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Crimson and White

JUNE, 1914

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The Crimson and White

VOL. X

JUNE, 1914.

No. 5



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

THE VOYAGE OF THE CLASS OF 1914.

Four years ago, off put our good ship Fate,
Upon the ever flowing sea of knowledge.
Four years,—the time required to cross this vast estate
With aid of steady aim, hard work, and courage.

Sometimes we anchored at a foreign port,
Upon a rugged coast so dark and drear;
Sometimes we sailed along to a resort
Where Joy and Sunshine played with Mirth and Cheer.

Although the wild waves dashed and seas were high,
Or the kingdom up above had lost its blue,
Our loyal Captain was forever nigh,
Assisted by the members of our gallant crew.

When down the stream of Time we set our sail,
Although our ship against the rocks was cleaving,
Our Star of Hope looked down and said, "We shall not fail!"
Alma Mater! Your sweet memories set us grieving!

EDITH PICKEN, '14.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1914.

They say that there is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps they are correct in making such a statement, but we think that we have something at least very much out of the ordinary here to-night — that is, our Class of 1914.

We were an unusual class to begin with, because we were so large. Do not infer from this, that the individuals were large — indeed they were not — but there were so many small bits of Freshies, that taken together, they constituted quite a large infant class — the largest that had been known to this school for some time previous. Even the Faculty recognized our superior qualities, for before long, they transferred some of us to the Senior study-hall, there to spend the rest of the year. They said it was because there wasn't room for all of us in the hall usually allotted to Freshmen, but we knew it was because they wanted the Seniors to have the benefit of our close companionship.

That first year we had a very good time, but we were green, as all Freshmen are, and for that reason, we had a party on St. Patrick's Day, of which we, and the Faculty also, still retain pleasant memories. We dutifully supported the "Crimson and White" (that's the school paper) and always donated liberally to every school cause, as all good Freshmen should.

In the due course of time we moved across the hall and undertook the weighty responsibility of being Sophomores. We felt awfully big, then, even bigger than we do now, but we really didn't have as much fun as we had had first year. You see, we were no longer Freshmen, to be teased and petted by the Seniors, and not yet Juniors, to share in the fun. It was similar to the case of the suffragette, who is described as being "no longer a woman, and not yet a man."

But the next year we had lost several of our members, but our class was still large. We had grown to know each other well, now, and we showed it when we made our choice of class officers. In the middle of the winter we gave a wonderful reception to the Seniors which we enjoyed immensely. Of course they did likewise. We had by this time discovered that Prof. Sayles is not such an ogre, as he himself is sometimes wont to pretend, and that the Faculty really "do have a heart." So we frequently took the liberty of secretly devouring our lunches behind our desk covers during half-hour study period, and were continually attempting to prolong our recess by several minutes, the result of which was that we suddenly developed such a love for school that we couldn't go home until an

hour later than usual. Our first two years had been years of toil, mostly, and our report cards bore record of the fact. But when we became Juniors, we discovered that we were tired of always seeing just A's every ten weeks, and so we speedily began to remedy that defect and to obtain a greater variety of marks. I remember one incident which may illustrate how energetic we were that year:

One day Prof. Sayles, on coming into study hall, was surprised to find Chester Blauvelt leaning up against the wall, although there were several vacant seats. "Why don't you sit down, Mr. Blauvelt?" inquired the professor sternly. "Well, sir," replied "Ike," "I would, but its too much trouble to get up again."

The Seniors liked to say that we were "nothing but Juniors" and they didn't mind us, but they were forced to change their minds when we beat them out of two prizes that year. The Pruyn medal, for public speaking, was captured by Nelson Covey, while "Polly" ran off with the Buchanan medal for the best English essay. So you see, we could both talk and write well.

And then, in the natural course of events, we became Seniors. That name in itself implies dignity, but, although we have done our best to impress the underclassmen with a due sense of our superiority and preeminence, in spite of all our efforts at austerity, we seemed to have succeeded in inspiring them, not to awe and reverence, but to love instead.

This, our last year at dear old Normal — at least we hope it is our last — has been the fullest, brightest, and happiest of all. We have worked, it is true, but we have toiled with a more steadfast, unchanging purpose than ever before, and we feel confident that our labor shall not have been in vain. I do not mean to imply, however, that it has been all work, for surely it has not been so. Early in the winter the Junior class gave us a lovely reception, which we all enjoyed, and then we thought we would have a party just for ourselves, and so we did. Which one of us can forget that happy afternoon, in connection with which we shall always remember Prof. Sayles who, as always, helped us to have a good time. To-morrow we expect to participate for the last time, as Normal students, in the annual school picnic, an event ever to be hailed with joy and great expectation by all Normalites.

Up to this time we had been working and waiting for an opportunity to come when we might show our friends what a remarkable class we really are. This year our hopes have been realized. In the early part of the year we had the distinction of sharing in the rewards offered by the N. Y. S. Historical Association. Competition was open to all schools in the State, five prizes were offered,

and the Class of '14 feels justifiably proud in saying that it won two prizes and an honorable mention. Not satisfied with taking State prizes alone, we immediately set to work to capture some of those offered to Albany schools. Perhaps you have noticed that the long suit of the Class of '14 is to accomplish whatever it attempts. And we didn't fail this time, in the prize competition offered by the Albany Banking Association, for our essays took two prizes and all honorable mentions. Those who brought us this honor were Katharine Pollock, who took first prize, and Eleanor Dunn, second, while Ina Speed, Frances Vosburg and Helen Page received honorable mention.

Nor did we stop here. A greater honor was still to be won. When the next essays were announced we thought we would surprise the other schools and bring glory to Old Normal, so we just walked off with all the prizes offered by the Sons of the Revolution. The proud winners this time were Elmetta Van Deloo, Marguerite Clark and Eleanor Dunn. Not to make any hard feelings, we let the Juniors have the honorable mentions. We hope that they will profit by our good example, and next year do as well as we have done.

We don't like to brag, but you can see for yourselves how much the Faculty hates to see us leave, as even they realize that we have developed into the glorious class which we bade fair to become, when we entered this institution. We have finished our course, we have done our best, and there remains but one more event to be added to those already recorded, and that is the most important of all — our Commencement. On June 22d we expect to be graduated from this best-loved school, and with that great event, will close the history of an illustrious class, our class, the Class of 1914.

F. MARION McDOWELL, '14.

THE PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1914.

I have been summoned hither by the earnest prayer of this illustrious Class of 1914. Met by the Vergil class during their wanderings in Tartarus, under the leadership of the prophetess Johnsonia, I was persuaded to come here for the express purpose of revealing what is destined for each one.

Silence, I pray you. The globe has become clearer and I read therein the future of the valedictorian of the class, Eleanor Dunn. After years of arduous toil and unceasing study, the following degrees shall be hers: B. A., B. S., M. A., M. S., Sq. D., Pm. S. and probably M. R. S. She will win great renown because of her

essay entitled, "The peck of pickled peppers that Peter Piper picked was a peck pickled by Peter Piper's mother."

Now, in my globe, I behold the fair salutorian, F. Marion McDowell. Early in high-school life, she evinces an amazing interest in poetry, especially in Milton, who will be successful in holding that interest. Also, as she is musically gifted, she will become Paderewski's greatest rival, carrying a fifteen-thousand-dollar insurance on each finger. Such a waste of money.

Ah, now, a sturdy form comes into view. Her early attempt at composing matchless melody having met with much success Frances Vosburgh will take this up as her life-work. Her songs of quenchless eloquence will become famous the world over and all over the world shall go up the prayer: "Grant us peace, they might have been worse."

What is this? A cat, a teapot and a ball of knitting! I see a rising sun and a row of lovers. Her ways shall be of pleasantness and peace and I am safe in predicting that Marguerite Clark will be an old maid.

Now I behold the guide and counselor of our out-of-town friends, Dorothy Himes. Throughout her college life, her message shall be "Union forever!" After they are both graduated, it shall be union forever.

There unfolds before me now a page from a book of "Famous Sayings." I shall read a little from it. "I'm not a bit conceited. Why, I don't think I'm half as clever as I really am." "When you know that what you know is more than what anybody else knows, know enough not to let anybody else know, especially in American History Classes." That book will win great renown and place Eugene Molitor among the world's great writers.

There is excitement in the air! In my globe I can see that an Olympic is being held. Here come the two that outstrip all their opponents, Race and Speed, a very fast team. Splended work, girls, and never forget what the future expects of you. That picture has faded and another takes its place. A long, low, grey homestead on the banks of the Erie canal shall shelter one of your sweet-girl graduates. Grace Keyes will become the proud mistress of "Aunt Schuyler's" famous mansion.

There appears now a revolving couple, popular and world-famous. It is the Long-Taylor team who will originate a graceful dance called the "Shoulder-Rest Whirl." They will obtain the post of dancing instructors at Normal High School and pass their old age in peace and quiet at Albany.

And now I see the stalwart form of a man standing on a platform and lecturing with all the vigor of our friend Teddy Roosevelt. 'Tis John Butler, who has become a famous orator and whose favorite speech is "What I would do if I could repeat my High School course."

A diploma and a piece of wood. Their meaning? The diploma is the result of Lillian Magilton's four years in college. The summer following her graduation Lillian, to the astonishment of all, will take a course in forestry which is later explained when she assumes a life-interest in Wood, of a species known to High School students.

A fair future lies before Caroline Degen. She will establish a chicken farm outside of the city limits. I wish to warn her never to employ tall dark men. I'm sure we all know that there is a strange affinity between a dark man and a chicken. I cannot see clearly. There is a veil over the globe. Ships are coming and going and Grace Root's future is quite mixed up. The globe holds money, the signs are friendly but, as the sparks fly upward, she is born to trouble.

I foresee, now, that Edna Class will write a book entitled "An Aid to Vergil" embracing fifty possible meanings for words that have only one correct translation. In the years to come, her books will be signed E. Wood. The two greatest divines of the age appear now, Edward McDowell and Albert Hoyt. From early youth they loved to talk and, years after High School days, they saw to it that they could talk uninterruptedly for three or four hours once a week, by becoming preachers. I might mention that the gentlemen just spoken of will obtain churches in Albany in case anyone present would like to hear a four-hour harangue.

A question-mark and an information bureau. Oh, yes, Robert Watt is the missing link. As his name is naturally interrogative, he will found a National Information Bureau, sanctioned by the President with the consent of the Senate. Another famous authoress! This book shall win great fame because of its laudatory character. The writer will assume a leading position among the literary stars of the country. Now I shall name both book and author. Deeds of Daring, by Elmetta Van Deloo.

Mary Fitchett will become a great musician, originating an algebraic scale, and will be famed for her extensive world tours. Emily Miller will accompany her, proving a fine comforter, when Mary's efforts are not properly appreciated. Now I see half a dozen men and Normal's dainty lady-doll, Edith Picken. She must not marry the first nor the second nor the third, but the fourth will be all right.

He will prove manageable. Luck will come to her through running water when the weather vane points west.

What is this arising now? A factory, and a woman is the owner. Finding that her demand for hairpins exceeded the supply, Lourida Day was forced to build this factory for herself alone. Class, there is also an inventor in your midst. Bessie O'Bryan, after years of work, will invent a perpetual excuse for tardiness. It will be so constructed that the erasure and substitution of dates will not be necessary. What a blessing that will prove for tardy scholars!

In the year 1922 the right of suffrage will be granted to women in New York State. Eloise Lansing, long identified with the equal suffrage movement, will be nominated for Governor on the Ladies' Division ticket of the Republican party, at the next election. She will obtain the office, but finding Murphy of Tammany Hall still on the job, she will be forced to get rid of him as a political rival, by marrying him. As you can easily imagine she is thenceforth the boss. As Governor, Miss Lansing will create another office, namely, the State Inspectorship of The Tango. To this position Miss Ruth Kimmey will be appointed and I warn all tango dancers that, when compared with Inspector Kimmey's continual, vigilant inspecting, the troublesome interference of the Interstate Commerce Commission will seem but spasmodic attempts to be useless.

Now in the years to come there will also be elected to the Presidency of the United States a woman. As five of the Supreme Court judges will succumb to shock upon seeing her, it will be necessary to appoint five new judges. It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that owing to his very wise appearance, John Lynd will be appointed Chief Justice. The following Associate Justices will also be appointed: Joseph McEntee, because of his extraordinary *reach* and grasp of any subject; Gordon Scott, because he will look so nice in a flowing gown; Nelson Covey, whose fistie ability will greatly hasten a decision, and Chester Hochstrasser, because he would be willing to do the work.

A dazzling vision gleams in the globe. Dorothy Burton, the greatest moving-picture actress of the age! Her realistic character portrayals, splendid acting and unearthly beauty will win for her fame everlasting. At the age of eighty, still acting, having survived five different husbands, she will decide to espouse an old school-mate. Among our number we have a gentleman intensely interested in High School dramatics. Edmund O'Connor will be the founder of hundreds of dramatic clubs the world over.

I behold a Blessing that is not in disguise, Katherine Blessing. Her future is serene and early in life will come wedded bliss. Her

wedding report will be rather peculiarly worded and in order that none of us shall miss it, I will foretell it now. "After the usual blessing, John Blessing and Katherine Blessing, not related previous to the ceremony, were entered into a blessed state of blessedness forever by Pastor Blessing, who thereby pronounced two Blessings one."

There appears before me now a Salvation Army lass surrounded by countless followers. 'Tis Betty Lincoln, gentle and grave, whose melodious tones will win the hearts of all hardened sinners. On the next street corner I behold Helen Page, who has become a famous lawyer and a great advocate of the abolition of Normal High Schools and the Boards of Regents. She is arguing earnestly for her election as District Attorney.

Well, wonders will never cease! This is the strangest sight I have ever seen. A man lying at ease in a chair equipped with all sorts of mechanical devices! He presses a button and a piece of gum slides forth on a small tray and is conveyed to his mouth. He presses another button and his jaws start moving. Then, after pressing a third button, a spring assists him to arise and propellers fastened to his knees, push him along. Arriving near the open window of a house, a fourth button is pressed and a phonograph is heard asking the time. Somebody within replies; the man is propelled back to the chair, assisted to sit down and is then sung to sleep by a mechanical canary. Thus will Chester Blauvelt, the inventor and sole user of this wonderful labor-saving device, spend his days resting from those strenuous, tiring years of High School life.

I see a flourishing hardware store and above it a fortune-telling parlor. Presiding over the hardware store is Mr. Hoos, who deals chiefly in the article suggested by his name and length. The fortune-teller above is Laura Hutchinson. Because of her appreciation of the dark, mystic element which belongs to our trade, and her low, soft, monotonous tones, I fear she will become one of my most hated rivals. I shall brew a potion and thus be rid of her.

A shy, modest, retiring little fellow, whose favorite reply is, "I don't know," appears before mine eyes now. I shall not disclose his name because I fear the effect of such publicity upon his delicate nature. His future — is fair-blue-eyed, I think, and the height of his ambition about four foot ten. As I can foresee no further calamities in his life, I safely predict a peaceful, happy existence.

Because of her passion for details, I foresee that Miss Johnson will become a great Statistician and a noted authority on the science

of the classification and arrangement of facts relating to the condition of a people or class regarding domestic economy, health, longevity and so forth.

As it is always best to conclude with something pleasant, though some people say a conclusion is always a thing to rejoice about, I have left the establishment of the National Palace of Mirth to the last. I predict the erection of that building in the near future and as it will be necessary to procure three joyous maidens to romp about the entrance, I foresee employment for Katherine Pollock, Harriet Gardiner and Grace Bender. Their gracious smiles will be the first to greet the visitor and the last to speed him on his way.

And now I have finished. The magic hour has passed and I must bid you farewell. If aught in my divination has displeased you, forgive and forget. Think of the years spent together and what I might have revealed to your regret.

CLARA F. HOLDER, '14.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CLASS OF 1914,
NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL, READ AND CENSORED
JUNE 19th, 1914.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN:

I, the Senior Class of 1914 of the Normal High School of the City of Albany, State of New York, having reached the prime age of four scholarship years and being of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding and fully considering the uncertainty of life, do therefore make, ordain, publish and declare this to be my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in manner following, that is to say:

ITEM FIRST — After all my lawful debts are paid and discharged, I give, devise and bequeath to my eldest heir, Junior, the use of my study hall and all that therein is, and also the privilege of being under the watchful eye of Miss Loeb at such times as it becomes necessary for said heir to register, with the express proviso that said heir shall maintain at all times a dignity and deportment befitting the station of a Senior. This my Senior heir having arrived at the age of scholarship discretion, it shall not be deemed unseemly conduct, notwithstanding the rigid dictum of his godfather, the faculty, to ascertain the time of day from his watch during class sessions, nor to sit occasionally in the hallways in the august presence of college students, nor to express his opinion and asert

his rights in factional controversies and class discussions. If he be discrete and carefully preserve his rights and privileges, he may some time have the pleasure and satisfaction of transmitting by will to the school posterity the educational and social benefactions herein bequeathed.

ITEM SECOND — To my second issue, a girl named Sophomore, endowed with more than average intuition and native intellectual ability and withall being exceedingly willful and somewhat addicted to confusion in class and study hall; I give, devise and bequeath the title of her elder brother, that of Junior, with all its attendant prestige and privileges such as the pleasure of studying Julius Caesar under the capable and efficient direction of Miss Clement, and Cicero under the critical eye of Miss Johnson, together with the amusing and instructive lecture courses given by Professor Sayles in the absorbing subjects of Physical Geography and Intermediate Algebra. Although being beyond the age which requires a guardian, I wish to warn her godfather, the faculty, to be constantly watchful to see that she adheres to the path in which she is supposed to travel, as described and set forth in the catalogue issued under the title of the High School Department of State Collège for Teachers.

ITEM THIRD — I give, devise and bequeath to my son, named Freshman, all right, title and interest in and to the grand opportunities afforded by the Normal High School for laying the foundation of a good education including the advantages of the study of Elementary Algebra and Biology in the class rooms of Miss Cushing and Miss Shafer, respectively, to have and to use the said opportunities and advantages until he shall arrive at the stage of senior decorum.

And my said son, Freshman, being an unruly urchin, I deem it for the best interests of my estate, and also for the welfare of the boy, that a guardian be appointed; and I hereby nominate my executor, hereinafter named, to be the guardian of my erring and mischievous son until he shall reach his seniority, with full power to properly curb his conduct and direct his actions, knowing that he will unduly exploit any knowledge and experience he may have acquired however small or non-essential it may be.

I desire to remind my said guardian of the fact, that in the locker-rooms there are numerous push-buttons used to turn the lights on and off therein; and that the lad has a strong tendency to amuse himself by operating these push-buttons at such times as he feels himself secure from detection by the faculty. I further admonish

my said guardian to keep a constant vigil upon the tricky activities of his ward; and also to wield the rod with a ready hand, in a generous forceful manner, that lasting impressions may thereby result.

ITEM FOURTH— All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, including "The gym," auditorium, lunch room, tunnel and roof, I give, and bequeath to all my surviving student heirs to use and enjoy collectively in such manner as their ingenuity may invent subject to such restrictions as the faculty may be able to impose and enforce.

LASTLY, I hereby make, constitute and appoint my accomplished friend and confidential adviser Professor John M. Sayles to be executor of this my Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal, the 19th day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and fourteen.

Witnesses,
Charlotte Loeb,
Louise W. Clement.

N. H. S. Class of 1914,
By Gilber H. Daring, (l. s.)

The above instrument was, at the date thereof, subscribed by N. H. S. Class of 1914, the Testator named in the foregoing will, in the presence of us and each of us, and at the time of making such subscription the above instrument was declared by the said Testator to be his last Will and Testament, and each of us, at the request of said Testator and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, signed our names as witnesses thereto, at the end of the Will.

Charlotte Loeb, residing at Albany, N. Y.

Louise W. Clement, residing at Albany, N. Y.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sweet classmates, who'll wither
 E're this year has fled,
We entered so cheerful,
 We go out well-nigh dead.
O sadly we notice,
 As here we do pause,
Our smiles have departed —
 And great is the cause;
Our tones are sepulchral,
 Our looks full of woe,
While our very bones creak
 As we walk to and fro.
Yes, classmates, who're withering
 On each passing day,
We sigh for our lost youth —
 Indeed well we may.

Sweet classmates, who wither
 In dreams of despair,
To exams we are hastening,
 A-tearing our hair;
Our cheeks once so rosy,
 Are furrowed through toil,
Our eyes have grown heavy
 With much midnight oil.
Here fades the last moment
 Of high school away,
Here dies every last hope
 We've had till to-day.
Sweet classmates, who wither
 E're this year has flown,
We entered all blooming,
 We're now skin and bone.

GERTRUDE C. VALENTINE, '08.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

VOL. X

ALBANY, N. Y., JUNE, 1914.

NO. 5

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students of the N. H. S.

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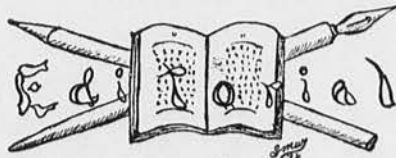
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The close of this school year also means to a number of the staff the close of two years of service for "The Crimson and White" and the school. We have, it is true, fallen short of our aims, we have been unable to do much that we hopefully planned for the paper, but we have worked sincerely and earnestly to the best of our ability and, in short, have done our best. We begrudge not a moment of the time and labor spent, however, for we have indeed derived pleasure and useful experience from it. Before we turn over our tasks to those who shall doubtless fill our places so much more worthily, we must acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to various members of the ever-helpful Faculty and of the school. May they realize that we truly appreciate the support they have given us.

At a meeting of "The Crimson and White" board, on May 29, the following were elected to fill the positions soon to be vacant:
 Assistant Editor.....Marion Poole
 Assistant Literary Editor.....Anna Lemka

School Editor.....	Carolyn White
Assistant Joke Editor.....	Josephine Hoyt
Assistant Business Manager.....	Ansley Wilcox
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We wish to sincerely congratulate these new members on their appointments, and we also wish, especially, for a greater prosperity and success for "The Crimson and White" in the coming year than the paper has ever enjoyed. It will be the old, old story, however; the prosperity of your school publication will rest on the steady support of the entire school, not merely on the work of the staff.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that the winner of the prize for the best story in the April issue of "The Crimson and White" is Caroline Lipes. The story was entitled "Millie's Adventures."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Adele LeCompte, '08, who is teaching at Medina, New York, will enter the Cornell Summer School to take up a course in Spanish.

Warren C. Vosburgh, class of 1910, graduated from Union College with third honor and was elected into the Sigma Xi Honor Fraternity.

Alwyn George, of the class of 1913, has entered the Albany Commercial School.

Katherine Goldring, '10, graduates from Wellesley this spring.

Alice Griffin, '13, who moved to New York, visited Albany in June.

May LeCompte, '13, was a guest of ΔKE Fraternity House at Cornell, at a June house party.

Grace M. Becker, '13, has an excellent position in the High School in Hannibal, a flourishing town in Western New York.

Plans are under way to have a reunion of the class of 1913 as large as possible on our school picnic to Kingston Point.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Here it is June again! Another year has flown quickly by, and with the end comes parting, as always, but this year it is somewhat worse than usual, because there are such a lot of Seniors. For four

years they have been seeking the path to knowledge in this school, and now they stand upon the threshold of a new life. May it be as happy as their High School days!

A few weeks ago the Freshmen had a little party all their own, held in Room 302, at third period. On that day the first-years all came to school dressed in their best and looking very excited. We weren't invited, but we hear that they had a very nice time. The program rendered consisted of piano and vocal solos, and readings and recitations, every member of the Freshman class participating in the exercises.

A short time ago Prof. Sayles made some interesting announcements to the Senior class. Eleanor Dunn has the honor of being valedictorian, Marion McDowell salutatorian, while Frances Vosburgh, Dorothy Himes and Marguerite Clark are the next highest. Congratulations, girls! (Where are the boys?)

We were very much pleased to hear the outcome of the Philip Livingston Chapter Prize Essay contest. Again Normal has come out with flying colors, but this time she almost obliterated the other schools. We took every prize and all the honorable mentions! The winners were Elmetta Van Deloo 1st, Marguerite Clark 2d and Eleanor Dunn 3d, all of the Senior class, while two Juniors, Marion White and Caroline Lipes, received honorable mention. Well done, girls!

We had a grand party on May 20th, when the College celebrated Moving Up Day. School was closed for two periods and we all went out on the campus, watched the College "move up," and devoured ice-cream cones to our heart's content. Several of us forgot to come back for last period and received our due reward the next day.

On Monday, May 25th, we accompanied the College over to the Auditorium, where we were favored with an address on "Scientific Temperance," accompanied by illustrating charts. We enjoyed ourselves immensely, and wished with all our hearts that it would last two periods. But it didn't, and we were forced to return to the scene of our labors after forty-five minutes' recreation.

At a recent meeting of "The Crimson and White" board, the following new members were elected to positions on the staff:

- Assistant Manager.....Ansley Wilcox
- Assistant EditorMarion Poole
- School EditorCarolyn White
- Athletic EditorRaymond Fite
- Advertising Agents { Joseph Sweeney
Culver Sperry
Raymond Carr

Assistant Literary Editor.....Anna Lemka

Assistant Joke Editor.....Josephine Hoyt

We wish to congratulate these new members, and hope that they may make our "Crimson and White" a bigger and better paper than ever before.

On Thursday, June 4th, the annual prize speaking contest was held in the auditorium, for the award of the Robert C. Pruyn medal. Those who entered the contest were Katherine Pollock, Eurette Avery, Marion Smith, Helen Hare, Edmund O'Connor, Raymond Carr, John Butler and Joseph Sweeney. All the selections were excellently rendered. We were also favored with vocal solos by Marion H. Packer and Marion E. Rosa and a piano solo by Dorothy M. Russell. The judges awarded the prize for declamation to Joseph W. Sweeney, with honorable mention to Raymond Carr; for recitation to Eurette M. Avery, with honorable mention to Marion Smith.

On Saturday, June 20th, the school will enjoy its annual picnic to Kingston Point on the Hudson River Day Line. All are anticipating a glorious time, by reason of past experience.



ZETA SIGMA.

Another June has come and along with it the close of a truly successful year in Sigma's history. We have now forty-three active members, all of whom are striving for the improvement of the society, while at the same time they are gaining much themselves. Our meetings still continue to be as helpful as ever before. On the 9th of June we enjoyed our last Alpha Iota Phi, which was remarkably well written by our Junior Editor, Helen Cook.

We are very glad to welcome Carolyn White, '16, back to our midst after her serious illness.

Among our alumnae of '10 we find Rachel Griswold, Edna Moat, Jessie Luck, and Leslie Wheeler, who are to be graduated from the State Teachers' College this June.

On the evening of the 23d of May, Sigma gave her annual reception to the members of the Senior class at Graduates Hall. The affair was in charge of the Juniors.

The election of officers for the coming term was held on the 28th of May. As a result the following girls were chosen:

President	Caroline Lipes.
Vice-President	Carolyn White.
Recording Secretary	Helen Cook.
Corresponding Secretary	Mildred George.
Treasurer	Frances Myers.
Critic	Mary Blue.
Senior Editor	Bernice Covey.
Junior Editor	Minnie Coughtry.
Pianist	Esther Cramer.
Marshal	May Hutehins.
Mistress of Ceremonies	Euretta Avery.

To these girls we leave the responsibility and pleasure of performing the duties of their offices. Knowing them well and also their ability we have no fear for Sigma's future.

Edith Wallace, '13, has been elected reporter of the College Club.

The new literary editor of the *Echo*, the college publication, is also one of our members, Geraldine Murray, '11.

As the Seniors graduate the society lose nine excellent girls who have done their very best for Sigma. Those girls look forward to becoming members of the Alumnae Association with pride; but it is with regret that they give up their active membership in the society.

To all the students and faculty we extend a hearty wish for a pleasant vacation.



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

June has come at last and with it the close of another year of helpful companionship and work in "Quin." May the summer months be so filled with good times that we shall have many happy reminiscences to exchange when we come together again in September.

"Quin" girls have been carrying off their share of the honors as usual. In the election for Senior Class Day officers Clara Holder was chosen class prophet; among those appointed for next year's "Crimson and White" board are Marion Poole, assistant editor, and Josephine Hoyt, assistant joke editor; and in the essay contest

given recently by the Philip Livingston Chapter the three prizes offered were won by Elmetta Van Deloo, Marguerite Clark, and Eleanor Dunn — all "Quin" girls.

The following is the result of the election held on the 28th of May. With these officers to take their places at the helm we may look hopefully forward to the next school year:

President	Margaret Shirtz.
Vice-President	Margaret Lovett.
Secretary	Marion Poole.
Treasurer	Marie Blauvelt.
Senior Editor	Phyllis Clark.
Junior Editor	Josephine Hoyt.
Critic	Isabel Johnston.
Mistress of Ceremonies	Kathleen Hayes.
Marshal	Peggy Ward.



ADELPHOI.

At last we see vacation in sight. We have ended a prosperous year. Many new members have joined, helping to fill out the ranks.

Robert Minkler, an alumnus, was present at a late meeting and addressed the members.

On the evening of May 29 the society and the alumni enjoyed a theatre party, and afterwards a dinner at Keeler's. Ask any of the fellows if we had a good time.

We are now preparing for the annual summer excursion to be held late in June.

At the last election of officers the following were chosen:

President	Edward McDowell.
Vice-President	Alfred Walley.
Secretary	Robert Watt.
Treasurer	Chester Long, Jr.
Chaplain	Chester Hochstrasser.
Sergeant-at-Arms	Donald Miller.
Master of Ceremonies	Barton Relyea.

We hope that the members of the school and the faculty will have a splendid summer vacation.



THETA NU.

Theta Nu is about to close a most successful year both in the literary and social field. The members were very sorry to lose their president, Urquhart Wilcox, who was obliged to leave school. His place was immediately filled by Ray Fite, the vice-president. The society is planning its annual ride at the close of the school year. Although we will lose several members at graduation, we are looking forward for a most successful term next year.



At the close of the school year we would like to make a few general comments on our exchanges. As a rule, they are already so well edited that there is little material open to criticism. However, there are a few papers which come out month after month with little or no improvements. (No names mentioned.) These are the very ones who most need advancement, and if there is none we will name them next year. Better watch out!

THANK YOU.

For April and May we have received the following exchanges:
The Magpie (Waterbury, Conn.), *The X-Ray* (Anderson, Ind.),
The Academe (Albany, N. Y.), *The Iliad* (Troy, N. Y.), *The*

Scarab (Cleveland, Ohio), *The Peningian* (Port Chester, N. Y.), *The Acropolis* (Newark, N. J.), *The Orange and Black* (Fall City, Neb.), *The Literary Novice* (Newark, N. J.), *The Echoes* (Fort Lee, N. J.), *The St. Benedict's College Quarterly* (Newark, N. J.), *The Oracle* (Jacksonville, Fla.), *The Academian* (Canandaigua, N. Y.).

The Magpie (Waterbury, Conn.), is an extraordinarily neat paper. In their school they have been having a prize contest and as a result have an unusually large number of good stories and poems. The cuts are comparatively few, but the one which heads the "School Notes" column is especially artistic. A page or two of jokes would probably be very welcome to the readers.

There is a very interesting though rather unusual feature in *The Oracle*. Under the "Alumni" column is a description of some of the travels of a former "D. H. S." student. After reading that, we feel as if we ourselves had been visiting Manila and Shanghai.

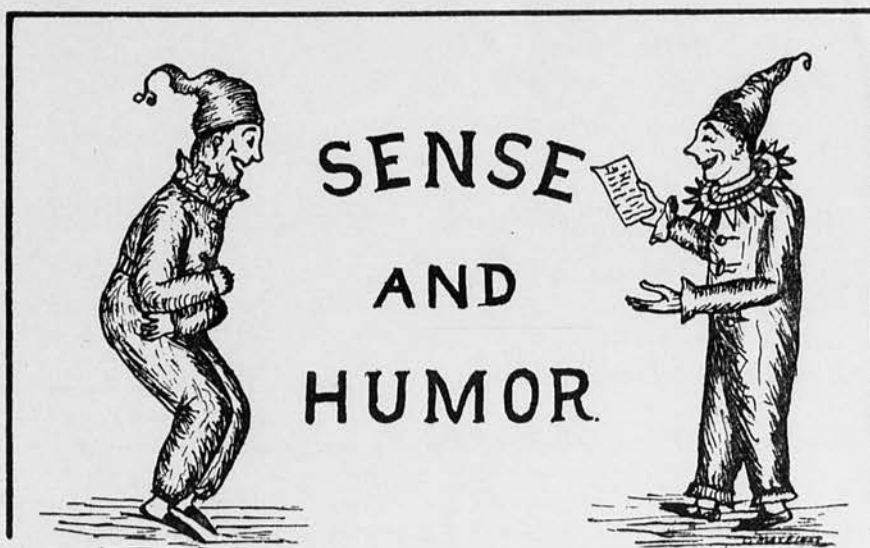
No cuts appear in *The Peningian* (Port Chester, N. Y.), but the picture of the girls' team is unusually clear. The jokes are good.

The story, "The Water Cure," in the Easter number of *The Scarab* (Cleveland, Ohio), is very well written. The order —? Directly after the Literary Department come one Society Note and one School Note. Following the lone Editorial is an Athletic Note. At the end of the "Athletic Notes" is a notice to the school concerning contributions. In the Exchange Department, a joke, the "Minor," and the criticisms are scattered about promiscuously. Then — but we won't go any farther for there are more Athletic Notes and Jokes sadly mixed.

THEY SAY OF US:

The stories are very good. (*The Orange and Black.*)

We find in your paper an extraordinary exchange list. It must prove quite a novelty to read papers that have come from such distances. (*The Peningian.*)



S—for the studies we've toiled at full long.
 E—education, not bought for a song.
 N—for the number of pranks we have played,
 I—for the industry by which we've repaid.
 O—opportunities now at our door,
 R—for remembrance of Normal e'ermore.
 S—sorrow at leaving her after years four.

We certainly believe that the saying "Ignorance is bliss" applies to our Seniors. Just look how happy they are!

We heard that Miss Vosburgh was to sing the Class Song at Class Day exercises, but at rehearsal she arose and substituted the following:

I cad dot sig a sog to-dight;
 I could dot sig if I should try,
 By reasod, you'd scarce deed be told,
 Is because I've got too bad a cold.

Edith Picken — "I think all men are flirts."

John Butler — "Oh, you shouldn't say that."

Edith — "Well, perhaps you're not, but it seems to me all the wise ones are."

"We're in a pickle," said a man in a crowd.

"A regular jam," said another.

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the old lady. — *Ex.*

Chester Long — "Can a person be punished for something he has not done, Miss Herbert?"

Miss Herbert — "What nonsense! Why, of course not!"

Chester Long — "Very well, I haven't done my Ancient History for to-day."

Miss Luck — "Give principal parts of the verb to fail, Miss Dunn."

Eleanor — "Flunko, flunkere, faculty, fire 'em."

One day in English class there arose a discussion as to how the word "apt" was used in reference to persons, and the following sentence was given: "You are apt."

Miss O'Bryan (addressing Mr. Pratt with decision): "But, I don't see how 'apt' can apply to you, Mr. Pratt."

Mr. Pratt: "I'm glad you have such a fine opinion of me."

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.

Quick as a Flash.

"I say, Reginald, I've forgotten my card case."

"Nevah mind, deah boy, I'll lend you some of mine."

"But — ah — the name would be different, donche know."

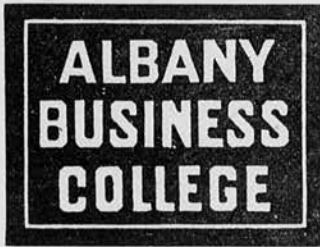
"So they would! What a head you have, Algy!"

Elmetta — "Some people spell parlour, P-A-R-L-O-R."

Glibert — "Yes, but I like it better with U in it."

Mary had a little goat,
Its horns grew longer yearly,
And just because it was all butt,
She always called it "Nearly."

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Lillian Magilton seeing "not transferable" on some tickets which she had, asked what it meant.

Eloise Lansing (brilliantly) — "It means that no one is admitted unless he comes himself."

Found on a S E N I O R paper.

"Abe Lincoln was born in a log cabin which he helped his father build."

He — "How old is that lamp?"

She — "About three years old."

He — "Turn it down; it is too young to smoke."

McEntee — "What's that fellow yelling at?"

Scott — "He's yelling at the top of his voice."

Miss Clement — "Where is your note book?"

Clara Holder — "My head is my note book."

Miss C. — "That is a blank book."

Mr. Covey — "Mr. Smith, I've got a splinter in my hand."

Mr. S. — "What have you been doing, scratching your head?"

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King —

Else, wherefore born? — *Alfred Tennyson.*

Whatever the weather may be, says he,

Whatever the weather may be —

'Tis the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear

That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere. — *Riley.*

No man ever touched another man's honor; all honor's wounds are self-inflicted. — *Andrew Carnegie.*

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. — *George Herbert.*

Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. — *St. Paul.*

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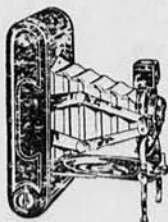
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