


MILNE School

Miss CRIMSON and White Vol. V

1908-09

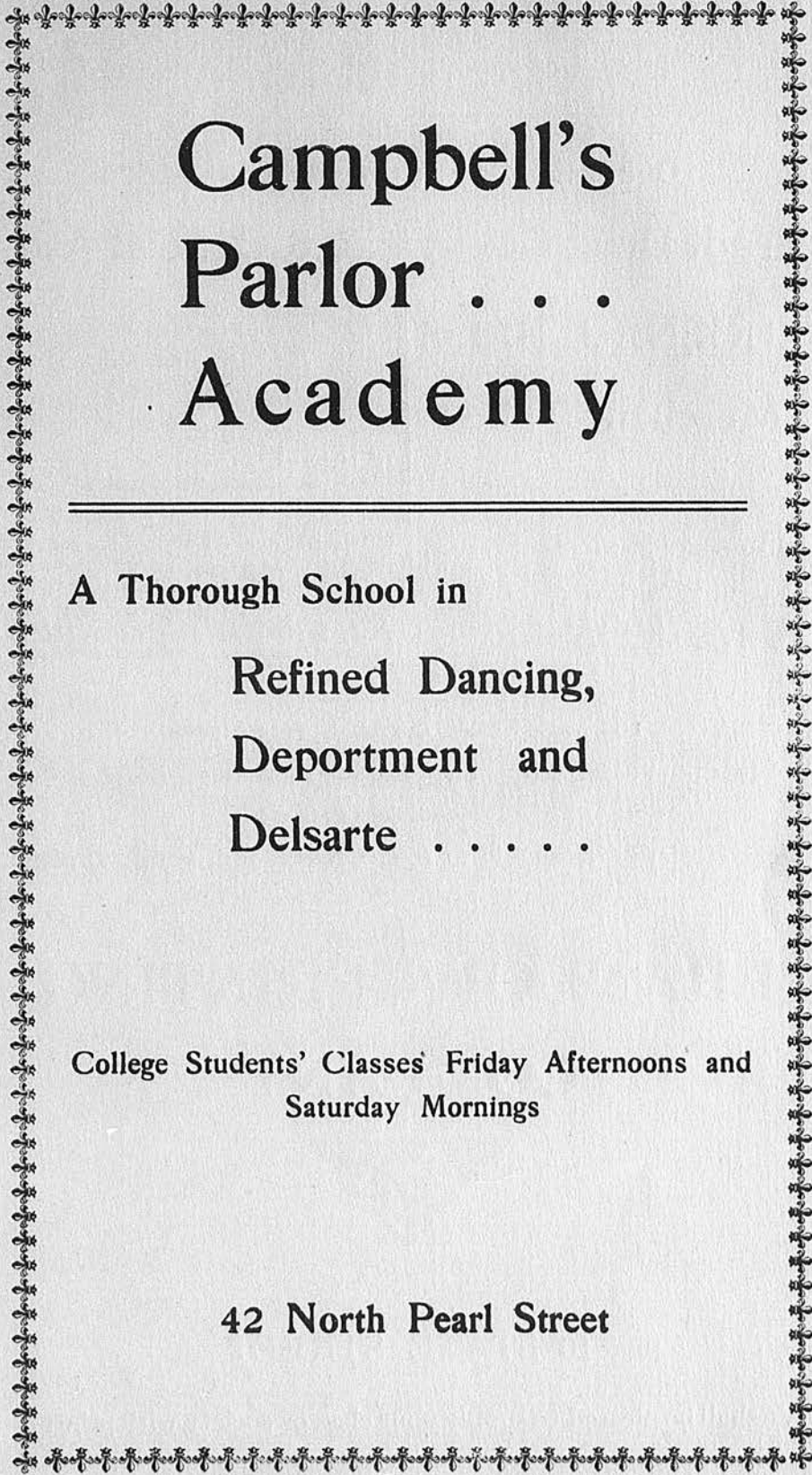
Hestings

October, 1908



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The Crimson and White

VOL. V

OCTOBER, 1908

No. 1



Literary Department

Johnnies

The Johnnie who always looks up
in the air,
Is a very poor sort of a boy;
For he will be to his parents a care,
Instead of their pride and joy.

And the Johnnie who always looks
down at the ground,
Is always a subject of jest,
He is one of the worst sort of boys
to be found,
For he has no manly zest.

But the Johnnie who always looks
straight ahead,
And into the future, you see,
Is the very best Johnnie for earn-
ing his bread,
He's the best kind of Johnnie to
be. '10.

Chestnuts and a Broken Paddle

"Well," said Gay thoughtfully,
"Let's ask Aunt Jo, as long as we
have to ask someone. She'll be
bothering with her old bugs all the
time and never notice us at all."

"Such wisdom!" laughed Gay's

brother lazily from his place on the
sofa.

"Oh," answered his sister, "you
needn't laugh. It's lucky there's
one in the party who has some
sense." And with a little fling of
her head Gay departed to call up-
on Aunt Jo.

In order to explain the above
conversation we must have a
glimpse into the state of affairs.
A short time before Richard Farn-
ham, a judge of some repute, being
confined in the country for his
health, had bought a large tract of
land, mostly wooded, in the state of
Vermont and there moved his little
family of four. Now, although the
estate consisted mostly of forests,
there were a few acres of cleared
land and a nut grove of no little
fame. Mr. Farnham, up to this
time, had been unable to arrange
with shippers to pick his nuts and,
as it was necessary to watch them,
he had decided to send his son and
one of the farm hands. Gay, anxi-
ous to explore her new home and
also longing for a few days in the
woods, had begged to go with them.

Upon receiving permission, as usual, she immediately took command of affairs and arranged a camping party.

Therefore, the following Tuesday saw this merry company situated beneath a group of trees overlooking the shores of a pretty little lake, with the Green Mountains in the distance.

"Now," said Gay determinedly as she placed a tiny flag pole in front of the camp, "the first one who violates our rules and trespasses on our domain will be banished forever from this earth."

"Yes," replied Tom Farnham doubtfully, "but I wish I were as certain as you that we are on our own grounds. What if we were in the nut grove of that cranky neighbor of ours!"

"Well, we're not—and besides, I'm not afraid of him anyway." And Gay tilted her chin stubbornly.

"Who, pray tell, is this cranky neighbor of ours?" asked Aunt Jo, a person with gray hair and spectacles and a cheery smile.

"We've never seen him, Auntie, but they say he is a young man who has just come into possession of the neighboring estate upon the death of his grandfather. He is very careful of the game in the forests and for that reason has been called cross. However he'll not bother us;—and so you, Auntie may collect your bugs in peace and Tom may hunt as much as he likes, so long as he does not trespass upon our neighbor's territory. *I shall guard the nuts!*"

"I wish, dear, that you would not call my zoological study 'bugs,'" protested Aunt Jo rather feebly as she looked at the happy face and laughing grey eyes of her niece.

The second day found the camp very well settled and regulated. three rather disreputable looking

persons were driven away in the early morning and after that, peace reigned undisturbed until just before noon, when Tom and the "handy man" of the camp left to go fishing. Gay was preparing the dinner and Aunt Jo was seated under a large chestnut tree busily mounting butterflies. Suddenly a slight noise was heard. A long, slender canoe scraped upon the shore of the lake, and Gay, looking up, saw an athletic young figure clad in gray flannels approaching.

"I beg your pardon," said he politely, "my paddle has snapped. Can you give me a stout cord?"

Gay hesitated, looked at him suspiciously, and then beyond, to the canoe within which was unmistakably, a bag of nuts. She brought the string, however, and then told him in a business-like way that trespassers were not allowed on their grounds.

"No?" said the sinful one appearing to be amused, "then this is your land?"

"Certainly," answered Gay severely and watched him with no little satisfaction as he mended his paddle and finally pushed off into the lake.

That night Gay's bravery was the talk of the campers as they sat around the brushwood fire and in spite of Tom's remark, that probably the trespasser was still in the woods bordering the camp, Gay remained proud and exultant.

Morning came and brought with it a burst of autumnal splendor. The air was crisp and cool, the lake sparkling in the bright sunlight, and the woods radiant with reds and browns. Joyfully these city-bred people prepared for a walk with Nature—Tom with his gun over his shoulder, Aunt Jo with her butterfly net, and Gay with a stout hickory walking stick.

The woods were hushed and si-

lent, save for the occasional "caw-caw" of a crow or the startled cry of a song bird, while now and then a partridge whirred away from a nearby bush or a rabbit scudded across their path.

Suddenly the trail swerved to the right and descending a little knoll they again found themselves upon the shore of the lake. Before them a canoe was drawn up upon the beach and, a little further off there was a small tent.

"Hello," said Tom, "what have we here? Another camper?"

"Yes," came the indignant answer of Gay who had noticed a broken paddle in the canoe, "it's" with a little cry she ran toward the tent and following her they perceived a small easel upon which was an unfinished but neatly executed sketch.

"Why," said Tom, "that looks like—"

"Anyone you know?" asked a cheery voice behind them and turning they discovered the owner of the broken paddle.

"Ned Graham—of all persons!" cried Tom in amazement. Introductions followed and Gay found her brother's college friend was the thief of the day before.

"It's too bad I am caught, Miss Farnham," said Ned trying to look penitent, "you see I did not obey your command."

"I thought you were one of the chestnut thieves," answered Gay apologetically—her cheeks very red.

"Well, perhaps I was. Do you think I may stay if I promise not to take any more?"

"Yes, I guess so. You don't look villainous and you paint." Gay looked longingly toward the canvas.

"I will give you drawing lessons to pay you for your kindness," answered Ned and thereupon the bargain was settled.

The following week was, indeed, a pleasant one. Gay made rapid advancement upon the sketches of which she was so fond and also learned the art of canoeing even with a broken paddle. At night Ned joined them around their camp fire and, assisted by Tom, entertained Aunt Jo and Gay with tales of their college pranks. Gay never forgot to tease this chum of her brother's by reminding him of his position as a chestnut thief. Therefore great was the triumph of that young man when Mr. Farnham appeared with his shippers and identified the thief as their "cranky neighbor" and the owner of that part of the grove upon which they had unintentionally camped.

—BETTY, '10.

Hallowe'en

Perhaps no night in the year has stamped the popular imagination with a more peculiar character than the evening of October thirty-first, known as All Hallows Eve or Hallowe'en. It is clearly a relic of pagan times for there are no church observances of the ensuing day of All Saints.

The superstitious tradition regarding it is that it is the night of all others when supernatural influences prevail; when spirits of the invisible world walk abroad. For on this mystic evening it was believed that the human spirit was enabled by the aid of supernatural powers, to detach itself from the body and wander through the realms of space. Witches, devils and evil spirits of all kinds were also supposed to revel during the night. It was an old custom, and is still customary in many places to build bonfires of straw or brush on that night, to drive away the spirits of the darkness supposed to be hovering in the air.

To be born on that eve, or vigil, of All Hallows was accounted as a good omen. The fortunate ones were thought to be able to foretell the future, and to commune with the dead, and to be protected by good spirits.

Each family used to make its own bonfire, and as it was dying each member would throw in it a stone previously marked for future identification. All then said their prayers and went to bed. In the morning eager faces bent over the dead fire in search of the mystic stones, and if any were missing it was a sign that that person would die within a year. If one wished to be offensive because of some personal grievance, he would remove the stone of him whom he disliked from the grate and thus cause that superstitious mind to be anxious concerning his future.

In England it was long the custom to crack nuts, duck for apples in a tub of water and engage in other harmless revelries. While the same could be said of Scotland, the Hallowe'en observances of that country partook more of a superstitious character, taking among the rustics, a form of charm to discover who should be his or her partner for life.

What was once a thing of belief has now become a thing of sport, of welcome sport, in a day of such serious thought and sense of responsibility that any excuse is accepted; so now its observances are all a jest which young people play upon themselves, not believing in the least in the consequences, but half hoping that there might be something in it and saying that stranger things than that have happened.

In the United States it is to be regretted that the spirit of rowdiness has, in a measure, succeeded the old custom. In towns and vil-

lages gangs of ruffians throng the streets, ringing door-bells, tapping on windows, destroying property, and making nuisances of themselves, generally.

There is a similar superstition in Germany concerning "Walpurgis night" the night preceding the first of May. The peasants believe that on this night there is a witch festival, or gathering of evil spirits, on the summit of the Brochen, in the Hartz Mountains, and the influence of this convocation was believed to be felt all over the surrounding country.

Considering that All Saints' Day was originally kept on May first, there would be but little doubt that Halloween and Walpurgis night have a common origin, which, doubtless, dates back to the earliest belief in a personal and all-powerful Evil One—the Chaldean's Power of Darkness. "o8."

Auntie Morgan II

"And Helen — ."

"Yes Auntie."

"Do be a little reserved on the train. You know you are apt to make such blundering mistakes in recognizing persons because of your eyesight, and thereby become acquainted with very peculiar people. I don't know why you don't wear your glasses."

"Now Auntie, do not worry. I shall not speak to a person I meet, from here to New York, even if one should prove herself to be Madame Galaise."

In spite of this self-assurance of Helen's, Mrs. Morgan appeared to be more worried than before. In fact she always worried about Helen. Helen was Mrs. Morgan's brother's child, and she had lived with her aunt since infancy, as her mother had died when she was but a year old. Although Helen had

the Morgan chin, the Morgan nose and the Morgan eyes, she did not have the Morgan reserve.

Now Helen was to journey from Boston to New York, without a chaperon, for the purpose of attending a fashionable finishing school, conducted by Madame Galaise. It was this fact that worried her aunt; but finally she decided that Helen must go and must take her chances.

"There! Your train is ready," announced Mrs. Morgan. "And you did not send a telegram to Madame Galaise about having her carriage meet you at the station. But you can send it at the next station. Ask the operator over there if you may. Do hurry Helen!"

Helen went to the telegraph office and made the inquiry. Coming back she was obliged to hurry, for the train announcer was conveying the information to the throng, that the New York Limited was about to depart. Finally she rushed toward a seat where a woman with a purple suit was sitting.

"Everything is all right, Auntie," she said. "Good-bye."

She kissed the woman and hurried away without any response just as she was about to go out to the platform, she stopped and stared with amazement at a woman with a purple suit who was coming toward her. It was Auntie Morgan.

"Helen, do hurry, you have about two minutes," said her aunt.

Helen gazed at her aunt, but was too much bewildered to speak. She kissed her aunt "good-bye" and hurried to the train. Once seated, she began to solve her problem. Surely she had kissed two women. Both could not have been her aunt. Suddenly a woman touched her shoulder. Helen looked up and beheld the woman with the purple suit bending over her.

"You are the young lady who kissed me when I was in the station?" asked the woman.

Helen could not answer directly because she was noticing how much this woman resembled her aunt and she decided to name her Auntie Morgan II. Finally she answered "Yes, Madam, I am extremely sorry I made such an awkward mistake, but I thought you were my aunt, because you resembled her very much and, being in such a hurry, I did not have time to discover my mistake until a while ago."

"My dear child," responded Auntie Morgan II, "after you kissed me, I tried to follow you, as I wish to ask you your name because you resemble a picture that I have of my brother, and I am anxious to know all about your family."

Helen told her companion the history of her life from beginning to the end of that present moment. Auntie Morgan II became very excited while Helen was relating the story of her life. After she finished Auntie Morgan II told Helen that she had been waiting years and years for this happy day. She said that when she was small she had wandered away from home and was picked up by a farmer and his wife who brought her to Scotland. When the farmer died his wife told her that she was not her child, and gave her a small locket with the name Elsie Farquhar engraved upon the back, and a picture of a young man with dark hair. She said that she remained with the farmer's wife until her death, and then she started out in the world to find her relatives.

Helen was greatly impressed by her companion's story.

"Why," said Helen, "Elsie Farquhar was Auntie Morgan's maiden

name and I am positive that you are my aunt."

"Yes," replied Auntie Morgan II, "I agree with you, I long for the time to come when I shall embrace my long sought for brother and sister. My dear what pretty rings you have, may I look at them."

"Certainly," responded Helen as she drew her rings off her finger.

Helen suggested that they should alight at the next stopping place and take the next train back to Boston which Auntie Morgan II agreed to do. They carried out this plan and arrived in Boston toward evening.

While Helen was standing in the waiting room she missed her companion, and went to search for her but in vain. Suddenly she looked for her suitcase, but found it was missing from beside the seat by which she was standing. She went out of the station, and was going to ride home, but to her surprise, found that her pocketbook was missing. Therefore she was compelled to walk. She arrived home very much to the surprise of all the family and related the events to her father. Poor Helen she did not realize that Auntie Morgan II was the cause of her losing all her earthly possessions; but thought they were lost by ill luck, and that Auntie Morgan II was wandering hopelessly through the streets of Boston trying to find her.

"My dear," said her father, "you have been fooled by a very clever woman commonly called a thief."

Helen could not believe this until her father explained all the facts to her. Then he telephoned to police headquarters, and asked that a detective be sent to his house. When the detective arrived at the house, Helen told him the story and gave him a description of the appearance of Auntie Morgan II. The detective told her that the po-

lice had been searching for this woman for the last two years; but were unable to find her. Helen retired to her room that night with a sad heart. The next day she started for Madame Galaise's Private School for Girls chaperoned by Auntie Morgan I.

M. B. '09.

Anthony J. Burns

It was a beautiful fall day but Anthony J. Burns felt certain he had to take a street car to—well anywhere because he had his description of Charles R. White, a great forger, and expected to get a name, other than he had, by catching "this fellow." So, bustling with his own importance, he boarded a down-town car.

He cast a careless glance about the car and then, as if he had a sudden inspiration, he looked at each of his fellow-passengers carefully. Lastly his eye fell upon a middle-aged man at the end of the car.

"Ah! my paper!" He drew it from an inside pocket and carefully read it. "'Mixed gray hair and tall with broad shoulders. He always wears dark suits and black neckties.' Ah! humph—he answers this description perfectly.

"Jones laughed at me for taking these points and not the foolish details he took—eyes—nose—feet—teeth—humph. What will he say when I get Mr. Charles R. White. Well, now for business!"

The car stopped and the passenger next to the old gentleman went out. Immediately Mr. Anthony J. Burns strolled down the car, making mad dashes at the swinging straps and as he is a corpulent gentleman, the passengers were amused. However the old man was engrossed in a newspaper and did not see what was going on until

he was aroused by our shrewd detective falling into the seat next to him and gasping for breath. He went back to the paper and soon was very interested.

"My dear young—er—old—er my dear friend—."

The supposed Mr. Charles R. White looked up and hurriedly began to look for his pin, watch, ring, and pocketbook, but they were still in their places. He uttered a sigh of relief, folded his newspaper and looked at our friend who was mortified and angry at being taken for a pickpocket.

"I'll get you, Charles White and then you will know whether I am a pickpocket or not," said our shrewd detective under his breath.

The car stopped and the old gentleman went out quickly followed by Burns taking unusually large steps.

"I wonder what that fellow wanted. My first impression was that he was a pickpocket but I guess he is one of those, 'I am it' fellows who are not—. Why, there he is now, following me! The man must be insane."

"My dear fellow," Burns had to stop for breath. "I wish—er—to know your name."

"What good will that do you?"

"Well, it is of very great importance that I should—for a great, great deal depends upon it." He assured himself that he was on the last step of the ladder of fame.

"I can see nothing of importance in your knowing my name. Besides, sir, you are taking up my time. I have business to attend to. Good-day." With this he strode majestically away, soon followed by Burns half walking and half running.

"I never saw anyone so bold in the face of danger. Why, by looking at me anyone could easily see that I am a detective. He knows

it, otherwise he would not act as he does," said Burns with a wise shake of his head and a wink. He saw the chief of detectives do that once and thought it very effective.

The supposed Charles R. White turned and seeing Burns behind waited for him.

"Now, see here, what *do* you want? If my name—well it's James J. Cooper—now if you are satisfied, go your way and stop running after me."

"It is *you* I want," said Burns in deep, solemn tones like those the chief detective uses on such occasions.

James J. Cooper looked at him long and steadily and recognized the man before him.

"Well, the game is up. I am at your service Anthony J. Burns. May I telephone my family?"

Burns was delighted, his face was a study. It looked just like the full moon, for happiness, joy of success and pride made it just as bright. He consented to White's telephoning and then they proceeded to headquarters.

"Here is Charles R. White! He assumed the name Cooper—many others I suppose and I, Anthony J. Burns have him," said our shrewd detective as soon as he entered, and then gasping for breath threw himself into a chair.

Two men entered and demanded the right to identify James J. Cooper which was given them. As they read the description of White as follows, they showered pitiful glances at Burns who suddenly had lost all importance. "White has gray hair, blue eyes, a scar on his left cheek, large mouth, a Roman nose. He is about five feet eight inches and broad shouldered. When last seen he wore a dark suit and black tie."

James J. Cooper was acquitted and left with the friends he had

telephoned to, telling them the story of his adventure and how he decided to give Burns another name on his long list of mistaken identities.

In the meantime Anthony J. Burns was sitting in the same chair and thinking. He discovered that he was still at the bottom of the ladder of fame and unless he conquered his pride he would remain there forever. He learned a lesson and let us hope that many Anthony J. Burnses will also.

M. R. '09.

The Red Hair of Mary Ann

Mlle De *Puyten* Hair Bleach
Guaranteed to change any color hair to a beautiful golden within one week. *Write to-day*. Price \$1 per bottle.

Mary Ann read the advertisement again and gazed with admiration at the golden-haired beauty who smiled at her from above the advertisement. Then she turned to glance quickly at her own bright locks which flamed from the glass. There were two things in her life which Mary Ann hated—one was her despised red hair, the other the unknown "second cousin on her ma's side."

Mary Ann's abode was at the home of Aunt Miranda. Mary Ann's father was almost a stranger. On birthdays and Christmas he came on hurried visits to Aunt Miranda's. Then followed hurried questions in the grim old parlor concerning Mary Ann, an equally hurried dinner and a rush for train. A dim remembrance of a laughing brown haired lady was all that remained to Mary Ann of her mother, except the painting which hung upon the parlor wall and which seemed as out of place in all that gloom as a red breasted robin on a gloomy winter day.

Aunt Miranda was kind; but then she would never be anyone but the Aunt Miranda who had an unquenchable thirst for gossip, a wonderful memory for the dates of births and deaths, and to whom dust was an enemy always to be battled with and who took great delight in finding family resemblances in Mary Ann.

"Your nose is your ma's all over again; your chin belongs to the Hassets, your pa's side, but your hair," and Aunt Miranda would sigh, "is the perfect shade of your second cousin on your ma's side."

'Twas of her "second cousin on her ma's side," Mary Ann was thinking as she lovingly drew a crisp new dollar bill from the lower bureau drawer. It represented the tiring work of picking sticky red raspberries on a hot summer day, but in Mary Ann's eyes there was pictured a charming future in which her thick braids would shine a golden yellow, and when she would be able to feel naught but pity for the second cousin. Three things had decided Mary Ann to rid herself forever of her fiery locks—the advertisement, the golden haired beauty and Susan.

Susan Hayden, the village beauty, had golden hair. She came next in admiration to the golden haired beauty of the advertisement, cut from the magazine left by Mary Ann's father, on one of his hurried visits. Susan's hair was a source of great delight to Mary Ann as was Susan herself. The way Susan tossed her head, the way she smiled, the jaunty way in which she wore her red tam o'shanter,—all appealed to Mary Ann. A yellow tam a'shanter on her red hair would never, never produce the same effect as did the red tam o'shanter on Susan's yellow curls. Mary Ann knew this. Then what was there to do but have yellow hair

for the red tam o'shanter. If Aunt Miranda objected—but, then, when one had golden hair no objections on the part of an Aunt Miranda would turn it back to the hated red.

"I'll write right away," declared Mary Ann as she spread out the advertisement, "perhaps by next week Mlle. De Puyten will send it, and by the next week,"—and Mary Ann fell to dreaming of golden hair surmounted by a red tam o'shanter.

"Mary Ann, Mary Ann," rose Aunt Miranda's shrill voice from the foot of the stairs, "come right down this minute, Miss Blossom has come to call. I declare if you ain't just like your ma always running upstairs and—"

"I'm coming Aunt Miranda," Mary Ann interrupted and she hastily packed away the cherished advertisement and the crisp dollar bill into the bureau drawer, for when company came Mary Ann must appear.

Mary Ann never questioned this rule. It was as understood as the rule that her sun bonnet be hung on the first nail behind the kitchen door, never the second. Aunt Miranda's rules were never questioned by anyone.

"Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do or die."

was understood where Aunt Miranda was concerned.

"Land sakes," cried Miss Blossom, a tall thin faced woman, "Ain't Mary Ann grown. How like her ma she looks. Them's her ma's eyes to the very shade, but you never can tell how she'll turn out" (here Miss Blossom sighed, but quickly continued), "she ain't sickly a bit. Now when I was—"

"Her pa's brother-in-law was always that healthy and never had to consult a doctor till his death, and then the doctor never reached the bedside till he had passed

away," interrupted Aunt Miranda solemnly.

"How some folks is blessed, I passed through many complaints at Mary Ann's age, ma thought as how I'd be buried in my youth, but I picked up considerable after joining the church. I always did say the good thrived. Now I've just come from a charitable errand. Down at the Hollow, Mrs. Black, her that just moved in,—poor as a church mouse, is taken down sick and her children are about starved. When I look at Mary Ann and think of those poor sickly children it brings tears to my eyes."

Miss Blossom here slowly drew a handkerchief from her belt and carefully wiped her eyes then continued.

"I took down my old black prayer book," she said impressively, "and now I'm going to all the neighbors for donations. Susan Hayden, her that is so flighty you know, was shocked by the pitiful story I told. She gave her old pink dress, real silk, and an old pair of real patent leather shoes for one of the children. The giddy ones ain't always so bad and the sensible ones ain't always so good. Mary Ann, now wouldn't you like to make a donation?" she said suddenly.

Mary Ann started. Her crisp new dollar bill seemed to dance before her mind. But she couldn't give that. No one would expect it. Aunt Miranda would give something, perhaps some of Mary Ann's own calico dresses. She wanted that dollar,—O so much. Hadn't she earned it? And her red hair!—she would have to keep that for no one knows how long, perhaps till next year. Oh, she couldn't do it!

"Don't you want to Mary Ann?" exclaimed Miss Blossom sharply. "Well I do say that some folks are—"

"I will," interrupted Mary Ann slowly. "I will go right now and get it." She turned quickly and left the room.

Again from the bureau drawer she drew the dollar with the advertisement and the golden haired beauty. The golden haired beauty smiled. From the glass flamed the red locks of Mary Ann.

"I can't! Oh I can't!" cried Mary Ann a great lump coming in her throat. "I just can't!"

The golden haired beauty still smiled. Why couldn't Miss Blossom have waited till to-morrow, the dollar would then have been gone. Why must Mrs. Black be ill and the children starving just then? Mary Ann felt as if she hated them, and somehow she felt as if she must give that dollar bill. She looked at her flushed face in the glass, at her hair.

"Mary Ann you're a pig,—nothing but a pig, a selfish pig! What's red hair to starving, perhaps, too, they have red hair—red hair the shade of their second cousin on their ma's side."

Mary Ann choked down the lump, shut her eyes on the golden hair beauty, grasped the dollar, and ran down stairs.

"Miss Blossom here's a dollar for that family—and please don't thank me," choked Mary Ann and fled, leaving the dollar in the astonished Miss Blossom's lap.

* * * * *

Miss Blossom's sharp voice floated up to the hall above.

"Mary Ann's getting to be a real handsome girl. That painter man down at the inn says as how her hair's the purtiest shade he ever saw."

Mary Ann lifted her head from her arms and gasped in pleased surprise.

"Her second cousin on her ma's side," chimed in Aunt Miranda,

"had just such hair but her pa's folks' hair was —"

Mary Ann heard no more. From the bureau drawer she drew the advertisement with the golden haired beauty, and a few minutes later what remained of the advertisement of Mlle. De Puyten's hair bleach floated out of the open window to the ground below.

'09.

"My soul is a lighthouse keeper," wrote Ella Wheeler Wilcox in a poem, and she was astonished to read the printer's version when it came out in a periodical—

"My soul is a light housekeeper."

—Ex.

A German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did yez wish ter see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her with an apologetic grin, "I got my wish; thank you."—Ex.

"When I was once in danger from a tiger," said an old East Indian veteran, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapon." "How did it work?" asked a bystander. "Perfectly; the tiger didn't even offer to touch me." "Remarkable! How did you account for it?" "Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a tall tree."

"What was the Python?" someone asked.

"Great snake," came the laconic reply.

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| Clarence Ostrander, '09 | - - - - - | } Advertising Agents |
| Thomas Clary, '11 | - - - - - | |

Editorials

Through these columns we welcome back the old members of Normal and extend our heartiest greetings toward the new. Vacation days are over and a year of work commences. It is for us to do the work which is before us in the best way possible. The work which is done now means a preparation for the work in our future life. Every task which we shirk will make us less capable, every task that we master, more capable of doing that work. The coming year, however, will not be all hard work for we are sure to find pleasures mingled with it,—pleasures which we shall be able to enjoy all the more if we do the work to be done in the right spirit; not because we are made to do it, but because it is there to do and it is our duty to do it. Let us make the year one of the busiest and happiest years of our school life.

We note with pleasure the registration of the Freshman class which exceeds that of any other class in the school. We hope it will always

remain as large as it is now for we are sure there is quality as well as quantity in the class.

A school paper does not mean "A little time and a little money," far from it. It means rather a great deal of time and plenty of money. So, readers remember this in criticizing the first issue of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE. The staff will try to do its best, but please for your part give a little encouragement—a big subscription list, an interest in the paper and a hearty response on your part when asked to contribute towards the paper.

Alumni

'02

Elizabeth Shafer is one of the Normal teachers.

Mary Hart is principal of the Grammar Department in St. John's School.

Ethel Taber was married on Sept. 24, at Washington, D. C.

'05

Miss Laura Mega has accepted a position as teacher at Slingerlands.

Miss Mabel Rockefeller is teaching in Valatie High School.

Miss Winifred Goldring has returned to Wellesley as a senior.

Miss Florence Jennings is teaching at Delmar.

'07

Miss Katherine Parsons has returned to Wellesley.

Mr. Edward O'Connell is playing right guard on Union's football team.

Mr. George Weaver has returned to Union.

'08

Miss Gertrude Valentine has entered Vassar.

Miss Adele Le Compte has entered Normal College.

Mr. Wiswell has entered Union College.

Mr. Fuller expects to enter Yale next year.

Miss Mary Gilboj has entered the Cohoes Training School.

Miss Ethel Evringham is attending Normal College.

Miss Beth Cobb has entered Syracuse.

School Notes

Helen Taylor '10, has left school.

Anna Read '10, is at the Girls' Academy.

Margery Richmond '10, has left school.

Florence Griffith '11, is at the A. H. S.

Mr. Becker '09, has left school.

Carle Wehrle '09, is studying for an electrician.

Anna Keenholts '09, has left school.

Clarence Boynton '09, is attending the Albany Business College.

Mr. Miller is visiting in the West.

Mr. Fenster '09, has returned to the Albany High School.

Katherine Desparts, Waterford High School, has entered the Class of '10.

Ruth Williamson '10, is attending the Girls' Academy.

Nora Carroll '09, is at the A. H. S.

Mr. Thorne '09, has left school.

Alice Fix '11, has left school for a year.

Effie Van Wie '10, has left school.

Marian Sybrandt '09, is attending the Emma Willard School.

Harvey Penrose '09, has left school.

Jean Elmendorf '10, is attending the Girls' Academy.

Leslie Wheeler '10, is attending A. H. S.

Frank Smith, A. H. S., is taking a special course in the N. H. S.

Society Notes



The Theta Nu Society commenced its active work at the first regular meeting held this year. Several new plans have already been perfected for the coming year and will undoubtedly prove a great success as well as a benefit and enjoyment to its members. The literary work of the society is constantly improving and the meetings are both instructive and entertaining to the members.

The Society regrets very much that circumstances render it necessary for it to lose several of the most active members, but is consoled by the fact that all are pursuing a noteworthy cause.

Although several of the members can no longer take an active part in the Society's work which is being planned they are cordially invited to attend the meetings whenever an opportunity affords.

On October seventh, Messrs. Fuller and Fenston attended the regular meeting and were given a hearty welcome by all those present.

Zeta Sigma

On September twenty-second, Misses Kathryn Parsons, Wellesley and Adele Le Compte, Normal College, attended the meeting of Zeta Sigma Society. Miss Parsons being asked to address the members, gave some very valuable advice.

On October second, Zeta Sigma gave its annual spread to the Freshmen. Youthful games were played and after refreshments a short musical and literary program was rendered. Those taking part were Misses O'Connor, Allen, Sutherland and Luck.



The duty of the Exchange is often misunderstood. It is not to unfairly criticize or "knock" an exchange as a few are inclined, but merely to point out the weak points, and to suggest something beneficial for that paper. Although it is encouraging to have our paper praised, still we are aware of our good points and desire only helpful criticisms, in order to make further improvements.

About all of our Exchanges publish the first edition in October, consequently we have very few this month.

What has happened to the "literary" department "PEEBLES?" It is not up to the usual standard. Your paper would have a better appearance if the Ads were kept in one part, and not scattered amongst the reading matter.

High School Critic—with so large an editorial staff it seems rather inconsistent that your paper is so "small." It is very hard for a paper to exist without a literary editor. For a commencement number there should be at least one good story. "Class Statistics" is very cleverly arranged.

Every department of the *Weekly Elgin H. S. Mirror*, is complete. It shows hearty co-operation on the part of its editors, and is a splendid

example of what school spirit can do.

Crimson and White of Gloucester. It is a very simple matter to print the list of Exchanges and call it the "Exchange Column." Take a little extra time and criticize those same papers, and see what a help you will be. Your literary and other departments are very good.

Tiger, Cal. School of Mechanical Arts, comes nearest the "perfect mark" of any paper yet received. Each department is complete and the cuts are excellent. They add greatly to a school paper. Your cover of the September issue is especially good.

Heard in Chemistry Class

Ostrander—Professor, why would the death of "Wood" be a chemical change?

Prof. Bronson—Why Mr. Ostrander there are various reasons. What would you say about it?

Mr. Ostrander—Well, I don't like to say anything, but you said that burning wood was a chemical change.

In Virgil class—"And they listened attentively with ears erect"—I wonder if "Venus" consulted the Trojan horse.

A Drama in One Act

Scene—Jim Edward's bed chamber.

Jim—Fast asleep, dreaming of happy days gone by when vacation was on.

Time—1.30 A. M.; enter a masked man with a gun.

Jim (awakening) Aw, what do you want?

Burglar (laconically) Money!!!!

Jim (much awake now) Now you're talking. Light the gas, and I'll help you.

Curtain—

In Ye Days of Olde

One evening Adam was making love to Eve, but she seemed dissatisfied.

"What is troubling my darling?" he asked.

"Oh, Addie dear," she sighed, "If I could only convince myself that I am the only woman you ever loved!"—Ex.

The Freshman Viewpoint

The Sophomores ignore us,
The Juniors endure us,
The Seniors disdainfully smile.
But that don't annoy us,
We're happy and joyous,
We're bound to be there after awhile.

Prof. Sayles—"My wife can drive nails like lightning."

Prof. Decker—"You don't mean it?"

Prof. Sayles—"Sure I do. Lightning, you know seldom strikes twice in the same place."—Ex.

Are Seniors in love with Latin Prose?

Ask Miss Cook for I guess she knows.

Is the Seniors' English always good?

Miss Clement could tell, if she only would.

EDWARD LOEB, Ph. G.

Pharmacist

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