
grief,
And all her laughter turns to
tears.

But April, fickle though she is,
Is well-beloved, whate'er her
mood,
Her smiles and tears, we love
them both.

She is the harbinger of good.

G. CLOVER, '08.

Famous Women

Every age and every country
has its own list of distinguished
men, who have done things to
entitle them to fame. History
is filled with the achievements of
such men as Alexander, Caesar,
Napoleon, Galileo, Newton, Crom-
well, Washington, and Lincoln.

The history of war from the
beginning of time is but a record
of the doings of the great military
leaders of men. The history of
statesmanship, of the organiza-
tion and the conduct of govern-
ment is but the record of the do-
ings of statesmen. The history
of discovery, exploration, and
colonization tells what man has
done. The history of invention
and of scientific investigation and
discovery reveals what man has
accomplished. In short, written
history in every department is
the history of men.

But of woman, her position, in-
fluence, and achievement through-
out the civilized world, very little
has been said; and little credit
has been given her for the im-
portant part she has played in
the various epochs of our world's

history, whether it be in war, in government, in philanthropy, in literature, in art, or in the home. Each in turn has felt the impress of her higher personality and has been ennobled by it.

A mighty influence has woman wielded; and she has played her part in the world's history not only through influencing men, but she has frequently taken a conspicuous place in leadership. Not all the world's heroes, not all the world's leaders have been men. Caesar, Washington, John Howard, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, all have had their equals among the world's great women.

Of those who are famous in history, Joan of Arc ranks among the first. By her courage and daring she succeeded in defeating the English who were besieging Orleans, causing them to raise the siege. She took part in several other battles, but was wounded, was finally taken prisoner and was condemned to die, a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king, a hero as great as William Wallace or Robert Bruce.

Catherine de Medici, wife of Henry the Second, by secret intrigues, soon obtained complete control over the French government. She entered into a plot which resulted in the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, an event which brought the whole power of the state into her hands. She may be fairly regarded as a representative woman of an age when the first principles of human conduct were confused by religious strife and the intrigues and corruption of the time. She was infamous, you may say, and not famous; but she was as worthy of being called famous as was Alexander or Napoleon.

Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth both held very important places in our world's history. Mary Queen of Scots, as queen of Scotland and afterwards of France, was a wonderful, though unfortunate woman. When her husband, the King of France, died, she returned to Scotland, and, having trouble with her subjects, she gathered a little army around her, but was unable to defeat her enemies. She was compelled to abdicate the throne and flee to England. She was imprisoned on reaching England, and, after spending eighteen years there, was tried on a charge of conspiracy against the life of Queen Elizabeth and beheaded.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth was one of the most prosperous and glorious of English history. The Elizabethan Age is almost unequalled in literature, as was illustrated by the genius of Shakespeare, Spenser, Sydney, and Bacon. During her reign, England was Elizabeth. No sovereign has held a more commanding position. She dominated the army, the government, literature, indeed almost every department of life. The greatest men of the age courted her favor and bowed to her will.

Undoubtedly, the most famous women in literature are Margaret Fuller and George Eliot. Margaret Fuller is best known by her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," a learned and vigorous essay on woman's place in the world. She was afterward a contributor to the *New York Tribune*. George Eliot, the greatest English woman novelist, is best known by her works, "Adam Bede," "Romola," and "The Mill on the Floss."

Rosa Bonheur, the painter, and

Harriett G. Hosmer, the sculptor, are the most renowned examples of woman's artistic work. The "Horse Fair" is to Americans Rosa Bonheur's best known painting. It quickens our pulse as we seem to hear as well as see the tread and prancing of the mighty Norman stallions. She was also the first woman in France to be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

As a philanthropist, the work of Florence Nightingale was one of great devotion and personal sacrifice. She gave up the best part of her life to ministering to the wounded and dying. She was volunteer superintendent of a home for the infirm in England, but the suffering of the soldiers in the Crimean War was a call to larger duties and she went as superintendent of a corps of volunteer female nurses. Miss Nightingale contracted hospital fever and, after two years of toil, was obliged to return to England. The pioneer work of Florence Nightingale as an army nurse was the inspiration and model for American women in the Civil War.

In our list of famous women, we must not forget those whose names have been household words through all our history, and will continue to be as long as religion is dear to the hearts of men—the queenly Esther, the gentle Ruth, the practical Martha and the saintly Mary, the Mother of our Creator.

While very many of the men who have become famous in history have become so through inordinate ambition, greed, or other unworthy motives, a majority of the world's conspicuous women have labored unselfishly for the betterment of mankind.

The names, Mary A. Liver-

more, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Frances Willard should be written in letters of gold.

As for woman, wherever she goes and whatever her mission, for travel or for service, her native instincts draw her homeward. She may have unusual power and attain distinction in the various walks of life, but wherever a woman is or whatever she does, she is at her best at home.

If to-day we boast of a higher civilization than that of the past, it is because of the strong influence of woman on every department of life. Woman has been the theme of poets, the ideal of artists and sculptors, a writer and patroness of literature, but above all she is the queen of the home and the home is the heart of the world.

GRACE GILLEAUDEAU, '07.

Lepers: Their Life in Judea and on Molokai

The very name of leprosy fills the mind with horror, for it signifies all that is most repulsive and dreadful in the physical world, and to speak of anyone as a "moral leper" is to say the most awful thing that it is possible to say of a human being.

Leprosy is essentially an Oriental affliction. Few white persons have contracted it, and it is practically unknown in our Western world. Exactly what causes it I do not know; it is enough to say that a warm climate and a prolonged dwelling amid unhealthful and loathsome surroundings appear to be the two principal causes. The conditions in China are superlatively unsanitary, and this "dread disease" has been so common there (and still is) that the

Hawaiians call it "the Chinese sickness."

In medieval times many warriors, imprisoned in vile dungeons, contracted leprosy, and this danger was reckoned among the greatest to which they were exposed. But it is in Jewish history, and particularly in the history of their Greatest Character, that we find it most impressively mentioned. The Jews looked upon it as the "curse of God," and the wretches who were so afflicted had scant pity shown them. This fact is pathetically presented to his readers by Lew Wallace, in his story of Ben Hur, when he tells us that Hur's mother and sister, upon leaving their prison, are found to be lepers and "are driven from the city with stones."

The lepers' life was miserable beyond conception. Loathed and shunned, stoned away from their fellows whenever they dared approach, homeless and without a means of support, depending for their food and clothing upon the alms of the people, they were indeed outcasts. So great was the fear they inspired that a leprous girl, "lifting up her empty hands, could have run upon a legion and put it to flight."

After awhile a leper city grew up, "over on the Hill of Evil Counsel," outside of Jerusalem, where the lepers dwelt in their "sepulchral abodes." A great cleft in the mass of rock, formed a steep, narrow valley, on either side of which were cut out tombs, from the heights down to the valley floor, tier upon tier. Without, they were painted white—a warning to all strangers. Within, the chambers were of bare rock, undraped, even unfloored. Some of the "living dead" had a few articles of furniture, of clothing;

some there were who had but the rags which scarcely covered them. Some could depend for food and clothes upon a relative, friend, or servant, who would leave them at regular intervals in a convenient and safe place, and others must live upon the meagre generosity of the passerby.

So narrow was the valley of tombs that little sunshine reached it, and its weird inhabitants lived in a perpetual grey sunlight—save when begging at the roadside. Beast and bird, as if by instinct, shunned it, and few plants could flourish on the thin, rocky soil. It was truly a dreary city.

When the disease ravaged the poor wretches, and they entered upon the physical agony that must precede their release, there was none to tend them, nor to minister to their wants, save hideous, poor creatures like themselves. And there was no release, no hope, save in death.

How wonderfully our modern times have changed all this! How admirable the courage and confidence of the doctors and nurses who do not shrink from the leper's touch; the self-sacrifice of those who devote their lives to these people; the providence of the government which provides homes, and comforts, and pleasures for these unfortunate ones! And the generosity of fellow-countrymen, who cheerfully pay a special tax to aid the government in its work of mercy.

Hawaii stands before the world to-day in this light.

The Hawaiian Board of Health is remarkably efficient, and its report for the past year proves it to be doing excellent work in this direction. Leprosy has been robbed of many of its terrors. Not now are the afflicted "driven

from the city with stones;" they are allowed several days after discovery to settle their affairs, being relied upon to avoid contact with others, and to proceed, unforced, to the receiving station at Honolulu. This confidence is rarely abused. Every means is taken to detect those having the disease, and a summons to Honolulu at once follows upon suspicion. Here, at the receiving station, the suspect is examined by a skilled bacteriologist, and if the microscope discloses the bacilli of leprosy, the person is subjected to a further examination by a committee of physicians and bacteriologists, one of the physicians being chosen by himself. If this Board of Examiners finds the case to be one of leprosy, the person is transported to the Leper Settlement on the Island of Molokai, one of the smaller and more isolated of the Hawaiian Islands.

The settlement was established in 1866. To quote the concise description given by Mr. Pinkham, President of the Board of Health, in his report, it is a "village situated on a tongue of land, of some 6,348 acres, that juts into the sea, which surrounds three sides, and, on the remaining side, perpendicular cliffs from two to four thousand feet in height, form a natural and practically impassable barrier to exit by land. Communication by sea is limited to one steamer call per week, from which no person, the superintendent excepted, is allowed to land, and on which officials only may depart, except by special permit of the Board of Health. The scenery is notable, impressive, and rarely equaled."

Here are now living over eight hundred lepers, six hundred of whom have their own cottages.

The rest are in one or the other of the three homes, in charge of Brothers, Franciscan Sisters, and special nurses for the most advanced cases. There are six churches, a Y. M. C. A. building, several halls, a race track, ball grounds and shooting ranges, and the lepers have formed a number of glee clubs and two brass bands.

A steam poi (native bread) factory is in operation, also a steam laundry, an ice plant, and other modern conveniences. The lepers themselves carry on various small business enterprises, for there are two fishing companies, numerous farmers, stock raisers, etc. Many are in vigorous health, apart from their affliction, and all who are willing and able to work are paid good wages for their labor. But not one is compelled to work, and all ordinary comforts are given them without cost. Any extras or "treats," as cigars, confectionery, little ornaments for their person or home, may be bought with their wages at the settlement store.

The lepers are entitled to their vote, and they take a great interest in politics. Political speakers visit and talk to them during election times. Even their friends and relatives may visit them and remain for several days at the Settlement, living comfortably in the pretty new Visitors' House. But at these visits the leper and his friends are separated by a sheet of heavy plate glass.

An extensive U. S. Leper Investigation Station is located here, and has met with no mean success. While no absolute "cure" has yet been discovered, many cases have been successfully treated. Indeed, the leper of to-day is far from despair, for some have recovered so com-

pletely that a re-examination failed to discover the bacilli, and the cured were at liberty to return to their homes. Yet for several years "not one single person, so freed, has been willing to accept liberty and leave the settlement." Those in charge of these people say that it is doubtful if a more generally grateful and happy community exists anywhere.

Now recall the picture of the Jewish lepers—think of their abject misery, the most terrible in the world—and try to compare it with this last. Was there ever a more striking contrast than this—between Judea and Molokai!

AGNES E. STUART, '07.

A Normal College—"Child"

And it came to pass that in the year 1897 A. D., in the ninth month of the year, on the nineteenth day of the month, a mother took her child by the hand, saying: "Come, my child, and I will take thee to good and wise men, learned Doctors of Pedagogy, that thou mayest learn of them to count on thy fingers, spell thy name and speak the dead languages fluently."

And the child suffered itself to be led away.

And behold they did take with them a lunch consisting of three small sandwiches and some bright colored cakes known as dots. And the mother did place the lunch in a small basket with a blue bow on top.

And as they journeyed onward, she opened her lips and instructed the child as to her behavior while with the doctors. And they did pass through the park to a large stone building known as the Nor-

mal College, wherein resided the wise men.

And they did enter, and when they had entered the mother spake to one of the head wise women regarding the child.

And lo, when she had finished speaking, the wise woman led the child into a room in which were many other children, and she abode there many days.

And when they had entered the room, the wise woman did make known the child as Elizabeth, which is, being interpreted, the "Oath of God."

And when the child had been with the wise women a few days, she found that the children were divided into two parts, and that the older children were taught to count and read besides their play. And the child became ambitious of learning to read before it was time. But when the mother of the child was consulted regarding it, her answer was "nay."

And it came to pass that one day the wise women consulted the children as to a calendar to mark the days as each one passed.

And behold, ideas were not plentiful with the children and the wise women began to lose courage, when lo, the child Elizabeth opened her mouth and spake after this manner: "Thus sayeth I. Mark as many squares on a piece of cardboard as there are days in the year, and as each day passes, place a colored circle inside of a square, having a different colored circle for each day of the week."

And the wise women did open their lips and question her concerning the color for each day.

And the child answered them, saying: "Behold I say unto you, use red for the first day, orange for the second day, yellow for the third day, green for the fourth

day, blue for the fifth day and violet for the sixth day." But lo, when the wise women questioned concerning the Sabbath Day, the child's answer was "white."

And the wise women approved of this calendar and it is used even unto this day.

And it came to pass that one day the child's mother entereth the room, and findeth the child seated between two lively male children.

And she spake unto the wise women, saying: "The child hath complained of these children pulling her hair and troubling her grievously, and I wish to have her seat changed."

Then sayeth the wise women to her: "Behold, we have seated thy child between these two male children to keep them from wrestling and fighting with each other, for she hath power to keep peace between them."

And behold, not many days after, a woman brought another child into the room to watch the children play their games.

And the child Elizabeth looked upon the little stranger and beheld that she was fair, and straightway she took her lunch and divided it with the other child.

* * * * *

And behold, at the end of two years, the child was found worthy of entering a higher room known as First Grade, and the wise woman who now taught her was known as "Dear Teacher."

And the child was now increased in wisdom and in stature, and she found in Dear Teacher a mutual friend.

And it came to pass that one day Dear Teacher did not come unto them, and the report was that she was sick unto death with a fever.

And another teacher entered unto them and made herself known as Miss Brune, and behold she was short and quick in manner and understood not the child Elizabeth.

And it came to pass that one day the child became wearied and groaned aloud, and Miss Brune opened her lips and spake in this wise. "Whosoever did do that thing, he or she may take his or her lunch basket and go to the office."

And the child arose, and taking her lunch basket, she departed from them, and went straightway to the office.

And lo, a head wise woman cometh unto her and questioneth her according to her conduct, and she did tell all, omitting nothing. And straightway the wise woman sayeth: "Elizabeth, my child, arise, take thy lunch basket, gird thy cloak about thee, and thou mayest go home early."

And the child did as she was bid, and took her lunch basket, girded her cloak about her and departed thence.

And when she was entered into her house, she threw herself face downwards upon the floor of the house, and wept, and would not be comforted.

And it came to pass that at the end of forty days and forty nights, the fever left Dear Teacher, and she returned once more unto them.

And they rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

(A true story.)

Miss Jones—"What troubles did Victoria encounter after the Canadian rebellion and the massacre in Afghanistan?"

Mr. Penrose (dreamily gazing at Miss Hochstrasser)—"She got married."

An Adventure in the Swiss Mountains

Mountain climbing in Switzerland is a very pleasant, wonderful thing, but also a very dangerous pleasure. The ascent is treacherous, the hardships great, the dangers many, but nothing can compare with the wonderful scenery on the way up and when the height is gained.

A party of American travelers were staying at one of the hotels in Cowendlin at the foot of Mt. Tervi. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, their daughter, Viola, and son, Keith; Mr. and Mrs. Carr and their two sons, Lloyd and Adelbert, and two daughters, Grace and Margaret; also an uncle of the Carr's, a Mr. Vane—a very merry crowd, who planned to ascend Mt. Tervi the next day. All necessary arrangements were made, provisions secured, and guides hired. Sure-footed ponies were provided for the ladies, and the men and boys were to walk.

That night Keith and Adelbert were very quiet and had not much to say about the proposed trip. They retired early, and in the morning declared they did not feel like taking such a climb. Everyone was very sorry and they all wanted to postpone the trip, but as all provisions were made this was not easy to do, and the boys would not hear of it.

So the party set out. As they passed out of sight, Adelbert and Keith appeared anything but ill, in body or spirits.

It was easy climbing at first and they were going quite rapidly, enjoying the scenery, which was very beautiful. What fantastic forms were represented by the icy peaks! What colors shone on the snow! And what interesting tales the guides could

tell! Though it was very cold, all were dressed so warmly that no one minded. Once Viola and Grace decided to walk for a way. Going around a narrow ledge, Viola, who was walking close behind her pony, slipped and nearly fell over the cliff, but caught the pony's tail just in time to save herself. How fortunate that the pony was gentle!

"It's too bad," said Lloyd, "that Del was not here to save you."

"The pony did nobly, thank you," said Viola. Then the girls got on their horses and walked no more.

About noon they reached a very convenient cave, where all halted to prepare the midday meal. All were glad of a rest, and after a fire had been made and food warmed and good hot coffee prepared, all enjoyed a hearty meal. The young people were very sorry that Keith and Adelbert were absent.

After a good rest they journeyed on, and along in the afternoon they arrived at the great St. Bernard, a home of some monks and a halting place for travelers. Here they prepared to spend the night. A hot dinner was served, of which they partook heartily. Then all repaired to the piazza to watch the wonderful sunset.

Suddenly everyone was astonished at the appearance of Keith. Equipped from head to foot in his climbing habit, with his staff and knapsack, his cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling, he stood before them.

"Why, Keith McDonald!"

"How did you get here?"

"Where is Del?"

Breathless questions poured in from all sides.

"O, Del is all right. He will

be here in a short time to answer for himself. We separated a short way down and came around a crag by different paths. It was very easy. We wanted to come all the time, but not in a slow fashion with a troop of guides. We wanted some spirit and fun. So we packed up after you were well on your way and came on. It was very easy with the guide books and all plain sailing. We had a dandy time. Del brought down a couple of birds. I fired a snow ball across a chasm as wide as—as—well, half a mile, anyway."

"Do you mean," said one of the monks, "that you came all the way from Cowendlin without a guide? You should not have been allowed to do it. I am very much afraid for the other youth. You see how dark it is."

Mr. McDonald and Mr. Carr stepped forward very much frightened.

"What is to be done?"

"The St. Bernards," cried the monk. Some guides hurried away. A few men quickly prepared for a search with the great life-saving St. Bernard dogs. Lloyd and Keith were wild to go, but Mr. Vane, feeling sorry for Keith in his terrified frame of mind, bade them both remain at the hotel. No one can describe Keith's miserable feelings as it dawned upon him forcibly what he had done, how foolish and dangerous to attempt the ascent alone, and foolish then for the boys to separate.

In the meantime, let us see what had become of Adelbert. He was not as rapid a traveler as Keith, but more given to viewing the marvelous beauty about him. With his staff in his right hand and his guide book in his left, he made his way along. He was

walking on what seemed to be a ledge of rock about ten feet wide covered with snow. Not far ahead of him was a large crag of ice and snow, around which the ledge was only about four feet wide. As he approached this crag a low growl grated on his ears. He pocketed his book and grasped his revolver. Around the crag came a small black bear. Adelbert was very much startled and backed up against the crag to give Bruin the cliff in preference to going over himself. He aimed and fired quickly. The shot sped across the great ravine. He fired again, and this time hit the bear in the shoulder. Angrily the bear rose on its haunches and plunged forward. Adelbert pulled the trigger frantically and, to his horror, found the revolver empty. The bear snapped angrily and started to grab him. With all his strength borne of fear Adelbert raised the heavy revolver and struck the bear on the head squarely between his eyes. Bruin staggered back a step and raised his forepaws to his head. With the blunt end of his mountain cane, Adelbert quickly struck the beast a mighty blow in the chest. Taken off his guard, Bruin backed up, backed a step too far, and fell headlong over the edge of the cliff. Adelbert heard his body striking the jagged sides of the cliff and breaking snow and ice loose, tumbling down, down, hundreds of feet below, catching at this and that jut of rock or ice, but holding nothing, and landing, a black speck, far down in the gully.

Adelbert leaned back against the crag to rest and collect his scattered wits. From sheer exhaustion and fright he fell into a doze.

After a few minutes he awoke

with a start and found it very dark. It was intensely cold and he could not see the way and was afraid to stir from the spot for he might easily follow the direful fate of the black bear. While he was wondering what to do, he heard the barking of the St. Bernards, and men calling his name. He answered with all his might, and very soon the dogs were bounding about him, licking his face and dragging him along.

A very short time elapsed before he was comfortably housed and with Keith was mourning his recklessness, and was very sorry for having caused his dear ones so much anxiety.

Adelbert told his bear story to Keith alone. But Keith told the rest. Before they went home they secured the skin.

The next morning Adelbert came out none the worse for his adventure. All assembled on the piazza to watch one of the most beautiful sights in the world—sunrise on the Alps.

MARY ADAIR, '07.

Athletics in the High School

If athletics were something entirely new they would require a lengthy discussion as to their merits. But on the contrary, they have been before the public ever since 776 B. C. when the first Olympic games were played. It was then that racing and wrestling were practiced in hopes of winning the olive wreath. To-day sports are enjoyed either for the pleasure received from them or, perhaps better still, for the robust physical development they foster.

Athletics take a very prominent part in the life of the college man. Here the benefits derived have been so advantageous that the

heads of the women's colleges have given them a trial. Now, girls and boys, men and women alike, join in healthy sports, at which our ancestors would undoubtedly be shocked.

However, in secondary schools athletics have been conspicuous by their absence. It is only within recent years that high schools have given attention to them, and then only in a limited way.

The benefits derived are surprising. The pupils of our schools to-day are so crammed that they find very little chance for outdoor sports, and would not keep up systematic indoor work without some inducement. This comes in the form of team work, and regular work builds up the body, thus backs, which have become rounded leaning over desks, straighten out, lungs are expanded, and all parts of the body given a chance to work and develop.

In order to have a thorough up-to-date system for this work the first requisite is a good gymnasium. Some of our schools already have one and all must soon feel the need. This gymnasium should be equipped with the best apparatus available. The room should be large and airy. Ventilation is very important, as fresh air does half the good work.

The second thing of importance is an able instructor. You will say, "Teachers in gymnastics are too expensive." Are they too expensive when they are to make over the personnel of our schools? Instead of the nervous wrecks which are to-day graduated from institutions of learning we shall have robust, ruddy-cheeked, strong-lunged boys and girls. Do away with your painting and music which really amount to

nothing in the end and put in physical training. The work can be assigned by the director according to the needs of the pupil. Then even the weaker one may join the classes and receive both enjoyment and help.

With the gymnasium and an instructor half the victory is won, only regular work is needed to complete the necessary requisites. Regular class work supplemented with team work offers the competitive spirit which is so necessary.

Formerly only boys had teams, while girls were held down to light Swedish exercises. Now girls, too, have teams for such sports as basket ball and field hockey. Crews for rowing have been introduced into the women's colleges and could be used by high schools situated in the vicinity of large enough bodies of water. Swimming would also be open to schools where swimming pools are available. Swimming has been called the best all round developer, but it is an accomplishment sadly neglected. Not only is it a pleasure, but many times the means of saving life. Tennis is another game open to any school with enough ground for a court.

Besides these things already mentioned for girls, the boys have their foot-ball teams. Perhaps the only thing to be said in favor of this savage game is that it "toughens a fellow." Then there is the outdoor track work so much enjoyed by boys, and last to be mentioned the base-ball teams. This is by no means a complete list, but at least a starter.

These teams are supported in the different schools in many different ways. Perhaps the most common is by forming athletic

associations. All the members of the school are allowed to join by the payment of certain dues. In return they perhaps receive a season ticket to games played on the home ground, or some equally good inducement.

Athletics not only do physical good, but they induce the spirit of friendly rivalry with other schools, promote a new social intercourse between pupils and strengthen the mind.

There are, of course, two sides to this, as to every question. Some objections can be raised, such as taking too much time from studies. This can in a great measure be overcome by introducing gymnasium work as one of the regular studies and allowing time for it. But the arguments for athletics outweigh those against them.

If class work is made the basis upon which teams are formed it will certainly tend to bring up such records. This is done in all the colleges and carried out with great success. The best method to prove whether athletics are advantageous is to give them a fair trial and let them speak for themselves.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

GRACE B. BINLEY, '07.

Benefit Entertainment

An entertainment is being arranged which will take place shortly for the benefit of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE. Coming as it does at our busiest season, it will occasion a great deal of extra labor, and we look for the hearty co-operation of the school to lighten this burden as much as possible and to assure the success of the undertaking.

The **CRIMSON and WHITE**

Vol. III. ALBANY, N. Y., APRIL, 1907 No. 4

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School Year by the students of the N. H. S.

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Editorials

We are now entering upon the homestretch in the race which began last September. For some the race has proved too severe and they have already dropped out of the running; others are still hanging on, though lagging behind. To those we would extend a word of warning as well as of encouragement. Can you not measure up to the required standard for the few laps which are still to be made? Try it! For those who have kept their places and have even advanced in their course we have only commendation and a sincere admiration.

A word of caution to those who intend trying for one or more of the medals offered at the end of the year. Be not like the foolish virgins who left the filling of their lamps until too late. Keep your lamps filled and trimmed, a steady source of light rather than a symbol of unwise burning.

It has been noted that the response is not as full as it should be in the repeating of the Lord's Prayer. It cannot be that there are any of us who do not believe in that prayer. Granting that, we should respond as a matter of courtesy, since such is our Principal's request.

A request has come from the New York State Library that from now on copies of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE be placed on file in the serial section. This request came as a great source of encouragement to the editors.

School Notes

Siebert Miller '09 has re-entered school after a serious illness.

Bert Thorn has left the Albany High School to attend the N. H. S.

Frederick Kosbob '07 has left school on account of poor health.

Hughson Patton '11 has left school.

Herbert De Forest '05 visited school on April 9.

Elsie Danaher is confined to her home by a slight illness.

Rhetoricals have been resumed by the Juniors and Seniors.

Agnes Stevens spent her Easter holidays in Albany.

Thomas R. Cox returned home from St. John's Military Academy for the Easter holidays.

Grace Gilleaudeau, who spent her Easter vacation at her home in Mamaroneck, has returned to school.

George Weaver, after spending the winter months in Albany, has returned to his summer home in Loudonville.

The engagement of Georgia Adams to Frank Williams, R. P. I., has been announced.



Among Ourselves.

A word among ourselves, Editors, about our own particular column. The great majority of our exchange editors are inclined to make comment only upon the best exchanges they receive, which almost invariably come from large schools, and disregard the small fry as unworthy of mention. But why toss aside the little uninteresting paper merely because it is uninteresting? Surely it needs a word of help and encouragement much more than does the well conducted, firmly established paper, and a sign of recognition, especially from a large publication, is one of the best "boosts" a small paper can have. If we can point out the weak places in their management, let us do so, and if we can find in it anything worthy of praise, let us be quick to recognize it.

Often the exchange criticisms are too vague to be of any value; mere mention of a paper is worth little or nothing. Why waste space by publishing an acknowledgment of all the exchanges received? Better acknowledge them by issuing your paper promptly and sending them a copy. While the *Purple and Green* may be very glad to know that "theirs was an interesting

paper; we enjoyed reading it," or the *Recorder* may be pleased to learn that "it was welcomed as a new exchange and is well conducted,"—these comments are too short and too indefinite for any purpose other than to fill up space. If you haven't anything to say, brother, don't fill up your column with mild little sentences like these and call them criticisms.

Orderly, Portland, Ore.

Now, *we* think your cover unusually attractive even if someone did irrelevantly remark that "she thought it looked like a coffin plate." Nothing dead, however, about your paper—it is bright and pleasing. Could you not give a little more scope to your editorials?

Echo, Nashville, Tenn.

Your paper invariably has miserable covers. Send for the Easter number of the *Ta Ha Sac*, Troy High School, Troy, N. Y., and for the February *Whetstone*, published by the Severy School, Nashville, Tenn.; these may give you an idea of how attractive a cover may be by its extreme simplicity.

Calendar, Buffalo, N. Y.

According to the *Calendar*, business men of Buffalo have

formed an organization among themselves to discontinue advertising in small papers. We don't wish you any bad luck, *Calendar*, but kindly keep that idea on the other side of the state!

Ta Ha Sac, Troy, N. Y.

It took us some time to discover that our old friend from the Collar City, the *T. H. S.* and the new arrival, the *Ta Ha Sac*, were one and the same paper, and yet not the same, for it is evident that the *T. H. S.* is to be considered defunct—peace to its ashes! The new paper is bright and interesting, yet the literary matter can in no way be compared to that of the *T. H. S.* of two years ago. The "Opinions of Abraham" arouse our curiosity; please, ma'am, who is "Abraham?"

Scimitar, Lorain, Ohio.

We quote the following tragic tale of woe: "Of the last issue of the *Scimitar*, forty copies went out as exchanges; in return we have received papers from about eight high schools. It takes a good deal of time and trouble to hunt up the addresses of these different schools and mail copies to them, and then we get no more in return than if we had thrown our *Scimitars* into the lake." Poor *Scimitar*! cheer up, it's only a habit they have. We would gladly re-echo your sentiments, but this particular exchange editor has learned, after two years of experience, that it is a waste of type to argue about it; just keep on sending and they will arrive—sometime.

Lyceum, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Mixing ads with your work is sure to detract from the general appearance of your paper, which,

with the exception of your cover, is praiseworthy. "Unfortunate Brother Bill" is well written; its keynote seems to be common sense. "People succeed because they deserve to succeed, and fail because they deserve to fail. Take any man who has made a success in life and you can generally find the cause within himself. One cause of failure is inattention to business, because of personal vanity. As soon as a boy begins to think he is a genius or a thing of beauty, his name can immediately be crossed off the map. He is never going to succeed." A good, straightforward article; read it.

H. S. News, St. Louis, Mo.

One of our best exchanges. The whole paper shows effort and enthusiasm. Your literary work is commendable. "Prof. Jenks' Species of the Bos" is amusing and well written. But why is it that our western friends invariably think it advantageous to mix up advertising and literary matter? This is the one criticism we can offer upon an otherwise good publication.

Normal News, Cortland, N. Y.

A little more fiction and a little more local work in place of the many selections borrowed from other sources would make your paper more interesting. Your exchange column is meekly inconspicuous, merely jokes from other papers do not constitute an exchange column—wake up and let us have a few criticisms. We take the privilege of quoting from your best article, "The Bachelor Girl's Soliloquy on a Few of the Joys of Freedom:"

"Never to have to ask a trows-ered creature if you may go or do where or what you wish.

Never to have to kiss the creature at the door or welcome it with a smile. Never to have your ears horrified with a collar-button-dropping man. O joy! O blessedness! to have no 'in-laws'—ye gods! not one. Never to have your scientific cooking odiously compared nor your darning sniffed at by coldly critical man. To have no sisters-in-law to be hurt at the things you have said, no mother-in-law to love you. O joy! O blessedness! To look your worst without prying eye and candid tongue to tell you so. To meet man as an equal on his own ground. To make him sprint to keep up with you. To teach him humility, and that he is not, nor ever will be again, woman's sole rock of defense. To let him know that there is one woman would rather be her own than any man's for life. O joy! O blessedness!"

As Others See Us

"O, wad some power the gift to gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

H. S. Budget.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE comes to us in better form than many of the college papers.

Advocate.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE has a very attractive and appropriate Christmas cover design.

Tiger (California).

A padded exchange list is interesting, but is the index to lack of local material. A double cover adds to the neatness of the paper and gives to the reader at first glance a feeling of anticipation. There is nothing startling, how-

ever, between the double covers to gratify it. The stories are all passing fair. Writing the criticisms of one's self is not the best possible way of building up prestige.

H. S. Critic.

The December number of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is one of the best all around Christmas exchanges we received.

At times THE CRIMSON AND WHITE has been criticized for lack of school notes, a social page, etc. Probably most of our exchanges are ignorant of the fact that since our school building burned down we have been holding sessions in a church of the city where spreads, receptions, dances and such "frivolities" are somewhat out of place. So, easy with your criticism, please.

From Our Exchanges and from Right Around Home

Once more, Van.

The church was very still as the minister pushed down his spectacles and regarded the healthy infant before him, struggling in its mother's arms.

"The name of this child is to be," he queried.

The mother took a long breath. Perfect silence. Then—

"Horace Alexander Buchanan Carlyle Van Dostenbrugge."

"Heavens!" murmured the minister aside, "Robert, a little more water, please!"

"Mamma," said the little fish, discontentedly, "this worm is sour." "Well, my dear, what can you expect?" replied mother, "It's a warm day and you know the worm will turn."

Once he came a-wooing,
 Came with kindling ardor suing,
 For the greatness of his love
 could not be hid;
 But alas! his hopes were shat-
 tered,
 All his dreams of joy were scat-
 tered,
 For she told him to skiddo,
 And he skidded.

"Give me a can of corned beef."

"Got a prescription?"

"Nope. Why?"

"You'll have to give me your
 name and address, also make oath
 as to what you want to use it for."

Miss Horne—"Mr. O'Connel,
 beat time while I scan this line
 of Virgil."

(Edward Josephus shyly counts
 seven.)

Miss Horne—"No, Mr. O'Con-
 nel, there are only six beats, not
 seven."

E. J.—"That last one was a
 dead beat."

\$ \$ \$

Does this remind you of any-
 thing? If it doesn't, just consult
 the business manager and per-
 haps he will.

\$ \$ \$

College Boy (to his dad)—
 "Roses are red; violets are blue,
 Send me a fiver P. D. Q."

Dad (to beloved son)—

"Roses are red; carnations are
 pink,
 I'll send you a fiver, I don't
 think."

Mary Horton—"I went to the
 dentist the other day and he said
 I have the biggest cavity that
 needs filling!"

Ed. Clary—"Did he recom-
 mend any special course of
 study?"

Miss Cook—"Mr. Brewster,
 give the principal parts of *to try*?"

Pete (to neighbor)—"Sst!
 what is it?"

Naughty Neighbor—"Damn'f
 I know."

Pete (loudly and confidently)
 —"Damnfino, damfinare, damn-
 finair, damnfinatus."

Miss Cook—"What *are* you
 trying to give?"

Pete—"Damnfino."

He who in his watch lid has
 His sweetheart's pretty face,
 Is sure to have a time, for there's
 A woman in the case.

First Freshie—"Where is
 Grace Gilleaudeau going with that
 little express wagon?"

Second Freshie—"Why, don't
 you know? She's literary editor
 of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, and
 she's hauling the literary matter
 down to the printers."

There is a small matter which
 some of our subscribers and ad-
 vertisers have seemingly forgot-
 ten. To us it is very necessary
 in our business. Please remit.

Miss Jones—"Why was the
 death of Joan of Arc preferable
 to that of Charles I?"

Grace Binley—"A hot steak is
 always preferable to a cold chop."

Nora—"Mamma, what do you
 think? Baby just swallowed a
 button!"

Mrs. Carrol (excitedly)—
 "Mercy, child! what did you
 do?"

Nora—"Why, right away I
 made him swallow a buttonhole."

Barber—"Will you have any-
 thing on your face, sir?"

Victim—"Oh, yes, I'll have an
 eye left if you quit right now."

They were discussing that time-worn question, does a hen sit or set? "Well," remarked Jessie, "all I've got to say is that unless a hen can set like the sun it's got to sit—goodness knows, the poor thing can't stand up forever, and I've seen a sunset, but I guess nobody ever saw a hen-set."

"Mother, do all fairy stories begin with 'Once upon a time?'"

"No, dear. Some begin 'My love, I was detained at the office this evening.'"

Cram.
Exam.
Flunk.
Trunk.

Teacher—"How many ribs have you, Mr. Noble?"

Jimmy—"Gee, I'm too durned ticklish to count 'em all."

"It's the little things in this world that tell," remarked Letha, as she yanked her young brother out from under the sofa.

Mr. Barnes remarked the other day in class to Adele that "he would hold her for this lesson." (Ed. note—Mr. Barnes will have his hands full.)

There was a young lady named Ruth
Who pulled out her principal tooth;
She said to her father:
"I think teeth a bother
And they hinder my thmyleth like the death."

Meany—"What kind of a nation would this be without the girls?"

Van—"Stagnation."

Bertha Bott (dreamily)—
"Cinch — um — cinch — um — cinch!"

Sophomore—"What's she talking about?"

Nettie—"Oh, she's just thinking about that last physics test."

Young Lady—"I want some powder, please."

Storekeeper—"Face, gun or bug?"

Professor—"What does 'tabular' mean?"

Junior—"Why, like a table."

Prof.—"What?"

Junior (vaguely)—"Why, you know, square like a cube."

Prof.—"Well, if you give any more answers like that your mark will be round like a lemon."

A Few Definitions

A High School Paper—Something to which 1% of the pupils contribute and the other 99% criticize.

Editorial Board—Where the weary all find rest. A place to get rich quick (kindly consult the Business Manager).

Exchange Column—A haven of refuge for last year's jokes.

The Exchange Editor has made an original research in English Literature and has discovered that Samuel Johnson wrote Gulliver's Travels. (What about Daniel DeFoe, Miss Parsons?)

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