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DECEMBER, 1905



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Albany

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ENGLISH, CLASSICAL, COMMERCIAL AND COLLEGE
PREPARATORY COURSES.

The attention of the friends and patrons of the school and of the public is invited to the advantages and excellent work of this school. The instruction is given by teachers especially trained in the best modern methods of teaching. The individual is, in large measure, the basis of work, and each pupil is given such attention and instruction that he is enabled to make the most satisfactory progress.

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

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

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

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

Catalogues and information concerning admission or the courses of study will be sent to any address upon application to the Principal. Correspondence is solicited.

WILLIAM B. ASPINWALL, PH. D.,
Principal.

The Crimson and White

... LITERARY DEPARTMENT ...

A CHRISTMAS DAY.

One day, a little while before Christmas, Harry and May Nelson were walking in one of the downtown streets of the city in which they lived. The air was clear and frosty, though the sun shone.

"Now, look," said May.

"Yes, I am looking," interrupted her brother.

"Don't tease me," continued May. "I am going to tell you my plans about Christmas. I want to make somebody happy this year. You know we always have such a fine time every Christmas that I want some one else to be made happy, too. That is just why I came down this way."

"Well," said Harry, "Who are you going to have this year? To be sure, you came down here, but I don't see as you are any better off for making anybody happy."

"I think there is more of a chance of getting the people who do not have a good time down here. But, say, I wonder where that little girl is going!"

The children rested their gaze on a poorly-clad little girl about eight years old, who entered a door and called her mother. The door was then shut, and May and Harry heard no more.

"Here's our place, Harry," said May, excitedly. "Oh, but you will help me, won't you?" she whispered, imploringly.

"Why, yes," he answered. "Let's go in."

The two walked up to the door of the little gray house where they had seen the little girl disappear, and knocked. The same little girl came to the door and kindly asked them in.

Of course, Harry and May went in and were seated in a small, dreary room. A woman in slovenly dress came in from a back room to see who had entered her house unknown to her. She stopped on the threshold and gazed at the two little children before her. Her own little girl stood trembling in a corner, hardly daring to breathe for fear her mother should be displeased. She had seen May's quick glance around the bare, dirty room, and, as it was the first time in her life anyone so sweet and beautiful had entered her house, she felt her first thrill of shame and mortification. But her mother seemed not to notice it and was rudely staring at the children.

"How do you do?" said May in her sweet, childish voice. "I know you do not know us, but I want to make friends. May we play with your little girl?"

"Well, it is rather funny for a couple of youngsters like you to come walking into a body's house and want to make friends when you don't know nothin' about us or we about you."

The woman's voice was harsh and the tears came very near, but May choked them back and Harry spoke up bravely:

"Our names are Harry and May Nelson, and we want to play with your little girl, and please what's your name and your little girl's, and please let's go out-of-doors and play, its so—so nice out," and, quite breathless, Harry arose from his chair.

The ragged little girl in the corner came forward, now smiling, and said: "My name's Hope Grey and we will go outdoors and play. I am awful glad you have come to play with me."

The three children went out, and the friendship thus strangely begun continued strangely and pleasantly for an hour. Harry and May learned that Hope's father was dead and that her mother worked for her living. Most of the time Hope went to a public school near by.

"It will soon be Christmas and then we will have some vacation," she said. "I'm sorry. I had rather go to school than stay home."

"Did you ever see a Christmas tree?" May asked.

"Yes, lots of them in the market," answered Hope. "Never anywhere else."

"Do you think," continued May, rapturously, "that you could come to my house Christmas day and see one? I am going to ask your mother if you may."

"Oh, Mrs. Grey," she cried, running to her, and in her eagerness grasping her hand. "Oh, Mrs. Grey, do you think you could let Hope come to my house and see a Christmas tree, Christmas morn-

ing? Oh, please. I live at 130 Thompson street. Just a lovely walk from here."

How could anyone, however hard-hearted, resist such earnestness?

"I will see," said Mrs. Grey, with a gentleness in her tone. Somehow the child before her reminded her of better days, and tears came to her eyes.

Hope was so surprised that all she could say, as she bade the children good-bye, was, "I will surely try to come."

At nine o'clock Christmas morning, sure enough, a little girl was seen coming up the walk. May hastened to meet her, for it was Hope. When they came into the parlor, there in all its beauty stood the first Christmas tree Hope had ever seen. It was loaded with pretty things and the floor beneath was covered with packages.

Hope gazed awestricken, fascinated. It was so beautiful!

The three children played for a while and then Mrs. Nelson came in and was introduced to little Hope. In the quiet hour that followed Hope heard the beautiful story of the Christ-child and learned why Christmas is celebrated. It was with many thanks, she left her kind friends and hastened home.

Her mother met her with a happy smile, and said, "See, what a lovely dinner our dear fairies have sent us."

That night as Hope related her story her mother told her one just like it, which she had been taught in her childhood, and together they wept and rejoiced and both knew that there were better days before them.

"Mary Adair," '07.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A FRESHMAN AT X UNI- VERSITY.

I.

There is an old custom at X University which has been handed down from one class to another for many years. It is known as the "Walk Around," and consists in the freshmen passing around the campus and around the largest dormitory called ——— College, a certain number of times agreed upon by committees from the four classes. This seems easy, but it takes on another aspect when one learns that at one place in passing around ——— College there is only the space of about six feet between it and the building containing the steam plant, and that during the "Walk Around" the whole sophomore class is generally mobilized at this point prepared to die rather than let the freshmen through.

The "Walk Around" occurs about a week after college opens and between eight and nine p. m. No announcement of the day or place of meeting is made in the freshman class, but when it arrives everyone seems to know it. It is in the air, it seems.

And so, on the morning of October sixth, soon after chapel had been dismissed a rumor became current among the wearers of the green tassel that the rush would be that night. During the afternoon I managed to sneak my football suit out of the gym. and took it to my room. About 7.30 p. m. I got into the suit and made my way by back streets to the observatory. On the way I was forced to hide in the shrubbery twice until parties of sophomores passed me. The observatory sits on a rise of ground back of the campus, and at night is bathed in the gloom of a cluster of tall pine trees.

I took my station in the shadow of a large pine and waited. I had

not waited long, however, when I saw a shadow creeping through the trees toward me. Immediately my heart went into my mouth. Was it a soph. or only a friendly junior? I held my breath and strained my eyes through the darkness, but I could only distinguish the dark outline of a man. He approached and was passing me a few yards away and I could see that he was also peering around, as if in search of someone. I was all indecision. Should I speak to him or let him pass by? If he were a soph. and I should attract his attention, our meeting place would be divulged; but, should he be a freshman and I should let him pass, he might think that he had made a mistake in the rendezvous and go away, and we needed every man. This last decided me. "Is that Nineteen-Nine?" I called, in a low voice.

"Yes," he answered.

"All right," I said, "come over here; I guess we are the first ones here."

After that they came fast. Groups of two or five, and once in a while one lone freshman. Each new group kept shy of us until they heard the magic words "Nineteen-Nine," and then they would join us and wait for the next group.

I will not attempt to describe the various costumes that could be seen in that crowd. Football suits, old ragged coats, heavy sweaters, here a football helmet and there a nose-guard.

Soon after the crowd had begun to reach good proportions I noticed a movement at one side and someone said, "It's Captain D——." That was the signal for those of us who were on the football squad to make ourselves scarce, which we did, some, including myself, with more success than others, for it must be explained that all football men should keep out of the rush. Those that the captain caught, however, subsequently got back into the rush, because, for the time being, their zeal for 1909 was greater than

their sense which should have told them that if they were injured during the rush, it would mean just one man less on the squad.

As soon as the whole class had gathered we were formed into line by the juniors, four abreast, and firmly clutching the man in front of us. Then at the signal, we started and slowly the long line wound out of the deep shadows of the pine trees behind the observatory, down past the chemical laboratory and onto the campus. Marching down the southern edge we turned and started along the eastern side and then the fun began. On the slope to the west of us were stationed several sophs., who, starting on a dead run, would throw themselves bodily into the line, hoping either to push us over the sidewalk and off the campus, or at least to interrupt the march. One of these men whose courage I shall never cease to admire came down the hill at top speed and directly at me. The next instant I saw him leave his feet and shoot through the air, and, although I braced myself to receive the shock, I was bowled over like a toothpick. The next thing I knew I was lying on ground, the only thing I could see being a jumble of flying feet and legs as the balance of the line scrambled over me. When they had passed I picked myself up, and grabbing my helmet and nose-guard, which had been torn from my head and luckily lay within a few yards, I started on a run to catch up with the line, which was now going at a fast trot. I had not gone more than about five yards when I fell head over heels over a fellow in a white sweater who lay stretched out on the campus. He was apparently unconscious, which I afterwards learned was true, but I had no time to spend with him. So, again picking myself up, I caught up to the line and nearly regained my old position.

No more resistance was offered until we reached the narrow open-

ing between ——— College and the steam plant. There was the whole sophomore class wedged in the opening ready to receive us. About twenty-five yards from them our line was divided into two flying wedges, the first composed of about one-quarter of the class, the second of the balance. At a signal the small wedge started, and, running at full speed, plunged into the waiting sophs. and began to mix it. About twenty yards behind came the big wedge. Of course, when the big wedge hit the sophs. they were busy mixing it with the first wedge and hence had no time to brace themselves for this second and heavier attack and we could feel their line gradually give way. Being in the front line of the big wedge, I was, of course, one of the first to get through, and, with a few others, turned to attack the sophs. from the rear, and, grabbing them by the hair, a leg or an arm, we pulled them away from the opening.

While engaged in this pleasant and gentle pastime I felt a hand grip my collar and heard the voice of Captain D——— yelling in my throbbing ears:

"What are you doing in this? Aren't you a football man?"

"Why, I only play on the scrub," I answered, hoping to get off in that way.

"That doesn't make any difference," he yelled. "You get out of this and stay out."

A senior's word is law, so I proceeded to depart, but when I turned the corner I came upon a crowd of those who had gotten through and who were so intoxicated with victory that they were preparing to go around again. I tried at first to persuade them that it was not necessary, as we were only required to go around once this year, but, seeing that it was of no avail, I joined them and we proceeded to go around a second time. This time we met greater resistance, for several of the sophs., in desperation,

lay flat on the ground in front of the wedges, the front lines of which tripped over them, while those behind, not knowing what had happened, pressed on until the small opening between the buildings was piled six feet high with a mass of kicking, struggling humanity, but again the sophs. were forced to give way and we tumbled through, victors.

After spending fifteen or twenty minutes giving class and college yells with the numerals of the victors and vanquished on the end we dispersed to our rooms, completely fagged out, to bind up our sore heads and bruised shins.

I do not know from personal observation, but they say that next morning chapel looked rather deserted.

"'05."

A GOOD STORY.

There are only a few really great short stories in English literature, but the greatest of all these, by the common consent of all classes in the reading world is "The Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens.

Who does not know Scrooge and Marley, two old pessimistic worshippers of the golden calf, with only one difference. Scrooge still had a human heart and it kept time only with the chink of his golden coins. Yet above all these facts there was the capability that lies in every heart, no matter how tightly closed against his neighbor and the outside world, behind the wall, that selfishness inevitably builds around one; and Marley, a poor ghost, with only a regret and never a hope.

How well the great writer draws upon the web of human interest one figure after another of people who loved one another as they should. Old Scrooge has the spectacle of Christmas joy forced upon him and in spite of himself carries home to his desolate fireside the picture of life, and love, and hope blended with poverty, or pain, or even riches.

He has life, but what else? Fancy teases him in his loneliness. Dreams come to him when he sleeps, all that makes life worth living passes before him. All that he is missing is brought before him, and the hopelessness of death, without the preface of a useful life overwhelms him until his agonized regret appeals to us more strongly than his meanness. And the awakening of Scrooge shows us a man with a heart and soul forever reformed.

After we know Scrooge there is apt to live in us a greater capacity for kindness toward those warped natures one meets at every turn. They close the door of joy upon themselves. They live in a world of bitterness as they trudge down to the end of life, unloved, unloving, to die unregretted.

But, far hidden though it may be, there is in them the breath of life given by the King of Loving Charity; there must come an awakening in this life or in the next, and where contempt is apparently due we can easily conjure Marley's ghost to our assistance by fanning the spark that is in the withered old heart by our own forbearing good nature and acceptance of the good life offers us.

So it is, "The Christmas Carol" is great. It reaches us heart and soul. We live in love for the people in it, for they are the people around us. The spirit that binds the world of men and women calls out to us from its pages.

Christmas brings out the best that is in us, so the Christmas spirit calls loudest to us when we spend a few hours with Scrooge. Memories come dancing around us hand in hand with fancies and anticipations. We are in a new world, a pleasant world, a living world. After all, there are only the insensible pages before us.

So hail to the great stories that break the hum-drum of every day. Hail to the greatest of these, "The Christmas Carol."

E. O. C.

The Crimson and White

VOL. II

ALBANY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 2

Published every two months during the school year by the students of the Normal High School

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EDITORIALS.

"At Christmas play and make good cheer

For Christmas comes but once a year."

But in our joy and gladness let us not forget Him, in remembrance of whose birth is this glad season. As He endeavored to alleviate mankind's trials and sufferings, let us, as we commemorate His birth, try to help our struggling comrades and to bring some happiness to those about us. Let us try, not to attain great heights, but to do the small things graciously; accept kindness with humility and to count gifts as privileges and not sacrifices. May we heal the wounds of misunderstanding, jealousy and regret from our hearts, and let in the gentler and truer Christmas spirit. And, as we ring out 1905 and welcome 1906, may our hearts be singing:

"Peace on earth, good-will to man."

Several very good cover designs were handed in. The board thanks the respective artists for their prompt replies to its call. Some of the designs showed real talent, and all were remarkably well done. After a careful consideration of the different designs it decided to use the one drawn by Frances M. Warner, '07, as the permanent cover design.

* *
*

Clifford S. Evory, '08, has been elected as assistant business manager of The Crimson and White.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'05.

Georgie Adams has secured a position as junior clerk in the capitol.

Helen Carroll is teaching school in the Green District School, East Greenbush, N. Y.

Sophie Thornton is attending the Albany Business College.

Mary Mattimore, who was literary editor of "The Crimson and White" last year, is now on the editorial staff of "The Echo."

Ex-Captain Cox, of the baseball team, was hit in the arm by a pitched ball. He sustained a slight injury which keeps him off of the Cornell freshman team.

'04.

Mary Danaher has returned to Pratt Institute in order to finish her course in art.

'03.

Elizabeth R. Sherman is ill at her home in Coeymans.

Elizabeth I. Gardner is teaching at Hagedorns, Saratoga county, New York.

'01.

Grace Stowell has resumed her art studies in Rochester.

Ellis B. Garrison, who entered Syracuse University, has been obliged to leave on account of his health.

Anna B. Stoneman has resumed her art studies at Pratt Institute.

Eleanor V. N. Van Alstyne has entered Barnard College.

'99.

Raymond Watson Jones, who is taking a post-graduate course at Cornell University, has been elected president of the Deutscher Verein.

'98.

Grace A. Lacy, who has held a position as teacher in one of the Watervliet public schools, has obtained a leave of absence and is in the Adirondacks for her health.

'93.

Miss Myra Long, of New Scotland, N. Y., was married November 15, 1905, to David Long.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Zeta Sigma and Quintilian Literary Societies and the Adelphoi Fraternity have presented the High School with two large palms, a large fern and two smaller ferns for the chapel. Having placed the palms and large fern on the platform and the small ferns on brackets by the back windows, the chapel is greatly improved in appearance. The school is very grateful to these organizations.

To give the seniors a rest and the juniors a little practice in reciting, during the second quarter, the junior class has taken the place of the seniors in rhetorical. As a whole, the rhetorical of the junior class have been excellently rendered.

Beginning with this year, fortnightly compositions are required from all the students of the High School. Essays written by members of the senior and junior classes must consist of at least 300 words; those written by members of the sophomore and freshman classes must consist of at least 200 words. They are handed in on Thursday, corrected by students of the College and returned, either on Friday or Monday. Then corrections must be made and the composition rewritten and handed in again on Thursday. The object in the mind of the faculty in having these compositions is to give the students practice in writing compositions, a good knowledge of the laws of punctua-

tion and a greater facility in expressing their thoughts. However, choice of subject has been left to the student, and, consequently, has caused consternation throughout the school.

A glee club has been organized having a membership of about twenty-five girls. The girls hope to steadily increase their numbers. Miss Ruth Boyce is manager and Miss Katharine Parsons is treasurer. Professor Belding, of the Normal College, is kindly instructing the girls on Wednesday afternoons.

Room 309 has been fitted up as a physical laboratory for the classes of the High School. This is very welcome, for heretofore the College physical laboratory has been inaccessible to the High School students.

The positions of the pictures in the lower halls have been changed, and in the places of our old friends we find new favorites.

A new boys' society has been recently organized, with Clifford Evory as president and LeRoy Fowler as secretary. It is called the Theta Nu, and, although there are but few boys connected with it as yet, they hope to have a larger society soon. Already have the students welcomed it and wished the boys of the Theta Nu years of prosperity.

We have enjoyed two vacations already this year—October 30th and 31st, and November 30th to December 5th.

Thanksgiving exercises were held in the chapel on Wednesday, November twenty-ninth. The fol-

lowing program was excellently rendered:

- Selection.....Over the Waves.
Girls Glee Club.
- Piano Solo.....Pilgrim's Chorus.
Ruth Baumes.
- Recitation.....Bobby's Petition.
Bertha Bott.
- Vocal Solo....Queen of My Dreams.
Verna Fowler.
- Recitation.....
Plea of the Pocomtuc Chief.
Edward O'Connell.
- Cornet Solo.....Selected.
Cornelius Wilde.
- Recitation.....Thanksgiving Day.
Marée Jennings.
- Vocal Solo.....Over the Heather.
Jennie Coventry.
- Recitation.....
The Twentieth Century Agent.
Katharine Parsons.
- Piano Duet....The Witches' Frolic.
Marguerite James, Gertrude Valentine.

The following lectures have been given by Dr. Aspinwall during the fall:

October 20.—On Paris, before the Kappa Delta Society, of the State Normal College.

November 9.—On Rome, before the First Baptist Church, Rensselaer.

November 27.—On Rome, before the Third Reformed Church, of Albany.

December 2.—On Paris, before the Saturday Club, of Cohoes.

Miss Grace Gilleandean, of the Rye Neck High School, has entered the junior class.

Misses Hourigan and Everhart, of the Albany High School, have entered the senior class.

Misses Mary and Jessie Harp-
ham, of the Canastota High
School, have entered the senior
class.

Mr. Clifford Clark, '07, third
baseman of last year's baseball
team, has returned to Albany, but
is expected to leave soon for a vaca-
tion in the south.

As a result of a successful invi-
tation, Russel Meany and Harold
Van Ostenbrugge were taken in the
Adelphoi Fraternity.

Underneath is a diagram show-
ing the result of the second quar-
ter's election:

President, Edward J. O'Connell;
vice-president, George Weaver,
Jr.; secretary, Niles Persons; treas-
urer, Warren Brewster; corre-
sponding secretary, Harold Van
Ostenbrugge; chaplain, Keller
Ziegler; sergeant-at-arms, Russell
Meany; master of ceremonies, J. L.
R. Herber.

The Fraternity is looking for-
ward with great expectations to the
annual banquet, which will be held
about January first or second.

ATHLETICS.

The gym is open and it is surely
a source of great amusement to the
boys.

The boys' basket ball team is go-
ing to start practicing soon. Many
games are scheduled by Manager
Robinson.

The girls are doing some fine
work at practice. Twenty games
have been scheduled, the first for
December tenth. Among the most
promising players outside of last
year's team are Misses Marsh, Ful-
ler and Steward.

The first game will be on Decem-
ber eighth. The team will be as
follows:

Forwards — Parsons, Marsh.
Centres — Wood, Danaher.
Guards — Shifferdecker, Harlfinger.

The boys are about to organize
a hockey team, which will prove a
good one, for there are many good
skaters attending old Normal.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We have received several new
exchanges this month, which we
cordially welcome, for we are al-
ways glad to add a new name to
our list. Some of the school pub-
lications, however, are not very
prompt in sending their papers. We
should like to receive our exchanges
as early as possible.

Owing to lack of space we are
unable to criticise all the ex-
changes received, but we wish to
mention the following:

The Canary and Blue, of Allen-
town, appears this year with a new
cover, which is a great improve-
ment on the former one in every
way. The literary work is excep-
tionally good, and, as a whole, the
paper has improved greatly.

The Blue and White, of South
Bethlehem, seems to be the only
one of our papers whose work is
evenly distributed. However, it
shows the fault so common among
our school papers — careless proof
reading on the part of the editors
— a thing which greatly detracts
from the general appearance of a
paper.

We all know how hard it is to obtain literary material for a school paper, but it hardly seems the place of the High School Chat, of Michigan, to so severely criticise another paper, as they do the Illinois Criterion for not having sufficient literary work. The Chat contains six pages of advertisements to only one story of about two pages. The story, however, is unusually good.

A new cover and excellent literary work have considerably raised the standard of the T. H. S. We wish to make especial mention of the prettily written story in the October number entitled "Giovanno's Home Coming." It is well worth reading.

It seems, High School Critic, that with a school of 275 pupils you ought to be able to support a larger paper, containing more literary work and showing more school spirit. We find that your exchange column is wanting.

The Yula Delta, one of our California exchanges, is a bright, breezy little paper, and we always enjoy reading it.

The Red and Black, from Pennsylvania, is a very artistic publication. The cover and most of the cuts are exceedingly good.

We are always glad to receive the Albany Academy Cue, and we place it among our best exchanges. The arrangement of material is good and the paper is to be congratulated on its long list of exchanges.

SMILES.

E. Clary.—Hey, Persons, what are you doing in the first year German class?

N. Persons.—Oh, the faculty liked my work so much that they gave me an encore.

MISERY.

Little lines of Latin,
Little feet to scan,
Make the mighty Virgil
And the crazy man.

Thus the little (!) lessons,
Which Miss Hall imparts,
Floor the mighty (?) Seniors,
And break their little hearts.

Why is Harvard like a red sugar heart? Because it is crimson and it never beats. (Great Guns!)

Why is the wind blind? Because the wind is a zephyr; zephyr is yarn; a yarn is a tale; a tail is an attachment; an attachment is love, and love is blind.

ZETA SIGMA, TAKE NOTICE.

McGinty had a little dog,
McGinty called him Enza,
And every time he oped the door,
In—flu—Enza!

HEARD IN THE GERMAN CLASS.

"Hans sang unter dem Fenster" * * *

B. Bott (translating) — "Hans sang under the fence!!" (Great Scott, Bertha!)

Ad urbem ivit Doodlius, cum
Caballo et calone,
Et dixit. "Macaroni!"
Omavit pluma pileum

Whenever we sing the rousing chorus of "Old Glory" in the morning you should hear the whole freshman class shrieking out, "Ta-ran-tu-la — Ta-ran-tu-la!" Some one suggested that the Class of '09 was "bughouse."

Have you heard of the new Theta Nu?

It is new both to me and to you,
How wise we would be
If we knew, don't you see
The things the new Theta Nu knew.

LOST.—An Adelphoi pin. Initials E. O'C. on back. Finder please return to president of the Adelphoi.

N. B.—Don't let any girls get hold of it or it's gone for good.

EXAMINATIONS.

The members of the N. H. S.
With trembling do await the day
When knowledge gained is brought to test,
And hope from each doth flee away,
With questions on Geometry,
French, Algebra, and History.

The Greeks, though theirs be worst of all,
With Spartan courage meet their fate;
Such questions Plato would appal,
But they the questions calmly wait
On accent, verbs which end in "me"
And words declined in genders three.

Ah! now the dreaded season's past,
We only wish it were the last
We'd give our books and pads galore
Were such exams ne'er heard of more.

B. C., a Greek Student.

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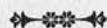


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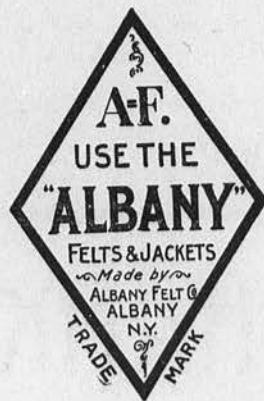
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