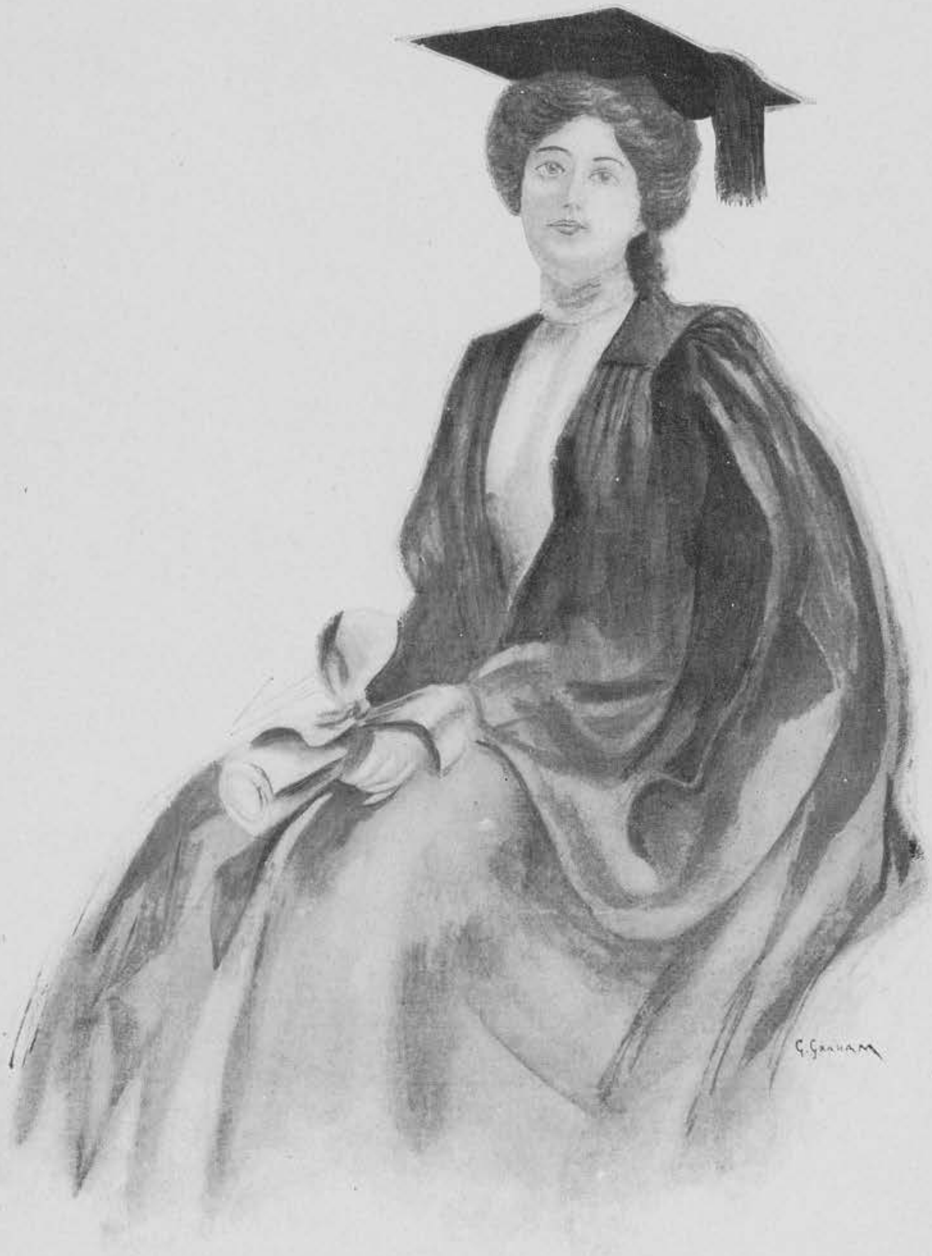
G. GRAHAM

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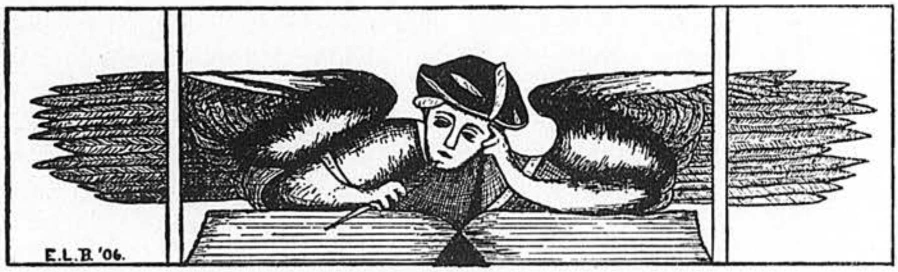

Literary Department

Just Like Girls

A group of girls stood in the halls of a High School one morning. They were laughing and talking about something which appeared to be very interesting, and this something, strange to say, was a boy. He had just entered the school. He had been there a week; long enough, however, for the girls to decide that he was a nice fellow and would like to name him in their list of acquaintainces. After they had come to this conclusion they lost no time in trying to accomplish it. Each vied with the other in being pleasant and agreeable to him.

Just now there was more interest than ever in this subject. The girls had decided to give a spread before they disbanded their cooking club for the summer, also that they would ask the boys to it. The president said that may be, the boys could endure their presence for an hour if they were kept busy eating.

They were talking it over whom they should ask. Of course, they all said they were going to ask Chester, that was the new arrival's name. They joked and " scrapped " good-naturedly over it, but when they separated every one of those girls had made up her mind to ask him before the others. There were only five of them, fortunate for the fellow, but they all contrived to invite him to the spread before the day was over.

Poor Chester, he was rather bewildered and can you blame him—flattered. He did not know what to make of it. He hardly thought that each had given him a special invitation. They surely would not have made such a mistake It must have been merely a general invitation and probably all the other boys had been asked, but, as he was a stranger, each girl had thought it her duty to be especially thoughtful of him. Anyway he would go. He was not a bit bashful. He would see the thing through.

The spread was given on Friday afternoon. After dismissal the girls hurried home to get ready. At three o'clock they were all at the president's home, had their lunch, enough for ten hungry men, arranged on the table. First they sat down and serenely waited for the boys. Then they began to watch the clock. First one would go to the door and look down the street, then another. On their way back to the parlor they always stopped and looked in the mirror—girls do that when they are nervous.

At last the door bell rang. The girls remarked that the boys must have thought they were coming to a funeral, they were so quiet. The president went to the door to welcome the—boy. Yes, it was just as he had expected, but he was not at all confused or surprised when he was ushered into a room with five girls. They spoke to him hurriedly and then looked at each other with queer expressions as the truth dawned upon them. Finally they all giggled and tried to explain how it came. Just at this climax the rest of the boys happened to pass on purpose to see what had become of Chester, Of course they were invited in. They accepted the invitation they said, only out of pity for poor "Chet." that he might not have to eat that tableful of their cooking alone.

'09

The Value of Hyssop

(Printed by permission of the "Wellesley Magazine.")

"I wonder when"—John packed the thick pansy plant with its purple flower down into the cool earth and fell back on the square of burlap beneath his knees—"it would be best to ask her. It's never well"—he reached for another pansy plant—"to be too hasty." And then he made several more holes and packed down several more plants and once more fell back on the burlap and looked hard toward the house.

The house was plain Colonial with generous chimneys and discreet green blinds,—all very simple, very neat and quite like Miss Martha herself,—quite. And then at the foot of the green sward that sloped softly down from the house was Miss Martha's rare garden; in the midst of which John was transplanting pansies; the garden that was just now sparely sprinkled with mean and feeble seedlings and here and there an occasional clump of bleeding heart,—but that in summer was an orderly riot of all sorts of blossom, of old and new, of gay and delicate, of rich and fragrant,—of many herbs and various vines as well. All these took much care and although Miss Martha occasionally clipped and sprayed a little, it was John who was the caretaker. For years and years he had tended Miss Martha's garden. Every morning early in blue dawn or gray fog and rain, he trudged up through the village to the big white house to care for the cool garden before he settled down to the little duties that his beans and his chickens imposed on him.

For years, I said,—years! And the village said years and at last grew tired of propounding the question of when "John was goin' to get up spunk enough to ask Marthy Chilcote to marry him." This used to be quite a morsel for conversation but though John went reg'lar to tea there, come Seventh Day evening, still neither he nor Martha ever did anything loverlike or in the least degree scandalous, so that finally public opinion accepted his mild keepin' company as matter of fact.

So, although many of the village people had hopes, John had never proposed. To be sure he had come very near it once,—once, when he and Martha were coming home from Quarterly meeting—they were both friends—and the day was very lovely, with the marshes quite green,—a bobolink, a sweet orchard and the children singing in the Presbyterian Sunday School on the hill—and John felt very queerly. There was a dry sickness deep within him, and his ears were hot and the finger tips that Marthy's plum colored poplin brushed were icy. Perhaps it was just the spring heat, but John very nearly took the step,—no, the leap of his life as Martha stopped for a branch of wild cherry.

"Doesn't thee think—Martha—that—"

"That what, John?"

"Why, I was thinking—that perhaps thee was too much—too much—perhaps alone—since—"

The 'since' ended it, for Martha knew that 'since' meant her father's death, the death that had left the sixteen year old girl all alone in the big old house with the fussy old English servant.

"Oh—no—thee knows I have Annie."

Her tone was—well, shaded with expectancy but her air was nicely indifferent as she waved her branch of cherry at a pretty butterfly.

"And then—thee is so good to come so often and see me that—"

So many unfinished sentences! John tried to start another, but the deep sickness became so strong that his words withered up within him. Martha turned in surprise as he stood stock in the dusty road.

"Why, John, thee seems so flushed—a fever, I'm afraid, and in the spring too. Do tell thy sister Lide to draw thee a little burdock and snezeweed tea. Annie makes me take it for the weest bit of fever and it isn't pleasant but it's marvellous cooling." And so she rambled on, John pulled himself up with a jerk, surprised to find how near he had been to leaping off the precipice. Why! He had barely thought the matter over. It's never well to be too hasty.

But that was all of twenty years ago, and John had seldom felt the old, deep, dry fever since that First Day morning. Some times when Martha would come out in the cool to help him spray the blush roses or to cut the Shirley poppies before the sun came out, he felt just a twinge of the old trouble, a little sinking, perhaps when her light lawn dress brushed his finger tips. This was the only time. He never felt it when he went Seventh Day to tea, and in the dark dining room of the big house with her. Perhaps that was because Sister Lide was also there, perhaps.

John thought a great deal about marrying Martha,—very gravely to,—and he was determined to marry her,—but not until it was time. Getting married entails a great deal of preparation, and a general upheaval of one's life. John did not fancy upheavals. Sister Lide took care of John's linen and socks, and as that was thus comfortably disposed of, John could wag, a contented pendulum between Martha's phloxes and his own chickens and currant bushes. To John, there was no meaning in the word monotonous.

But something very disturbing had just happened—the more John pondered on it, in fact, the more disturbed he became, and this was occupying his mind so completely on the morning of which I was speaking, that he started to plant an inoffensive pansy plant upside down. Of course she was an ignorant old thing, known to be fond of gossip and very sentimental. You see, when he came in from the hen yard the night before he heard Annie, the crotchety old English Annie in the sittin' room talking to Sister Lide about something disgraceful and somebody wearing her heart out and somebody what was going to learn a lesson and what was a conceited coward. Sister Lide had refused to talk to John about Annie's visit. Lide was always reticent. I think it ran in the family.

"Of course," remarked John to the pansy, "Annie may have meant—" He could think of but one that Annie could have meant.

"She doesn't understand, of course—but I wonder—"

The screen door banged and John looked anxiously toward the porch half hoping to see the lady just mentioned. John liked Annie but she talked a great deal and lately seemed a bit too garrulous, perhaps, especially on the subject of conceited cowards. But instead of red calico with white rings, lavender sprigged lawn came down the path.

"Good morning, John."

"Good morning, Marthy, I—"

"How sweet the pansies look! They are very pleasant colors this year, doesn't thee think?—and a rich variety."

John gravely smiled and nodded.

"The seedlings look so bare and tiny—sort of poorly this spring—No, go right on, John—I'm just going to pick the pansies,—I must have them for the table." She began to put the big curled and ruffled blossoms on the tray she had brought with her.

"You see, my cousin comes today, John. I thought it would be well to have a wee summery spot."

A silence.

"See this handsome brown one, John." Although John's head went mechanically to the left, his eyes saw nothing—they were turned and looking within him. An odd fear sprang up before his heart and fixed the smile on his face and as he looked down at his hands they seemed miles away. Her cousin, of whom he had heard her speak so often. The cousin who lived in Minnesota and who had been with the Chilcotes until he was seventeen and who had since written Martha a letter every New Year's Day, and who had sent her a basket of forget-me-nots just this first of May. So that was what that basket meant,—he was coming back here to ask her to marry him,—he who had no right, no claim to her. And John felt glad—glad with a sort of dumb fierceness when he remembered Martha's saying they had wilted.

As he packed another—the last—pansy down in the cold earth he heard Martha saying something about Annie wanting her at the house,—"And John, won't thee stop before thee goes home?" John on his knees before the blurry pansy bed wondered what he had said in answer and watched her go up the path. Even in the midst of this strange and excessive mixture of feelings, he noted that she walked somewhat heavily. Martha was a wee bit stoutish.

He sat still on the square ot burlap while the sunlight stole steadily on the grass as the sun rose up behind the house. He felt himself strangely perplexed. He was not a man of emotion nor a man of many thoughts,—simply a big, grave child with a love of contentment and a horror of anything like disturbance mental or otherwise. Yet he had never imagined anyone else but himself marrying Martha. He and she had become so used to each other all these years that—and John's thoughts trailed off into numbness as he sat and stared at the pansies.

After a long long time he sat up. His head was quite a muddle ot conceited cowards and lessons and masculine cousins from Minnesota, but one idea stood out plainly above all the rest—he would marry Martha, now—and have no more foolishness about it. He walked—yes, hastily—toward the house with his heart coming up heavy in his chest and his fingers cold and his ears hot as they had been a good many years since. The old sickness, stronger than ever! He stumbled over the roll of wire netting by the rose bed. Unnoticed the cherry petals fluttered down upon him as he passed under the Oxheart tree. He went in at the side door to avoid Annie—somehow the very thought of Annie and her red calico made him sick. He found Martha in the darkened dining room leaning over the bare shining table. She was crowding the pansies into a heavy cut glass sugar bowl.

" They're very sweet aren't they, John? I'm so glad to have them for Annie says—" Pause—

" Annie says—they are cousin Laura's favorite blossoms." Another pause.

" I was so little when she was here last that I don't remember her —but Annie does." She made room in the crowded bowl for another pansy.

" I'm anxious for thee to meet her, John."

She dabbed at a few drops on the mahogany surface with a big handerchief.

John stood silent, his eyes fixed on her sweet white face, her smooth dull hair. She! Cousin Laura! Then it wasn't the May-basket, Minnesota cousin at all, but a woman. Another upset for John's mental equilibrium. Now whether it was just this inner upturning that stung him to action or whether having once really resolved to do something, he couldn't change without a great deal of time, I do not know, but the queer feeling in him deepened and suddenly without warning, without meditation, with absolutely no cue from the conversation, he took her slim hand in his and proposed to her then and there in the quiet of the cool dining room with only the bowl of pansies for audience. After many years of waiting, of unconscious hope came the grave, earnest proposal and after it came—the refusal. Yes, she refused him, calmly, quietly, with no reason whatever—with a pleasant smile and a gentle—but it was a refusal, firm and final. John mentally staggered. The thought that Martha did not want to marry him had never entered his mind.

And slowly John went down the neat straight walk between the lilacs and the Japanese quinces with short breath and hanging under lip. And when after miles of walking, it seemed, he reached his house on the corner he could only go into the sitting room and drop into the very chair which Annie had occupied the night before when she had talked about lessons and conceited cowards. He had never felt this way before—never. In reality, a part of him was gone for his love, his genuine desire of marry Martha had lived with him so many years that it had been all knit up with his simple soul. He felt no regret, no pain, no sorrow, only a " gone " feeling as if his hand, yes his head had been cut off.

" John, thee isn't well "—and Sister Lide stood in the doorway with the egg beater in her hand. John shook his head. And Sister Lide who straightway guessed that this was the crisis of the sickness—Sister Lide was very keen—asked no questions but went back into the kitchen and put down the egg beater and came back with an understanding, a pitying look in her face.

"There's but one thing for thee, John. Thee go upstairs"—and she led him to the door—"and get thee undressed and go straight to bed and I'll be up presently." And the big man with the child's heart, the child's unconscious thought and the child's hurt, went slowly upstairs to do as Lide bade him.

Lide went around to the kitchen where the yellow bowl and the prospective gingerbread in very liquid form sat in waiting—past the soup stock simmering on the stove and up the back stairs to the attic.

"There's only one thing for folks badly in love," said Lide simply, as she took down the bunch of dry herbs from over the old trunk—"and that's hyssop tea. I didn't suppose I'd ever have to give it to John, he's most too old now, I thought—he's had it so mild now for such a longish time." The stairs squeaked under her as she went down again.

"Mother always told me when he was little that if he ever should get it badly, to draw him a good dose of hyssop and—Mercy, I hear that kettle boiling over—"

John lay waiting in the darkened room, dull, heavy with no thought, no feeling, just dumb nothingness.

"Thee'd best sit up, John,"—and a fat pillow was stuffed behind him.

"Drink it quick, no, not very hot."

She gave the thin grey-streaked hair a bashful stroke, and then straightened into the old calm Lide.

"There, I'll take it. Now just lie still. I'll lay the comforter on the foot of the bed if thee should want it—and I'll leave the door a bit ajar—then, if thee should—" Her voice faded as she went softly down the hall.

John lay quiet. Hyssop tea seemed to have a pleasant action. He dozed. He woke and looked around sleepily. He dozed again. He noticed nothing all day long. The sun stole away from his window and finally went down behind the trees and still he slept.

Suddenly the door swung the braided rug against the chair by his bedside, and he awoke. Mother had made that rug too thick, the door always caught it.

"John, thee must take another cup of hyssop."

John sat up childishly and reached for the white cup.

"Thee'll be perfectly well, John, in the morning. I'll just lift this window a bit."

He sank back on the pillow.

"Perfectly well," and again Lide's low voice trailed down the quiet stairs, murmuring something about "hyssop never failing" and "per—fect—ly well." John never doubted Sister Lide. And in a little while he dropped off to sleep.

When he awoke the chicken yard was in a terrible commotion—such mad cackling and crowing! John sat up in bed with the realization that it was late, he must ha, overslept. And there were all Martha's phloxes waiting to be transplanted! He hurried to dress, to slip down stairs and go quietly up the street all unconscious of a discreet nightgowned figure anxiously watching through the closed blinds. Half puzzled, he tried to think what had happened. The day before seemed clear enough to him, he remembered every detail and yet there was no sinking within him, no coldness of the fingers, the part of him that had been lost had come back. Surely he had made a great disturbance over nothing whatever —the masculine cousin was not going to marry Martha—neither was he, but—well—what did it matter? He felt quite happy, almost gay as he hastened with worried step up the street. He did not notice the fresh green maple leaves, not the wan moon in the blue west, not the gay indigo bunting on the elm top—John seldom observed such things—but the sight of the newly painted fence around Henry Lehigh's place and the trimness, the clean cut speckledness of the Plymouth Rocks already picking in the hen yard back of the city man's home made him feel good. He almost ran when he reached the lawn of the big white house, And when he looked down into the garden, then—oh, there was Miss Marthy gingerly kneeling on the square of burlap, transplanting the phloxes while the tell tale was rising up above the house top.

" Marthy—I surely am grieved —so late—I overslept—I—I—"

" Why, good morning, John." A flushed Martha with fingers stuck out fastidiously straight, fell back on the burlap and greeted him.

" No matter, John—I thought thee looked a bit tired and unwell yesterday—spring fever, I thought, and so I was not surprised—oh, see that worm—to find thee, late—only I knew it was best for the phloxes to be done in the cool of the morning—Well, thank thee, John, I'm not overfond of the dirt myself."

And as John took the trowel from her warm fingers and helped her to her feet, even as the soft muslin of her gown brushed his palm, he felt no tremor, no change and then he knew that the hyssop tea had cured the old sickness forever. And he looked admiringly at Martha—always lovely to him—and then waxed almost enthusiastic as he waved his trowel toward the cherry tree by the house—

" Marthy—such bloom—it's very glorious. It's good to be alive, Marthy."

To which rather commonplace remark, Martha gently assented and John beamed and fell on his knees to the phloxes feeling a contentment, a peace, he had never dreamed of before.

Truly—hyssop is a wonderful thing."

KATHRYN S. PARSONS.

As it Happened in Corridor A

(A True Incident)

Allen Nelson was not in the most amiable frame of mind possible, and in his estimation the circumstances amply justified his feelings. To be suddenly whirled up to the hospital, with good weather and an excellent business season just coming on, to be operated upon for appendicitis, and then to have to lie for long weary hours in bed, forbidden to eat, talk or laugh —surely it was an undeniable bore.

His nurse had stepped out into the hall for an instant leaving the door ajar. Suddenly from without came the sound of crying and moaning, as of some hurt or frightened child.

At the sound Allen stopped meditating upon his own misfortunes. Here was some one surely worse off than himself, and he had hardly thought that possible. Poor child! No doubt she was frightened at the unaccustomed sights and was longing for the sight of some loved and familiar face. If he could only do something to comfort her!

Just then the nurse came in.

"Oh, Miss Barker," said Allen, hurriedly. "What is the trouble with that poor child?"

"That neighbor of yours, you mean? Oh, she is just coming out of the same kind of an operation as yours, and is feeling quite badly."

Allen's quick eye glanced about the room, and fell upon a bouquet of flowers that his aunt had sent him, and that with a man's distaste of such things he had well nigh ignored.

"Here, take her those, won't you please? Tell her they come from a companion in misery. Small children always like such things."

The nurse came back with a smile.

"She liked them," she explained briefly.

The next day Miss Strong came over from Room 11 with a pencilled note for Allen.

"My dear unknown friend," it ran. "I wish to thank you so much for your kindness in sending me the flowers. They are very lovely, and I think have done me much good.

Sincerely your neighbor,
Mollie Harding."

"Well, she certainly is a well brought up child to send me that note," mused Allen. "'Mollie,' that's a cute name, but sounds rather like a tomboy."

From that day a regular mail service was kept up between Room 14 and 11. Flowers, apples, and oranges were conveyed from one to the other, Allen delighting in trying to please his young friend who seemed very appreciative of all his efforts. As time wore on Allen used to write down the events of the day in amusing fashion, and send them across to while away some of the weary hours of the little patient. Each day, through the two nurses, they received the bulletin of the other patient's health, and in fact Allen grew to dread thinking of going home.

Finally both invalids were sufficiently advanced in convalescence to have reached the wheeled-chair stage. The day came when Miss Barker told Allen that on the morrow he might be wheeled out into the hall, and see Mollie.

At that news Allen felt a shiver of apprehension. Suppose after all Mollie were not the ideal child he had pictured her. Suppose she were forward; or suppose she were bashful and utterly disconcerted at the sight of the young man; or—suppose a thousand things.

At last Allen was propelled down the corridor into the little sun parlor where Mollie was waiting for him.

Mollie! The word froze on his lips. He had prepared a jocular greeting, but it vanished at the sight of the person before him. Where was his tomboy Mollie, snub-nosed and freckled-faced as he had pictured her? Behold, a tall young lady, fair-haired and blue-eyed, who appeared in as great consternation as Allen himself.

"Why, I thought it was a little boy," she gasped, while the two nurses who had known the secret all along had on their broadest smiles.

"And this is 'Mollie!'" stammered Allen.

* * * * * *

The setting sun of a beautiful day last September was a witness of a pretty little wedding in a certain small village of Vermont at which Miss Strong and Miss Barker were invited and honored guests. It need hardly be stated that this gathering was the culmination of a misunderstanding and a subsequent understanding between two young persons in Corridor A.

Historical Avocations

There have been many noted people who have, by their endeavors, succeeded in bettering or degrading those among whom they lived, and it is of interest to us to note that many did it unconsciously, some from unselfish motives, and others from a desire for personal gain.

As nothing, either good or bad can be accomplished without the exertion of our faculties, we are brought to the idea that everyone of note must have had a vocation, a chosen or hereditary occupation, at which he worked. Work is the key to success, even though it may sometimes be a misfit for the lock. Work is usually the most important part of a man's life, but few people can continue work for long without some relaxation, perhaps in the form of amusement, or work of a different nature. As a man's work is called his vocation, so, this diversion or distraction from regular occupation is called his avocation. Then we immediately question, "What avocations did the people who made history have? What are some of the Historical Avocations?"

Before this can fully be discussed, we must know what history really is. "History is the record of what man has done, and treats of the rise and fall of nations," is the definition given in our history books. If this is true, what class of men had to do with the rise and fall of nations? Was it the ruler, the soldier or the statesman? When we think of history we usually think of the wars and the leaders of the armies, but there are other influences at work towards the rise or fall of a nation than its wars. What about the philosophers, the writers, the musicians and painters? I believe that each of these has a part in raising or lowering a people. So when we name the makers of history, let us select people from any occupation of life.

Usually, the avocation of a person becomes known merely because he is already famous. For example, Frederick the Great of Prussia was a great emperor and general. We would be familiar with his name and vocation because he played so large a part in history. Then we are told, that when weary with the day of fighting and nearly overcome by his cares, he used to retire to his tent and spend the evening playing his flute, and that this would quiet his restlessness and give him fresh strength. So also, Peter the Great of Russia enjoyed a quiet time to himself, but, unlike the Prussian king, spent his time doing carpentry work. He is even said to have taken one vacation of seven weeks, during which time he lived as a ship-builder at Saardam. Then too, we hear of Charles V of Spain, who spent his time in clock making, at which he was very skillful.

Our own George Washington enjoyed nothing so much as the chase and such sports as fishing and gunning. He was also fond of the races and took great pride in his horses. Besides these outdoor amusements, he liked card playing, and was himself, a special patron of dancing.

Another great American, Andrew Jackson, or "Old Hickory," as he was called, had an avocation as odd as his nick-name. His chief delight was in witnessing a cock fight, and this he would rather do than go to church (a tendency which is, perhaps, possessed by many others who would rather not own it). At any rate, Jackson was a trifle delicate on this point, so when he started out Sunday morning with his best fighting cock, he was fain to conceal it beneath his coat.

Immanuel Kant, the noted German philosopher, was a man of regular habits, leading a life so entirely mapped out by himself from day to day, that his regularity became almost ludicrous. He planned his work for the day, marking out just so much time for recreation, and never swerving from his course if left to himself. His recreation (and it was all the recreation he had) consisted of walking up and down his garden path eight times in succession, which ceremony he performed punctually, to the minute. If the day was sunshiny, he walked unaccompanied, but if it looked like rain, a servant carrying an umbrella, marched with even step a few feet behind him, always taking care to keep the same distance between them.

Napoleon Bonaparte played chess for his amusement. Although not a good player, he still kept to it with the determination which marked all he did, but not with his usual success. Then too, he and one of his companions used to while away a whole evening extracting the square and cube root of large numbers (a very interesting and unusual amusement, to say the least).

It is sometimes the case that a man becomes famous through his avocation. We should never have heard of the Highland plowman who furrowed his fields in the daytime and spent his evenings at the village tavern, had it not been for the beautiful verses which he wrote. By his poetry, Burns became famous, and although it was something more than mere pleasure, a gift, still I think it may be called his avocation, for it was the thing he loved to do, both for his own amusement and that of his companions. Schubert also, used a talent for his pleasure. Forced to teach school for a living, he droned through the long, tedious days, and when school was over, hurried away to write out and play his wonderful compositions. He never knew the value of his works, believing them only good for his own enjoyment, but after his death, his music was collected, and he won the fame which was due him.

Unlike Schubert, Beethoven chose music for his profession, but he loved to steal away alone, and roam the woods in search of curious plants, or to catch a new bird note.

It would be interesting to know what some of the greatest tyrants in history enjoyed doing. For example, Nero, what did he do for recreation? Perhaps he had no avocation. We hear that he burned Rome and committed other terrible crimes for his amusements, but whether he succeeded in amusing himself by these is a question not easily answered. However, in spite of all his wickedness, he was passionately fond of music and poetry and spent much of his time in playing and composing.

There are some people who have no particular pleasure outside of their daily work, but whose time is claimed by some great ambition, as to become a good scholar, and therefore they use whatever spare time they have in trying to realize their ambition. So it was with Benjamin Franklin. Franklin was bound out to work at a trade he disliked, but he still had one great hope of some day being a good scholar, and of doing something of use outside the world of printing. With this ideal in view, he worked faithfully at any books which he could procure, committed portions to memory and gained for himself a general, useful knowledge, which he later used to help him realize, at least a part of his ambition. This cannot rightly be called an avocation, but with Franklin it took the place of one.

Often times people change from their vocations to their avocations and in doing this win their greatest fame. Let us take, for instance, George Fox. George Fox was brought up in his father's trade, shoemaking, and although industrious at the work, he realized but a scanty support for himself. He had but little time to himself, and his one pleasure was to collect a group of fellow citizens, and make speeches to them on the various subjects of the day. In this uneventful way his life went on for years, until one day, a great change came. Always a religious man, but inclined towards a rather superstitious belief in dreams and signs, he was finally brought to believe that he was especially called to preach a doctrine of Christ, which had been ignored by the religious sects of the day. And now his practice in speech-making was of use to him, and it was a newer and an even greater pleasure than before. So putting his shoemaking away, he gathered a crowd of hearers and set out on his great work, and, he is now known to us as the founder of the Friend's Meeting in England.

Robert Fulton also changed his vocation for his avocation and by doing this won great renown. When a boy, he appeared to possess about an equal talent for art and science, but choosing the art, he was educated for a painter. While engaged in this work, he spent about all of his spare time in manufacturing machines, large and small, and he made his friends generally uncomfortable for fear that something would happen to both him and his inventions. He was very successful as a painter, and he loved the work, but he came to realize that there was an empty field in science which needed a laborer, and he thought perhaps he was the one required. So he abandoned his hope of becoming a great artist, his art and science changed places, and Robert Fulton became the world renowned " Steamboat Man."

But while we are naming the makers of history, we must not forget the women who have made their names prominent. It is true that the list is not as long nor as brilliant as that of the men. This seems to signify that women have not accomplished as much as the men, but women have done a great deal, both directly and indirectly. I know that the Amazons were conquered long ago, and that there have been very few war-like women since that day, still fame may be won in other fields than those of battle. A woman's work has always been in the home, where she has been able to find plenty to do, and so comparatively few women have broken away from household ties to another vocation, or even to a short recreation hour. One of these few, perhaps, is Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her vocation was in the home, but outside, she enjoyed her writing, especially, if by it, she could give benefit to anyone else. A parallel example is Helen Hunt Jackson. She too, chose writing as her outside occupation, both for her own enjoyment and the good of others.

Queen Victoria liked nothing better than to do good, and she spent much of her spare time in going about among the poor and sick, giving generously to those in need.

We would scarcely think of Matilda of Flanders were it not for her avocation. Although a queen, a wife, and a mother, she won her greatest fame through her use of the needle, and we know her as the designor of the magnificent Bayeux Tapestry, at which she and her ladies spent their idle moments.

There are a few characters in history which were so great that they asked the world for no pleasure, other than that which comes when we see a finished work before us. There are men and women who have exerted their whole lives in helping mankind, and who seem never to have been free from duty, or to have wished for such freedom. Such a woman was Florence Nightingale. She labored unceasingly, caring for those who were sick and wounded; never complaining, and never impatient, but always ready to lend a hand to some one in trouble. The debt which a nation owes to such a woman can never be paid.

And such a man was Abraham Lincoln. Never ambitious for himself, his big, warm heart felt for all in need, while his great, ungainly hand tightly clasped the weaker one, and shook the welcome which the kind eyes always gave. Lincoln never sought pleasure for himself, but he took his enjoyment in doing some friendly deed in his own way. He was a man to whom any country might well be proud to entrust its affairs.

Such men and women, who have no aim but to help others, are History's brightest lights, and it may well be said of them—" Heaven is their vocation, therefore all earthly employments are—' Avocations.' "

—Polly Primrose

History of the Class of 1908

The cycle of time moving steadily on, the class of 1908 will soon be a thing of the past; these four walls of our Alma Mater will soon no longer greet the members of this class; the time will have come and gone when we will have met for the last time as members of the class of 1908, and will have parted, each starting in his own narrow pathway through life. To-day, we are once more assembled to give to our school a last farewell, and every wish for a prosperous future.

Unfortunately, for the public at large the reputation of the Normal High School in particular, and myself, I was chosen to relate the history of this class. Thus it is with its apologies that I shall endeavor to lead you back to that eventful morning in September of 1904, when we first made our appearance in the High School world.

It was with loudly beating hearts that under the guidance of Miss Perine, we found ourselves lined up before the door of the High School chapel. A consultation was then held between Miss Perine and Dr. Aspinwall as regards our fate and in a few minutes, the door was suddenly thrown open and we were unceremoniously told to " walk in." We advanced with uncertain steps into our chapel " to be," maybe, when, alas, Miss Perine deserted us, and we stood trembling, huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep, feeling much worse, and staring in blank amazement at a sea of grinning faces whose owners seemed so pleased to welcome us to a like misery as their own. After much gesticulating on the part of Dr. Aspinwall, it was finally impressed upon our fertile brains, for the time benumbed, that we were to have seats. No second invitation was needed and considerable confusion followed accompanied by more gesticulating and incomprehensible speech on the part of our new principal. However, with some difficulty, the boys managed to part from the girls and took seats on one side while the girls took seats on the other. Temporarily settled, at last, we began to cast shy glances around us, when we found to our amazement that everyone seemed to be doing the same, with this difference, however, that we seemed to be the object of attraction. They all seemed to look down upon us with such interest, and curiosity; in a manner, much resembling the way they would have looked down upon the young shoots of grass as they first appear, or upon the tiny leaves as they first begin to unfurl. We commenced that morning by singing "Nearer My God to Thee," and I believe I may safely say that never before had we so thoroughly appreciated the meaning of those words. Dr. Aspinwall then endeavored to explain to us the arrangement of our recitations and class-rooms, which explanation, took us three weeks or more to comprehend.

At the end of this time, we had become quite accustomed to our new surroundings. We had learned to highly respect our new principal, Dr. Aspinwall, and also Miss McCutcheon, who we found to be no exception to the rule, that the Faculty is an ever present help in time of trouble, but it must not be forgotten, that it is also all too often for our own good, an unexpected interference in time of pleasure.

We were all pleased to make use of the study period. It was a new thing for us, and walks in the park were so refreshing, and besides the soda fountain was so near.

The second years soon began to take notice of us, as well they might, but with the exception that they sampled a few of our lunches and endeavored to cultivate the voices of a few of our most promising members, they gave us but very little trouble.

In the early part of February, our class received an addition. We were joyfully surprised one glorious winter morning to obtain reinforcements in the form of twelve scholars from the Grammar department known as the Special class, who we were told were to join us in our work and become members of our class.

We soon became aware of the fact that our school had started a paper and like all loyal students, we supported it in the best way that we could. About this time, the board of editors of the CRIMSON AND WHITE, as it was called, offered three prizes for literary compositions to be printed in its columns. As a result, both Mr. Fix and Miss Valentine, believing that it would be well that some member of our class receive one of these prizes, scratched off something while feeling rather blue and probably having nothing else to do and, of course, it is useless to add, received first and second prizes respectively.

We were also glad to hear of the gymnasium and you may trust that we were by no means backward about coming forward to avail ourselves of its benefits.

As a naturally observant class, we could not help but notice that Miss Lappens seemed inclined to arrive late each morning. Since she lived out of town, we tried our best to overlook the fault but someone suggested that she was spending her time trying to do up her hair like Miss Bender's—vanity, vanity, all is—oh, rats.

Thus quite uneventfully passed the first year of our life in the Normal High School; spring came, dreaded examinations and then Commencement.

Vacation over, we returned in September, the same happy-go-lucky class which had left a few months previous. But now we were powerful second years and as the first years commenced to shout tar-an-tu-la, tar-an-tu-la, as we sang the chorus of "Old Glory," we thought it our duty to teach them a few lessons in High School conduct and rest assured, it was done with the greatest pleasure. Perhaps our experience may with that class best be illustrated by the following Latin (?) verse, which commemorated to the occasion:

"Freshi walka the hallibus
Are seized by the great Sophomorum,
Get hustled right over the flooribus
And lockeda behinda the doorum.
Boyibus late for recessibus
Poor Freshi! Now they are no morums,
For they gotta the terrible, fiercibus
Awfielis lecturiorum.

Our courses of study now began to verge more and more. Mr. Wiswell was seen one morning, as usual, in conversation with his Latin teacher, who among other things told him that one of the greatest benefits to be derived from his Latin work was an enlargement of his vocabulary and greater facility in speech. Eben thought a moment, but a moment only did it take him to decide that a Latin training was unnecessary for him and would only prove a waste of time. This is the story of but one. The girls, oh, thoughtless creatures, unmindful of their abilities in that direction, continued to *trot* through their Latin course.

It was about this time that we were pleased to welcome Miss Flanders as a member of our class. We are sorry to say that she also has the habit of arriving late, but, of course, there is some excuse, as she lives out of town, and then besides, you know, as it was announced at chapel exercises, she is so well acquainted with the conductors on the Albany and Hudson line.

It was shortly after the first issue of the "CRIMSON AND WHITE," for that year, that the board of editors of that renowned publication saw fit to accord our class another honor by electing Mr. Evory, Assistant Business Manager, and later Manager.

I must not neglect here to make mention of the arrival of another new member by the name of Harold Van— etc., whom we first discovered vainly striving to find his class room in the lower hall while he kept one eye open for the numbers on the doors and with the other steadily watched the girls as they went from one recitation to another.

By the way, you have all heard of that innocent, lamb-like little girl, named Gilboy, Miss Mary Gilboy. When she first landed, we found her on the Normal steps weeping softly to herself with an unused but badly wrinkled transfer in her hand marked Green Island. We helped her to her feet but, alas, saw that the transfer was overdue, so what could we do. You know the rest, here she stayed, but the fact remains undisputed that her heart is in the Troy High School.

About this time, a glee club for the girls was formed, which had a membership of about twenty-five, including several of the girls from our class. It is well known how long the club continued to exist.

While we still studied—as hard as ever—Christmas vacation soon came and passed by and we found ourselves entering upon a new year with the usual resolutions, soon to be broken. On returning after our mid-year vacation, we were greatly pleased to be informed that we were to have the honor of writing compositions of at least 200 words every two weeks for the Faculty. Besides, you know, we were to rewrite them within that time, that is, most of us. Yet it did our hearts good, once in a while to get just a glimpse at the returned compositions of Miss Valentine or Miss Everingham, or one of the other brilliant exceptions, and feast our eyes upon those simple yet unattainable words, A "—do not rewrite."

With this additional work upon our hands, the days slipped quickly by until that fateful night of January eighth was reached. The story of that night has already been told many times. Many of us were there to see our beloved Alma Mater go up in smoke and come down in ashes. Some, however, did not learn of the terrible event until the following morning when upon arriving, we found ourselves turned out in the cold while many of our books and choice belongings baked in the smoldering ruins. The trustees of the Trinity M. E. Church were most generous, however, and we were most pleased in the morning to assemble in the Sunday School rooms of the church which they were kind enough to offer us as a permanently temporary abode in which to conduct our recitations. It was while assembled there, that morning, that we were informed by Dr. Milne that work would be resumed in two or three days and then did we turn toward our teachers with tears in our eyes and in all truth agree with them that this was indeed an aggravation. There was, however, one bit of consolation to be found in the fact that our school session would end at 12.30 o'clock instead of 1.15.

It took us but a short time to become accustomed to our new quarters and before long, we, with the usual exceptions, were again working as hard as ever.

Examination for prizes soon arrived but out of regard for the feelings of our upper-classmen, but few of us seriously considered trying any of them. However, Miss Morton, one afternoon in a fit of melancholy strolled into one of the rooms of 98 Willett Street, and upon being informed that there was to be an examination in mathematics, seated herself at one of the desks and whiled away several hours with a compass and ruler, with the result that in June she was awarded the McDonald medal.

The year was now near at an end and we soon found ourselves greeting one another as second years for the last time.

It was somewhere near the "Ides" of September that we again returned to school to take our places as a class of enviable Juniors. But now, what a change. In the place of Dr. Aspinwall, we found Prof. White with whom many of us had been acquainted in the Grammar department and whom we were all glad to welcome. Then, too, in place of Miss McCutcheon, we found Miss Horne, who we learned had previously been a member of the Faculty of the Normal High School and whom we were also pleased to welcome. Now, too, many of our classmates had left us. To be sure, several had left us during the previous year but with so much work we had not been made to feel the loss so strongly as at present. Indeed as we counted them up, we found that fourteen of our classmates had already gone.

Not to be daunted, however, by such circumstances, we entered upon our work with increased vigor. As a result, we soon discovered that several unsuspected members of our class were in possession of brains which were really worthy of recognition. One of the first incidents to cause us to become conscious of this, occurred one day in Mr. Randall's Physics class when he was heard to ask in his usual solemn tones: "How do you measure an irregular square?" Utter despair pervaded the atmosphere of the entire class-room when suddenly from the rear came that still, small voice of Emily Beale—"Put it in water."

As time rolled on, we found that at last we were to be given the privilege of taking part in the rhetoricals of the morning exercises. One of our most promising orators even went so far to show his appreciation that he repeated several times in his oration (?) "I vas so glad I vas here."

Christmas vacation having gone by, we soon resumed our former length of session which was or, at least, should have been a great benefit to us as well as to our other schoolmates.

In a short time, we began to seriously consider organizing the class of 1908, and soon a meeting was called by Prof. White. As a result, we succeeded in electing Mr. Evory, President; Miss LeCompte, Vice-President; Miss Bender, Secretary; and Mr. Meany, Treasurer. As we were soon informed that it would be necessary to chose someone to respond to the Seniors at the class-day exercises, Mr. Van Ostenbrugge was chosen to fulfill that duty, but upon his untimely leave taking, the class of 1908 made its first great mistake in electing myself to respond.

This was indeed a time of mistakes and surprises. One morning in English class while the boys were hunting around for chairs, we were all not a little alarmed to hear Miss Cobb say in an admonishing tone, to the girls, who as was she, were resting their feet on vacant chairs, "Let's take our feet off the chairs and let the boys sit on them."

Uneventful passed the rest of our days as Juniors. Of course, we thought it best that someone of our class receive a medal to keep up our good reputation, so when Commencement came, it found Miss Valentine in possession of the Junior Scholarship medal.

In September of 1907, we returned once more, but as mighty Seniors.

The first change of which we became conscious was that again we had a new principal and that Prof. Sayles was now to have charge of our department. We were all pleased to greet him as our principal and to do our best to cooperate with him in his new duties.

Our courses were now more varied than ever, but every day we found ourselves brought together in that one class which no *good* Senior ever wished was underground, English. We had become quite aware, by this time, that our class possessed several brilliant English students and among them one, Miss Helen Morton, who, upon being questioned by Miss Clement as to who was the ancient mariner, was heard to reply, in tones most confident, "Noah."

Mr. Fowler was now beginning to establish a reputation for himself as a chemist. His natural abilities in this branch of study were far out of the ordinary. As he lolled around in his chair one morning, Miss Finney might have been heard to say, "How was iron discovered, Mr. Fowler?" Mr. Fowler, alack for his reputation, was gazing dreamily out of the window at the minister across the yard who, in his study, was preparing his Sunday sermon, but conscious enough to realize that his name had been called, he indolently replied, " They smelt it."

We, all, undoubtedly remember the popularity of the Teddy Bear at this time and Miss Hannay became a victim to the craze as well as many others. She succeeded in capturing a real live one somewhere around Kenwood and, we know, he is still in captivity. Poor creature.

She calls him Bruno
And thinks he's so sweet,
For when she gets lonesome
Why, he's there, at her feet.

Now time passed rapidly by and soon Christmas and New Year's had passed. We were again accorded the privilege of partaking in the morning exercises and for the sake of variety and contrast, the Juniors were also allowed to assist.

Our class-meetings now became more frequent as there were many matters which needed our attention. There was never any doubt in our minds as to who our Valedictorian was to be and it was with little surprise that we learned that the honor had been earned by Miss Valentine, whom we also chose as our Poetess. A little later, we gave our unanimous vote to have Miss Everingham give the Presentation to the Juniors upon this occasion, and also elected Miss LeCompte as our class Prophetess.

But I must not neglect to here mention the name of our illustrious German Student, the honorable gentleman from Wemple, Mr. Robert Wheeler. He might have been heard one day translating in his beloved Deutsch classe as follows: " One should always go dressed in laced-waistcoat and—and—in surtout." " Yes, yes, in surtout, Mr. Wheeler," said Miss Loeb anxiously, " you should know what that means if you take French." Mr. Wheeler thought hard for a moment and then suddenly blurted out, " Oh, yes, yes, in his overalls."

It was not long now before we were suddenly surprised and grieved to learn of the resignation of our President. This, of course, necessitated electing another member to that office and as soon as possible, we cast our votes for Russell Meany. A short time later, we also chose Robert Wheeler, to hold the office of Treasurer which Mr. Meany had found necessary to make vacant.

A great deal of credit is undoubtedly due to our President for the way in which our meetings have been conducted. His motto is —Rules of Order to suit the occasion and make 'em while you wait. Such rules are very satisfactory, especially when the President desires to have a little private chat with Miss LeCompte before leaving, and then, too, some of us, at least, know that Adèle is *so* sorry when any circumstance deprives her of the privilege of walking up through the park on her way home from school.

In these few pages, I have now brought you down to the present where I shall be obliged to leave you. In closing, it is my privilege, on behalf of the class of 1908, to extend to the Faculty and to our teachers, who have aided us in our work, our best wishes for many happy days to come and to our school prosperity in future years. It is also my privilege, on behalf of the same aggregation, to extend the same good will to all here this afternoon and to thank you for listening to the history, if such it may be called, of the most remarkable set of human beings that were ever collected in this history of this school, known as the class of 1908.

Prophecy of Class of 1908

I am sure everyone must remember the Cosmovilla, which was held in Albany this spring, and how all Albanians visited it. I went one afternoon, and wandered about among the pretty villas and saw all the fine decorations. Finally I stopped at a magic flower garden in the gypsy camp. Here one could pick a flower, on the end of which was a small package supposed to contain a charm. I chose a pale pink rose, and on reaching home, I opened the small package on the end of it, and found that it contained fifteen little brown seeds. I planted them in my garden and promptly forgot all about them. About six weeks ago, fifteen little green shoots appeared, which soon grew into fifteen small rose bushes.

About a week ago, a bud appeared on each of these bushes, and this morning, bloomed, and became fifteen beautiful garnet and cream roses.

I picked them, thinking to wear them to-day, and found on the end of each rose, a piece of paper, on which was written a glimpse of the future of each member of our class.

I have collected them here, thinking some might be interested to hear the future of our illustrious class.

There is a certain district school in Kenwood which is very often favored by visits from the school trustees. Of course, it isn't the teacher who is the attraction. It must be the pupils. It is a hot day in June and Miss Ethel Hannay is seated at her desk correcting arithmetic classes, while the class is studying. Suddenly, there is a loud knock at the door. Teacher pushes back her hair and glances in the looking glass on her desk, then walks sedately to the door. She opens it, and in file the three school trustees. That youngest one is Bruno, whom we used to hear so much about in civics class. What makes teacher look so pink and flustered? Yes, it is rather warm in the room!! Well the three trustees take their seats on the platform and Miss Hannay calls the class to order.

"Johnny, you may conjugate the multiplication table, naming the principal officers." Johnny look blank!!

"Well, Sadie, you may say your A B C's backward (Miss Hannay patterns her classes after Mr. Birchenough's and always has them recite their lessons, and do their sums backward).

The lesson goes on, rather confused, it is true, but the scholars don't mind that, in fact, it is a common occurrence for teachers to be confused and fussed up when the trustees visit the school. Finally, the three visitors depart, and teacher dismisses school. One trustee, however (the youngest one), is waiting outside, presumably for one of the scholars. As they file out, one by one he gazes hard, at the apple tree across the road, while the children grin and wink at each other. Finally, teacher comes out, and looks studiously surprised to see him, as if it were not a common occurrence.

This is an extract from the diary of M. Helen Morton, graduated in the class of 1908, from the N. H. S. It is dated June 23rd, 1910.

"To-day, at last, I have sent my first book to the publishers. I do hope it will be appreciated, although I hardly dare expect it. Publishers are *such* hard-hearted beasts!! At least, however, the beautiful thoughts it contains will benefit one of them, even if it is not given to the public. The very name ought to move to tears, 'An Unappreciated Genius,' or 'The only Punch on the Report Card.' What title could be more affecting!!"

(Second Extract) June 30, 1910.

"At last I have heard from my beloved book. This morning the postman brought a check for fifty thousand dollars. The publishers have had to print three editions of two hundred thousand copies each. A special edition is being prepared to send to the heathen in darkest Africa. Now thank heaven, my labors have not been in vain. I have already had 33, 823, 499 letters asking for an autograph. My picture has been in the newspapers all over the world. The best likeness was in the Hong Kong 'Yellow Puppy,' although even from this one I doubt if my old classmates could recognize me, such are the effects of genius."

The great poet is seated in his study racking his learned brain for a rhyme. Sheets of paper strew the floor, some covered with writing, others with just a word or two on them. The poet's hair is standing on end, and a pen is perched over one ear. Apparently he has had a very strenuous morning, and is feeling awfully blue. Just now, however, he is in a brown study. Suddenly the rhyme strikes, and he scribbles for a few moments, then signs his name with a big flourish, Robert Orlean Wheeler. Then he goes to the door and calls to his wife. "What is it, Rob?" calls Mrs. Robert. "Have you found the missing rhyme?" "Yes," answers Robert. "Listen to this."

"There was a darkey once,
Got frightened at his shadow,
He turned around, the dunce,
And saw that it was nothing!"

"Yes, but you should have those two lines rhyme."

"Yes, but *nothing* rhymes with shadow!"

On December first, 1909, the gymnasium of the New State Normal High School was opened, and the new instructor entered upon her duties. She is Miss Lillian Lovell Flanders, a former graduate. She takes a very great interest in the gymnasium work, and is very proficient in basket ball. Classes are held Tuesdays and Fridays, and are attended by a large number of the girls, for Miss Flanders is well known as the best basket ball coach in the city, and it is said that she can do wonders with the dumb bells and Indian clubs. Indeed, she succeeded in doing up one of the girls when a club slipped out of her hand. Usually, however, the classes are very placid, and attended by no catastrophes. It is very enjoyable to watch the drills and calisthenics which Miss Flanders has instituted. One time she told one of the freshmen, to stand up straight and throw her shoulders back. "I can't," was the reply, "'cause they're stuck onto me." Now, isn't that just like a Freshman!!

On May 15, 1912, the hall of the Supreme Court of the United States was a scene of hurry and importance, such as had hardly ever been equalled; for a very great case was to be tried that morning, upon which the fate of a nation rested. The council for the United States was a young man who had just made his success as a New York lawyer. His name is

Russell Meany, president of the Class of 1908, of the New York State Normal High School. Now the trial has begun. And he rises to argue the case. I need, say nothing of his appeal, for we all know Mr. Meany *can* talk. By his firm inspiring arguments he wins the case and so saves the nation. At once he is overwhelmed with honors and becomes the most noted lawyer in the country. Postal cards may be bought on which are pictures of him at the ages of three, six, eight, and twelve. Also pictures of his home, his dog and his favorite horse, two for five, 25 cents per dozen. All the stories of his precious childhood are raked up. One story is told of his first case. He was defending a man who was accused of having stolen a gold watch. His argument was so eloquent that the man was acquitted. As Mr. Meany left the court room he found his client waiting for him, holding out to him a handsome gold watch.

"Here," he said. "Take it, you deserve it for proving I didn't steal it! ! !

At Vassar College, a new building has recently been erected, and dedicated to the study of the Greek language, as taught by Professor Gertrude Crissey Valentine, A. M., Ph. D., LL. D., A. B., etc.

There are rows and rows of desks in the rooms, and the main room is crowded with girls, who are the intellectual flowers of Vassar. They are listening to Prof. Valentine, who is delivering a lecture on "The value of Greek to the housewife." She states that the baking of a cake may be timed by reciting twenty lines of Greek, preferably Homer or Plato. Bread requires forty lines. An egg may be soft-boiled in the time it takes to conjugate three tenses of the verb, "Omnumi." Professor Valentine also advocates teaching children the Greek alphabet before learning their English A B C's. Then the English alphabet doesn't seem so difficult to them.

The girls all listen with breathless eagerness to these words of wisdom from their beloved preceptress. No doubt they all expect to be valedictorians some day!

It is Sunday morning. Church bells are ringing, and we hear the deep peal of an organ. The church is crowded with people of all ages. The choir is singing with rich and harmonious voices, one of the hymns we used to sing in old Normal.

Now the music dies away, and the minister rises in the pulpit. He is a short, stout man, of soldierly bearing, with a calm, sanctified expression. His sermon is eloquent and inspiring. He closes with the solemn words: "Brethren, remember, that whatever ye sow, that also ye shall reap." "Not always," says a voice from the congregation. "Not if your neighbor keeps chickens."

Then the reverend Eben Wiswell subsides amid a murmur of applause (?).

In a very select boarding school near New York City, a new teacher has just arrived. She is Mademoiselle Léta Lappens, a graduate of the Normal High School. She is the youngest teacher in the school, and a very great favorite with all the pupils.

From her association with the Class of 1908, she has developed a remarkable wit and a sparkling sense of humor.

As the pupils say:

"We always laugh at teacher's
jokes,
No matter what they be,
Not because they're funny jokes,
But because it's policy!"

The few travellers who pass through a certain small mining village in the Rocky Mountains, admire very much a little cottage, that stands near the edge of the town, on the side of the mountain. It belongs to the minister, a very good man, who, as well as his wife is much beloved in the town. Inside, all looks very cosy, this cold evening. A dark-haired young woman, the minister's wife is seated by the fireside sewing. A little girl is playing near her on the floor.

"Mamma," she says.

"Now, Gertrude, I shall only answer one more question to-day, so be careful what you ask."

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, go on."

"Well, mamma, I've been thinking, why don't they bury the Dead Sea?" After the mother has answered this question to her daughter's satisfaction, she begins to prepare supper, for the minister will soon be home. Then they must go call on some travellers who are passing through the town and who knew the minister's wife when she was Miss Ethel Everingham, graduated in 1908, from the Normal High School,

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It is a hot day on an oasis in the Sahara desert. All round, as far as the eye can see, stretch burning wastes of sand. Overhead is the hot blue of the sky, and the blazing noon-day sun looks down upon a little party of cannibals, grouped about their chief. A little distance apart, pacing up and down the sand and awaiting the noon-day meal, is a person well-known to us, although he looks very thin and pale. Still a brave light burns in Leroy Fowler's eyes, and now and then he shakes his fist at the innocent cannibals. Leroy had left his beloved land six months before, and sailed to Africa, as a missionary to the heathen.

Slowly a savage beckons to him, and he advances courageously toward the group. The chief feels of the intended victim's arm; "Well," he remarks to the head cook, "I'd like to know who in thunder it was that said, 'The bravest are the tenderest.'"

A band of camel-men appears in the distance. Perhaps it is aid coming to rescue poor Leroy. At all events we will hope for the best, for Leroy deserved a better fate, and the cannibals a better meal.

On March 15, 1910, all passers-by stopped to gaze at the glaring poster in the window of Hagaman's Bakery on Lark Street. It was bright red, and stated, in soulful green letters, that Miss Mary Elizabeth Gilboy, the noted woman suffragist from Green Island, would lecture at 8 P. M., March 17, 1910, on "Woman's Rights," at Harmanus Bleecker Hall.

On the appointed evening the brilliantly lighted hall was filled with women, and here and there, an insignificant man. Miss Gilboy or rather *Citizen* Gilboy, as she chooses to be called, is nearly at the end of her inspiring speech. "Will we allow ourselves to be trampled upon, to be imposed upon, to be looked down upon, in this free land, by a mere man? Will we stand for it, I say, from mere men? *No*, we *will* vote, we *will* have our rights! I repeat, *we will have our rights!* I hope I make myself plain."

"No," comes the voice of a mere man from the rear of the audience, "the Lord did that, years ago."

Every day at about five P. M., anyone passing the State Capitol may see a young lady with very—oh, extremely curly hair, standing on the steps. She holds her head high, and smiles condescendingly at the world in general, as she draws on her sixteen dollar gloves, and straightens her forty-eight dollar hat. For *she* is the only woman member of the State Board of Public Utilities, and receives a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year. She is Miss Jeanne Bender, Graduate in the Class of 1908, from the Normal High School.

Some people may ask: "Why, how did she get that fine position?" Well, the answer is always the same, "Oh, Jeanne has a pull in the Capitol."

Miss Bender does not expect to be in the Capitol always, however. If she did, then, why is that diamond on the third finger of her left hand? Evidently this story will end in the same old way.

One afternoon in the fall of 1910, the door bell at No. 445 Western avenue rang, and Miss Cook answered it. On the piazza stood a young lady whom she knew to be Miss Emily Elizabeth Beale, graduated from the N. H. S. in 1908.

"I am canvassing to-day," she says, "for a book in which I am sure you will be interested. I have here several copies of Pomp's peculiar patent perpetual pocket panoramic ponies for passing examinations. It is a book highly recommended by all the graduates of the Normal, both on account of the conciseness of its matter, and the remarkably small space into which it can be compressed. Pleasing sketches of the author appear in the form of an introduction to each of these volumes. They are attractively and durably bound. Cloth, 25 cents; Morocco, 50 cents. There is a growing disapprobation both in Great Britain and America, of the disproportionate length of time devoted by the youthful student to the acquisition of the dead languages. And therefore, nothing will tend so effectually to the preservation of Greek and Latin Grammar, as their judicious union with the interlinear classics.

Teachers and pupils recommend "Pomp's peculiar patent perpetual pocket panoramic ponies for passing examinations."

Here Miss Beale paused for want of breath, and Miss Cook seized the opportunity to say: "No, I have *no use* for *such* fiction. I do NOT approve of it!! I am not at home to-day!! Good-day!!"—and she slammed the door.

Miss Beale turned away, and murmured these two little words:

"Stung again!"

Out at Syracuse University is a large building, devoted to the editing of the College papers. Here are printing presses, copy machines, etc. Over everything presides Miss Beth Cobb. She was formerly a graduate in the Class of '08, of the Normal High School, and went from there to Syracuse University, where she did fine work on the board of editors of one of their papers. Indeed, she was the founder of one of the magazines, which she patterned after the CRIMSON AND WHITE, and named the *"Sky Blue and Pale Pink,"* in remembrance of it. Miss Cobb gained her experience and wonderful literary capacity from her place on the board of editors here. She has developed a few hobbies from it, also. Her favorite is licking stamps to send out the exchanges. Once in a while, also, she licks the under editors and reporters.

In the spring of 1912, the whole populace of New York City, was wildly rejoicing over the arrival of a new actor from England. He was Monsieur Saltine de Nabisco, and was playing the part of the rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland," which play had just had a run of three hundred nights, in London. Off the stage Monsieur de Nabisco is known as Roger Fuller, a graduate of the Normal High School. In fact, it was in the N. H. S. that he made his first hits and became known to the world of comedy.

The evening of the first performance has arrived. The house is crowded to the very doors. People are perched on the gallery railings, others stand, in the aisles. At last the curtain rises. A veritable storm of applause greets the well-known actor as he steps upon the stage. He plays his rôle well, and is pronounced the best actor on the New York Stage. The audience is moved to tears and then to laughter. He twists them about his fingers with his thrilling passages, his sparkling wit, his dramatic personality. Before the evening is over he is buried with bouquets, and is threatened with becoming a matinée idol. The next day the critics rave over him, and he is booked for two hundred nights at the Manhattan theater.

"Beware!" whispered the fortune-teller. "Your bitterest enemy will shortly cross your path."

"Horray!" cried the man delightedly. "My new motor-car won't do a thing to him."

Her.—"Are you coming back next term?"

Him.—"That depends on conditions."—*Ex.*

One Week

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks a poor man's
Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun
But he had very little
Mon.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues
I've nothing here but ones and
Tues."

A bright thot struck him and he said
"The rich Miss Goldbricks will I
Wed."

But when he paid his court to her
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
Thur."

"Alas!" said he, "then I must die,"
His soul went where they say souls
Fri.

They found his gloves and coat and hat
The coroner upon them
Sat.

He.—"The boys say I'm getting to be a regular bear."

She.—"Indeed?"

It.—"Say, Sis, ask him whether he growls or hugs."

Freshie.—"Got a ruler?"

Sophomore.—"No, but England has."

At the Dance

He.—"May I have the pleasure?"

She.—"Oui."

He.—"What does that mean?"

She.—"O, U and I."

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Editorials

This being the last issue of the CRIMSON AND WHITE for this year, it is the desire of the present board of editors to here express their appreciation and hearty thanks to the subscribers to its columns for their constant loyalty and co-operation in aiding them in their work.

With the publication of this issue is ended the connection of many of the members of the present editorial staff with this paper. The selection of new members to fill the vacancies, which have of necessity occurred, has been given the most careful consideration by the members of the present board and by certain members of the Faculty. We have tried our best to have the vacancies filled by those most competent to carry on the successful publication of this paper. Thus, it is with our heartiest recommendation that we bespeak for the incoming board the same hearty co-operation which we have experienced in the past.

Alumni Notes

'04

Clara Springsteed and Agnes Stephens graduated from Mt. Holyoke College this year.

'05

Josie Caslion is teaching school in Lansingburgh.

Mabelle Rockefeller is principal of the Kinderhook High School.

Winifred Goldring has been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society at Wellesley College.

'06

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Bull to Mr. William Fletcher.

Katherine Hitchler is married to Mr. Frank Bartlett.

Mrs, H. Herrick, née Sara Swayne, is living at Castleton.

Marian Kleinhans is teaching school.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ackerman (Laura Wilson).

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gavit (Eliza Montague).

'07

Katharine Parsons has won a scholarship at Wellesley College.

Miss Edith Jones has moved from Clinton Heights, to this city.

Frances Warner visited school June 2nd.

The following Alumni were present at the "CRIMSON AND WHITE" play:
Nettie Udell, '07; Edith Jones, '07; Bertha Bott, '07; Letha Cooper, '07; Lloyd Robinson, '06; Florence Jennings, '05; Mary Jennings, '06; George Weaver, '07.

School Notes

The Board of Editors of the Crimson and White presented a play entitled: "The Best Laid Plans," at Unity Hall, May the eighth.

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Wycherly........Beth Cobb
Miss Helen Wycherly
Adèle LeCompte
Miss Rose Newcomb
Helen Horton
Miss Amy Sherman..Mary Gilboy
Lord Ferrol......Roger A. Fuller
George Harold.....LeRoy Fowler
Steven Harold..Clifford S. Evory
Dennis Grant......Arthur Wilson

The speaking contest for the Pruyn Medal was held on Thursday evening, May 28th. The medals were awarded to Miss Clara Sutherland, '11, and Mr. Eugene Haiss, '10.

Class Day

The Class of '08 held its Class Day exercises on Saturday afternoon, May 6th. The programme was:

Processional:

Overture de "Si j'étais roi."

G. M. Gray, '08, H. Springsteed, '10, F. Van Vranken, '11, H. Horton, '09, G. Valentine, '08, V. Fowler, '09.

President's Address
J. Russell Meany
Class History....Roger A. Fuller
Song by School................
Class Prophecy..Adèle LeCompte
Presentation....Ethel Everingham
Response..........Arthur Wilson
Class Song by Gertrude Valentine
"Bluebeard."

CHARACTERS:

Bluebeard..........Roger Fuller
Mrs. Bluebeard..Adèle LeCompte
Sister Ann...........Mary Gilboy
Maid...............Leta Lappens

Six Murdered Wives:—Helen Morton, Jeanne Bender, Gertrude Valentine, Ethel Hannay, Lillian Flanders, Emily Beale.

Two Brothers: — Robert O. Wheeler, LeRoy Fowler.
Reader.....Ethel G. Everingham
Managers.............Beth Cobb
J. Russell Meany.

Society Notes

Having previously successfully undergone the initiation of Theta Nu, Mr. Frost, Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Joslin were admitted as members of the Society on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 27.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 10, the following were elected as officers to serve the first term of the ensuing year:

President—Clarence E. Ostrander.

Vice-President—George W. Anderson.

Critic—Charles H. Grounds.

Secretary—William H. Thomson.

Treasurer—Charles W. Boynton.

Sergeant at Arms—John F. Joslin.

The members of Theta Nu are now anxiously contemplating their annual excursion which will take place in the form of a camping expedition for several days at Warner's lake.

Zeta Sigma

On Tuesday, May 19th, Sigma held an open meeting for the Faculty.

Friday evening, May 22nd, the society held its annual reception to the Seniors, in Burgesses Corps Hall. The hall was prettily decorated with military decorations and pennants.

At the meeting on June 2nd, the society elected its officers for the next term. They are as follows:

President—Ethel Secor.

Vice-President—Ruth Williamson.

Rec. Sec.—Helen Horton.

Cor. Sec.—Jessie Luck.

Treasurer—Edna Moat.

Critic—Ruth Thompson.

Marshall—Florence Van Vranken.

Sr. Editor—Mary Horton.

Jr. Editor—Marian Dodds.

Mistress of Ceremonies—Marguerite Root.

Pianist—Helen Horton.

Q. L. S.

Misses Margaret Rhineman, Beatrice Gaysley and Margaret Butler were initiated into Q. L. S. on Thursday June 4.

The society tendered its annual reception to the Seniors at the Aurania Club, Friday evening, June 5.

The officers of the society for the ensuing year are as follows:

President—Julia Macleroy.

Vice-President—Mildred Hunting.

Treasurer—Mary Walsh.

Sergeant at Arms—Sarah Cunningham.

Pianist—Lillian Hillard.

Master of Ceremonies—Margaret Holleran.

Sr. Editor—Margaret Butler.

Jr. Editor—Edna Scarlet.

Ye Freshe mene whoe thinke.—"If we are made of dust, why don't we get muddy when we drink."

"Is my daughter getting well-grounded in the classics?" asked the anxious father.

"I would put it even stronger than that," replied the "dear teacher," "I may say that she is actually stranded on them."

Pa heard him give the high school
yell,
For joy he could not speak,
He murmured, "Mother, listen to
Our Willie talking Greek."

Little Willie.—"I say, pa, what part of speech is woman?"

Pa.—"Woman, my son, is no part of speech; she's all of it!"

Mother.—"Johnny, how is it that you stand so much lower in your studies in January than in December?"

Son.—"Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays."

Father (calling from head of stairs at 11.30 p. m.)—"Jennie, don't you think it's about time to go to bed?"

Jennie.—"Yes, papa, dear. What on earth keeps you up so late."

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

There was a young Chemistry
bluff,
Who was mixing some confounded
stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial,
And after a while,
They picked up his front teeth and
a cuff.

Nowadays you see advertisements reading thus: "School Suits," yet the average boy thinks that it doesn't.

The school year is almost over, and as this is the last edition of the CRIMSON AND WHITE under the present board of editors, we wish to thank the numerous exchanges during the past year for sending us their papers. We only hope that they will be prompt in sending exchanges at the beginning of the fall term.

If the *Hotchkiss Record* would have the magazine pure literary matter, which is very commendable on their part, they could at least in the weekly edition have a humorous as well as other department cuts. However, the literary work shows enthusiastic school spirit.

Your May number, *High School Recorder* (Saratoga), is a great improvement on your other papers. It would be still better, if a few of the "Notes" were left out and more time spent on the literary department.

All of the departments of the April *Bulletin* are complete. "The House of Matrimony," promises a very interesting conclusion.

Academe, Hamilton, N. Y. We are not the only ones who recommend your having an exchange column.

K. H. S. Enterprise shows hard work on the part of the editors of each column. The authors of your stories should have no qualms about subscribing their names.

Normal News is always the same thrifty paper. But why, in your exchange column, do you not criticize, instead of merely acknowledging, your exchanges.

The Vermont Academy Life is a good publication, although in shape rather unwieldy. The various departments also show room for improvement.

Among our most worthy exchanges we place *The Anvil,* not only because of its literary merit but also because of the regularity of its arrival.

The Nautilus we find in many ways a source of inspiration. The separate departments for art, science, and the like, are an unusual and especially noteworthy feature in such a publication.

The Hasbrouck Sphinx could be improved greatly by the addition of a few cuts and an enlargement of the literary department.

Room for enlargement is shown in the various departments of the *Academe* from Colgate Academy. Do you not think an exchange column would prove helpful?

The Argus contains good material. The various departments are well-edited, the cover design attractive, yet simple, and the cuts appropriate. Altogether the publication is one of which to be proud.

The Focus is an exceptionally good publication in which the one flaw seems to be the absence of a table of contents.

The department of book reviews is one of the many commendable features in the *Cambridge Review.*

The Green and Gold is really a paper deserving of praise. But do you not think, editors, that a few cuts would greatly increase its attractiveness. *The Franklin,* of perhaps equal literary merit, is rendered the more inviting by an abundance of cuts.

The Cadet from Columbia Military Academy and the *Palm,* our exchange from Porto Rico, have made good beginnings and already show decided improvement. May your future be as successful as your bright outlook would now indicate.

War is a horrible thing. We all know that. But it is worse than we ever imagined. We have heard of men being cut down on every side, of battle fields strewn with dry bones, of Indian war-dances on the scalps of victims, but, oh, far worse, would be the realization of the blood-curdling statement, made by one of our members, to the effect that "Cæsar's men were obliged, at the same time, to jump from the boats, take a stand in the water, and fight with the enemy, their hands being entangled."

Miss B—talking to "Relics" about the dance—"And I'm going to have a new dress with an empire back."

"Relics"—reporting the conversation to his friend—"She's going to have a new dress with a Gaeity back.

E. W. upon being told in history class to "shut up, please," informed the assembled multitude that he was not blinds but a curtain.

"Oh, well," said Lillian, "then won't you please shir up?"

"Why, papa, this is roast beef!" exclaimed little Archie, at dinner, when Mr. Chumpleigh was present as guest of honor.

"Of course," said the father, "What of that?"

"Why, you said this morning that you were going to bring a 'mutton-head' home to dinner this evening."

"Deduction is the thing!" exclaimed the law student. "For instance, yonder is a pile of ashes in our yard. That is evidence that we have had fires this winter."

"And, by the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift that evidence."

"Waiter!" called the customer in a restaurant where an orchestra was playing.

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly tell the leader of the orchestra to play something sad and low while I dine. I want to see if it won't have a softening influence on this steak."

Senior.—"I want to get some bird seed."

Freshman (clerking in store).—"Don't try to plague me smarty. Birds grow from eggs, not seeds."

Our friend Helen evidently does not believe in woman's rights, for the other day in Cæsar class, she gave us a translation something like this: "And the remaining number of women and children (for the Romans had come with all their possessions), crossed the Rhine."

Miss C.—discussing Washington's views of party spirit.—"How long has Mr. Barnes been in power here?"

Ethel, the history student, suddenly waking up.—"Who, our Mr. Barnes?"

Adele, delightedly fondling a pet.—"Oh, look at the kitten! First he licks his paw and then he licks mine."

Heard in Senior English.—"The boy saw the hen crowing."

Oh, that we might learn to express our thoughts! Not long ago one of our number walked into a store and said to the smiling clerk, "I'd like a yard of turkey red cloth, only I want it blue." Another upon walking up to a counter was heard to ask for "Half a dozen collar-bones, please."

Nurse.—"Doctor, a sponge is missing; possibly you sewed it up inside the patient."

Eminent Surgeon.—"Thank you; remind me to add $10 to the bill for material."

Missionary.—"Do you ever contribute money for the heathen in foreign lands, sir?"

Millionaire.—"Oh, yes. Both of my daughters married foreign noblemen."

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It's easy enough to be pleasant
When you're looking and feeling flip,
But the girl worth while
Is the girl with the smile
With a cold sore on her lip.
Ain't that nat'ral, boys?

He.—"What did your father say, darling, when you told him my love was like a broad and rushing river?"

She.—"He said, 'Dam it.'"
—*Ex.*

Mr. Newell—"Were you out after ten last night?"

Gilbert—"No, only after one."

Intelligent Junior (picking up a Cæsar).—"Oh, say, Latin is easy, I wish I had taken it. Look here (pointing to several passages): "Forte dux in aro"—forty ducks in a row. "Passus sum jam"—pass us some jam. "Boni leges Cæsario"—bony legs of Cæsar.

Girl (making candy).—"I want a spoon."

Boy.—"All right! I'm game."
—*Ex.*

"How do you know that Caesar had an Irish sweetheart?"

Sophomore (innocently)—"Why, he went to the Rhine and proposed to Bridget."—*Ex.*

Feminine Observer

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A gentleman of 'color'—Haiss.

Ah! Be coy, girls—Blush like me.—Clifford.

Did you ever hear Woury's horse (hoarse) laugh?

Learn to walk!!! It's really natural, but can be acquired.—Miller.

Are-r-r— there any objections——???—Prof. S.

Look out Arthur! It's Leap Year!!

The Bungle Trio—Fancy Dances. Kirby, Fowler, Ostrander.

Our Winged Mercury.—Woods.

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Elsie (singing)—"I would I were a bird."

Her unappreciative English friend—"Which you was—a reg'lar howl!"

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In Latin and Greek
He was quick as a streak;
In dress he was foppish and tony;
The latter was due to his being an ass,
The former was due to his pony.
—*Ex.*

Mr. Birchenough—"Have you ever taken Algebra?"

E. Wiswell (heaving a sigh)—"I've been exposed several times, but I never caught it."
—*Adapted.*

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We have waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he retorted, rather crossly. "Ours? Oh, George," she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.—*Ex.*

Brutus—"How many doughnuts did you eat, Caesar?"

Caesar—"Et tu Brute!"

Miss Vandenburg—"How did Demosthenes distinguish himself in oratory?"

Bright pupil—"He stuttered."

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