

MILNE School

Crimson and White Vol. ~~X~~ 1913-14

Vol. X:1



The Crimson and White

OCTOBER, 1913

L. Magilton
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The Crimson and White

VOL. X

OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 1



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Ex.

BUFFALO, N. Y., *August 9th, 1913.*

DEAR NELL —

My trip so far has been so perfectly wonderful that I fear I cannot find enough adjectives to do it justice. After living for seventeen years on a Texas prairie, with nothing but flat country for miles and miles every way you look, and the only water, our muddy Red River, does it seem strange to you that it seems so wonderful to me? And the trees! They are so stately and beautiful. Mrs. Howard says that I mustn't rave over trees until I see the ones around Boston. But I really can't help it. You know she hasn't lived all of her life on a Texas prairie as I have. Oh! just to think, Nell dear, that I, insignificant I, am going to Boston, dear old sedate Boston that I have dreamed about all my life. I can hardly believe it.

Well, I think that it's about time that I began to tell you about our trip. We left Texas for St. Louis, which was a most enjoyable part of our journey. We took a sight-seeing car around St. Louis, and left that same night for Chicago.

We arrived in Chicago the following morning. I fell in love with it at first sight. There most of us had for the first time a ride on the elevated cars. My, but they go fast! It was lots of fun, and real interesting to look in people's windows and see how they live. We tried to act as if we were used to such things, but I just know that we had "country" written all over us.

We spent all day Friday seeing Chicago. A big city is a wonderful place with all its traffic, great tall buildings on either side of the street, and elevated trains roaring above you. And then to see the hundreds of people of all classes, none of whom you know, or expect to see again. I realized then that I really was nothing but an atom of this big world after all.

Saturday morning we visited Marshall Field's. We ate lunch on the top floor of a beautiful lunch room. The walls and ceiling were paneled in Circassian walnut, and the furniture was of the same wood. A pretty fern was on each table.

The very best part of our trip began that afternoon, when we stepped onto the "Missouri," which was waiting for us on the Chicago river. We spent the afternoon getting acquainted with our ship, and in watching Chicago disappear. The air was so much cooler on the water, that I was glad that I had brought my heavy suit, even if it did seem perfect foolery to take it when we were sweltering in Texas.

Oh! the good things we had to eat those few days! Fish every meal, besides meat and piles of other things. We had splendid appetites. The lake air was surely invigorating.

We had staterooms on the upper deck, two for the girls, and two for the boys. The first night the boat was so crowded that cots had to be put up in the dining room. Ruth and I pitied one lonesome girl, and took her into our stateroom.

The first night out it thundered and rained. We wished that the boat would rock, but the wind did not blow.

Sunday morning it was still cloudy. The hills along the shore stood out rugged and solemn. Hardly a sound was to be heard. It was cool, and I could imagine the folks at home going to church, fanning themselves on account of the heat.

Glen Haven seemed to be mostly hills and docks, but I was told that there were several summer resorts behind the hills. Here our boat unloaded, and we were much more comfortable.

Sunday afternoon we stopped at Charlevoix—the Beautiful—which was certainly well named. We went into the harbor about sundown. It was shaped like a letter c. The water was so smooth that the reflections of the trees and hills upon its smooth surface reminded me of a looking glass. There were a few sail boats here and there. To the south, west, and north stretched the shore, lined with beautiful homes and trees. Behind it all the sun, which was setting, gave a beautiful tint to the water. It was a picture of loveliness and rest. When we left it was dark, and all that one could see were the lights that lined the shore.

Monday was clear and beautiful. We had so much to see. We reached Mackinac early in the morning, and stayed there four hours. We tramped about all over the island, and found it to be very beautiful.

When we left Mackinac we had some followers, the sea gulls. I had never seen any before, and I sat for one whole hour watching them. They are so pretty, all white with a touch of gray on their wings. When they ride on the waves they look just like ducks.

The "Soo" was our next stopping place. We arrived there Monday afternoon, and such a busy place it is. There nearly all of us saw for the first time the great locks. We watched a big lake steamer go through them. It was an interesting sight.

Tuesday morning we got to the funniest place, and so old fashioned—Kagawom, Canada. It is away off from everybody, and everything, and the only excitement they have is in the summer, when once a week a boatload of city folks (like us) are there for an hour.

We all got into a funny old wagon with a funnier man to drive, and rattled up a stony road to see Bridal Veil Falls. It drops from quite a height in a wide, thin stream, hiding the rocks behind it like a thin curtain.

In the afternoon we arrived at Little Current. Several Indians were waiting at the dock with baskets full of things which they had made. They are so backward and dull. We went walking around town, which was a very dull place. The only exciting thing was a trained bear drinking pop out of a bottle.

But, O Nell! Texas plains faded into another world when we neared Killarney. Great solemn hills and mountains stood along the shore, and the channel was dotted with rocky islands of all sizes. It was simply magnificent, and I stood on the deck and watched it all with awe. A little girl from Texas doesn't have the privilege of viewing such things often. There were just a few houses, and one store in Killarney, and more Indians and half breeds, and that was all. But it was all so solemn and still and lovely. The store-keeper said that the whole country around there was just the same; just mountains and lakes, and mountains and lakes. When we left there that night the few summer boarders bade us farewell with skyrockets and fireworks.

All that night and the next day we sailed through the Georgian Bay, arriving late in the afternoon at Collingwood, Ontario. Here we said farewell to our boat, and were very sorry to leave it. We spent the night in Toronto.

We reached Lewiston this morning, and spent a perfectly delightful day at Niagara Falls. To-morrow we start for Boston, the city of my dreams.

O sister, I wish you were with us. It is all so wonderful, and I am so happy. There is only one thing that I regret; now don't laugh, it does sound foolish I know; but I did want to get seasick just once, and have the boat rock so that all the dishes would fall off the table. Maybe the steward wished the same, for it would have made a big difference in the food bill.

Love to you and the dear home folks,

Your loving sister, Charlotte.

M. E. B. '15.

AUNT SARAH'S LEGACY.

The two sisters, Sarah and Dorothy, sat in their one small bedroom on the top floor of a shabby lodging house. Dorothy was striving to be a singer, and Sarah was studying painting in hopes that some day she would become an artist. Their parents had died several years ago, leaving the two poor orphans to earn their own living.

It was seven o'clock in the morning. The two girls had just finished their scanty breakfast. Sarah had a sorrowful face, as she picked up the dishes. Dorothy was bending over an old coat which she was trying to mend to wear that morning.

"Oh, dear," sighed Dorothy, "I think it's a shame the way we have to scrape along, while that rich old aunt of ours in Boston is just rolling in money, and all just because of a little family quarrel between father and her. It's a pity the way we have to live, I'd like to tell her so, too!"

"Never mind, Dot dear," Sarah said in her soft voice, as she came over and laid her hand on Dorothy's shoulder. "We'll try and get along the very best that we can."

"Yes, but don't you see it's like this —"

Just then there was a loud knock at the door. Dorothy hurried to answer the knock. A letter was handed her by the landlady.

"From whom can it possibly be?" exclaimed Dorothy, tearing open the envelope and hastily scanning the contents. "Why! It's from Aunt Sarah's lawyer. He says that she's dead and that we are to be present at the reading of the will. She must have remembered us. That means that these hard days are over."

They immediately prepared for the journey, and left on the first train for Boston, arriving there late that afternoon. When they reached the home of their late aunt, the housekeeper met them at the door. After resting, and eating their supper, they were ushered into the library, where a great many of their relations were seated.

As they were the last of the expected relations, the lawyer broke the seal of the will. Their names headed the list. Dorothy was left the old family cat, and Sarah an old-fashioned silk dress. The two girls waited breathlessly while the rest of the will was read. All the other relations were each left a large sum of money. After the lawyer had finished Dorothy rose quickly, and stepping up to the lawyer, asked him if he were sure that was all their aunt had left them. "Seemingly it is," he replied, "for there is no other written paper."

Dorothy walked out of the room with her head high in the air, and Sarah following closely behind her. When they reached the hall, and the door had been closed, Sarah's arm fell lovingly about Dot's shoulder and she said,

"Never mind, dear. I know it's a great disappointment to you, but we'll have to make the best of it."

"Well, I think it's a pity she couldn't leave her namesake any more than an old silk dress. You certainly deserve something for bearing such a name all your life. If I had been in her place, I would have been ashamed of myself!"

"Oh, come, Dot, Aunt Sarah saw fit to do as she did, and all your talking won't help one bit." Sarah tried to put on a bold front, although she was on the verge of tears herself.

The two girls started back on the first train to New York. Dorothy carried the cat in a basket, as the cat was her only legacy from Aunt Sarah. She took it home more as a joke than anything else. Sarah carried the old silk dress in a worn hand bag.

They were down-hearted girls, not knowing what the future would bring.

* * * * *

Two years later we find the two girls in the same shabby room. They were counting the few pennies they had left in the world.

Sarah, as her clothes were faded and threadbare and were long since past mending, rose mournfully, and went over to the old trunk, which stood in the corner of the room. She took out the old silk dress, her Aunt's legacy. It had not been touched since their arrival from Boston, two years ago. As she walked to where Dorothy was sitting, she said in a dejected manner,

"Well, perhaps I can fix it over, so I can wear it. Everything else is worn out."

She started to cut off the buttons, of which there were a great many. One fell to the floor and rolled towards Dorothy's chair. As Dorothy picked up the button to hand back to Sarah, she saw something that shone through the torn silk covering. She hastily tore the silk away, which left a bright gold piece shining in her hand.

"Oh!" Dorothy exclaimed, "It's a twenty-dollar gold piece!"

"Why, bless her heart! Aunt Sarah wasn't so bad after all!" exclaimed both girls, as they fell in each others arms to have a good cry, because they were both so happy.

M. B. '15.

CHANCE OR PROVIDENCE?

It was dawn. We had risen early in order to enjoy a day's outing with a party of friends, who were camping down the river. We were riding in a phaeton and driving a young horse called Prince.

The sun was beginning to peep over the cliffs on the eastern side of the Susquehanna river, which we were approaching. The distant cliffs looked purple through the rising mist, and their tops were outlined with gold. In the distance at our right were broad fields of ripening wheat waving in the morning breeze, and tinted by the rising sun, so that they resembled a lake of gold with slowly undulating waves. On either side of the road the sun's rays made the dew-drops sparkle, as if each grass blade had blossomed, and each blossom were a diamond.

The air vibrated with life. It quickened the pulse and made one glad to be alive. It seemed as if nature had purified herself and had dressed in her glad garments for a holiday. Even Prince felt the exhilarating influence, and pranced, danced, and pricked up his ears, looking askance at every moving object as if to invite a race.

As we rode on we chatted about many different subjects as girls will do. As we looked at the light floating clouds that someway reminded us of angels, Alice said,

"Do you remember, Sue, I used to believe in guardian angels, and I truly believed that at night their tents were pitched around the house. When I had been bad, I used to steal out of bed and look out, hoping my wickedness had not driven them away!"

"Well, there are angels of course," I replied, "but I do not think they have the power to guard us or keep us from harm. Every accident is due to carelessness, and if you don't happen to be killed it's just due to chance. Do you think if I were to drive off the edge of that road that winds around the cliff, some good guardian angel would hold up one side of this phaeton?"

"Perhaps Providence, or whatever you call it, would let us fall over on a nice soft spot," Alice suggested. "You don't know but that the angels at this very moment are selecting a place for such an occurrence."

"Do be quiet, Sue, I thought you had more sense," I replied.

"Oh, Sue!" Alice exclaimed, "We've taken the wrong road. This leads to that dugout along the cliffs."

"Well, let's not turn back this time," I argued, "It's so much shorter this way, and there is such a splendid view from the cliffs along the river."

"But father, you know, Sis, has forbidden us to take this road!"

"Oh, he won't mind just this once, and besides what one does not know will not hurt one."

"That's very true, Alice; we are only held accountable for our own debts, but many of our bills would be lighter if we would take the advice of our elders."

The view from the cliffs along the river was more beautiful than we had anticipated. The river and the cliffs meet and they both wind in and out together.

The carriage road is cut out of solid rock on the side of the cliff about one hundred feet above the river. On one side the cliff extends upwards for hundreds of feet, on the other side the rock stops abruptly, leaving a perpendicular descent to the river. The road was so narrow that one carriage could not pass another. In order to make travel possible, at certain distances the rock had been dug out, making a sort of alcove to allow the passing of teams.

As I looked to our right and saw only a few feet of road separating us from the terrible fall to the river, I shuddered and said to Alice,

"I wish the guardian angels would keep pretty near us now." As Prince shied at some object I trembled and wished that we had turned back and taken the lower road, but it was too late now. To turn was impossible.

"You remember," Alice said, "that you are a great believer in chance. Now the chances are that Prince will see something to jump at, and you and I —"

"Don't, don't!" I cried, "If we ever get over this road safely, I promise you —"

But the promise was never made, for at that moment voices were heard, and we could hear a running horse coming towards us.

"A runaway! a runaway!" we cried together. It was death to turn to the right, to the left there was the impossible rise of rock. Where were our guardian angels now? We waited — what else was there to do? — we sat and waited while death raced towards us.

I'm told that when death confronts a person that he reviews his life, that all the sins he has ever committed flash before him; but I only know that I sat paralyzed, numb.

On came the runaway horse. As it came in sight, I saw it was drawing two men in a buggy. One man stood tugging and pulling the reins and calling "Whoa! Whoa!"

As soon as Prince saw them he began to snort and back, as horses will when frightened.

"Don't let him back!" Alice cried, "Don't! don't."

But nothing could prevent him, for back he would. I was driving and I tried to keep the wheel from going over the edge of the cliff, but I felt the back of the phaeton gradually sinking. We were going over. Now the whole of the back of the phaeton hung over the edge of the precipice. Then Prince gave a lurch, and a jump and we were pulled forward. He had turned us around in that narrow road, so narrow that two teams could not pass each other.

I listened for the runaway but all was quiet. Had the horse jumped off the cliff? I first thought. We looked back, and there stood the trembling animal. One wheel had come off from the buggy, and the end of the axle had caught against a rock that projected, which forced the horse to stop. Had he gone six feet further he would have pushed us off into the dark waters.

That night in our own little room at home, after the lights were out, I saw Alice standing at the window.

"What are you doing, dear?" I asked. She motioned to me to join her, and looking out in the moonlight said,

"They are there, I know. It was not chance that saved us, but some dear guardian angel loosened that wheel just in time."

And I quite agreed with her.

D. M. R. '15.

"ONLY A FRESHMAN."

"Girls, what do you say to electing that cute little imp of a new girl, Emily Somebody or other, into our society? She's the brightest bit of greenness I've seen yet in that whole shamrock class. How about it?"

The president of the jolliest society in the "Winsten School for Girls" sank back into her chair greatly excited, and looked at the girls with beaming eyes.

"Why, Ruthie, you can't mean that little Emily Barton! She's rather bright and snappy, but — why she's only a freshman, Ruth." And Natalie Harper's eyes were wide open with astonishment.

"But she is the one I mean. Emily Barton — that's her name. I remember now. She is only a freshman as you say, Natie, but she's worth taking in. She has more go in her than lots of the upper classmen, and she'd be heaps of fun — you know she would."

"Oh, Ruth, how could you suggest such a thing?" broke in another voice, "why we'd spoil our entire record if we took in a freshman," and the tall girl who was speaking let her voice rise disdainfully at the last word.

"We surely would," emphatically declared several other girls, "especially so early in the year." And the matter was dropped then and there, for Ruth Leighton was not a girl to force her companions into her way of thinking. If they did not agree with her, she would not press them.

* * * * *

Emily Barton ran across the campus to the gymnasium. It was nearing the close of the school year, and the big basketball game of the season was to take place in three days. All was excitement, as this was the final game with Harding, a neighboring girls' college.

The team was practicing now, and Emily sat down on a bench, watching them with eager eyes. She dearly loved basketball, and had been captain of a team in high school, but unfortunately, had been debarred from a place on this team, on account of the doctor's decree that her heart would not permit her to take violent exercise. She had rebelled at first, and played a little, but had finally yielded. Lately she had been feeling so much better, that she knew the doctor would soon allow her to play. Practice went on, the girls playing unusually well. At the end of the hour the coach assured them that if they played as well on the "big" day, they would certainly come off with flying colors.

The great day came at last. The "gym" was gaily decorated with crepe paper, one end with the blue of Harding and the other with the red of the home team. The game started at a quarter past two, amid great excitement. At the close of the first quarter, the score stood three to two, in favor of Winsten, but at the end of the first half Harding had scored several points to Winsten's three. The home team was getting too excited and nervous to play well. The game was proceeding again, when something happened. Natalie Harper had sprained her ankle, and she was the captain of the team! What would they do?

From her seat near the scene of action, Emily Barton had seen the crisis. Springing up, she ran quickly into the dressing room, and within two minutes returned garbed in her "gym" suit. Natalie had just been carried out, and the team was holding a hurried conversation at the end of the room. Emily immediately ran over to where they were, spoke a few words with them, and the team, reassured, but still doubtful, was ready to begin again.

The new captain carried fresh vigor and energy with her, and the team responded nobly. All the girls played hard and well, but little Emily Barton led them all. She could put the ball any place she wanted it, and, at the end of the last half, after a hard fight, the score stood eight to seven in favor of Winsten. Harding hadn't

scored a point since Emily Barton's advent in the field. Singing and shouting, the girls exultingly bore her around the "gym" on their shoulders. She was the center of attraction, and in the first breathing space, Ruth Leighton managed to call proudly to the girls of her society, "She can save the day if she is 'only a freshman.' Don't you think we'd better break the record?"

And in one voice came back the girls' joyful answer, "Yes, indeed we had."
F. M. McD. '14.

A MODERN PRISCILLA.

Molly Dean was a dear, charming little girl of twelve years. Upon her clean bright face there was ever a beaming smile of happiness. She had sparkling, true blue eyes and a saucy little nose that was somewhat inclined toward the sky.

Molly had always lived in the country. She, as did few country girls of her age, loved the wonders of the field and wood. She enjoyed the several long walks and lessons she had taken with her teacher, a man about twenty years old. He also took great delight in the interesting little Molly, whom he loved to hear talk in her delightful way. He would listen with great enthousaism to the praises of Molly's older sister. She was a real wonder as pictured by her devoted sister although she had nothing but a country school education.

John Brooks, as the teacher was called, became very much interested in Molly's sister. One day he asked Molly to bring her sister with her when she came for a walk. This incident was repeated many times until at last Brooks thought that Molly's sister, Priscilla, was the girl for whom he should live and live his best.

Several times during the following week Molly's watchful eye had seen her much-admired teacher talking very seriously to his boarding-house lady, a dear elderly woman. Molly immediately began to think that he was in love with her. At least that was Molly's idea of love. One morning as she passed the house where her teacher boarded, she saw him tenderly stoop and kiss her. Then he joined Molly, saying "I'll try my best to-day."

That day was the day of their walk, and as it was now the custom Molly's sister went with them. It was a fine clear day, that promised to yield to them many of nature's secrets. They had reached their destination when Priscilla suddenly realized that she had dropped her handkerchief.

"Molly, dear," begged the contriving sister, "won't you please go get it for me? See, there it is at the bottom of the hill. Please?"

"Let me go," offered Brooks.

"Oh, no; I am sure Molly will, and perhaps when she comes back we shall have a surprise for her."

At the mention of a surprise Molly was running down the hill. At the place designated she found Priscilla's dainty white handkerchief. Still suspecting nothing, Molly quickly returned. As she approached, she heard Brooks say,

"There is something that I have wanted to tell you. I — I mean some kind of a spider that I wanted to tell you about to-day," stammered Brooks, much embarrassed.

The next morning he again kissed his friend, Mrs. Simmons, good-bye, and Molly heard him say, "I'll ask her to-day sure."

That evening after school Brooks called Molly to him and said, "You have probably watched me lately, so please take this note to — I guess I don't have to tell you to whom."

"Oh, no!" said Molly confidently.

A few moments later Molly was pulling the front doorbell of the house where Mr. Brooks boarded. She calmly handed Mrs. Simmons the letter, and hurried on.

Mrs. Simmons opened the letter and read, "My dearest Priscilla." At once she detected the mistake. She read no farther, but delivered the note to Molly's sister, who was just passing by on her way to the mill.

Then John Brooks caught up with her and together they walked along the shady path. He was much embarrassed by her silence. As he looked at her she appeared more lovely than ever before. Then quietly she asked, "Why don't you ask for yourself, John?"

K. R. '14.

(Selected by the Literary Editor.)

Smile, and the world smiles with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the good old earth has need of your mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own.

Look only at the bright side of life, talk only of good qualities in others, and think of those things that are lofty and true.

It is not the events of life, nor its emotions, nor this nor that experience, but life itself which is good. — *Phillips Brooks.*

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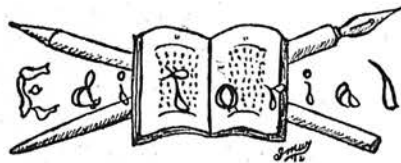
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Autumn days with their bright sunlight, azure skies, and gorgeous foliage are flying swiftly, and they find us again at our books. Stepping out into one of these beautiful October mornings, when the sun begins to pierce the silvery mists, and the blue dome of heaven is revealed; when the bright rays fall on the gayly tinted leaves and flowers; when one breathes deeply the crisp, exhilarating air — then, if ever, comes the desire to accomplish things, to make such a day count, and to fill every fleeting moment with things worth while. The autumn will soon be gone, but let us try to keep this feeling all through the year. Don't just drift along somehow from week to week, but crowd each day to the brim with work and fun — judiciously mixed; work that will prepare us to successfully face the future, and fun that will make us look back upon these four years as the happiest period of our lives. For these high school days are shorter than we realize and sometime we will regret the fact that we did not make more of them.

We take great pleasure in welcoming to the Normal the Class of 1917 (that's a very dignified title for "freshies," isn't it?). We hope that they may be successful in all their work, and become as fond of and loyal to the N. H. S. as we older students are. We also hope that they may develop plenty of school spirit, and every one subscribe to "The Crimson and White."

The new school year has brought a few changes to our staff. Sarah Davison has left school, and Caroline Lipes '15, has been elected to her place as Alumni Editor. Edward McDowell '14, one of our Advertising Agents, has resigned, and Gilbert Daring '14, has been chosen in his stead. We are more than sorry to lose these members of "The Crimson and White" board, but feel sure that their positions will be very satisfactorily filled by the two above mentioned students.

Did you ever stop to realize what an important part of your school paper the advertising is? Many papers of its kind are supported by the returns from this department alone. Here is the very place for you to show your school spirit. Go to your "butcher, or baker, or candle-stick maker," and see if you cannot gather in a few "ads." We would also ask you to remember the watchword, "Patronize our advertisers," it is only fair to them. A little help of this kind from students would mean a great deal toward the betterment and advancement of your school organ among publications of its class.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Among the list of names sent out by the Board of Regents of students eligible for State Scholarships, awarded according to their high standard in all Regents examinations, the following were of the N. H. S., Class of 1913: Margaret Hoffman, Edith Wallace, Edward Brandow and Alice Gazeley.

Loretta Riley, recent Joke and Exchange Editor of "The Crimson and White," is attending the Capital Commercial School.

Edward Brandow, '13, is at Union College, and has joined the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Ruth Jeffrey, '13, is studying in Miss Very's Art School, Albany.

Florence Gale, '13, recent Alumni Editor of "The Crimson and White," has accepted a fine position at the Dudley Observatory, where she is computing in astronomy.

Among those who have entered the State Normal College this year are Alice Gazeley, Edith Wallace, Marguerite Cole, Grace Fleming, Cornelia Loose and Bess Vanderpoel, all of the Class of '13.

Marion Baker, '13, has entered Pratt Institute, where she is taking the art course.

Marion Domery, '13, recent Literary Editor of "The Crimson and White," has gone to Boston, where she is taking a course in the Boston Library School.

Caroline Lansing and Katherine Goldring, both of the Class of 1912, have returned to Wellesley.

Alice Griffin and Guy Ferguson, both of the Class of 1913, are taking special courses at the Albany High School.

Grace Goldring and Clarence Ostrander, '08, were married in June, 1913.

Ethel E. Secor, '09, of N. H. S., and '13 of S. N. C., is teaching the seventh and eighth grades at the public school at Rotterdam, N. Y.

Jaspar Meyer, '13, is attending the Pratt Institute.

Orville Hayford is teaching a class in wood working from School 24.

De Forest Becker, '13, is teaching at Dormansville.

The Misses Jessie Luck, Edna Moat, Rachael Griswold, Iona Piere and Harold Goewey are among the student teachers in N. H. S. classes this year.

John Delaney, of the Class of 1910, N. H. S., has been elected president of his class at the Albany Law School.

Mr. and Mrs. Herber, of New York, spent a few days recently in Albany. They are both graduates of the Normal High School; Mrs. Herber was, before her marriage, Mary Jennings.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Here we are, back again at dear old "Normal," ready to start in upon another year of work and fun. We have a new neighbor, the Albany High School, which seems to be inclined to look down upon us. But we shall make up by our quality what they gain by their quantity, shall we not? We'll show them what we can do! Notwithstanding the allurements of their new building, we have a freshman class fairly large in size, and a dazzling green in color. Why, imagine, those little infants even have the presumption to use the front stairs! Do you think that that privilege is especially granted to you, freshies, while all your upperclassmen are obliged to use the side entrances? Better take the advice of us old folks, and abandon this habit, or you may suddenly find yourselves in very hot water. In spite of all your faults, you bid fair to be a very interesting addition to our school, and we extend a most hearty welcome to you, one and all.

On looking around on "first day," we failed to find a number of our old friends, who did not return to school this year, among them,

several members of the Class of '16. Olga Meyer and Ruth Wishart have both moved out of town, the former to Oswego, the latter to White Plains. Olive Foskett and Gertrude Lathrop have gone to the Albany High School, while Dorothea Horton is attending the Girls' Academy. Bill Cameron has left school. But the Class of '16 also has some new members — Catherine Buellar and Minnie Coughtry. Welcome to the class and school, girls!

Olive Bishop and Ruth Holder, former members of the Class of '16, who were obliged to leave during last year's term because of ill health, have returned to school. We regret to say that Irene Wood, who entered this year's freshman class, has had a severe attack of appendicitis, and will be unable to resume her school work for some time.

Sarah Davison, of the Class of '15, has not returned to school, and Pauline Dinkel, of the same class, is up in the Adirondaeks for her health. We are very sorry, and hope that she may be able to return in the near future. Marion Rosa is attending the Albany High School. Helen Buellar has entered this class.

One of our oldest friends, Eloise Lansing, a Senior, has been very ill with typhoid fever, since before school opened. She is much better now, and we are eagerly awaiting the day when she shall once more be with us, for we have missed her very much. The Misses Lincoln and Johnson have entered the Class of '14, and we are glad to see that one of our old schoolmates, Edith Picken, has returned, after an absence of two years. We have another new member, Edmund O'Connor, from the C. B. A. Helen Fleming is attending the Albany High School.

The Senior Class held its first meeting of the year on September 26th, and succeeded in choosing, in an amazingly short time, its class pins and rings, which will soon be proudly displayed on the bosom or finger of almost every member of the class.

This year "Normal" has domestic science and "gym" classes for the girls, and physical culture and manual training for the boys, to the great delight of nearly all the students. Those of us who have been here three years, know from experience what fun can be had in every one of these departments, especially the "gym." We also have a drawing class this year, for those who are talented in that direction.

With all these opportunities for relaxation from the more tedious routine of school work, let us enter upon this year's duties with strong determination, and a firm purpose to come out at the end with flying colors. For many of us this is to be our last year together — at "Old Normal." Let us make it our best, our busiest, and our happiest!



Zeta Sigma.

The first regular meeting of Zeta Sigma for this year was held September the thirtieth and was well attended. All members are eager to make this year even more prosperous and pleasant than last, and will all work toward that end. We miss from our number Marion Rosa and Gertrude Lathrop, who are attending the Albany High School; Ruth Wishart, who has moved to New York, and Eloise Lansing, who is ill. We are glad that she is getting along well and hope to have her with us again as soon as possible. Frances Vosburgh has been appointed Recording Secretary until Miss Lansing returns. Although some have left, we see one among us who has returned after a prolonged absence. We welcome Edith Picken to Sigma again. Caroline Lipps has been elected pianist, and Carolyn White, marshal, to fill vacancies.

A committee has been appointed to write a memorial for our beloved ex-President, Corabel Bissell.



Quintilian Literary Society.

When Quintilian Literary Society held its first meeting on the twenty-fifth of September, we found that two members were missing from our number. We are sorry to note that Pauline Dinkel, because of ill health, has not been able to resume her studies, but we hope that soon we shall see her among us once more. Ruth Bruce, the other wee lambie gone from our fold, has left school.

In the weekly meetings which followed our reunion, the names of those Sophomores eligible for membership were proposed and voted upon.

Behold! Our roll-call is lengthened by such names as: Isabel Johnston, a crowd in herself; Peggy Ward, lots of fun; Kathleen Hayes, a wonderful singer; Gertrude Corwith, a dear little, sweet

little girl; Lucile Walter, such a happy giggler; Elsie Saeger, sweet and demure; Ruth Bennit, a lovely Goldilocks; Josephine Hoyt, ready for work and play; and that irrepressible Gladys Miller. Congratulations, girls! We welcome you to our midst!

Was there ever anything more fun than an initiation? This last one proved no exception to the rule, and the success which attended all our deep plots laid for the unwary and — how can we write it — trembling victims, certainly provided lots of fun for all. Of course we must add that our languishing and exhausted initiates were fortified by a most splendid repast at the conclusion of the ceremonies.

We have decided that although our Freshmen this year are a trifle obstreperous, they are really a dear lot of growing infants, and we must give them a chance to display their talents. Therefore, a Freshman rush will be held about the last of this month, and we will be more than pleased to shake hands with our new fellow-students at that time.

And now, at the beginning of this new school year, loyal members of "Quin," let us one and all rally around the "Black and Gold," striving always to raise those colors a little higher toward a lasting success, by our ever-ready and willing support.



Adelphoi.

Adelphoi has begun another successful year to add to its ever-increasing number. At the first meeting election of officers was held with the following results:

<i>President</i>	Gordon E. Scott
<i>Vice-President</i>	Gilbert H. Daring
<i>Secretary</i>	Nelson L. Covey
<i>Treasurer</i>	Chester Long
<i>Chaplain</i>	Edward McDowell
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	J. Robert Watt
<i>Master of Ceremonies</i>	Alfred Walley

At the following meeting Donald Miller, Willard Soper and Chester Hochstrasser, after various tests which afforded much amusement to the fraternity, were duly made members of Adelphoi.

The fraternity again welcomes the "Lost Soule" among its number.

Adelphoi has a committee working to find a series of subjects for coming debates. There is also a committee preparing for our annual ride and dance next month. From present indications of oratory on the part of McDowell, Scott, Hochstrasser and Long, it looks as if Adelphoi would have a creditable entry in the June speaking contest.



Theta Nu.

Theta Nu is with us again this year. The first meeting was held on September 24. All the members attended this meeting, and plans were at once begun for the coming year. Some of our old members have not returned to school, but those who did have determined to make 1913 a very successful term for Theta Nu. Candidates were nominated on September 31 for the different offices of the society. On the following Wednesday elections were held, with this result:

President.....Urquhart Wilcox
Vice-President.....Raymond Fite
Secretary.....J. Woods Sweeney
Treasurer.....Paul O'Brien
Critic.....Ansley Wilcox
Sergeant-at-Arms.....Edward Hohle

On October 15 Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Schilling were initiated into the society. During the course of the year Theta Nu will hold many interesting debates, which will be enjoyed by all the members.

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works. — *Cervantes*.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world. — *Emerson*.

He that has character need have no fear of his condition: Character will draw condition after it. — *H. W. Beecher*.



Every department in the *Mt. Marty Annual* (Rosedale, Kan.), comes up to its high standard, with the exception of the Literature and the Exchange. The stories have childish plots, and the exchanges contain few helpful criticisms. The cover design is certainly one to be proud of and the article on "Kansas Poetry" is especially interesting.

The *Cardinal* (Portland, Oregon), has two interesting features which are lacking in most school papers. The editorial column is given over to current events, while the exchanges are not criticised. The "Governor" is an excellent story, and the poems, "The Arabs of the Sea" and "The Dreamer," are very good. The jokes are plentiful and really funny, which cannot be said of all papers.

The cover of the *Oriole* (Brooklyn, N. Y.), more resembles that of a dime novel than anything else. More stories are necessary to make it complete. The baseball notes are interesting, the jokes good, and the exchange department well kept up. This paper certainly excels in the number and originality of its cuts.

The *Adelphian* (Brooklyn, N. Y.), has fair stories, but there are only two. Can't you add a few more in your next edition? There is an absence of good cuts, but the athletic notes and exchange column are well written.

Little can be found to criticise in the *Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.). The stories are extraordinarily good, especially "Uncle William" and "A Boy's Way." The cuts and jokes are good and the club

notes and exchanges are well written. The athletic notes are clear and the jokes plentiful. You certainly are to be complimented on your paper.

The May number of the *Techtonian* (Buffalo Technical High School), has a very appropriate cover design. The paper, however, is poor and the "Table of Contents" is surrounded by advertisements. The story "Ephraim's Guest" is especially interesting.

The stories in the *Literary Novice* (Newark, N. J.), are fair, but we look in vain for cuts or pictures, which would certainly improve it greatly. The exchange notes are brief, but to the point.

FORMATION OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday, September 17th, Professor Sayles called a meeting of the boys and arrangements were made for the formation of the Athletic Association. After a spirited election the following were chosen:

<i>President</i>	Joseph McEntee, '14
<i>Vice-President</i>	L. Hamilton Adams, '14
<i>Secretary</i>	John R. Butler, '14
<i>Treasurer</i>	Urguhart Wilcox, '14

Mr. Swayne, our new physical director, delivered an interesting address to the members, after which arrangements were made to raise funds sufficient for the support of the various teams. At this meeting thirty members each subscribed a dollar.

Cross Country Running.

On October 1st the first regular meeting was held and a cross-country team was organized. At four-thirty ten aspirants came forth and succeeded in passing the physical examination conducted by Mr. Swayne.

On October 2nd the first cross-country run was taken. The course selected by Mr. Swayne was the vicinity of Washington Park. The following candidates took part: Nelson Covey, Paul O'Brien, Joseph Sweeney, Eugene Molitor, John Butler, Gerald Pratt, Jack Horowitz, William Doyle, George Curtiss, Ralph Bowan and Harry Ward.

Basket Ball.

On October 3rd a meeting of the Athletic Association was called and Raymond Fite, '15, was elected manager of the Basket Ball team for the coming season. According to Manager Fite's reports the outlook for the team is very bright. The following members of last year's team have returned: John Butler and George Curtiss, guards; Raymond Fite, center; Urguhart Wilcox and Eugene Molitor, forwards; also substitutes Gordon Scott, Nelson Covey and L. Hamilton Adams.

At the first regular meeting of the Basket Ball team Urguhart Wilcox, '14, was elected captain.

The call for candidates was responded to by a large number, consisting of new and old students, who aspire to membership in the team. The manager believes that he will be able to secure some promising players among the following: Joseph Sweeney, Donald Miller, Paul O'Brien, George Ward, Gilbert Daring, Benjamin Barry, Chester Blauvelt, Edmund O'Connor, Chester Hochstrasser, Joseph McEntee and Ansley Wilcox.

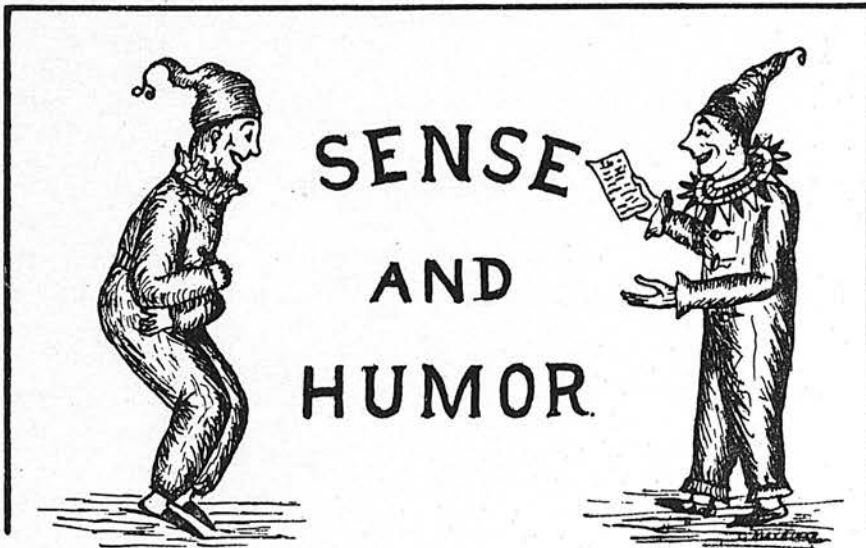
Manager Fite is looking forward to games with the following teams: Albany High, Albany Academy, Christian Brothers Academy, Rensselaer, Waterford, Watervliet, Lansingburgh and Troy Highs, Troy Academy, Troy Conference Academy at Poultney, Vt., Catskill High, Hudson, Johnstown, Gloversville, Amsterdam, Ravena, Kingston and Newburgh Highs and Hoosick Prep.

Tennis Tournament.

Since Mr. Swayne, our new physical director, has taken charge of athletics, he has introduced a tennis tournament for the young men. A silver loving cup is offered as a prize to the winner. The following have entered the contest with high hopes of carrying off the cup: Ansley Wilcox, Eugene Molitor, F. Urguhart Wilcox, L. Hamilton Adams, Frederick Ridgeway, Chester Blauvelt, Frank Sands, George Ward, Joseph Sweeney, Paul O'Brien, Gilbert Daring and Edmund O'Connor.

So long as we love, we serve: so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable, and no man is useless while he has a friend. — *R. L. Stevenson.*

To be good is noble, but to teach others how to be good is nobler — and less trouble. — *Mark Twain.*



Notice!

“A good deacon once sat down on the pointed end of a tack. Greatly excited, he made a rash exclamation, the latter part of which was ‘—— it!’ Anyone correctly guessing the first part of it, and sending sixty cents in cash to the Business Manager, will receive one year’s subscription to “The Crimson and White” free of charge!”

P. Clark — “The teacher has given us the same Ancient History lesson for three nights.”

M. Clark — “Doesn’t she know it?”

P. Clark — “Yes, she knows it, but we don’t.”

Physical Geography Teacher — “What are you doing now, Miss Blauvelt, learning anything?”

M. Blauvelt — “No, listening to you.”

Mr. Adams — “How would you punctuate ‘I saw a pretty girl drowning in the lake with no help near?’”

Mr. Scott — “Comma after lake, period after near, of course.”

Mr. Adams — “I wouldn’t, I’d make a dash after the pretty girl.”

“If our English teacher is a book worm why isn’t our geometry teacher an angle worm?” — *Ex.*

Old Man — “ Well, sonny, how many fish have you caught ? ”

Small Boy — “ Well, sir, when I’ve caught another I’ll have one.”
— *Ex.*

“ It is a well-known fact that mostly every body has a well-developed bump of curiosity,” said the practical man.

“ Think so ? ” inquired the other.

“ Yes, most of the people who see this will turn the book upside down.”

Ruth and Urq. met in fond embrace,
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of Urq.’s coat
It showed for many weeks. — *Ex.*

Grace Bender (translating Virgil) — “ He saw two wandering dears walking along the shore.”

Edgar — “ I haven’t the cheek to kiss you.”

Polly — “ Use mine.” — *Ex.*

“ Who is your favorite author ? ”

“ My father.”

“ What did he ever write ? ”

“ Checks.” — *Ex.*

“ Faith,” said the policeman, examining the broken window, “ this is more serious than I thought — it’s broken on both sides.” — *Ex.*

Store Girl Talk.

“ Saylil ! ” exclaimed the girl at the handkerchief counter.

“ Votsmatter now ? ” asked the girl at the ribbon counter.

“ Aintchoogitten nuffteet ? ”

“ Whatchaskin thatfur ? ”

“ Youralookinkina thin.”

“ Aintnuthur ! ”

“ Yartoo. Betterfieksher back hair. Iseummindown.”

“ Quittehrrubberin. Mine jeronebiz.”

But she fixed her back hair.

"Saylil!"

"Saycherself."

"Jivergitcherforehun told?"

"Yeh — unsertwice. Ever gitchooors?"

"Yeh. Ootole yuh?"

"Erdkitsmith sayinso. Cumtroo?"

"Notchett."

"Thinkitwill?"

"Lykaznot. Letehoono fit does."

"Say. Yuno Kittenbills keepin' cumpny?"

"Auka moff!"

"Sallright. Yoolcerabout it soonuff. Say-Jen, canhooketch on _____."

"Say, there, you girls!" interrupted the floor walker who happened along at this moment, "go back to your customers!" — *Ex.*

Why do people say Dame Gossip?

Because they are too polite to leave off the "e."

C. and W. Board — "Do you support your school paper?"

Freshman — "No, it has a staff."

Nelso Covey to J. Butler — "Say, Ed. McDowell is a poor proposer, every time he puts a ring on a girl's finger she immediately returns it."

Miss Poole, translating "Hæc in Gallia est importantus," made it, "Hike into Gaul, it's important."

Said a careless young lady named Anna,

When she stepped on an empty banana,

"Now, what do you see,

That you stare so at me?"

And the bystanders cried, "Hosanna!"

Soph. — "What time is it? I'm invited out to dinner and my watch isn't going."

Junior — "Why, isn't your watch invited?" — *Ex.*

Do You Know That

Gordon Scott has been taking a Birdseye view of life lately?

Margaret Lovett's favorite pastime is playing Poole?

M. White actually forgot a date in Ancient History?

T. Hoyt never used to be particular, but lately he has taken to Picken?

All our girls are making a dash for the good-looking freshmen boys this year?

K. Pollock never takes a half but a Hohle?

C. White — "Are you fond of tea?"

A. Wilcox — Yes, but I like the next letter better."

J. Molitor — "Are you a suitor for M. Clark's hand?"

Ed. McD. — "Yes, but I didn't."

J. M. — "Didn't what?"

Ed. McD. — "Suit her."

First Boy — "I wonder why so many fellows go to the big dances 'stag?'"

Second Boy — "Because of the scarcity of 'doe.'"

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in. — *Ex.*

A Modern High School Girl.

A tiny bit of powder,
 A tiny little rat,
 A monstrous bunch of feathers,
 Sometimes called a hat,
 A pair of high-heeled booties,
 A tiny little curl,
 Makes the sweetest thing on earth,
 A Modern High School Girl. — *Ex.*

J. Butler's Motto — "Don't let your studies interfere with your education."

"Some fellows are so close that when they're spoons on a girl, it cuts them like a knife to fork over." — *Ex.*

"Stick to me closely," said the envelope to the stamp.

"By gum, I will," was the reply. — *Ex.*

The Afflicted One "— Um-ah-er-er! Ha-ve ———?"

Jeweler (to Assistant) — "Bring that tray of engagement rings here."

Senior — "What is the most nervous thing in the world — next to a girl?"

Junior — "Me, next to a girl."

"Yes," said the conscientious dealer, "this hammock will hold two, but it will be a tight squeeze."

"Oh, that will be all right," said Josephine Hoyt, blushing — "just send it around to the house."

Stude — "Is it possible to confide a secret to you?"

Friend — "Certainly, I'll be as silent as the grave."

Stude — "Well, then, I have a pressing need for two bucks."

Friend — "Don't worry, it is as if I had heard nothing." — *Ex.*

Teacher (assigning lesson) — "For to-morrow take the life of Burke."

Voice from the rear — "I wish we could, but he's dead already." — *Ex.*

"Is the patient out of danger yet?"

"Well, not altogether. The trained nurse is still with him."

Soph. (to a little Freshie) — "Pardon me for walking on your feet, little man."

Freshie — "Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know."

H. Page — "Why has Guy put Marie's picture in his watch?"

H. Schilling — "Because he thinks she will love him in time."

L. Walters — "Have you seen the new dance called 'The Automobile?'"

K. Hayes — "No, sort of a breakdown, I suppose."

Applied Christianity.

Because he had been a naughty little boy — a very naughty little boy — he was sent to bed without any pudding. But in the evening, when his brothers and sisters all were fast asleep, he crept downstairs, a tearful little white-robed figure, and, going into the library, said to his mother:

"Mummy, you told me never to go to sleep till I'd made peace with my enemies, so I've come down to forgive you and daddy for being so rude to me at dinner to-night."

An aspiration is a joy forever. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. — *Stevenson.*

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth. — *Bacon.*

And the finest fellow of all would be the one who could be glad to have lived because the world was chiefly miserable, and his life had come to help some one who really needed it. — *George Eliot.*

What know we greater than the soul? On God and Godlike men we build our trust. — *Tennyson.*

Small service is true service while it lasts. — *Wordsworth.*

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends. — *Euripides.*

Great truths are portions of the soul of man; great souls are portions of eternity.

So many Gods, so many creeds,
 So many ways that wind and wind,
 While just the art of being kind
 Is all this sad world needs. — *Wilcox.*

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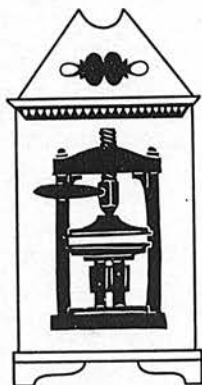
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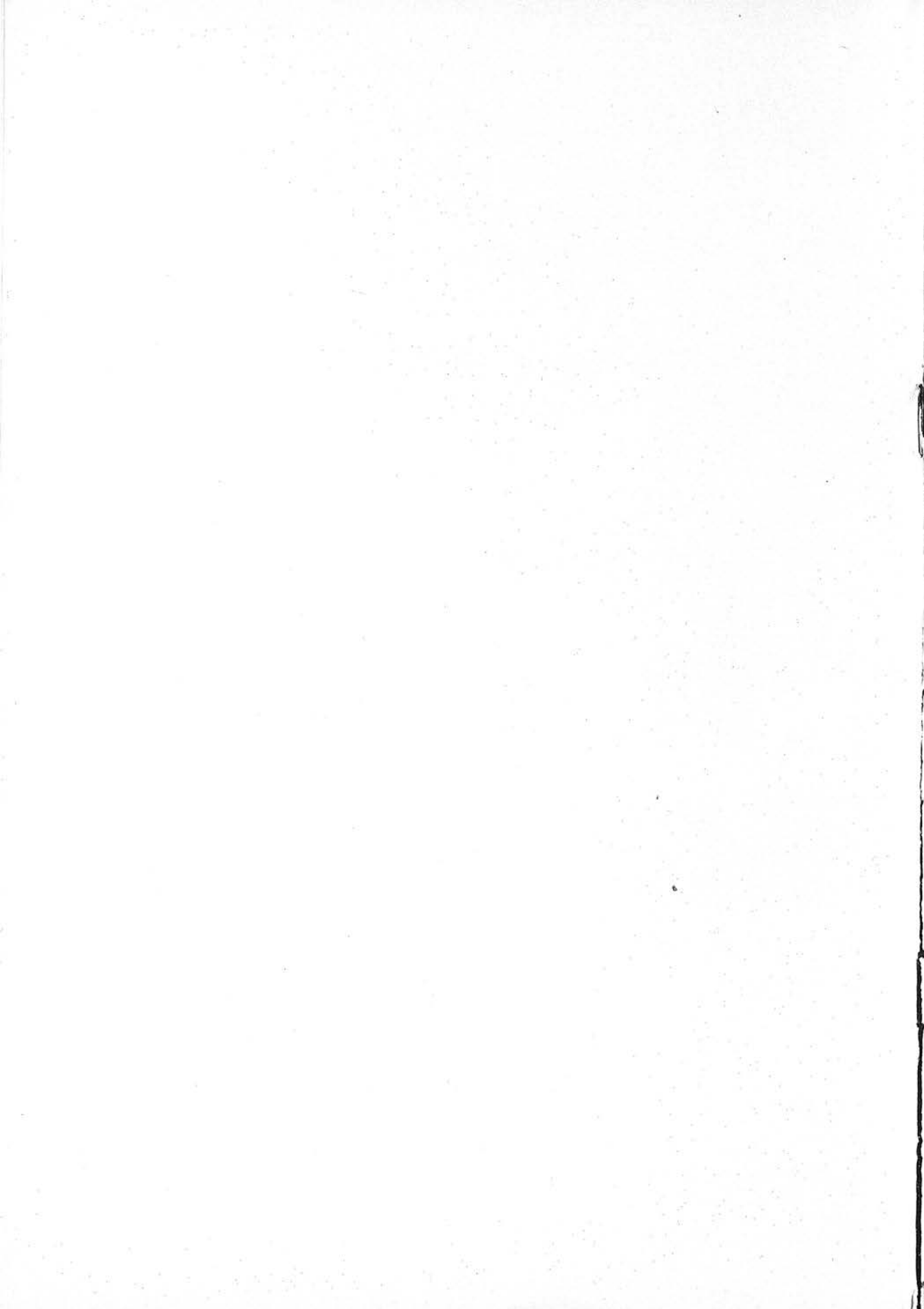
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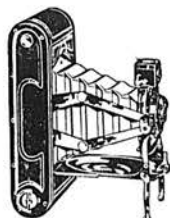
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