

Hastings



The Crimson and White

June, 1909

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Three Books for a Desert Island..... | 79 |
| The Adventuress..... | 82 |
| When Jimmie Scored..... | 87 |
| Class Poem..... | 89 |
| Class History..... | 91 |
| Prophecy of Class of 1909..... | 93 |
| At the Matinee..... | 96 |
| The Death of Dido..... | 97 |
| Editorials..... | 98 |
| School Notes..... | 98 |
| Class Day..... | 99 |
| Society Notes..... | 99 |
| Exchanges..... | 100 |

NEW YORK
STATE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL
ALBANY

PRICE 20 CENTS

Commencement Gifts
of
Large Variety

W. F. ANTEMANN & SON
JEWELERS & SILVERSMITHS

MONUMENTS

BEST MATERIAL
LOWEST PRICES

Gazeley & Moffitt

505-507 So. Pearl St.
Albany, N. Y.

E. P. MILLER
JEWELRY REPAIRER
78 DIVISION STREET.

JOHN J. GRIFFIN
Stationer and Bookseller
23 Central Avenue
Albany, N. Y.

FREDERIC F. RYDER & CO.

Plumbing, Roofing, Heating and Gas Fitting

JOBGING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED

443 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

H. R. Phone 1306-W Main

Home Phone 1445

WILLIAM H. LUCK

PICTURE FRAMES

Framed Pictures

208 Washington Ave., Albany, N. Y.

Hazeltine's Flower Shop



32 CENTRAL AVE.

Both Phones

Albany, N. Y.

**BRANDOW PRINTING
COMPANY**

16 STATE STREET

We shall be pleased to supply your class or society with printing

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

H. W. ANTEMANN
Manufacturing Jeweler
 High Grade Presentation Badges from Original Designs. Fine
 School and Class Pins. Diamonds and other precious
 stones. Fine Repairing a Specialty.
Prompt and Satisfactory Work Only
 23 JAMES STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

Phone 1838LX Main
M. SICILIANO
Ice Cream, Fruit and Confectionery
 45 Central Avenue - - ALBANY, N. Y.

Ernest Ruff
 Groceries, Vegetables, Etc.
 H. R. Phone 1303 W. Home Phone 2043
 Cor. Lark and Jay Sts.

WHITTLE & RIGGS
FLORISTS
 Hudson Ave., cor. Grand Street
 ALBANY, N. Y.

Drink Royal Blend Coffee

25c. Pound
All Grocers

Weidman, Ward & Co., ALBANY

Special Rate to Students

Albany Art Union
Photographs — Artistic

48 North Pearl Street

Both Phones ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

Four Years Course Leading to Degree of Bachelor of Science
in Chemistry

TECHNICAL OPTION includes courses in industrial chemistry, metallurgy, assaying, and those engineering subjects needed to equip men fully for responsible positions in manufacturing and technical chemistry.

GENERAL OPTION replaces technical chemistry and engineering subjects by further courses in science or in other equivalent University studies. This option prepares for science teaching and for investigation, and lays a broad foundation for subsequent study of medicine, etc.

Both groups include the same fundamental courses in chemistry, related sciences, mathematics and modern languages.

For illustrated Chemistry Bulletin, and for University Catalogue, apply to M. W. ANDREWS, Registrar, or to N. F. MERRILL, Dean of Department, U. V. M.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT

Are you satisfied

with that Dress Shirt, or does it bulge;
then try the

WATERVILLE LAUNDRY

289 Central Avenue

Phone Conn.

J. F. HEIDENREICH, Prop.

THE WARREN COMPANY

489 Fifth Avenue

New York City

Makers of High Grade Class Pins, Medals, etc.

Department of Stationery will be pleased to submit samples and prices of Wedding Invitations, announcements, etc. Fine writing papers, die stamped.

WRITE OR CALL FOR QUOTATIONS

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

The Crimson and White

VOL. V

JUNE, 1909

No. 5



Literary Department

Prize Essay

Three Books for a Desert Island.

It was growing dusk and only the red glow from the fireplace lights up the room. From the large arm chair I watch the flickering shadows of the flames creep in queer fantastic forms up and down the old-fashioned book case which stands directly opposite the fireplace. Oh, how much that book case means to me! It contains that of which my whole life is a part, that which has brought to me all my wonderful dreams, which has caused many a grief to be forgotten, which has made me bid good-bye to loneliness forever. I have but to close my eyes and at once all my friends will come flocking, from Old Mother Goose with her books of wonderful rhymes; foolish?—perhaps, but never so to me,—to the great characters of immortal Shakespeare.

The room grows darker and darker. The outline of the book-case becomes dimmer and dimmer. Suddenly I look about me with a start, for the room has disappeared, and I find myself upon a desert

island. There seems to be no sign of life about me. But stay—who is that whom I see approaching over the sands? It is a lady who resembles very, very much the queen in the old fairy tales. Soon she stands before me and in a low, grave voice she speaks:

“You have spent your life among books. You have forgotten the beautiful world which is about you because of the imaginary one which you have created for yourself. This shall be your punishment, you shall dwell upon this island. All that you desire shall be yours save books and humanity.”

“Then I beg and implore that my punishment be lightened; that I may have books for my solitude.” At first the lady remains firm but finally she softens.

“You may have but three books. Now make your choice. In three hours I shall appear again to hear your decision.” Then the lady vanishes. I am left alone upon the sands and before my startled eyes appears my precious book-case. I must choose.

Oh, what shall I choose? Which of all my friends shall I give up?

My eyes scan the orderly rows of books. On the top-most shelf lies my little worn bible, I smile, for the first choice is not so difficult. I take the Bible from the shelf and lay it on the sands beside me.

Why was this my first choice? Because the Bible has always been a friend to me, from the time when, with spotless white gown, flowing pink ribbons and—Oh, best of all—shining slippers, adorned with bobbing tassels, I had proudly stepped off to Sabbath School, my precious penny clasped tightly within my hand. Then I had listened with wide-open eyes to what, I must confess, seemed to me the wonderful fairy tales of the teacher. Afterward, when I learned that these tales, however much they appeared as fairy tales, were truths and must be considered with due respect, I thought the people of the Bible must indeed have been wicked and with a conscious superiority, I delighted to talk in hushed whispers of their sinful deeds. But gradually I came to think that Johnny Jones, my next door neighbor was wicked, the school teacher was wicked, in fact the whole world was wicked, save pious me and perhaps, the minister and superintendent.

The Bible, being my friend, did not allow me to remain in this state of mind and as I grew older I discovered that it was I who was in the wrong and with the aid of the Bible I tried to remedy this. But the more I leaned upon its support, the more it showed me how narrow and selfish I really was; how great the task of conquering myself was to be. Even now I had not conquered. This was my first reason for choosing the Bible. I still needed all the support it would give me.

In my choice I thought also of a

future when, perhaps, I might leave the island. I knew that by reading of the pain and suffering the Apostles endured, by reading of the Great Life of Another, all that He endured without a complaint, I would be more contented with my lot, and that should I ever leave the island, the study of the Bible would have made me a better judge of the people around me, a kinder judge. It would have taught me to look upon their lives as a part of my own; in a word, it would have made my life richer and broader.

But, putting myself aside, there are numerous reasons why this choice was wise. In the first place, the Bible is a work which can never really be mastered. The study of the different characters alone would be an absorbing occupation. Thousands of people have admired, wondered at and criticised the characters of Shakespeare. There are hundreds of contradictory opinions upon them. Years have been spent in their study. The characters of the Bible are even greater. To compare the characters of the Old Testament with one another and also, with the people one has known, would surely be a pleasure, calculated to make one forget the lonely hours of a desert island. In the New Testament, too, there is that Great character, too Great for us to understand, but not too Great for us to love and worship.

Then, there is the history, which the Bible contains,—the history of years given in the most concise form. It would be interesting to note the differences and similarities between that history and the history of recent years. The government in the Old Testament under the judges and the kings would be worthy of study, while in the New Testament one would find the Ro-

man government of the world during the time of Our Christ in the reign of the Caesars very similar to our government of to-day. Customs, of course, have changed but that would but make them more delightful to read about. It would be very instructive to compare the customs of the pagan and Christian nations of olden times.

Perhaps another reason why the Bible was my choice will be looked upon as foolish, but upon a desert island one chooses his pleasures to suit his fancies. There was always a certain kind of fascination to me in those chapters relating to genealogy. Never could I keep the relationship of one to another in mind. Always have I felt that it would be a delightful occupation to unravel the snarl; to know accurately who was the great-grandfather of whom; to glibly be able to give the descendants. On a desert island there would be ample time for this and it certainly would be an excellent way to train one's memory.

These were some of my reasons for choosing the Bible, for the influence it had had and would have upon my life and for the knowledge and pleasure it would give to me. Now comes my second choice.

This time it is much more difficult to choose. Twice I take Shakespeare's works from the shelf. Twice I replace it. Now upon Dicken's works my hand rests; now upon Thackeray's. It is almost maddening to choose. On the lowest shelf is the Encyclopedia Brittanica, given to me by a well-meaning old uncle, but always scorned, save when I made hurried trips to it to consult it on some doubtful subject. I close my eyes upon the other books. For a while they might please, but would they not some day grow wear-

some? Resolutely I place the encyclopedia beside the Bible.

This choice was also wise. Here I should find authority upon almost any subject. It had taken years to collect the material for it. Wise men had all contributed. If it had taken years to complete this great work, a thorough study of it would surely take years.

Certain weeks might be spent in studying the history of the different countries and the biography of the great men of these countries. Then to a certain degree one might study the different plant life or animal life on the island. For these subjects one will not only find, though in a rather brief form, in the encyclopedia, but often illustrations are given which would be of great help in determining the species and genera. There might also be gained some idea of the different sciences. It would be impossible to mention all the subjects which might be taken up. Subjects which might have been scorned when surrounded by pleasures and friends would be taken up alone on a desert island, merely to pass the time away and in the end one might grow to care for them.

The encyclopedia would be of use in many ways besides being of interest so this choice would not be likely to be regretted.

I must make my last choice. Because it is the last it is the hardest. Again my hand rests upon each book that is dear to me. I cannot decide. The minutes slip by; the time is almost up. My other choice I am sure was wise. As in the earlier days I had found it impossible to be good three days in succession, so now, I find it impossible to be wise three times in succession. My eyes catch the bright red cover of "Mother Goose's Rhymes," marked with many a print of a

sticky hand. I hesitate and am lost. Mother Goose's book of rhymes now lies on the sand with the others.

This choice was unwise I knew it and found pleasure in knowing it. But that book brought back to me so many cherished memories. It would please me just to rehearse those memories. It would bring back to me the time when I made up hundreds of imaginary tales about "The Old Lady who Lived in a Shoe," when I wept over the sad fate of "The Frog who would a Wooing Go;" when I recited "Little Bo-Peep" to the grave old minister, and that proud moment, when I as "Little Miss Muffet" faced the assembled multitude and thought the tremendous applause but deserved. Then there was, also, that bitter moment, when I, feeling a second Melba had sung these rhymes to tunes of my own composing to an unappreciative audience composed of Johnny Jones and his friends. Here upon the desert island I could sing my treasured rhymes with no audience to mock and jeer. It was not so much what it would mean to me as what it had meant that I cherished this book. The grave lady should not take it from me.

I had made my choice and am fully satisfied. Lamb wrote "The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen." I had chosen for myself and according to Lamb I had chosen well. Yet it is almost with dread I await the coming of the grave lady.

Shortly I see her coming over the sands. Again she stands before me. I hold my breath while she surveys my choice. Oh, will she approve! She smiles a pleased smile when she sees my little worn Bible. She nods her head gravely in approval of the encyclopedia. But she stares in astonishment at

Mother Goose's Rhymes. How can she know what that book means to me? At last a queer little smile passes over her face and she speaks:

"You have been very wise and very foolish, therefore," and again she smiles, "You will be happy."

I do not understand, I do not try, for my bookcase is fading from view. I reach for it but the lady holds my hands. I give a cry and at that the lady vanishes, the desert island vanishes and I find myself again in the armchair. The room is very dark but still the glow from the fireplace lights up the bookcase with its precious rows of books. And as I gaze at each familiar book I wonder how I could ever have made any choice.

"GRETCHEN," '09.

The Adventurers

To begin with, Mrs. Smith is obstreperously gay, being eighty-eight. I can hardly think of Doctor, who is the head of our dormitory, as her daughter but when one's mother is so flightily, so exuberantly young, I suppose one must be severe. She was especially stern on the afternoon it all happened, giving both Mrs. Smith and Julie strict directions to be back at four o'clock. You see, whenever Mrs. Smith goes nearly frantic cooped up here in the house and has to let off steam,—or rather, when Doctor finds her too unruly to manage, Julie takes her out in a wheeled chair the girls call the go-cart, and rumbles her around the village. It's usually a long process for Mrs. Smith is radiantly gossipy,—there have to be many stops to converse with some dear old natives who, more favored than Mrs. Smith, have still the use of their legs.

Julie said afterwards that Mrs.

Smith received Doctor's admonitions and instructions on that fateful afternoon with an almost unusual meekness and carefully avoided Doctor's questions as to where she wanted to go. Julie says that she didn't notice it at the time but then, Julie never suspects anything until it's beyond suspicion. So she started for the village after the usual preliminaries involved in getting the many shawls and wrappings adjusted. Now you never can tell when Mrs. Smith is going to demand exhilarating and indecorous speed. I remember the first day Julie took her out, proceeding at a funeral pace, solicitously humping the go-cart up and down curbs, Mrs. Smith suddenly twisted around demanding, "Why don't you bump me? I like to be bumped. Now run down the hill."

So at any minute now Julie could expect the command to gallop madly down the village street and fully expected such an order when she heard a quavering "Stop!"

"Well?" said Julie.

Mrs. Smith chuckled wickedly. "I'm going to Needham to make some calls."

Julie gasped.

"She said I might," added the culprit deprecatingly.

Julie gasped again. Falsehood added to iniquity.

"But, Mrs. Smith," she protested feebly, coming around in front of her, "it's three miles to Needham!"

You see, Mrs. Smith is not by any means wasted away and the go-cart is oppressively bulky.

"It's early," cut in Mrs. Smith firmly. "I'm *going* to Needham."

Of course if Julie had any backbone she would have refused resolutely like any sensible person, but Julie never could say no with

any strength,—she is so yielding and flabby willed. Besides, I don't really believe she realized how prodigious an undertaking three miles with Mrs. Smith and the go-cart was.

And now my story begins. Julie says that the journey to Needham was really very pretty,—she quite enjoyed it in spots; it was a spring day with flushing willows along dark streams, a deep sky, the air full of spring sounds and a sun richly warm on one's shoulders. Uncomfortably warm indeed when combined with the fact that the reckless Mrs. Smith demanded the utmost speed when it came to going down hills. Mrs. Smith was made, every fiber of her, for shoot-the-chutes and automobiles. It was all right going down the hills but up was tiresome. Julie began to get hot. To add to the growing discomfort, she took the wrong road,—a cruelly deceptive road which led them through a sparse woods and ended abruptly in a farm yard where a fierce little dog nearly threw Mrs. Smith into spasms and pecked at Julie's ankles. Mrs. Smith is afraid unto death of dogs. So, having ascertained from a grumpy man that this was most assuredly the wrong road, they turned back, the go-cart sticking in muddy places in the road in the most trying fashion. By the time they finally arrived in Needham,—go-cart and shawls besplashed and bespattered with mud,—Mrs. Smith, pink and hilarious,—Julie puffing and warm,—it was almost four o'clock. It took a long time to find the house. Mrs. Smith testified to recent visits in Needham but one's memory at eighty-eight is prone to be a little threadbare though one may retain the recklessness and generally jubilant spirit of eighteen.

After several attempts at the front doors of houses which tallied with the vague description of white with green blinds and a barn, the right one came into view. With relief Julie prepared to roll the go-cart in at the gate but here arose another vexing difficulty. The pathway directly underneath the swinging white gate had yielded up its stiffening post and collapsed into a tremendous hollow, perilously wide and deep. Julie held the gate open with one hand and let the little front wheels go down. Mrs. Smith nearly pitched out on her head. Julie attempted to make the vehicle move up the other side of the hollow but it was too steep, —the go-cart stuck,—still lurching precariously forward and the gate, forgotten in the excitement, banged cruelly back on Mrs. Smith's toes. Julie was in a quandary. She dared not let the back wheels go down first for something wrong with the supports underneath made a shifting of all the weight to the back wheels very probably result in a lopsided collapse of the go-cart. Mrs. Smith could not get out and walk—it was too far up to the house and she had no rubbers. So Julie righted the go-cart, left her suggesting remedies at the gate and plodded wearily up to the white house with its discreet green blinds. A pull at the bell brought forth a trio of little white-haired ladies in gray and lavender silks,—little rustling pastels,—who came fluttering out upon the porch to welcome from afar poor Mrs. Smith stranded on the other side of the fence and to make agitated apologies and suggestions. Finally it was decided that Julie should go across the street,—if it had not been so damp Miss Martha would have gone herself, but she was so susceptible to colds! So

Julie hurried over, egged on by Mrs. Smith who was becoming impatient, and procured a cadaverous Mr. Perkins who sat in his shirt sleeves by a sunny window reading the paper, to come over and help Mrs. Smith over the Valley of Apollyon. The aforesaid lady grew quite coy at the appearance of this lank cavalier and murmured something about Sir Walter Raleigh. Mrs. Smith always had a strong sense of the romantic.

It was a hard task—continually attended by the possibility of the go-cart tumbling to pieces by the unequalizing of the pressure. Mr. Perkins heaved it up while Julie steadied it,—the three little ladies on the porch, now wrapped in striped and scarlet shawls,—fluttering in great agitation and giving flurried and incoherent directions. It only took a minute to lift it over but it was a minute of sixty anxious seconds,—anxious for everyone but Mrs. Smith who, as the go-cart came down on the gravel path with a terrifying thud, actually emitted a jubilant and maudlin whoop.

Mr. Perkins then gallantly trundled muddy equipage and chuckling old lady up the path. Another delay for many layers of shawls had to be loosened that Mrs. Smith might emerge butterfly-from-chrysalis-wise to be carefully boosted up the steps by Mr. Perkins and Julie where three pairs of arms steadied her into the "parlor." Julie followed, staggering under the shawls, while Mr. Perkins went grinning home.

Then came many apologies. Mrs. Smith had to apologize for coming to call in such a dress,—she had a lavender dressing sacque under her black silk coat,—each one of the three little old ladies had to apologize separately for the shocking condition of the walk; Mrs. Smith

had to apologize for neglecting them and not coming more often to call; Miss Martha had to apologize because the room was so cold; Miss Lydia had to apologize to Julie because it was so hot. Julie *was* warm. She wore a gray flannel shirt, sweater and what we girls call "those paws,"—huge woolly mittens. The room was intolerable and Julie's previous exercise had not been light. She sat on the slippery sofa and came to a boil. With despair she sipped the steaming cup of tea which Miss Lydia pressed upon her. Julie told us all about it afterwards and she said that she very nearly went to sleep,—she was *so* hot and tired that she nodded and bobbed with the empty tea cup in her hand like a combined Hatter and Dormouse,—blurrily hearing this cooing chatter which the four dear old gossips kept up. They completely forgot Julie's existence and Julie sleepily forgot them and the time until she heard a clock with a cracked voice announcing five o'clock. She was terrified. Three miles, a strange road, and evening due at six! But there was no use in hurrying. Mrs. Smith had just so much to say to each one of the gray and lavender sisters and each sister had just so much to say to Mrs. Smith before the procession to the go-cart could be even started. Then there were innumerable delays while Julie, now thoroughly awake, fidgeted madly.

Wrapping Mrs. Smith up was always a task,—the shawls must not only keep off all draughts but they must look well. Each sister had to see for herself that Mrs. Smith was well protected from the damp air. Then Mr. Perkins had to be again summoned; again there was the anxious moment of suspense during which Mr. Perkins got fairly purple in the face for

the little ditch was wide and Mrs. Smith is not by any manner of means gaunt. She was just deciding that after all Mr. Perkins would have to lift the go-cart back over the ditch because she had something important to say to Martha, when Julie with a glance at the dropping sun, showed the first sign of spunk and backbone she has ever shown,—she just hustled the go-cart down the road leaving Mrs. Smith's breath several yards behind and her words bitten off in her mouth.

"Mrs. Smith," remarked Julie sternly, as they gained a safe distance from the house, "do you know we're going to be late,—fearfully late? Doctor will be *so* worried."

Mrs. Smith chuckled diabolically, "I had seven cups of tea!" she crowed.

Julie snorted and lengthened her stride. Mrs. Smith babbled and cooed incoherently as she jolted along, the excitement of the spree had evidently gone to her head. Julie was stiff and tired and the go-cart plus Mrs. Smith seemed twenty pounds heavier. Julie tried to rest on the level stretches by giving the go-cart a hard shove as one does a baby carriage and letting it go ahead, but the impetus of the shove nearly snapped Mrs. Smith's head off her shoulders so that device had to be abandoned.

"Aren't we on the wrong road?" inquired Mrs. Smith by way of conversation.

"No," said Julie shortly.

"But I'm sure we are. I don't want to get into any more barnyards. I hate dogs. I know we're on the wrong road. Do you remember last week when we met that cow?"

Heavens! Julie remembered.

"I'm sure we've taken the wrong

road. I'm sure of it. I am. Look there,—I never saw that hill before,—I'm sure we're on the wrong road."

Julie paused to mop her face and look down the road where a terrifying evening darkness was gathering at the foot of the hill. Julie never had any sense of direction and she too, was beginning to think it was the wrong road.

"I think perhaps it's going to rain," whined Mrs. Smith with a look at the perfectly clear sky. "It's getting dark. I know we'll meet a man. You'd better hurry. I know we're on the wrong road."

Julie was by this time truly worried and she hastened in proportion as her anxiety grew. From now on it was one mad race between the fast-coming darkness and the fast-going Julie. She galloped down the hill, the go-cart bumping madly over the fast freezing ruts. She toiled up the next hill panting desperately. The sun had not only dropped, it had unmercifully drawn after it, bit by bit,—all the afternoon light. The roadsides grew very black and the birches very white. Julie increased her speed. Now they were on the level—now one of the shawls got wound up in the wheels nearly dragging Mrs. Smith out upon the ground with it. Julie wrenched it free and tore on again leaving Mrs. Smith ex-postulating and exposed to the night air. Now down the hill again,—this must be the right road,—Julie remembered this hill and gained courage and speed,—the go-cart gathered impetus and nearly slipped out from under her hands. A man appeared out of the darkness plodding up the hill. Mrs. Smith shrieked wildly at the sight of him,—the man scuttled hastily out of the way as the strange look-

ing vehicle with its bouncing occupant went bounding by.

"My teeth!" gasped Mrs. Smith.

Julie did not hear.

"My teeth!" shrieked Mrs. Smith. Julie declares she didn't know they had jolted out.

"Thtop!" moaned Mrs. Smith.

"Never," panted Julie with beautiful determination as she swung the go-cart around the curve of the road giving the outside wheels a rest in the process and causing Mrs. Smith to clutch madly at the sides of the chair and gamely direct all her attention to saving her life. A hole in the road sent the go-cart leaping into the air but as she rounded the curve,—oh, blessed sight! Julie saw the lights of home!

Meanwhile at the dormitory there was a dreadful stir. We girls couldn't give Doctor any information,—it grew later and later and still the two didn't appear. Doctor telephoned all around the village; she telephoned to all the other dormitories,—she frantically questioned us. No clue. Dinner time came. Doctor left the table several times to telephone,—she was beginning to think of the police. Dinner went. Still no Mrs. Smith and Julie. We had all gone upstairs when suddenly the front door opened, there was a scuffle in the hall and in tottered Mrs. Smith giggling lispily, supported by Julie, very limp and very hot.

"Theven cupth of tea!" burred Mrs. Smith. We hung over the bannisters to listen. Then Doctor came out and *oh*, how Mrs. Smith caught it! Julie came upstairs and went right to bed.

Mrs. Smith hasn't been out since, for she has a snuffly cold from losing the shawl. Doctor won't advertise for her teeth,—she says it will just do Mother good to go

without them for a spell. But every time Mrs. Smith sees Julie she chuckles wickedly.

1907.

When Jimmie Scored

James O'Niel, otherwise Jim, was sweeping the store floor and whistling. There was nothing strange about his doing either of these things, for cleaning the store was one of his morning tasks, and whistling is always a natural accompaniment to work on a bright summer morning. But the unusual part about his whistling was that he was whistling a tune. He did not usually make much headway towards a tune, for sweeping the floor took nearly all of his scanty supply of breath. This morning, however, he was intent on something else. He swept slowly and, as I said before, he whistled. The tune was, "There's only one girl in this world for me." It was an old tune but an interesting one for him just then.

When Jim finished sweeping, he set the broom in the corner with the new brooms for sale, pushed his felt hat back from his perspiring brow, and mopped his freckled face vigorously on a red cotton handkerchief, which vied in brilliancy with his bushy mop of hair. Then he took a clean but somewhat ragged white coat from the nail in the corner, and proceeded to put it on, using the front door as a mirror meanwhile. He adjusted his necktie, perched his hat over one ear, and his pencil behind the other and surveyed himself with satisfaction, still keeping up his whistling.

When he was quite convinced of his own good looks, he pulled out his dollar silver watch and made a few calculations. Nine

o'clock already. In half an hour Jenny would come along with the baby; and about the same time, he would happen to have Mrs. Smith's order ready, and as usual, would stroll along with Jenny. He looked at the "Boss," at the end of the room. The "Boss" was busy at the desk. Jim went to arrange the stand and fill the orders. He was not very particular about the cabbage he gave Mrs. Greene, nor did he care whether he sent Mrs. Jones the same box of berries which she had refused the day before or not.

Jim was happy almost blissful. The only thing which clouded the sky for him was the fact that the butcher's boy Hank was his rival, and that he now stood in the market door watching him. Jim sent him several withering glances to no avail, and then resumed work in silence.

At half-past nine, he stood on the storestoop, a basket on his arm, awaiting the arrival of Jenny and the baby. He could almost bless that baby for needing an airing in the park every morning, although of course he was sometimes a bother. The baby was John Alexander Hamilton Hubbard, Jr., heir of John Alexander Hamilton Hubbard, Sr., of Hamilton Square. Thirteen-year-old Jenny was his nurse-girl.

At twenty-five minutes of ten the sound of go-cart wheels came faintly from around the corner, and in two minutes more, John Alexander Hamilton Hubbard, Jr., was trundled into view. Jim grinned, nodded, and prepared to follow the blushing young nursemaid and her charge as soon as she should be past the store. As he did so, a thin, tall boy in a blue-checked coat stepped out of the meat market on the other side of the street, crossed over and took

the baby carriage from Jenny, saying something about having lots of time and needing a little fresh air too. It was Hank!

Jim stood open-mouthed, gasping with astonishment. This was not only an unlooked for, but also a very disagreeable turn of affairs. It was unheard boldness on Hank's part. Hank was hardly acquainted with Jenny. He had never even been in school with her. A minute Jim gazed after his rival, then he bellowed out:

"Ye'se kin jest leave my girl alone, ye cross-eyed, meat market lobster."

Hank turned:

"Aw, shut yer trap, Carrots, or I'll come back and give yese a cabbage for a head."

Jim set his basket on the stoop, and advanced threateningly upon his rival.

"Don't yere give me none of yere chin music you chicken-hearted, pie-faced monkey, or I'll give yese a blue forget-me-not under yere good eye, by way of remembrance."

"Keep it up garlic, but don't ye set anything on fire with that head of yours."

"Now ye jest look out there Hank Sauerkraut, or I'll give yese a gentle reminder under the other eye."

"Now slim Jim, quit yere kiddin'. It's my turn to take the brat for an airin'. I've got a quarter and I know where we kin get soddy water and steam candy. Come on Jenny. Don't get funny Bunny," by way of a parting thrust at Jim.

Jim watched them disappear from view, Hank wheeling the go-cart and whistling "She's my Jenny and I'm her Henny," and Jenny trailing half-heartedly after.

Jim was angry. He considered a minute what was best to be done.

Then he picked up the basket and followed hurriedly after his rival. Evidently he had some plan in view.

Down one block and half way down the next, he slackened his pace. Outside the confectioner's stood a go-cart, and in it sat John Alexander Hamilton Hubbard, Jr., placidly sucking his thumb. Jim approached cautiously, carefully removed the brake and wheeled the go-cart back up the street, and stood it in a doorway around the corner. John A. H. Hubbard, Jr. made no objections. He was used to seeing Jim, and now waved a charming day-days at him as he left him. Jim went back around the corner to the confectioner's. Inside he saw Hank and Jenny unconcernedly sucking chocolate soda through straws. He chuckled. "They won't look so happy when they miss the kid," he said to himself.

He went on to Mrs. Smith's with the basket. In five minutes he was back and waiting on the corner below the confectioner's. He waited perhaps five minutes longer. Then Hank and Jenny came out, blissfully chewing something which Jenny had in a striped paper bag, presumably steam candy.

But in an instant, Jenny had missed John Alexander Hamilton Hubbard, Jr., and was looking distractedly up and down the street for him. He was nowhere in sight. Where could he be? Oh! where could he be? Jenny began to cry and run up and down, Hank following close at her heels, trying to stop her.

This was just what Jim was expecting. He hurried up the street, seemingly anxious about the affair, but yet outwardly calm enough to be of service.

"There Jenny, don't cry," he

said. "You've lost the kid hey? You oughtn't to have left it outside anyway. You'd ought to have known better than that Hank, if Jenny didn't. But don't worry. I don't believe the feller who stole the kid has got far yet. Jenny sit down on the stoop. Hank you take care of Jenny, I'll go and find the kid."

Needless to say Jenny obeyed him. Hank sneered. Nevertheless he stayed with Jenny. Jenny was very pale. She needed his attention.

Jim disappeared around the corner. Five, ten, fifteen minutes he was gone. It seemed ages to Jenny. Then he returned, wheeling the familiar go-cart, and in it, the heir of John A. H. Hubbard, Sr., of Hamilton Square.

Jenny was fairly crazy with delight. She ran to meet him and fairly smothered the baby with kisses, "Oh, Jenny's little sweet-heart! Where was he?"

Jim's story was incoherent, but it satisfied Jenny that her darling charge had been snatched from danger by a stalwart hero. Jenny was radiant, but Hank was sneeringly sullen. He bet there was a "put-up job somewhere," he said. Jim didn't care what Hank said. He looked at Jenny. "Come Jenny. I guess you need me to see you and the kid home." With a grin he turned, and wheeled the carriage down the street, Jenny hanging over it, kissing John A. H. Hubbard, Jr.

Hank followed, angry. It was "no fair" he said. "Hadn't Jenny had a soda and steam candy offin him."

Jim wheeled placidly on. "Some folks make fools of themselves," he said.

The next morning at exactly half-past nine, Jim stood on the

storestoop, basket on arm, and just one minute afterward Jenny appeared with John Alexander Hamilton Hubbard, Jr.

* * * * *

The next day, the butcher's boy in the blue coat, saw Jim and Jenny sitting quietly in the confectioner's, eating chocolate soda, and John Alexander Hamilton Hubbard, Jr., was sitting comfortably between them being fed from a glass of his own.

'10

Class Poem

1909

From a quaint old seaport village
with its blackened wharfs and
quays,
Sailed a vessel one bright morning
all its pinions to the breeze,
From the land came words of part-
ing mingling with the ocean's
roar
From the vessel came an answer
fast receding from the shore,
Past the lighthouse in the harbor
sailed she straight into the
east.
Buoyant as the foam that sparkled
on the shore like frothy yeast.
Trim of sail, she was and sturdy
fit the roughest sea to brave.
Staunch and true from keel to
mizzen fearing naught from
wind or wave
Yet in all her strength and beauty
did she gain the harbor bar?
Could she sail the raging temp-
est?
Could she stand its crush and
jar?
Like to those who brave the ocean,
We to-day with moistened eye
Stand with heavy heart and sad-
dened,
Just about to say "Good-bye"

And before us lies the future
 Like the ocean guarding well
 All its secrets, all its fortunes
 More than any seer can tell.
 Young we are with youthful long-
 ings
 Knowing naught of failure's pain,
 Will those longings, guide us on-
 ward?
 Shall we all a harbor gain?
 Seas that oft in morning glory
 Send their ripples to the shore
 E'er the evening sun is setting
 Lash the rocks with angry roar.

To-day we are to take a final leav-
 ing
 A day of parting always brings a
 tear
 And tho' our hearts are saddened
 now with grieving
 Our sadness is not mingled with
 the fear
 That days to come, tho sorrow's
 shadows, hover
 Tho' fierce the storms of trouble
 round us blow
 Our hopes to reach at last a wel-
 come haven-
 Will weaken or desert us, for we
 know
 As long as hearts are strong and
 arms are willing
 That He who stays the storm and
 stills the wave
 Will keep afloat our boat tho' it
 be filling
 And send some stronger vessel us
 to save
 And going out to-day with fond
 ambitions
 Our faith alone will be our beacon-
 light
 To guide us from the rocks of hid-
 den error,
 Will be our guide through dan-
 gers of the night.
 The lessons we have learned, our
 love of virtue
 Around our hearts, forever will re-
 main

The lesson that a life of noble
 action,
 Is cherished more than any earthly
 gain
 The world can give. Our trust
 will be the rudder
 When winds of passion strike with
 rending force
 Directing us, tho' sirens would al-
 lure us
 Unwavering and unshaken in our
 course.
 Throughout the days that yet may
 be our portion
 Tho' long our voyage on life's
 troubled wave
 Our watchword will be "Onward."
 Earnest effort
 Alone can guard us from the grave
 That should belong to those who
 are faint-hearted,
 We must not drift, but boldly stem
 the tide
 To be a prey to wind and wave is
 craven
 The roughest sea the stout of heart
 can ride.
 And tho' at times it may be long
 and lonely
 And spirits flag and noblest efforts
 fail
 We know that calms at last will
 find an ending,
 That the breeze will come, if we
 but set the sail
 If ever on our voyage now begin-
 ning,
 Throughout the lonely watches of
 the night
 Our crafts should pass, let some
 kind word be spoken,
 'Twill cheer us on, perhaps and
 bring delight
 To hearts that waver fondest hopes
 reviving.
 To say our, bon voyage, to-day,
 Is but a prayer from hearts that
 feel the parting,
 That fortune may attend us on
 our way;

That tho' we feel the grief of
separation
The years ahead are in their pass-
ing fleet
A prayer that after storms have
died to silence
We all "in patria" some day shall
meet.

BEATRICE GAZELEY.

The Class History of the Class of 1909--Normal High School

History? History in general is a most intricate and altogether troublesome subject to discuss as Mr. Hally, no doubt, has long since discovered; but a class history, troublesome though it be, is absolutely essential to a class day. Our high school life has been similar to a country with a new government,—many changes necessary before the final way to rule has been found; the seat of government has been changed as well as the rulers. In 1906 William I who ruled only a year but long enough to earn the title of conqueror. In 1907—James H so just, so *White* that he really pulled us through the most rebellious year,—the sophomore. In 1908—John I who Sailed successfully through the third year and is still at the helm in the fourth. We only hope he may continue to sail for years to come and stop this fad of frequent change under which no government, no matter how firm its foundation, can exist. Facility of change makes frequent change and so? But where was I? Oh! Our freshmen year.

On a dismal rainy morning in September 1905 the future class of 1909, boldly urged itself upward to the seemingly unattainable heights of our dear old original normal chapel, only to be met with the pitying or disdainful glances

of our superiors. We were not like the ordinary heap of freshies huddled in a corner, seeking but not daring to ask for a certain corridor or room, because we knew it *all* at the beginning. An inquisitive person might ask if we knew so much why then did we consider school? We really had to do something and so we went to school to tell the teachers our own ideas of subjects which we had never met before,—in short we went to run the school as every bright pupil in this advance stage of civilization does. As I have said before, 'twas a very dismal morning but it troubled us little,—some kind-hearted individual carefully directed us to *the* chapel on the third floor but at that time we did not know that there were two,—and so it happened that under the guidance of Arthur Wilson we settled ourselves in the front seats of the *College* chapel. As the chapel began to fill we thought our upper classmen extremely old, but hoped we'd not age so quickly. Suddenly to our great embarrassment the President of the college told us we were in the wrong place and led us to the high school department. The N. H. S students were all assembled and Dr. Aspinwall smilingly presiding when our once boastful but now crestfallen class crept in and took the proffered seats. At recess we were captured, locked in a very dark room downstairs and left to our misery. Florence Goodwin always on the alert, escaped, and finally let us out, but we were late for second assembly. When we returned they were singing a lovely tune which we afterward learned was Old Glory. Nearly every morning our hearty chorus could be heard joyfully singing Ta-ran-tu-la, Tarantula, until the Seniors declared they could see those mon-

strous spiders darting from the ceiling. Soon we grew accustomed to the daily routine and nothing startling happened outside of the usual blundering escapades and heart-rending upbraidings by the Professor,—except, when Violet Powell the most daring, mischief-making infant in the class boldly walked beyond Minerva, where none but the faculty dare tread, until the night of Jan. 7, when our famous Normal College went up in smoke and came down in ruins. Alas, our future hopes were shattered. How and where would we go to school? Many institutions offered assistance and so after a two days vacation we gladly accepted the kind hospitality of Trinity church. Gradually we settled down to school life but very much changed, although *at that time* there was talk about the new school.

The first day of our second year in 1906 we were the most important creatures in school, our great belief in self had increased twofold. How we looked down upon the insignificant freshies and ran them so strenuously that we were nearly run out ourselves. Professor White was to be our principal for the ensuing year and he seemed so very strict at first with his "Business is Business and I WILL be obeyed," that our pleasure-loving class thought it would have a very dismal future. But in reality he was very lenient with us, overlooking the willful pranks of bumptious Sophs and after a while causing us to change our minds. Possibly this dread of school discipline was decreased by the appearance of Miss Horne, who at this time took her place as a member of the faculty, and was always willing to help us over the hard places, talking and reasoning with

more wayward ones until we all agreed we loved her right away.

As Juniors some of us realized how necessary it was to take school seriously. But even while many bowed and kept to their books, others lived the easy, happy life of the ideal Junior. The latter never took anything seriously but made a business of fun-making, and took in all the school affairs. Some of us had been elected as members of the board of editors of the CRIMSON AND WHITE and felt the duties of the weary editor already weighing heavily upon our shoulders. Others who had joined the different societies were deeply interested in the dances and final receptions to the senior class.

There have always been rhetorical in chapel more or less, but in the last few years they have been rather less than more. How quaky and creepy we felt when once we had stumbled forward and finally reached the platform, only to stutter and feel the chills going up and down our backs. My how time flew! Before we realized it Professor Sayles had called us together to organize our class and Arthur Wilson was immediately declared President. He was born to be a leader, of what I do not know but nevertheless, a leader. And I hope I may truthfully say he has fulfilled his office as only a conscientious being can,—ah—except when the inner man called hungrily for its mid-day meal would our enterprising President neglect high and noble office.

The third year was swiftly passing and we all wondered who our next ruler would be. An impertinent Junior asked Professor Sayles if he would be with us next year and when he demanded, *Would you care? Would you miss me very much?* the wary one replied, I—

yes—oh that is we all would dearly love to have you come back. And he did. To our delightful surprise we found him at his accustomed place when we returned,—Seniors. In the meantime the new Normal building had been started and we hoped we would be the first class to be graduated. But our hopes soon fled although the school was as near completion as we supposed it ever would be, and apparently it was ready for us, but the seats! How thoughtless some people are! Seniors! And would we stand? No, not even stand for it. It is at least more dignified and then too more comfortable to be seated, and so we were not the first class to be graduated from the new school. Although we had many interesting and lively class meetings for the discussion of financial topics, at the end of the year we found ourselves practically bankrupt—so when Ethel Secor asked for \$50 for her class day mementoes, Mr. Ostrander was heard to remark, "Great Scott, but girls have high ideas,—you can buy two dozen lemons for thirty cents." Now that would do well enough for Clarence but girls usually have sweet teeth. Violet Powell in her Senior year was the talk of the school. She actually stayed out one night until eleven o'clock to a church social, and did not know her Virgil, backwards, the next day. Really when I look back I often wonder how so many of us finished.

And after commencement the class of 1909 will begin to die. Yes, die in a figurative way, but not literally. It has lived and will always live even though its members be scattered far and wide enjoying life and the pleasures which this good old world holds for us all.

HELEN HORTON.

Prophecy of Class of 1909

One day not long ago I stood in the garden, poking with the end of my parasol at a particularly fat green worm. For some reason the worm did not like it; in fact he became very angry and wriggled and twisted in the most horrible shapes. Then I felt sorry for him and after placing a large green leaf over him to keep off the burning rays of the sun, turned to go, when suddenly I heard a high squeaky voice behind me. "Well, miss," it piped, "Well!" I turned with a start. The fat green worm was gone and in its place stood a little fat man, dressed in green with a small green bundle under his arm which resembled a rolled-up leaf.

"What do you wish?" I asked timidly, for you see I wasn't used to being addressed by fat little men in green.

"I," replied the little man grandly, "am the Great Interpreter of Dreams, the Great Inventor of Charms, the Great Foreteller of Destinies. It was rather cruel of you to inflict such torture upon me, but in the end you showed a kind heart, a very kind heart. You see I had assumed the form of a worm in order that I might experience the feeling of a worm." Here he paused, then observed pompously, "Shall I tell you your future?"

"Oh no!!" I exclaimed, for you see I lived in the present, my future did not trouble me.

"Some of your friends then perhaps," he said suggestively.

"Oh, if you only would!" I cried. "Tell me please, what is in store for each of my classmates." The little man looked doubtful. Then after a long pause slowly unrolled the small green bundle under his arm, and a green carpet appeared, as large as my hand. But

lo! it began to grow and soon was quite large.

"Seat yourself upon this," said the little man. I did so, and he took his place beside me and commanded me to close my eyes and not open them, whatever happened. When I had done this the carpet began to slowly float upward. Then faster and faster it flew, suddenly it began to sink. Frantically I clutched the edge of the carpet and was about to scream when the little man spoke. "Now open your eyes," said he. I did so; all about me was a floating mist. Gradually it cleared away and a scene appeared before me.

Down a street comes a tall, broad-shouldered, rather stoutish man of about thirty-five years of age. All the girls turn to look at him. "Isn't he perfectly dear" comes a chorus. "Yes, simply sweet," murmurs one. "So adorably handsome," sighs another. The man does not look back but walks rapidly on. He enters a tall building which bears a sign over the door "BACHELORS' QUARTERS." In a flash the scene changes. The interior of a room is shown, the walls lined with photographs of girls. The man stands looking from one to another. All of them seem to appear equally adorable to him. At last he turns from them and impatiently says "Oh pshaw! What's the use of deciding now, I'll wait 'til some other time." The words sound strangely familiar to me, I lean far over the swaying carpet and as the scene fades the little man says, "That man was your class president—Mr. Arthur Wilson."

Another scene appears. It is a large room. Numerous young ladies are seated at their desks. The teacher in charge of the room is evidently trying to explain some

difficult subject to the class. The door opens and a tall, dignified lady enters. She comes to the teacher's assistance and carefully explains the subject. Still the stupid young ladies ask "Why?" "Why?" asks the dignified lady. "Why? Because I say so." The young ladies are silent. They seem to have a great respect for this lady. Suddenly my eyes rest upon a card in the window.

"Fraulein Secor's Select School for Young Ladies—Only the serious-minded need apply." The mists close over this scene.

Now a little yellow house stands before me. In the doorway is seated a woman, near her a large black cat. She is reading, her brows are knitted, her hands clenched. I lean over and read the title of the book, it is "Man—The Oppressor." A ragged tramp approaches the house; as he nears the door the lady looks up. "Please mum," he begins, "Please mum." "Ugh! go away you horrid thing, go away!" the lady cries. The tramp turns and walks away murmuring something about cranky old maids. I look inquiringly at the little man. "She was known as Miss Ida Turner," he whispers.

Now a hair dressing establishment appears before me. Puffs and curls, switches, pompadours, nets, hairpins, brushes, etc., are scattered about. Above a short stout woman stands a slim, brown-haired Frenchified one. "And how is eet madame desires done ze hair?" she asks. "In silence," snaps the woman. With deft fingers the slim lady sets to work. She adds puffs here and curls there. It appears that she has had much practice. At last she stands aside to admire her work. "Ah madame!" she exclaims rapturously, "C'est la grande coiffure." "So I

arranged my hair in my youth, ze classmates admired, ze classmates envied—" That will be all, Mlle. Horton," interrupts the lady. Then the scene fades. "She," says the little man, "you knew as Miss Helen Horton."

The next scene interests me. It is a gloomy churchyard. Before three tombstones stands a lady dressed in black. To her eyes she holds a black bordered handkerchief. She is weeping and her tears fall upon a freshly made grave. "Why, oh why," she mourns, "am I afflicted thus." "Why must the third also be taken away? Can it be because I was so light-hearted and gay in my youth? Widowed, thrice widowed," she murmurs. The mists close in. "Who can this be?" I ask in astonishment. "She was Miss Cecile Couse" replies the little man.

Again the mists part. A seashore scene appears. Across the sands comes a tall, dark-haired girl; above her head she twirls a brilliant green parasol; modestly she gazes upon the sands. "Ah there"—"Hello Girlie"—two rude young men are passing. The lady gives a little smile and a swift side-long glance, then she looks down, demure as before. Two prim old ladies survey her in disapproval. "Isn't she bold," whispers one. "Did you notice her glance?" "Oh," replies the other, "they say she learned that in her younger days, even then she would flirt with anything. She used to give just such glances at the Virgil notes. Her name is Miss Florence Goodwin."

The seashore fades away and a pretty little shop appears on a busy street. Numerous ladies, old and young, are passing in and out. A little way back on the street stand a group of men anxiously waiting.

Over the door I see this sign "Ladies' Fine Dressmaking—No men admitted during business hours—Miss Mary Horton."

Rump-pi-ti-tum-tump-bang-bang-rump-pi-ti-tum-bang! A band is passing by. At the drum is a large built man, he is drumming with all his might and drowns out all the other instruments. Now he stops and seizes a cornet from one of his companions, and shows him how to play. Then he drums again with all his might. "Gracious! who is this?" I ask the little man. "He," replies the man, raising his voice in order to be heard above the din, "You knew as Mr. Clarence Kirby."

Now I gaze upon a crowded courtroom, evidently an important case is on. A pretty woman appears and in a low soft voice speaks. Everyone listens intently to her words and upon the prisoner's face a hopeful look appears. She must be his counsel. "She is the great lawyer, known to you as Miss Julia McElroy," says the little man.

Another street scene now presents itself through the mist. A short fashionably dressed woman is passing. She nods and smiles to all the men along the street, she seems to know them all, but she is looking anxiously from side to side. "What does she seek?" I ask my little friend. "Man," he replies. "She seems to have found that, and yet she is looking—" "For more man," he interrupts. "She you knew as Miss Margaret Reineman."

What is this which now appears? It seems to be a great pile of books, I read some of the titles "How to Acquire a Low Voice," "How to Obtain a Dazzling Complexion," "Soothing Songs for Saddened Students." Who can be the author

of these books? Ah! there it is beneath the title—Miss Beatrice Gazeley.

The mists part slowly and now I see a fluffy beruffled girl. On the third finger of her left hand she twists a large diamond ring, suddenly she takes it off. "Of course," she sighs, "seven engagements *are* quite a lot, but one more will only make eight. And these men are *so* tiresome after a while." "Why, who is this?" I ask. "Miss Edna Bender," comes the reply. "But," I exclaim "she—" He interrupts "You never *can* tell about these quiet ones."

Soft music is heard, and then a beautiful voice steals through the mist. A large concert hall is disclosed, on the platform is a large, light-haired woman. Her wonderful voice fills the house. The ladies in the audience have even stopped talking to listen. The melody dies away and the applause breaks forth. "Who is this wonderful singer," asks one, "I cannot remember," another replies, "such an unusual name and hard to recall—it is, oh yes!—Mrs. Smith, once Miss Elsie Gray, you know."

Another scene appears before me. I hear a subdued murmur, a class room presents itself. At a black-board covered with angles, triangles, squares, circles, etc., stands a tall, thin, dark man, pushed back on his head a pair of spectacles. He is explaining a problem *slowly* to the class who pay no attention to what he is saying, but keep on talking among themselves. He does not heed them, he is too absorbed in his work. "This," says the little man, "is the Professor of Mathematics, you knew him as Mr. Clarence Ostrander."

Again the gathered mists part and now I behold an oriental room.

On a dark red couch is seated a large dark-haired woman. Her head is thrown back, her eyes are closed, she is speaking in deep rich tones—a fashionably dressed woman is bending eagerly forward as if anxious not to lose one syllable. In the rear of the room is a large painting of the dark-haired woman, beneath it this inscription, "Madam Marguerite Butler—the great Medium."

The carpet swayed as if eager to be off. "But one picture remains," the little man says. Before me is a room filled with women, on a platform at one end of the room stands a stall commanding woman who speaks in a forcible voice, "We must have our rights, I repeat, ladies, we will have our right." "Did the class of '09 know her?" I ask. "She," smiles the little man, "was known as Miss Violet Powell."

The mists gather slowly about. The destinies of 1909 are told. Again I was commanded to close my eyes and the carpet floated through the air. At last it sunk to the ground. I opened my eyes and jumped quickly up. I was in the garden once more and curled up beneath a large green leaf was a fat green worm.

GRACE GOLDRING.

At the Matinee

Little Ethel—Say mamma when are the Indians coming?

Mamma—Hush dear there are no Indians.

Little Ethel—Then who scalped all the men in the front row.—Ex.

Chapter I. Maid one.

Chapter II. Maid won.

Chapter III. Made one.—Ex.

The Death of Dido

Aeneid IV, 693-705

Dido, disappointed in the love of Aeneas and in his departure from her kingdom, commits suicide by his sword and upon the funeral pyre erected in the vain hope of curing her love for Aeneas or else restoring him to her affections.

Heav'n's Queen marks this sad death, pitying Elissa's long sorrow.

Iris, she sent, who now this spirit and body might set free;

For not by fate or deserved death free'd, but wretched in life's fair

Prime, and enkindled with wrath in a mad swift fury, she perished.

Not from that gold, fair hair had Proserpina sever'd the death lock,

Or to the Stygian Orcus sent this struggling spirit.

Through this sky on the saffron pinions came Dewy Iris;

Gliding adown thus, she stopped and hung o'er her suspended.

"I bear this symbol for Pluto, the monarch, under injunction."

Cutting the hair with the right hand, so spake Messenger Iris.

All life gone, far fled her soul on the wing of the morning.

R. E. T.

Mary had a pocketbook, so stylish and so cute,

And in it was her chewing gum, her stamps and bathing suit.

Judge—Why did you strike this man?

Prisoner—What would you do judge if you were keeping a grocery store and a man should come in and want to take a moving picture of your cheese?

Prof. Sayles—That's right my son, I'm glad you have thrashed the miller's son. But what had he done to you?

Charles—He said I looked like you.

He always kneeled before the maid
And kissed her finger tips;
But he lost out. Another man
Came by, and kissed her on the lips.

Laugh and grow fat; cry and grow skinny; knock, and be shunned.

Father—Well, what has Tommy been doing today?

Mother—He cut a piece off of the cat's tail, broke three windows, blackened the cook's eye and built a bonfire in the cellar.

Father—Is that all? Tommy must have been a good boy to-day.

Miss Clement—I hope you will all have a pleasant vacation and come back knowing more than you do now.

Young Holt (attempting to be polite)—The same to you.

French Country Gentleman—Oui vraitment; my grapes zey are fine, but come with me an' I show you my corns.—Difficulties in Our Language.

"Ouch!" said Pat, "Oi'll never be able to put these here boots on till I wear them a day or two."

The CRIMSON and WHITE

Vol. V. ALBANY, N. Y., JUNE, 1909 No. 5

Published Every Two Months during the
School Year by the students of the N. H. S.

Entered as "second class matter at the Post Office
at Albany, N. Y.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (5 copies) payable in advance, \$0.60
Single copies - - - - - .15

BOARD OF EDITORS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

GRACE GOLDRING, '09

Jessie Luck, Zeta Sigma, '10, Assistant Editor

Edna Bender, Zeta Sigma, '09 - - - - - } *Literary*

Mary Gauger, '10 - - - - - } *Editors*

Ruth Thompson, Zeta Sigma, '09 - - - - - } *School Editor*

Julia MacElroy, Q. L. S., '09 - - - - - } *Alumni Editor*

Helen Horton, Zeta Sigma, '09 - - - - - } *Exchange Editor*

Arthur Wilson, Adelphi, '09 - - - - - } *Business*

William H. Thomson, Theta Nu, '11 - - - - - } *Managers*

Harold Goewey, Theta Nu, '10 - - - - - } *Managers*

Clarence Ostrander, Theta Nu, '09 - - - - - } *Advertising*

Thomas Clary, Adelphi, '11 - - - - - } *Agents*

Editorials

This issue ends the connection of some of the members of the present Board with the school paper. The new members, elected to fill the vacancies, have been carefully selected, and those have been chosen whom we feel confident will fill faithfully the positions assigned them. The Board of Editors for the next year will be given in another column of this issue. The out-going Board wishes to thank the school for the support which it has given to the paper.

There has certainly been shown more school spirit among our boys in regard to athletics. The baseball team this year is quite an improvement on that of last year. Though they have met with defeats, nevertheless they have still persevered and we feel sure that success will crown their efforts in the future.

Four years have passed. Soon old Normal will forget the years we

have spent within its walls. But by us they will never be forgotten; the pleasures they have brought us; the lessons they have taught; the courage they have given us to meet difficulties, the patience and endurance to overcome them.

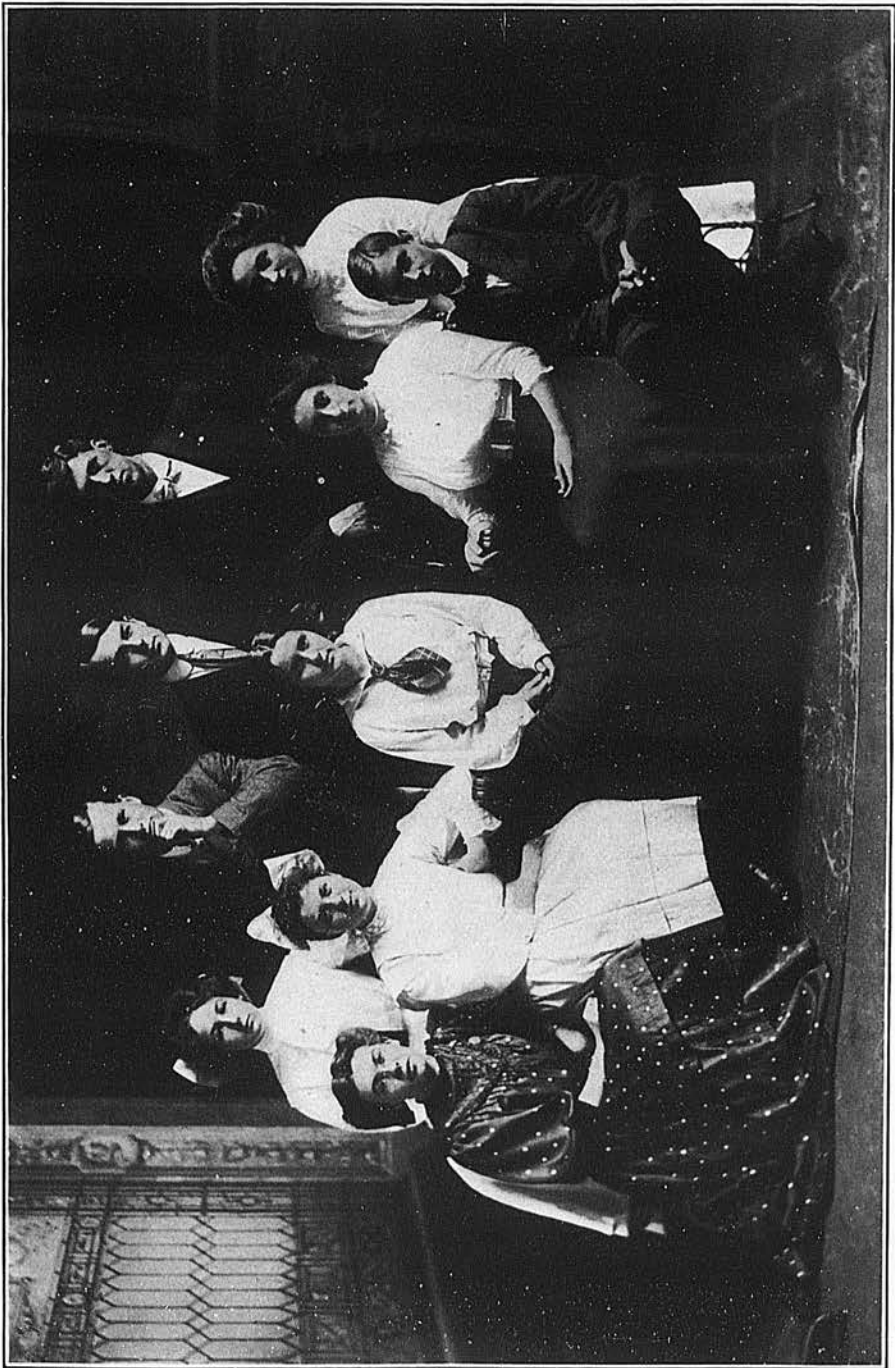
During those years we may often have wished that our course was completed. There may have been times when the shadows have gathered darkly around and failures have stared us in the face; when it has seemed almost impossible to surmount the obstacles before us. But we have passed through those times and have come out braver and stronger; with more courage to meet future trials. Success and failures alike are but memories, but the lessons they have taught will last forever.

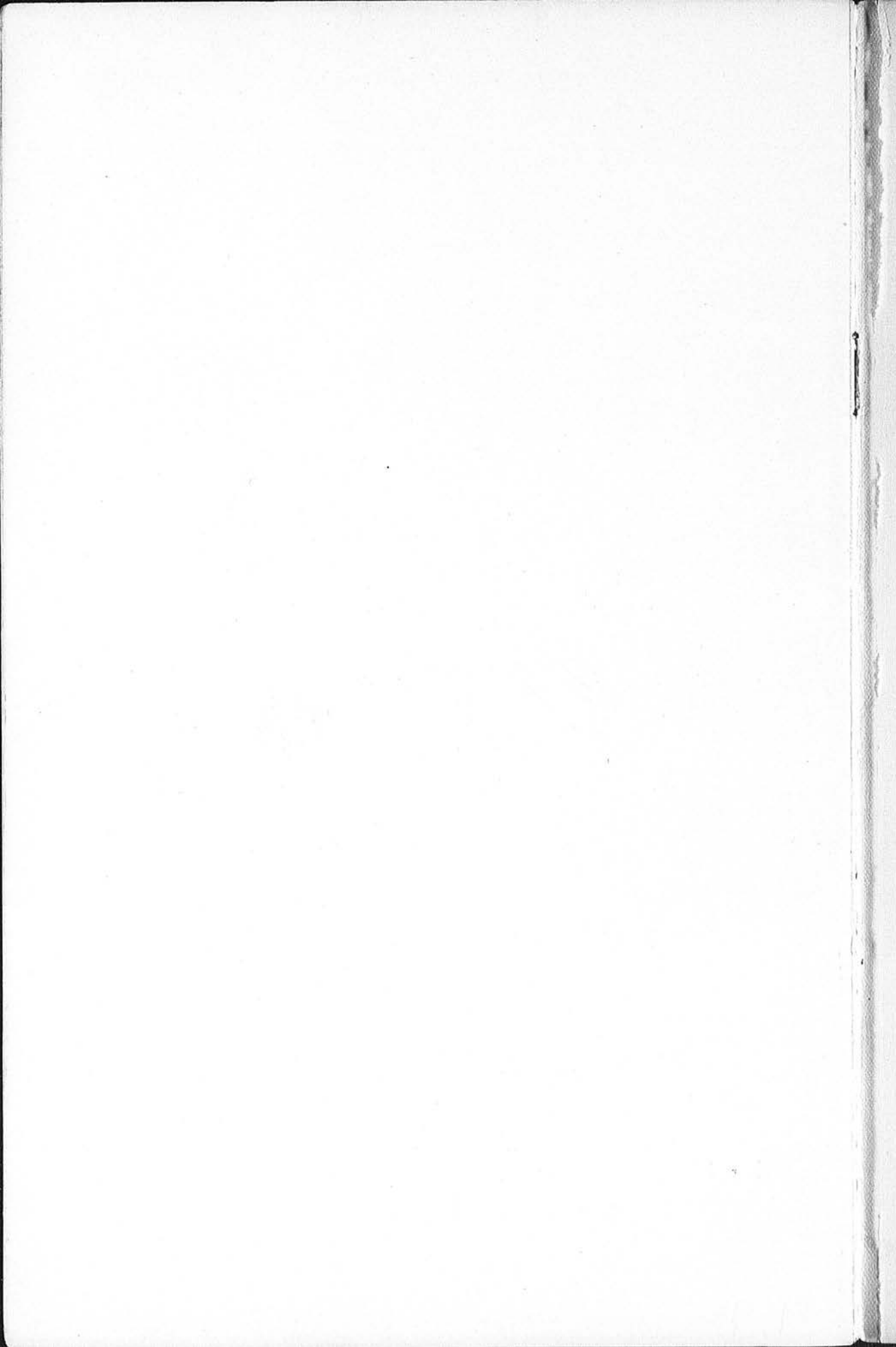
We have formed many friendships during those years. With the receiving of our diplomas some of these friendships may end, for our paths of life will separate. By the Freshman and Sophomores we will be forgotten. To the Juniors we will become but memories. They fill our places; they have the same battles to face. But we are confident they will, at the end, also come out victorious.

Commencement marks the end of our career here; the end of our labors. We must say farewell to our Alma Mater and to our fellow classmates. May there remain with them some memory of us.

School Notes

On Friday, May 14th, the Board of Editors of the CRIMSON AND WHITE presented "The Man in the Case." Those in the caste were: Misses Helen Horton, Grace Goldring, Julia McElroy, Mary Gauger, Ethel Secor and Jessie Luck. Misses Florence Van Vranken, Jessie Luck and Mr. Clifford S.





Evory also gave musical and literary selections.

On Tuesday, June 1st, the annual prize speaking contest for the Robert C. Pruyn medal was held. Those assisting in the program were: Misses Edith Jones, Elsie M. Gray, Messrs. Smith and Inglehart.

The medals were awarded to Mary M Gauger and Howard S. Weaver.

Class Day

The Class Day exercises of the class of 1909 were held Saturday afternoon, June fifth. The program was:

- Processional.....Annetta Rappe
- President's Address.....
- Arthur R. Wilson
- Class History.....Helen Horton
- Solo.....Margaret Reineman
- Class Prophecy...Grace Goldring
- Presentation...Clarence Ostrander
- Response.....George Anderson
- Presentation of Mementoes..

- Ethel Secor
- Class Poem.....Beatrice Gazeley
- Solo.....Elsie M. Gray

The retiring Board of Editors have elected the following to carry on the work of the CRIMSON AND WHITE: Jessie E. Luck, '10, Editor-in-Chief; Pearl Shafer, '11, Assistant Editor-in-Chief; Mary Gauger, '10, Florence Van Vranken, '11, literary editors; Ruth E. Thompson, '10, school editor; Annetta Rappe, '10, alumni editor; Edna Moat, '10, exchange editor; Harold Goewey, '10, William Thomson, '11, business managers; George Anderson, John Delaney, '11, James Hagar, '12, advertising agents.

Society Notes

Zeta Sigma

The Zeta Sigma Society held its annual reception to the Seniors in

the Aurania Club on Friday evening, June fourth. The hall was prettily decorated with pennants. Among the patronesses were Mesdames Smith, Luck and Sutherland.

At the regular meeting, June eighth, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

- President — Edna Moat.
- Vice-President — Marian Flanders.
- Recording Secretary — Marian Dodds.
- Corresponding Secretary — Florence Van Vranken.
- Treasurer — Katharine Keenholts.
- Critic — Ruth Thompson.
- Marshal — Ethel Moat.
- Senior Editor — Jessie Luck.
- Mistress of Ceremonies — Helen Merchant.
- Pianist — Geraldine Murry.



Theta

Nu

At the last regular meeting of the Theta Nu Society, the following officers were elected and installed for next year:

- President — Charles Grounds.
- Vice-President — William Thomson.
- Secretary — Warren Vosburgh.
- Treasurer — James Hagar.
- Critic — George Anderson.
- Editor — William Gazeley.
- Chaplain — George Ballagh.
- Sergeant-at-Arms — Joseph Cody.

The members, during the last month have completed all arrangements for their summer camp, which this year is to be at Ballston Lake from June 23rd to 30th. A delightful cottage has been chosen on the lake shore and within two minutes' walk of the car lines from

Albany, Schenectady and Saratoga. The members extend a most cordial invitation to the members of the faculty and also to the members of the school, who feel interested in what they are doing, to come out and spend a day with them. It is

desired that previous notice of your intention be given so that they may meet you. If information or directions are desired they may be had from any of the members or by addressing Camp Theta Nu, Outlet, R. F. D., Ballston, N. Y.



The *Green & Gold*, from Bowling Green, Ky., is usually one of our best exchanges. It certainly ranks among the first in regard to literature. Of course it would be impossible to criticise all the exchanges you receive but if you criticise a few in every issue, that department would amount to a great deal more than it does.

A very attractive feature of the *Ledger* is the frequent change of scenery on the cover. This is a very difficult thing to do and extremely more so to obtain a good one, and on this paper the covers are always as sensible as attractive. The paper itself is too good to criticize.

The author of "A Dream of Youth" in the *Academy* must have been one or either a very dear friend of the College Widow, for her knowledge on the subject is surprising to say the least. The originals in poetic form are very clever.

The literature in the *Focus* is excellently written; all the stories are very interesting. The cut for "Personals" department is very appropriate and is prettily arranged. This paper has a sense of humor that is seldom found among the exchanges.

The May edition of the *Cue* is the best that paper has sent forth for some time. "The Wine that Paid" is quite interesting and shows the knowledge of its author, —he, nevertheless, should not be ashamed to sign his name. The exchange column is excellent and very complete. The cut for that department adds to the paper's general attractiveness.

What is the trouble "Russ," you are not up to standard? Your story "Hallowe'en Pranks" is rather inappropriate for a May number and could easily be saved until October. The story itself is very good however and shows the lively ways of many students. "The

Poet" also is very well written, but your joshes show poor attempts at original jokes.

If the *College Index* would change the general arrangement of its material, it would hold the interest of a "might-be-reader" who now merely glances through it. The matter itself is all right but otherwise it seems hopeless.

The poem entitled "The Loveliness of Youth" in the May issue of *H. S. Standard* is very realistic. "True Greatness" is a splendid article that contains a lot of good common sense.

Why don't you get busy *Anvil* and add a few jokes to your paper? If you ran your exchange department in a different way perhaps you would brighten up your paper a bit with some exchanges.

The attempts at department cuts in the *Wallace World* at least show

a persevering ambition. The literature and locals are very good.

If the *Techtonian* would separate the ads from the contents of the paper it would give the whole a more literary style. Jokes are too noticeably lacking.

When Willie spied a mermaid
Playing in the deep,
He called her his own Lou-Lou,
Even in his sleep.
But when Willie asked the mermaid
In gentle tones to woo,
She handed him a lemon.
Will met his Water-Lou.

Here's to him, winner!
Here's to her, won!
Here's to me, loser!
Poor son-of-a-gun!



Women's Outer Garment Shop

The shop where everything new and stylish in Women's Dress for Summer can be found

MANN & ANKER

37 No. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Make a Companion of one of our

Water Bottles

\$.49, \$.87, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00

Guaranteed from one to two years

BRADT DRUG CO. 7 & 8 Cent. Ave.

W. L. BRADT

A. L. FREDERICK

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

"Great Caesar! did you see the fight?"

"What fight?"

"Why the cat licked his paw."

A joke like an egg can only be cracked once; a stale egg is not fit to crack; likewise a stale joke.

Late to bed, late to rise,
Makes a chap sleepy, and sore in
the eyes.

Pigheadedness, never indolence,
is sometimes the companion of per-
severance.

Harold—Is God everywhere?
Mother (patiently)—Yes, Har-
old.

Harold—Is he in the teapot?
Mother—Embarrassed. Why—
why—yes.

Harold—Is he in the sugar
bowl?

Mother (frantically)—I told you
God was everywhere.

Harold (triumphantly placing
his hand over the top of the sugar
bowl)—Hurrah! I've got Him.

When Greek meets Greek it's
time to call a policeman.

The Dolan Company

ALBANY'S BEST CLOTHIERS

New department devoted to college styles for
young men exclusively

Agents for Hart, Schaffner & Marx Fine Clothing

CORNER SOUTH PEARL AND BEAVER STS., ALBANY, N. Y.

Have

Ben V. Smith

Make, Adjust and Repair Your
EYE GLASSES

50 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

When your skin is rough or
chapped

USE DR. V's

TOILET CREAM

FRANK J. SMITH, Ph. G.
Clinton Ave. & Lark St.

BALLANTINE & VOLZ

Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Vegetables. Fruits, Cigars

FINE LINE OF CONFECTIONERY

267 Lark, Cor. Hudson Ave:
ALBANY, N. Y.

Phone 1613JX

New York and Albany papers delivered
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

A. J. Dearstyn
Newsdealer and Stationer, Cigars
Lark and Spring Sts. ALBANY, N. Y.

WILLIAM C. GOMPH

Dealer in all kinds of
Musical Instruments and Strings
222 WASHINGTON AVE., ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White."

The lanky long-haired young man looked dreamily at the charming girl on whom he was endeavoring to make a favorable impression. "Did you ever long for death?" he asked in a low and moving tone. "Whose?" inquired the charming but practical young person.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute,
ESTABLISHED 1824
Troy, N.Y.
 A SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
 Local examinations provided for. Send for a catalogue.

McClure & Cowles
Pianos and Players

CASH OR EASY TERMS

Knabe, Haines Bros. and Marshall & Wendell Pianos
The famous Angelus Players and Player Pianos
 64 NORTH PEARL ST. Y. M. C. A. BLDG.

F. M. HOSLER *Manufacturer of Ice Cream*

ICE CREAM SODA AND SUNDIES 5 Cts.

BRICK ICE CREAM Neatly wrapped and put in cardboard boxes, if called for. Special flavors Sundays.

35c a quart 20c a pint

HOME MADE CANDIES FRESH DAILY
 193 Lark St. cor. Spring St. Albany, N. Y.

KODAKS & FILMS

Anybody can Kodak. No fuss, no bother, no dark room for any part of the work

Kodaks \$5.00 to \$105.00

Brownie Cameras \$1.00 to \$9.00

Films Satisfactorily Developed and Printed

A full line of Pyrographic Outfits and Supplies

F. E. Colwell & Co.

KODAK STORE - - 459-461 Broadway

ABRAM DE BLAHEY

Bookseller, Stationer and Newsdealer
 52 State Street, Cor. Green

Tel 145J West

MORGAN BROTHERS

COAL, FLOUR AND FEED OF ALL KINDS
 369 Central Ave. and 348-352 Sherman St.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Leave your orders for your
 "GOOD THINGS TO EAT"
 at

James F. Butler's

Cor. Beaver and Lodge Sts.

Both Phones

Please mention "The Crimson and White."



ALONZO KIMBALL

Copyright, 1909, by Alonzo Kimball

Work over. Vacation days just ahead. Whatever your plans are, we can help you with the proper clothes.

Low cut shoes, Russets, Patent Leather and Gun Metal Calf, \$3.00 to \$6.50
Tennis shoes, \$.75 to \$2.00

Straw hats, thousands of them, in all braids and shapes, \$.75 to \$5.00 Panamas, \$5.00 to \$8.00

Manhattan shirts all coats, all cuffs attached,
\$1.50 to \$3.50

Outing trousers, in all the proper materials, plain, white, white with black stripes, and fancies,
\$2.50 to \$6.00

Athletic underwear, colored socks, "Silver" collars, belts, ties, dress suit cases, and everything boys wear

STEEFEL BROS.