

JUNE

1906

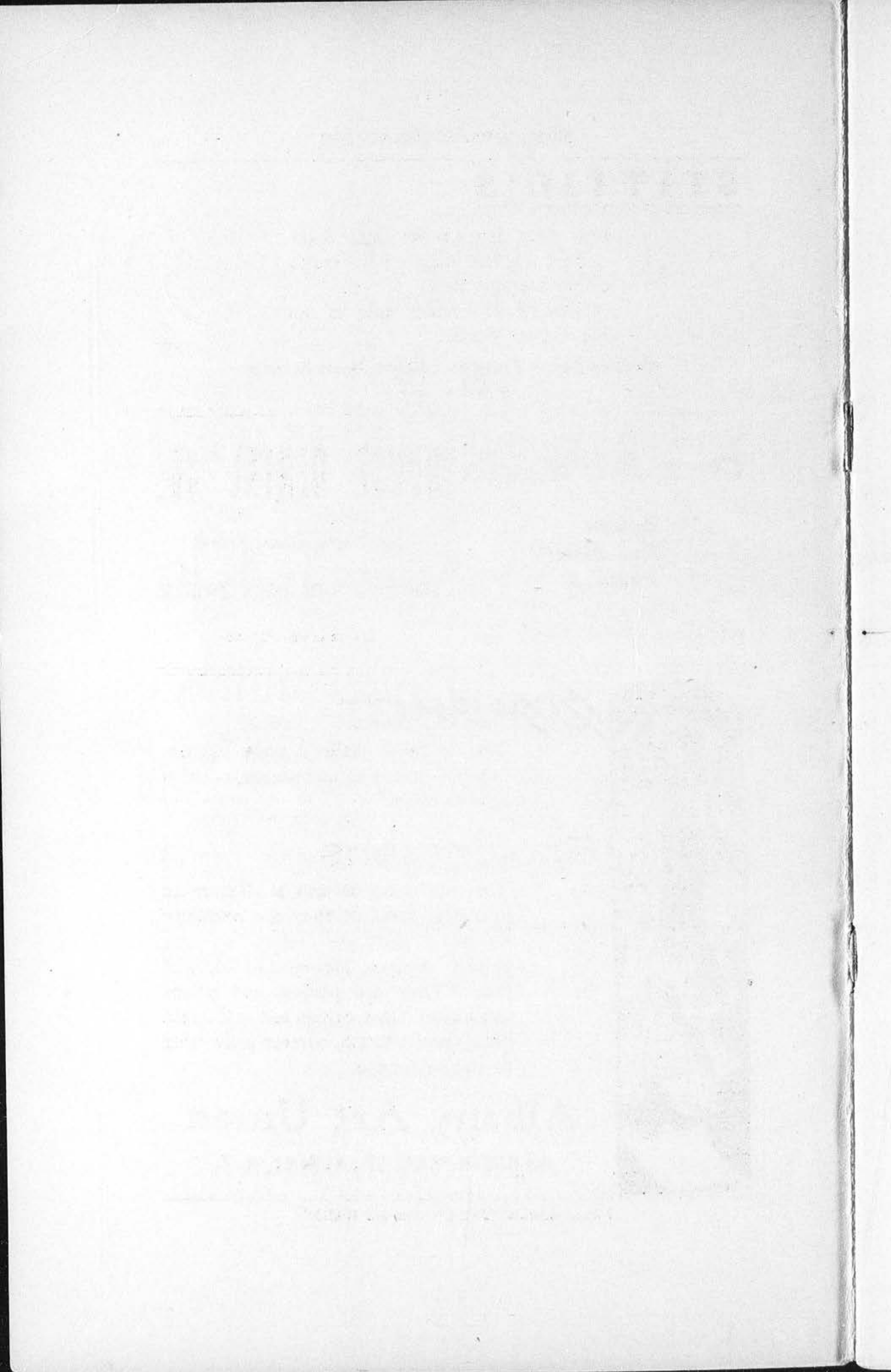


The Crimson and White

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The Crimson and White

Vol. II

JUNE, 1906

No. 5

Literary Department

Opportunity

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my foot-
steps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and pass-
ing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon
or late
I knock unbidden once at every
gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise,
before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach
every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every
foe,
Save death; but those who doubt
or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and
woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly im-
plore,
I answer not and I return no more.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

Grandfather's Story

One winter's evening a party of boys and girls were seated before the log fire which burned in the large fire-place in Bert Taylor's home. The house was an old one, built by Bert's ancestors, who were the first settlers.

"Say, Grandpa! won't you tell us a story?" cried Bert as an old man passed the door. He stood undecided for a moment and then entered.

"So you can make use of the old man after all," he said as he seated himself in the large arm chair which one of the girls had quickly drawn up. "Yes, I'll tell ye a story my grandfather told me." He put his feet on the fender, lighted his pipe and began:

"A great many years ago deer, painters and such animals were plentiful around here. Ye see this was the Indians' hunting ground. No white man had ever trod these parts, and it was seldom that an Indian came so far north. Ye all know Rattlesnake Rock at the head of the lake.."

"Yes! Yes!" cried the boys quickly, "the great high one; there's a lot of rattlers up there. That's where Jim got bit last year."

"Same identical one," replied the aged man. "Well, it were much higher in those days, aye, ten times as high, and on the top lived the Queen of the Rattlers. She was a beautiful Indian princess who ran away from her tribe and lived at the rock and ruled the rattlers. She never came off, for she was so pretty that the other animals would steal her.

"The snakes were not always poisonous. They never used to bite, and were quite friendly, but a great change came over the tribe for they endured much sorrow and became the enemy of man. It all happened because another princess wished to try her lover.

"Go," she said, "and bring me the most beautiful woman in the world; I wish a slave. Do not return until you find her."

"The young man had been many moons on the trail when he camped in our valley at the foot of yonder rock. He sat smoking before his campfire and thinking, for he was very sad because his quest had so far been unsuccessful.

"The moon gradually rose above the mountains and flooded the valley with its calm, peaceful light, and there, standing on the summit, distinct and beautiful, was the Indian queen calling her subjects to the foot of the rock.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian, "my quest is ended. There stands the most beautiful woman in the world." So he climbed up the steep rock, and creeping softly behind, seized her and leaped far out into the lake. He swam quickly to the shore and started triumphantly on his homeward journey, leaving the rattler too dazed to act.

"At last one great rattler crawled upon a stump and addressed his brothers. 'Revenge!' he cried, 'since we cannot regain our queen we can at least avenge her.'

"How can we?" wailed the others, 'we are weak.'

"No, we are strong," he replied, and then he told them of his plan. 'Let every one eat of this bark on this stump, and everything you bite will die.' When they had all eaten of the bark he again addressed

them, 'Now, my brothers, scatter in every direction and bite every man you can reach.'

"The whole tribe crawled off in different directions, some going north, south, east and west and some remained here at the rock, and from that day to this the rattlers have been avenging their queen.

"Now then, boys, that's all I'll tell ye to-night," said the old man. "Next time I'll tell ye another animal story, but you will have to guess which one it will be about."

E. M. CLARY.

A Young Girl's Wooing.

Last night as I sat by the window
 Dreaming and thinking of you,
 I resolved that I could not be single,
 And came here to tell it to you.

Because you are sweet and so
 pretty,
 And never give up to your fate,
 You always seem just so busy,
 I would that you were my mate.

I cannot live longer without you:
 I've tried it and know it is true.
 Won't you be mine now forever,
 My own little, dear little Sue?
 M. H. M. '08.

Queen of Spain—"Moi Gracia!
 The baby has the stomach-ache!"
 Prime Minister (excitedly)—
 "Page! call the Secretary of the
 Interior."

"I don't mind," said Grace
 Gilleaudeau, "when that woman
 at my boarding house has hash
 for us every day in the week
 but when she puts raisins in and
 calls it mince-pie, I draw the line."

San Rafael Ranch.

The house was a large, square building, very homelike in appearance. A large veranda ran about the four sides, draped with climbing roses. There was every evidence that something out of the ordinary was expected to happen. From earliest morning the inhabitants of the house had been very busy.

From the wide doorway, which stood open, stepped a girl. At the first sight of Reah Alvarez, strangers were always strongly impressed that she was a remarkable looking girl. She was tall and her carriage was very erect. Her head, with its wealth of raven black hair, was held rather high and her face wore an expression of hauteur which was somewhat lessened by a glance of her full dark eyes. As she stood in the sunset light, she made an unconscious picture of loveliness.

At the sound of galloping horses a flush mantled her cheek and stepping to the door she called to her mother, "They are coming!"

A moment later and two riders came into view, a young man strongly resembling the girl on the piazza, and the other, a girl closely enveloped in a heavy riding suit and thick veil. As the horses stopped before the entrance, Reah came forward with both hands outstretched, saying cordially, but timidly:

"Dearest Alma, welcome to San Rafael! Let me help you down."

So saying, Reah Alvarez almost lifted the new arrival from the "broncho" and with her strong arms supported her into the house.

Alma Grey was an orphan, and distant cousin of Reah's, and upon the death of both her mother and

father, which had occurred when she was only five years old, was placed in a convent in Italy. During all this time she had grown to be a beautiful girl, but quiet and reserved. Becoming weary of her convent life she had written to San Rafael and in answer had received a welcome invitation to spend at least one year with her only relatives.

When Alma was placed safely in her room, she seated herself on the floor by the window, and leaning her head upon her hands fell into a deep reverie. She had travelled from the coast of the Adriatic sea to the western coast of America alone. And now the long tiresome journey was ended, and she found herself in Southern California, among her relatives who were no other than strangers, save by correspondence. She looked about the strange room and a sense of loneliness stole over her.

So intent upon her own thoughts was she, that she did not hear a firm step on the threshold, or the door softly open and a tall figure darken the doorway. To John Alvarez, Alma formed a very striking picture as she, all unconscious of herself, gave way to thought.

"A very beautiful girl," muttered he as he silently watched her and indeed she was. In contrast with Reah's dark southern beauty, Alma was of the blonde type, with beautiful auburn hair which glistened in the sun. Her eyes were dark grey, shaded by dark lashes; her lips, which were tightly compressed gave one the idea of her being reserved and proud.

II.

Several weeks passed before Alma became accustomed to her sur-

roundings. During that time she had kept to her room, not caring to venture out, but now she became restless and longed for the fresh air, so accordingly Reah had suggested long canters over the prairie land each morning.

The tall roan which Alma rode was a thoroughbred, with slender legs, a proud arching neck and wavy mane. Reah and Alma would sometimes ride through beautiful woods, when the sun was up and the sweet notes of the birds, intermingled with the scent of spices were entirely new.

The afternoons were spent on the beach, which was but a short distance from the house. Here Alma and Reah would sit in the warm sun for hours chatting or making friends with the little children.

One morning Reah proposed that the day should be spent out-of-doors, at a place which Alma had often admired, not far away. John was to be one of the party, and his two friends had promised to ride up from San Real to join them. John and Alma rode slowly behind. The morning was delightful and the sunlight and the veil of dust made it impossible to distinguish two horsemen who were galloping at full speed toward them. Alma, however, paid no special attention to them, but from the occasional look which John often paused to take, it could be seen he was alarmed.

On reaching the appointed spot the horses were turned loose and the luncheon was spread upon the ground. Several other friends had arrived and the party was a very merry one. Later in the afternoon the party dispersed to seek amusement for themselves. Some wandered off by the river, others

lingered on the sand. In some way Alma found herself alone, having wandered a short distance beyond an old stone bridge. The spot was very picturesque and quiet, so, preparing a comfortable seat among the rocks, she began to read.

How long she sat there Alma never knew, but presently arousing herself to the fact that it was growing late, started in the direction of the party. As she neared the old mill a man sprang lightly toward her; thinking it to be John or one of the party she uttered a low laugh, but later stood aghast with horror upon finding it to be a stranger. The man who stood before her looked travel-stained, and his face was somewhat flushed.

"I am a poor man and don't care to cause any excitement, but want you to follow me."

Alma, casting one long look ahead could not discern any of her loving friends and knew in that one short moment her doom was sealed.

The evening shadows were slowly creeping over the hills when Reah decided it was time to be going. Immediately they all descended to the bottom of the hill where the horses were in waiting.

Suddenly, amid the laughter and excitement, a manly voice was heard to say, "Where is Alma?" At this many of them remembered how Alma had strolled off earlier, by herself. Could she have lost her way? Only the face of John Alvarez remained deep in thought, as, gazing far out, he thought of the strange horsemen. "Could it have been possible that they had carried her off?"

After a whispered consultation among the male members of the party, it was decided that they would take the ladies home and

then search far and wide for Alma and her captors.

III.

How different was that home coming! Hardly a word was spoken during the long drive; each was busy with his own thoughts. To Reah it seemed as though Alma would never be found. O! she argued if she had only gone with her all would have been different. Arriving home the party sadly dispersed, and Reah went slowly and sadly to her room, where in the dark recess of the window seat she gave way to her grief.

In a very short space of time the men could be seen coming from the side of the house, five in number, headed by John Alvarez, each carrying his gun. Each horse was laden with a packing blanket and saddle bag. They hurriedly made their way to the road which, once reached, they started off, determined to head the captors, who John was sure had carried Alma away. They relaxed their speed only when after a considerable distance they reached a fork in the road.

Which road had they taken? Deciding upon the one which led across the country they lost no time and they were soon leaving San Rafael far behind, passing San Real, Monterey and San Rosario.

IV.

"No; she has only fainted," quietly replied Jim Flanders, in reply to his companion's remark of "Is she dead?" These two men were widely known all through the west for many offences, such as train robbery and bank robbery. They were also well up in the art of pickpocketing. They had at first

meant very little by attacking Alma, only to gain her jewelry and any money she had, but now with a fainting girl on their hands, it was a different matter, besides there was the party to think of. If they could only see them they would arrest them. Well! they would put her in the wagon and drive off a way. Then she would come to herself, after———? "But the job's done, and that ends it."

Settling back in his seat, he watched her discontentedly. Alternately protesting such an adventure and the penalty when those "ranchers" would catch them.

Over the half recumbent figure he swept another glance, pausing as he surveyed her face, across which flowed a tress of hair loosened in the struggle. Save for the unusual pallor of her face she might have been sleeping, but as he watched her the lashes slowly lifted and he sullenly nerved himself for the encounter. He who had expected a tempest of tears shifted uneasily, while Alma slowly raised herself and surveyed her captor.

"Perhaps you will tell me the meaning of this outrage—you're smothering me,—forcing me here—driving me—where?"

"There's no occasion to show your temper, Miss," said Flanders gloomily. "I'm a bit touchy myself to-day; sudden and quick for a quarrel. You see I know a bit about Italy. Let us talk about that sunny country—"

The coach was rattling over San Real country. It was carnival time and the streets of the town were thronged with merry makers. On the air came the sound of the music. Overhead stretched the

sky. The measureless ocean stretched before her eyes, with here and there a silvery star like the light of a distant ship.

"San Real!" he exclaimed. "I'd forgotten we were so close! And they're all making merry, too."

He cast a quick glance at her. "You're all ready to call for help" he sneered, "but I'm not ready to part company yet."

Despairingly, she observed how the sun dipped and ever dipped toward the west, when suddenly a sound afar rekindled her fainting spirits. Listening more attentively, she was assured imagination had not deceived her; it was the faint patter of a horse's hoofs. Nearer it drew; quicker beat her pulses. Moreover, it was the sound of galloping. Some one was pursuing the coach on horseback.

Immersed in his own gloomy thoughts, her jailer was unmindful of the approaching riders; closer resounded the beating hoofs, but her impatience outstripped the pursuer, and she was almost impelled to scream and jump.

Although the riders continued to gain ground, to her companion the approaching clatter was inseparable from the noisy throng of revelers, and it was not until the horsemen were nearly abreast, and the cadence of the galloping resolved itself into clangor, that the dreamer awoke with an imprecation. As he sprang to his feet, thus rudely disturbed, a figure on horseback dashed by and a stern voice called:

"Stop the coach."

Menacing and abusive, as the vehicle stopped, the robber's hand sought one of his pockets, while the young girl clung to it tenaciously.

"Quick! Mr. Alvarez!" Alma

cried, recognizing the voice of John.

"You wild cat!" her jailer exclaimed, struggling to throw her off.

Before he could strike her or otherwise vent his rage, a revolver was clapped to his face, and with a look of terror he fired at random, the ball aiming its mark on the young girl's shoulder.

At this the other riders came forth with their weapons and covered the jailer, who unceremoniously made a dive to escape. But not so, they strapped him to their steed and two friends rode swiftly ahead with him to the prison at San Real.

In the meantime Alma lay quite still among the cushions while the riders made it as comfortable as possible. After resting they started back to the ranch, carrying their precious burden with them.

V.

Once again at the sound of clattering hoofs, Reah stood in the doorway, not however to welcome Alma to the ranch but to receive her as one almost dead.

Very tenderly Reah lifted her from the coach and bore her slowly in through the long cool hall, up the broad flight of stairs to her room, and with loving hands helped to dress the wound. Not a slight one, however, so Reah installed herself as head nurse, and how faithfully she did her duty through the long hours of the day and night.

* * * *

At last after many weary weeks, Alma was able to sit up. O! how the days dragged on; how she longed once more for a ride over the level country! but no, that was to be no more for her. Sitting en-

raptured in thought, Reah came in, carrying a lamp, as it was growing dusk. She made her way to Alma, and looking into her beautiful upturned face said:

"How is my lovely Alma tonight?" Alma spoke calmly,

"Reah, I am better, but so lonesome. I have been longing for my Venice. Although I was so happy here at dear San Rafael, I have been thinking my time was up and the good sisters will wonder what has befallen me."

Tears came to Reah's dark eyes at this, and looking intently at Alma she knew there was no alternate. Yes! They had been happy together, but for how long? Until the sad accident which had marred their plans. And for what? Surely it was a funny world. How Reah would love to go with Alma; but her place was home, she had her brother and mother to look after. Perhaps it was better so.

"When will you leave us dear?"

Alma was dreaming again and heard not. Arousing herself again she looked at Reah with a puzzled look and answered, "Soon."

* * * *

It was a wonderful morning which saw the birth of the new year in Venice,—one of those clear, bright days on which nature assumes the smile of spring. The "piazza" was filled with a noisy crowd of holiday folks and the lagoons swarmed with gondolas.

Before the white marble building of the Convent de Maria a gondola paused. A young man stepped lightly out and passed under the great archway. He is met by a servant, of whom he asks in the best Italian he can muster, for the Signorina Grey. At this the servant informs the man in excellent

English, that the signorina has been ill ever since her return from America.

"She has been very ill; they say she will die. She has not left her room, but today being a 'festa,' she has fancied to go out in the gondola, and I am to carry her down stairs."

As the servant finished speaking he noticed that the visitor had grown very pale, and now stood leaning for support against the pillar. When he spoke again it was to send his card to Alma. On being admitted to an outer reception room the servant vanished.

John Alvarez gazed before him. "How would she receive him? O! if she should die!"

Later, he was ushered into the presence of Alma. How thin and wan she looked, as he stooped to take her hand. She spoke in a thin, far-away voice, "I am so glad you have come. It is so good to see one from home."

It had become "home" to her; the country she had just left after a half year's residence. Beside the couch stands a table upon which is placed rare wine. Alma pours the wine from the flask and fills two glasses, and they both drink. "How different, is it not, this wine from the strong red wine of California; the kind we had that day,—do you remember, when we feasted under the orange trees?"

The wine seemed to spread through her frame, it brought a flush to her cheek and sparkle to her eyes. She arose and with John's assistance started down the marble steps to the gondola waiting below.

The western sky was aglow with the first pale tints of the sunset. The air was musical with soft dis-

tant chimes, and the song of the many gondoliers and the motion of their oars.

"I am so glad that you have seen me in the city of my birth; you can understand my feelings better now."

"And are you happy,—contented?"

"Yes, and no. I have seen the happiness and the pleasures of San Rafael."

"You will return with me?"

She smiled sadly and said: "I think I shall not see America again, but I am thankful to have known my home."

* * * *

It was late that night when the nun laid her patient to rest.

The black-robed watcher, later, lying down near Alma, fell asleep. The quiet of the night was broken however, by a slight noise as of the wind blowing through the apartment. The nun got up and looked around. The candles had burned out and all was dark.

When John Alvarez called at the convent the next morning, he was somewhat delayed at the door, passing in through the apartments they seemed deserted. A deep shadow hung about the place.

The nun came presently, and at the sight of her a chill fell upon the young man's heart. What could it all mean? The nun, however, told him in as few words as possible that death had entered during the night and taken away their fairest pupil.

John Alvarez was a strong man, and after the first faintness which the news had brought him, nerved himself to meet the awful truth.

"You are John Alvarez, from California, of whom Alma spoke last night?" spoke the physician.

"Yes."

"I have here a letter found by the nun, directed to Reah Alvarez. Do you know that person?"

"Yes, very well."

John slowly took the sealed note written by Alma. It contained very little, all pertaining to her happy stay at San Rafael.

* * * *

John slowly found his way to the cable office and penned this message to Reah:

"Alma died last night."

FLINN.

The Flowers Are Coming

Oh, lily bell, come! awaken!
T'is time for the flowers to dine.
The dew from their petals they've shaken;
They're robed in their dresses so fine.
Here's Jack-in - the - pulpit and violet,
Tansy, daisy and buttercup,
Sweetbriar and sweet mignonette.
But four-o'clock has yet to get up.
Hollyhock climbed o'er the wall,
Bluebell has tolled the hour,
Ragged robin has sounded the trumpet call,
For the breakfast of each dainty flower.

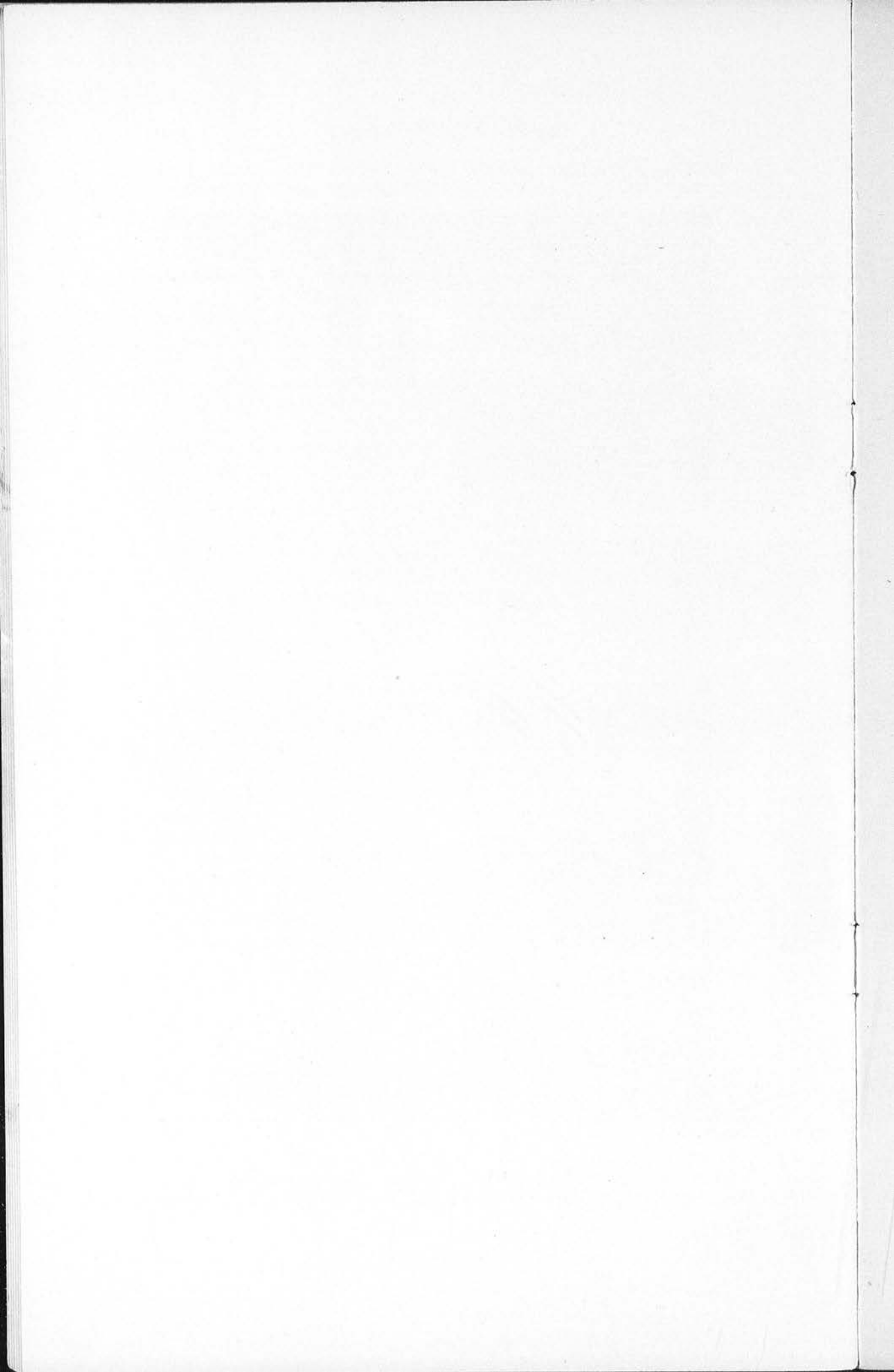
Oh, the meanness of a Sophomore when he's mean!
And the leanness of a Senior when he's lean!
But the meanness of the mean,
And the leanness of the lean,
Can ne'er compare with the greenness of a Freshie when he's green.

He that falleth in love with himself shall have no rivals.

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History of the Class of 1906

Listen my classmates and you
shall hear

A brief summary of our career:
'Twas the fifteenth of September,
1902,

Not a one of us will ere forget
That famous day and year.
Each said to his friend, as a fond
farewell—

If I succeed by a diploma
Beautiful and fair will I be re-
warded

At the end of four year's labor.
But if in some final exam,
Some small mistake I should care-
lessly make

Alas! for the fair diploma!
Alas! for the useless labor.
So, with a front careless and bold,
As the brilliant class of 1906,
Did we enter the dear halls of the
N. H. S.

My first remembrance of this brilliant career turns back to the sight of three of our classmates stealthily walking up the stairs to the office while the boldest asked in a voice tremulous with emotion or fear of Miss Bodley: "Please, ma'am, which is the way to the cloak-room?" They learned, indeed, as the teachers of first-period recitations could truly testify in after years. And just as if Dr. Jones had quoted that famous verse:—

"Will you come into my parlor?" did they march into High School Chapel. As these were specially polite flies, this same bold maiden asked their "spider"—"Where do we sit, Dr. Jones?" "Oh, just sit anywhere, it doesn't make any difference, Miss Swayne." So promptly these three freshmen sat in the first seats on row No. 1. But the girls of the senior class were

very kind and quickly hustled them to their proper places.

In the busy days that followed, far more time was spent in finding out where the recitation rooms were, than in reciting their lessons, for about two weeks.

And for the next two weeks the majority of the time was taken up in getting each other straight. But as some of our names mysteriously fitted us, we soon became accustomed to it. For instance—the stout young man with spectacles was Mr. Ball; the young man who never knew his lesson was Mr. Leake; the young man who was invariably late to class and made a big noise with his feet as he came in, was Mr. *Patterson*; the one who never, never could hurry was Mr. Meneely from Watervliet; the one always getting in your way when you were in a hustle, Mr. Ford; the tall young lady with hair the color of the beautiful maple leaves in the woods, was Miss Wood; the one with hair just like ripe wheat, Miss Miller; the young gentleman with a large head whom you could never stick, Mr. Robinson, otherwise known as "Pud;" the young lady always with a smile for her masculine classmates, Willie—Miss Wilson—that's all.

In the early spring of 1903 we were excited by the announcement that the Misses Danaher and Chambers had joined the Zeta Sigma and soon afterward the Misses Baumes and Swayne had joined the Quintilian. Who? what? where? were the strange things floating around High School under such queer names? But at last to our green minds came the knowledge that they were Literary Societies.

Time rolled swiftly on, as we learned our lessons from day to

day. Commencement came and went, and supposing that all would be just as before next year, we parted for vacation.

But alas! who can tell of the loss some of our mischievous Sophomores felt when we came back to find the "Class of 1903" gone?

Indeed, our class was entirely changed. Many had left and more joined the class. Remarkably small, but gleefully and happily on we went.

This year we studied geometry and many valued theorems appeared, such as: When one loving heart meets another loving heart, these two loving hearts beat as one. Our president has indeed done excellent work in Geometry. 'Twould cost him not an effort to prove the above theorem. At the second term of the year he began German although his heart was in French, as we afterward learned. His specialty was past participles. Why, Miss Palmatier says he can say the past participle of the verb aimer perfectly.

In the spring Barnum & Bailey's circus came to Albany and Miss Horne's Caesar Class enjoyed it to the full extent. The people on Hudson avenue must have enjoyed the race Miss Wood and Mr. Robinson had in their hurry to see the parade. Among the missing from school that day, were the Misses Baumes, Vagele and Latnay.

School closed, the summer vacation passed away and again near the "Ides" of September, we assembled, not as innocent Sophomores, but mighty Juniors.

We were surprised to find that Dr. Jones had resigned to accept a position in the College and Dr. Aspinwall had taken his place, who has won the favor and respect of the

"Class of 1906," and, in fact, of the whole school. We missed Miss Horne, who was compelled to give up her position on account of ill health, and in her place was Miss McCutcheon, who has most nobly performed her duties.

We found that we were abandoned by Georgie Chambers, Rachel Gueldenapfel, Clara Boyce, Edythe Gill and Sara Latnay, but were joined by Caro Rand and Winia Miller and that wonderful, magnificent Ollin Russum. Mr. Russum came from the Rensselaer High School, took the Normalites by storm and by springtime was an important member of the Adelphoi Fraternity and business manager of the CRIMSON AND WHITE. But just before June, breaking the hearts of us all, especially Mabel Wood, Bessie Lindsay, Ethel Breitenstein, Adele Hartman and Alta Gallup, Mr. Russum was obliged to leave Normal.

In Civics class, the class was astonished by the following occurrence:

Ethel B. was smiling

In the Civics class.

Naughty little Ethel,

I don't believe you'll pass.

It happened that the teacher

Saw her gleesome smile,

And so he kept watching her

Make eyes across the aisle.

Well, Ethel she likes chestnuts,

And Lloyd, he likes them, too,

But the teacher, he liked better

To separate the two.

So he said to Ethel,

And it wasn't much in fun:

I wish you'd stop smiling so
sweetly

At Mr. R-b-s-n.

A school paper the CRIMSON AND WHITE was established with Miss Podmore of the "Class of 1905" as Editor-in-Chief.

Soon after September the girls formed a basket ball team and it was composed nearly entirely of Junior girls.

The gymnasium was equipped in the fall, secured by the efforts of Mr. Sweet of the "Class of 1905."

Although the Sophomores are supposed to haze the Freshmen, this year the Juniors assisted them in their undertakings. The underclass men were surprised when three of our illustrious classmates came into the chapel ten minutes late for roll call.

Miss Danaher introduced the art of "butting in" in our class and she strives to her utmost ability not to have us forget it. She practices it every day for our benefit.

Miss Breitenstein was chosen to respond to the presentation of the class of 1905, which she did in a most pleasing manner.

At the end of our Junior year, the Board of Editors for the CRIMSON AND WHITE for the following year were elected with Miss Swayne as Editor-in-Chief. She has certainly performed her duties well as is shown by the excellent numbers of the CRIMSON AND WHITE.

At this Commencement time there was a new system—a series of competition for which medals were awarded. We all went into every contest we were fitted for, but, sad to say, only two of our number were bright enough to receive any of the medals. Mr. Robinson gained the medal for mathematics and has brightened our hungered and envious eyes by waving it gracefully about, whenever we whispered, "Lloyd, what time is

it?" The medal for junior scholarship was given to our honored valedictorian, Mary Jennings.

Our junior year was ended and during our summer vacation we were deciding how we should enter dear old Normal as dignified Seniors. We had always heard that Seniors were to set an example for their underclass men (at least we were afterward told that, a number of times by our worthy teachers), so we began well.

We were joined by the Misses Harpham, commonly known as the "Heavenly Twins," Hourigan, Everhartt and Mr. Banker.

Great credit is due our worthy president in the manner in which he conducted our class meetings, and especially the order he preserved. Miss Wood, being unable to keep her seat, was asked to sit on the piano. She has acted very orderly in the late meetings, seated on high.

Miss Coventry was greatly surprised at her report for her first ten weeks' work. Why, she really received two excellents—something out of the ordinary for most of our class.

An innovation in our school was the requirement of essays once in two weeks. We all delighted in writing them, but the return of the essays was not so delightful when our eyes caught at first sight, in largely defined letters "C-Rewrite." But there were exceptions, everyone did not receive C, Mary and Jessie Harpham, as a general thing received "A, do not rewrite."

Most of our class have been doing excellent work in Latin, as they have learned that a trot is a very present help in trouble.

On the evening of the eighth day of January, 1906, the State Normal

College burned and we all felt that a great loss had befallen the State and that we had lost our dear old school which we loved so well, the S. N. H. S. The trustees of the Trinity M. E. church offered us their building as a school, which was accepted, since it had excellent accommodations. Classmates, shall we erase from our memories that scene on the night of January 8, when we were forced to stand on the sidewalks and see our beloved Alma Mater depart from us and know that we could never regain it? Can we forget the days that followed? The confusion? the kindness of the church people of the Trinity M. E.? Nay, this is the event in our school lives that will stand out the longest in our remembrance.

Miss Ten Broeck's specialty was the study of Geology and her chief topic, the study of the Bracchiods. If Miss Jennings would like any information in regard to them, Miss Ten Broeck would gladly instruct her.

Miss Hartman, one of our brightest classmates has learned the art of dancing as is easily perceived by her graceful movements.

Jennie Coventry has changed her opinion in regard to young men. She at one time thought them abominable but, by all appearances, has greatly changed her mind.

Solid geometry was Bess Lindsay's favorite subject and as Miss Wood thought she could not master some of the theorems, Miss Lindsay will act as Miss Wood's tutor, if she so desires.

Miss Claxton in Geology,—What was the lesson about to-day, Miss

Wood? Miss Wood and majority of class (greatly surprised),—You did not assign any lesson. Miss Claxton.—Very well, take the next chapter for to-morrow, I did not intend to assign any. Miss Mary Harpham,—I studied that lesson.

Ruth Baumes and Sarah Swayne are very thankful that their school days will soon be o'er as they have both been expressing their desire to become housekeepers.

Our school days in High School are almost o'er and, it is said, the best days of our life. The Class of 1906 must say farewell for the first time to our professors, teachers, and classmates. But we will never forget some of the things that happened during our four years course.

In looking back over our school life here, we find other things besides pleasures—obstacles surmounted only by hard work, difficulties passed through only by patience and endurance, and last but not least, that which probably belongs to the other two, but ought to be placed by itself—examinations—sometimes accompanied by failures which have spurred us to do better next time.

Many of our lessons may not have been prepared as well as they should but we have battled with many difficult lessons and conquered them and now have attained the height of our ambition and are now ready for our diplomas.

We have spent here all the time granted us for our course and now we stand ready to receive our diplomas and say farewell forever to the Normal High School. We know that our places will be well filled, that we will make no gulf in the life of the school by our departure;

but as we pause here at commencement time we hate to say these words which cut us off forever from these unspeakably pleasant days.

I have pictured to you some of the occurrences in our career but there were so many that I could only picture one here and there from them all. Perhaps I have omitted events which seemed more important to those who have watched our progress. As a class, we thank you for your kindness in listening to our history and your kindness in the past.

MARION E. KLEINHAUS.

Class Prophecy

It was on the twenty-third of last January. I was sitting in my study window, watching the snowflakes falling one by one, when my attention was attracted to a very queerly dressed little girl passing along the street. She was looking up into the windows of the houses as if waiting to receive an invitation to partake of the warmth of some fireside, but was too shy to ask such a favor.

My heart ached for the poor little bare feet in the frozen snow and at once I went to the window and beckoned to her. After she had seated herself before the glowing grate, she began to tell her story.

She said that she was a native of Japan, that her parents were dead and that she had secured passage for America, thinking that perhaps here she might find employment or some one that would care for her.

But this story is simply an introduction to my mission here. She had with her this little roll of

crumpled paper which, she said, she had found in the rice fields of Japan, but, not being able to read its contents, had kept it securely until sailing. She left this with me and, after extending her hearty thanks in her own queer tongue, she departed.

Now I was alone again and I would examine the curious roll of crumpled paper that this poor, forlorn, little Japanese had left me. I expected of course to find the contents in the Japanese tongue, but was surprised when I found that I was able, with a little effort, to read the blurred words which had found their way to me from this far distant country. The message that it gave was indeed interesting, although I was not familiar with the persons named. However, there was one striking peculiarity about what I read. That was, that few gentlemen's names were mentioned in the entire piece. But men are scarce articles in some forms of society, so I consoled myself with this fact.

I set to work at once to copy the contents of this little roll so that I might have them for future reference since they had been given to me in such a mysterious way.

This afternoon, as I was passing along the street to visit a friend, my papers with me, I saw the people assembling within this hall and, always fond of amusement as I have been, I joined the merry company. To say that I was astonished to find my name on the program for the afternoon would but calmly express it. Surely the little bird that dropped the message in the rice field, that directed the little Japanese to find it, and that led me to invite her in from the street, must have told the program

committee that I possessed this little roll of crumpled paper.

They have called it on the program "The Class Prophecy," but why that name should be given it, I am ignorant. However, since it can mean nothing else than what I now hold, I will read the message of the little Japanese to you, from my copy, hoping that it will interest you as it has me, and who knows but what some of you may be familiar with the characters mentioned?

"The school-teacher had had her patience very nearly exhausted by her unruly pupils through the day, and little Johnny, a mischievous lad, was particularly tormenting. On one occasion, when he was firing spit-balls across the room, she had told him that she would have an interview with him at the close of school. When all the rest of the pupils had left, the teacher walked up to Johnny's desk and began to scold him for his actions. She talked for quite a time to the little boy and she noticed that he did not even take his eyes from her face. She thought surely she was making a favorable impression upon him this time, when suddenly Johnny straightened up in his seat as if he had made a discovery and exclaimed, "Say, Miss Hartman, its your lower jaw that moves when you talk, ain't it?"

A very pretty wedding took place at Newtonville on Wednesday, October 24, 1906, when Miss Edith Ten Broeck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Ten Broeck, was united in marriage to Mr. Goodwin Frederick (?) of Waterford.

The wedding took place at the Newtonville Methodist Church, the Rev. T. B. Gardner officiating. As

the bridal party were marching down the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, the bridegroom slipped on the peal of the organ, the jar causing some of the mortar from above to fall. This so mortar-fied the bride that she fainted. When she came to, they were made one.

A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, after which the young couple left for an extended southern trip. They have the hearty good wishes of their many friends.

"There are three old maids of
Lee,

They are old as old can be,
And one is deaf, and one cannot
see,

And they are all as cross as a
gallows tree,

These three old maids of Lee."

ELEANOR DANAHER,

MAY KALE,

IRENE VAGELE.

Great times have been in sway at the J. LeRoy Herber Institute of late. The professor, that is, Professor Herber, has had some exciting experiences. Not long ago, while teaching a physiology lesson he was showing the effect of water on the skin. After rubbing what he believed was water over his arms, the students assembled around him with their microscopes to watch the effect but were amazed when they saw their professor rave in agony. He had by mistake used sulphuric acid instead of water and the students needed no microscope to determine the effect of this upon the skin and upon the professor's usual calm dignity.

The next morning when Professor Herber entered the laboratory with his arms bandaged to the

elbow, he saw, up above his desk this notice:

"Heber's dead, and Heber's gone
We'll ne'er see Heber more,
For what he thought was H₂O,
Was H₂SO₄."

Professor Heber has often told his pupils while teaching moral lessons, that "A little learning is a dangerous thing." From all accounts we feel confident that he was quoting what some of his own former teachers, perhaps High School teachers had said to him when he was displaying some of the knowledge from his already teeming brain.

It is always easier to detect a person's faults rather than their virtues. However, Professor Heber has become quite popular among his students from the fact that he has a tendency to pick up pencils around the institute. The students have begun to think that he contemplates the running of a stationery store in the future, but those who have known the professor, if they recall past memories, will remember that he has had considerable trouble in controlling that habit, even from the time he entered High School.

It happened that Miss Sarah Swayne became the wife of the church treasurer in a small town.

She was busily engaged one afternoon mending the family clothes when a neighbor called for a friendly chat. After a few moments of news and gossip, the caller remarked as she began to inspect a basket of miscellaneous buttons, "You seem to be unusually well supplied with buttons of all kinds, Why, there's one like my husband had on his last winter's suit."

"Indeed," said Sarah, with a slight smile, "Well, all these buttons were found in the contribution box and I thought I might as well make some use of them. What—must you go? Well, good-bye. Come again soon."

Three beautiful and attractive maiden ladies have just reached France from America where, in Paris they will become the leaders of fashion and will form an establishment, sending their patterns to all countries. These ladies have promises of great success as their artistic ability, graceful forms and courteous manners have rarely been equalled. Although they have now been given beautiful French titles, they were known in America as Alta Gallup, Bessie Lindsay and Margaret Matthews.

The European continent claims still another of America's accomplished ladies. The Queen of Norway and Sweden, called Queen Beautiful, from her beautiful face and the title that she bore in America as "The American Beauty," was formerly Miss Jennie Coventry. Her charming manner won the admiration of one of the members of the royal family of Norway and through this connection she has come to be queen, both in name and appearance.

Her favorite royal attendant is also a charming lady and is known as Lady Mabel. It is rumored in the queen's country that "her royal highness" sent to some other country for this noted attendant and that her name was Miss Mabel Wood.

Mr. Lavery, a prosperous business man, whose heart covers all suffering humanity, recently en-

gaged a pretty soft-haired girl as typewriter. While her face was beautiful he also saw that it was pale, and his heart at once went out to her as a delicate being. After watching the girl for half an hour one day he asked her in a tone full of sympathy: "Don't you get awfully tired sometimes from that incessant click, click of the machine, Miss Baumes?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ruth, "I do. It wears on the nerves, dreadfully."

"I thought so," said her employer. "Don't typewriters ever graduate from their work?"

"Yes, they do," replied Ruth, blushing, "they generally marry their employers."

It is an old saying that all stories turn out in the same way, that is, they all get married in the end. It is sufficient to say that this story if completed, would conclude in the same old fashioned way.

At school one day a little girl who was chewing gum had extended her feet out into the aisle of the room instead of keeping them under her desk. Katherine Hourigan, the teacher, whose strong point was propriety, said in a severe tone, "Jennie D—, take your gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in immediately."

A little girl rushed into the house and exclaimed in excited tones, "Oh, auntie, who is that straight looking man coming up the walk? He must have a poker down his back."

"Hush," said the old maid auntie, "it is a book-agent. I have heard of him before. I've a notion to lock him out."

But Mr. Robinson was already

at the door and had begun his rigmarole of woe.

"Madam, I have been a castaway on one of the desert islands in the Pacific Ocean and I have a great feeling for those poor heathens who must suffer for want of churches, civilization and good books to read."

"Well, I never expected to live to see a man that had been shipwrecked on a desert island and a book-agent at that" said Miss Danaher.

"Madam, but for this book I'd be bones in the bottom of the sea, yes, bones of which there are one hundred and ninety-eight in the full-grown human skeleton composed of four-fifths inorganic and one-fifth organic matter."

"But how did you get shipwrecked?"

"Five years ago," said Mr. Robinson, "I was a confidence man in New York,—New York is the largest city in the Western Hemisphere, population estimated over three million, located in the Island of Manhattan at the mouth of the Hudson River. I was a good confidence man, I was a success, I got rich, and what then? The police got after me and I had to fly from my native land. I took passage on a ship bound for Ceylon. We had a good trip until we got almost there, when a big storm came up and the ship struck a rock and began to sink. I rushed into the captain's cabin and this book lay open on his desk. Without thinking, I read the first thing that hit my eye,—"How to make a Life-Preserver." Take the corks from one hundred bottles, tie them tightly in a common shirt, fasten the arms of the shirt about the body with the corks resting

upon the chest. I did it. When the ship went down I floated off on the top of the water as easily as a duck takes to a pond. But there I was in the water and couldn't swim a stroke. Then I noticed I had this book in my hand, this wonderful book! Oh, think of the heathen whose minds dry up and rot for want of the vast treasures contained in 'Marley's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science, and Art.' Here in this one book is the wisdom of the whole world. I thought while I'm staying here forever, I'll take a peek at the book. I opened here, page seven hundred and eighty. Swimming—How to swim, float, dive and tread water, —plain and fancy swimming, shadow swimming, high diving, etc. There she was all as plain as pie and when I read that I could swim as easy as an old hand. After swimming five days and nights I came to a desert island and fell exhausted on the beach. I would have died right there, but I turned to my book, where every subject known to the vast realms of knowledge is set down alphabetically from A to Z, twenty thousand references in all, dealing with every subject from the time of Adam to the present day, including a history of our war with Spain, with full page portraits of Dewey, Sampson and the boy king, and colored plates of the battles of Manila Bay and Santiago."

"O, I haven't time to hear any more of such trash," said the maiden lady,—“if you don't turn your heels toward the house I'll set the dog loose.”

Robinson went out of the gate

like a cannon-ball and vanished in the dust.

One of the queerest stories ever told of a marriage ceremony, is told of that of the beautiful and accomplished lady, Miss Jessie Harpham.

It seems that Miss Mary Harpham was engaged to a very bright promising young man of twenty-five and Thursday, June 16, 1912, at 2 p. m. was set for the date of the wedding. On this day, however, Miss Mary was ill and as her parents thought it unwise to postpone the ceremony, they suggested to Miss Jessie that she should appear as the bride, and as the sisters looked so very much alike, the intended son-in-law would never know the difference. To this proposition Miss Jessie gave her ready assent and the ceremony was performed. When the discovery was made the groom took it merely as a joke and laughed with the rest, but pity on poor Jessie when Mary found it out! However strong the ties of sisterhood, on such an occasion the bonds are broken and love ties are severed. It is not always as desirable to hold the position of a sister-in-law as the position of a bride.

One of the latest books of the spring season of 1909 is "My Diamond Ring," written by Miss Katherine Looby of Watervliet. It is an interesting narrative and portrays finely the character of its author. It finds ready sale in the literary market. Since the completion of her high school course Miss Looby has devoted her time to prose writings publishing twenty books during 1907 and 1908. We attribute the unusual popularity

of this book, especially among the young ladies, to the fact that diamond rings seem to be the all-to-be-desired thing among most young ladies nowadays, even before a high school course is completed.

At Mt. Holyoke College, one of the most pleasing incidents each year is the "Freshmen Frolic" which occurs in the early spring. At one of these frolics, the one occurring the year when Miss Ethel Breitenstein was a Freshman, the first year students were all absent from their rooms and were dancing and having a splendid time at their social. The sophomores, who were not invited to attend, took advantage of this opportunity to "stack" the Freshmen's rooms. Miss Breitenstein's room seemed to be the most inviting and this was made the center of interest. They turned every thing topsy-turvy, took the pictures off the walls, hid the picture hooks, turned the cots upside down and made the room look as if Satan had been holding a banquet there.

It is needless to say in what frame of mind poor Ethel sank exhausted into her bed that night.

It has been quite noticeable within past years that women are fast taking the places of men in some lines of work, despite the laws of Political Economy. One of the most brilliant German professors of the day is Miss Marion Kleinhans, and her ability far exceeds that of the most learned gentlemen who have ever made a profession of the German language.

There is also a lady preacher in a small town in Pennsylvania by the name of Cordelia Everhart.

Of her, an interesting story is told.

One Sunday afternoon she heard a timid knock at the parsonage door. She answered it herself, and found a bashful young German standing on the step. He was a stranger, but Miss Everhart greeted him pleasantly, and asked him what he wished.

"Dey say der minister lifed in dis house, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes? Vell, I want to get marriet?"

"All right; I can marry you."

Whereupon the German jammed his hat on his head, turned and fled down the walk. "You gits no chance mit me!" he called back. "I haf got me a girl alreaty!"

And now, you have heard the message that is contained in this little roll. Who wrote its contents? This is the problem that is still to be solved but I have wondered over the question long enough and will now leave it with you.

I wish you all, kind friends, a very enjoyable afternoon.

MARY CLARK JENNINGS, '06.

Vacation in Sight.

Vacation in sight! What joy-giving words!

Our eyes snap with pleasure anew,

To think that after the winter's hard work,

Our school days, indeed, are few.

Our brains they are weary of lessons galore.

We wish that these things would all cease,

Our minds are now filled quite up to the brim;

So we long for a season of peace.

But the songs of the birds in the
 morning,
 And the flowers which please the
 eye,
 And the fragrance that's wafted on
 the breeze,
 All tell us vacation is nigh.

G. C. V.

Mildred's Midnight Dream.

At all times Mildred was a dreamer. But she was a day dreamer rather than a night dreamer. She was one of these sensitive, highly strung creatures, who are always imagining impossible things from the most common-place. Music affected her most of all. At times she would seem to lose herself entirely in some grand rendition of a great opera. Color would flood into her usually pale face, and a wonderful light would come into her eyes. Her very soul seemed to drink in the music. And then, when it was all over, she would remain quiet for hours with the same dreamy expression on her face.

This is but to show her passion for music. At eight, she had shown such talent in playing the violin that great hopes had been entertained by her parents of a wonderful future for their daughter. At sixteen she had gone to Paris to perfect herself in her art. She remained there three years. At the end of that time she returned, and, to the surprise of everyone, never was seen or heard to touch a violin again. She was now twenty-four. When asked why she had given up all her hopes, she would only smile queerly, and remark that she did not care to discuss the old hopes, that she had been foolish to ever hope to be a great player.

How could she tell them just what had caused her to give up everything and return home defeated? After her arrival at Paris, when she was interviewed by the great master, her hopes had ascended to the skies. He had really seemed interested in her executions on the violin, although he had told her that few ever attained any really great success. But this did not discourage her. She would work—Oh, so hard,—and he would see in the end that she would succeed. And she had worked morning, noon and night. No pupil of Professor H—— had ever worked harder, but as time dragged on he became less and less agreeable until, at length, he had told her plainly that she could never hope to be more than an ordinary violinist; that, in fact, she would make a better house-keeper than she would a musician. At first she could not comprehend just what he had told her, and she just plodded on in a dull fashion without any animation or life. Then finally she gave up. It was all useless. She would go home and try to lighten the cares of mother.

Five years had passed by since then, and tonight, as she sat in her room, all alone, the awful disappointment of it came back to her again more clearly than ever before. Why had she given up? Surely she had played differently than those others who had seemed to be human machines. A great sadness fell over her. All those years she had put her thoughts from her, but tonight they had conquered her, and were waging their own war in revenge for their long suppression. A strange look crept into her eyes. Slowly she

arose, walked to the end of the room, opened a long narrow drawer, and drew forth a violin. For a moment she stood motionless, then, raising the instrument to her shoulder, she began to play. At first, softly and with no emotion. Then something in the music seemed to take shape. Surely, one could almost see a happy young girl, filled with joy and hope.

She was so truly glad that you must, perforce, feel glad with her. And still the music continued. The face of the player still wore its strange quiet look. Now, the young girl seemed to be putting all her energies in her work. She was going to surprise them all at home. She would return to them a great player. The music had changed slightly; the joyousness had quite gone out of it, and a certain unrest seemed to pervade the room. As Mildred continued to play, the unrest grew more and more pronounced and then she seemed to strike a note, almost a wail, of disappointment. After all her work must she fail? Oh, it could not be! And then her awful sorrow broke out after five years of suppression. She put it all in her music. Nothing was left out. She was living over again the fearful days after she had been told that she could not hope to succeed. The room seemed to be literally filled with heart-rending music. Her mother, and father, entering the house at that time were mystified by the wonderful music. Quickly they hastened to Mildred's room. The music held them spell-bound. A crowd had gathered below, on the street to listen. Never before had they heard such music. Now she was in the lowest depths of despair; she had decided

to give up her music and return home. But no, another spirit seemed to dominate her. She had come into her inheritance. She was mistress of her music and the world. She seemed to be carrying all before her. The music seemed to soar way beyond the comprehension of her listeners. One could almost feel her draw near the last triumphant bars. Yes, she had succeeded. She was the conquerer. When she reached the last note there was a twang of strings and the instrument seemed, literally, to have fallen to pieces. And with the fall of the violin came the fall of the player. In her last grand triumphant notes she had given everything even to herself. She had fallen asleep in her room and awoke in the greatest of all Dreamlands.

J. COVENTRY.

Spring.

The sun wakes high each morning
now,

The fields are green with clover,
Each day the flowers are growing
higher

All this the wide world over.

The leaves are green when birds
come back,

The buds swell fast each day,
Soon shouts of glee will wake the
woods,

When comes the month of May.

Then boys and girls will happy be,
And birds and children sing.

Of happy joys that fill the heart,
This merry month does bring.

F. R. '08.

Defeat is a wise man's teacher.

The Fiction of Yesterday and Today

By entering any popular bookstore, especially at the holiday season, at a single glance one may obtain a fair impression of what constitutes our fiction of to-day.

The foremost tables and counters are piled high with hundreds of the popular books. Each purchaser seems to look critically at the cover and the illustrations and read hastily through the last chapter; this forms a firm enough basis to judge of the merit of the book according to the present standard. Small wonder that the gay covers of these printed butterflies or the finely-finished illustrations within totally eclipse the staid and sober bindings of all those books tucked away on the highest, most unnoticed shelves of the store.

Yet there was a time when these same books, termed "dry" by our younger generation, were considered as a means of the best education and most enjoyable recreation which the school of literature offered to its pupils. Thirty years ago anyone possessing any love for books was thoroughly familiar with those dear old friends created by the pen of Dickens or Thackeray. Little Dorrit, Becky Sharp, Pickwick, Oliver Twist, Sairy Gamp—these were all old, old favorites of our fathers and mothers; today how many of our finely-educated sons and daughters are familiar with these delightful characters? How many of our youthful readers have ever enjoyed the beauty and charm of Irving's Sketch Book or sat up half the night to finish *Ivanhoe* or *Kenilworth*? Going back even farther than this, how many do we find

with any knowledge whatever of those fine old British poets, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Browning and scores of others who like all the rest of our famous writers, seem half buried under this deluge of recent fiction?

To-day our tables and our libraries are flooded with a motley collection of books the majority of which are stamped by the critical reader as trivial. Now we gallop daily at break-neck speed through a novel which winds in and out among the mazes of complicated society life and when we have finished we throw it aside ready for another of exactly the same type. We have derived little or nothing from such a book, a little pleasure, a passing plaything—and then we eagerly stretch out our hands for a new toy.

Why should we wonder that the present generation lacks that universal depth of thought and integrity of purpose which so characterized the life of but a few years ago, when we are attracted to emulate the fanciful and usually immoral social world with whose pictures our minds are filled; when, in this hurrying life of ours we spend our spare moments on comparatively worthless pleasures, taking no time to lift ourselves by the means of good books, one notch nearer that highest goal—a perfect education.

K. S. PARSONS.

If you loiter in the hallways,
If you talk upon the stairs,
If you whisper when in chapel
Or if you sit in pairs;
You've got to be most careful,
And you've got to look about
Or the FACULTY will catch you
If you don't watch out.

My Recitation.

When I get up to speak my piece,
My piece, it leaveth me:
I can't remember what to say,
Nor what the words may be.

I wait until my friends shall
prompt,
I gaze upon the floor,
Until at last the words come back,
And I begin once more.

'Tis thus I try to speak my piece
And when at last 'tis o'er,
I feel a peace steal over me
I did not feel before.

B. C. '08.

Two Hours in a Railway Station.

One sultry afternoon in August, I arrived dusty and breathless at a little railway station in the northern part of the State, just in time to see the train for home slowly puffing away from the platform. I waved my umbrella wildly and shrieked to the conductor to stop the train. My entreaties were useless, however, and I stood alone on the platform with a two hours' wait looming up before me. Deciding that the station would be cooler than the open at least I lifted my suit case and, like the fly, walked into the spider's parlor.

The "parlor" was very small, and by its appearance, it might well belong to a spider. The only other occupant was a surly faced man who sat behind the ticket window reading a newspaper. I seated myself on the cleanest seat available and took out the latest number of *The Ladies Home Journal*. The room was silent; no sound could be heard save the

ticking of the clock. Outside the same solemn stillness prevailed. The birds were evidently taking their afternoon nap; there was no breeze, and not even a grass blade stirred.

I read for some time until I was aroused by the sound of voices issuing from behind the ticket window. Evidently I had mistaken the number of occupants there. I listened to the conversation and soon became very much interested. This is a brief sketch of what I heard:—

"Wall, ye see George, after my wife died, Gertrude, my eldest, was my only comfort; she kept house, took care of the babies, and did everything that her mother would have done. I could go on and on singin' her praises, but that 'aint my story. One bright morning last summer, after breakfast was over, Gertie got out the ironin' board and prepared for the mornin's work. I can never forget how she looked that day. She had on some sort of a white affair that showed her pretty, plump arms and dimpled neck, and her hair jest forgot to lay back and curled in leetle rings around her face. Wall, I left her ironin' with might and main, and went to drive the cows to pasture. I drove the critters a good ways back and then came home a different way. I had reached the last field, closed the gate and locked it after me, and was walking slowly across when to my horror, I saw my bull! I guess ye know what a fierce creature he is, and I can't make out how he got into that field; but this was no time for meditation. I thought perhaps, if I could keep my nerve and walk close to the fence, he wouldn't see me, but the thought

came too late, for already he had spied me and came rushing across the field. He seemed to feel instinctively that I feared him, and I tell you my heart never beat so fast, or came nearer jumping out of my mouth, than it did that time.

"Nearer, nearer, he came, until it seemed to me I could almost feel the hot breath from his nostrils. Suddenly I saw a figure flying across the field, with a flat iron held aloft, and when she came near enough, she threw it with all her strength at the furious bull, and as a matter of course, it burned where it struck. The bull turned to see from whence the burn came, and seeing Gertie, he turned from me and rushed upon her. I think she expected to get to the fence before he reached her—but she didn't. I can't tell ye any more, except that my sweet, brave girlie lies under the maple tree, where the roses bloom and the birds sing, and I, big good-for-nothing loafer, am here to tell the tale." Here his voice trembled and he said no more.

I tried to go on with my story, but for some strange reason I could not see the page, and I found great need for my handkerchief.

While I was pondering upon the unselfish bravery of Gertrude, I heard the whistle of my train; my two hours' wait had come to an end.

E. G. EVERINGHAM.

What is a High School?

The best and most comprehensive definition of what a high school really is, is found in the name itself, *high school*. It is a place where the higher branches of learning succeed the elementary ones, and the stu-

dent is prepared, either to go further on in his quest for knowledge, or for taking the place he is to fill in the world.

It is not an uncommon thing to find people who will tell you that a high school course is unnecessary, especially for a boy; that, with a common grammar school education and a year or two at a business college, or a little extra study by himself, a youth is amply prepared for whatever he intends doing for himself in the business world; and they will cite, as proof of this, that many of the men whom we call successful and famous, have had little or no education. This is undoubtedly true. But there is another side to this question. A father may say that there is no need for his son to have more education than he himself received; yet, with that same education, the son would not be able to fill the position which his father now holds, for the standards regarding learning are ever being raised.

Another objection which people often make concerning a high school course, or any other form of academic instruction, is, that the subjects which are taught are not such as will be of practical use to the student in later life. It is very true that a Greek student may never have occasion to carry on a conversation in that language, but the knowledge of it will aid greatly in the fuller mastery of his mother tongue. Likewise, although he may never use a certain difficult geometrical proof, nevertheless the very fact that it was learned will enable him to do clearer thinking in the solving of many of life's problems.

One point in favor of high school teaching is the oral instruction

which is received. Doubtless the same amount of knowledge could be secured by the use of books, but a great many things aside from written lessons are learned by the oral method. College instructors all agree in saying that those who come to them having been prepared by a tutor or by studying alone, are placed at a great disadvantage. Although of as clear an intellect as others, they are unable to think and work as quickly, and become confused in reciting before many.

There is another phase of the high school course, equally as important as any other,—namely, the social side. In elementary schools not much is made of this, but in high schools, it is considered very essential and forms a large part of the school life. To meet the demand called for, there are generally several literary and debating societies, designed to promote sociability among the members and to assist in their literary and oratorical efforts.

Together with the training of the mind comes the training of the body, which consists of many athletic sports for both boys and girls.

Wherever there is a large body of persons gathered together as in a high school, there are sure to be many things to be learned by the social intercourse between the students. The classes are made up of people coming from all parts of the country,—hence, new ideas can be gained, experiences exchanged, and the minds of all are broadened by so doing.

So, whatever may be one's prejudices against a high school, surely they should not be allowed to stand in the way of persons who

wish to avail themselves of the opportunities and privileges offered by such an education, for here are educated and strengthened both mind and body, and thus one is fitted, as in no other way, for a position in life.

G. C. VALENTINE.

The Freshman's Lament

(Copyright, K. S. P.)

I'm tired of my rattle
And of my rubber ball,
For you know I'm but a Freshman
And don't I hate it all!

I want to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand,
A dreadful frown upon my brow,
A Vergil in my hand.

I want to carry loads of books
And take a fierce exam.,
I want to sit up all the night,
And cram, and cram, and cram,

I want to interview with ease
The awful FACULTY!
And glare upon the little Sophs
Who'll all look up to me!

I want to wear some class pins,
then,
Just like that Mabel Wood,
And do my hair like Alta, too
Oh, if I only could!

I want to wear that learned look,
And act—oh, so sedate
And when, like them, I know it all
I want to graduate.

Oo-o-o-o! I'm tired of my rattle
And of my rubber ball,
For you know I'm but a Freshman
And *how* I hate it all!

The CRIMSON *and* WHITE

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Editorials

With this issue is ended the present Board of Editors' connection with the school paper of the Normal High School. Through this last year, we have enjoyed our work on the paper and, I think, profited individually by our earnest endeavours to live up to the founders' hopes. At times the work has seemed hard but we have the hearty support of our school and we have found it well worth our reliance. Indeed, it seems that since our awful calamity there has been more school spirit and willingness to help us than last year or the forepart of this. If we have been successful at all, we owe it entirely to the hearty and reliable support of our class-mates. We thank them for it and bespeak for our successors this same kindness and willing support. We have carefully selected for the incoming "board" those whom we consider most competent to perform the duties required. With the co-operation of the entire school, we predict for them a still greater

success than ours has been and a growing fame for our paper. The people chosen to edit the CRIMSON AND WHITE for the coming year, we have told you in another column.

In this issue we have presented to the public pictures of the Basket Ball team and of the Board of Editors of the Crimson and White.

* * *

Commencement is here once more. It seems the usual thing for this time of year to the underclassmen, doubtlessly. But it is quite a different thing with the seniors. We have not yet reconciled ourselves to our Commencement in its whole meaning. Certainly, we are glad to receive our diplomas and to be regarded as the great and mighty seniors. Time does not stand still, and, though it seems truly incredible that we have completed our courses here, Commencement has come and gone: we are no longer counted with the happy students of the N. H. S., instead, we have become alumni. We are no longer inmates of the joyous realm where so much has happened to bind us together for the time being,—we are shadows, mere memories of the past. We shall always retain, clearly fixed, the remembrances of these happy school days, our most care-free days; we hold dear the joys and the sorrows, the tasks and the pleasures; the lessons we have learned will always have a secure, bright place. But always must we carry with us the knowledge that to others we were merely the class of "'06" with no special characteristics worth recording.

Many lessons have we learned; some from books, but many not from books. Some were hard to

learn and some we feel even now that we have not learned. Sometimes they seemed hard, almost too hard to grasp and make our own. Kind and consistent care, however, encouraged us, and on we went. We have faced many battles, mental and those of exams, and varied results have we met. We have passed from freshmen into sophomores, from sophomores into juniors, from juniors into seniors, seniors into alumni. We have yielded place after place to the class of '07 and now we give up to them this last "home run." We know they are competent to fill our places as now we leave them forever. Since we have come to the end, according to the example of our predecessors we say farewell and leave our Alma Mater but never will we forget her and the training we have received. But in saying farewell, dear classmates, we leave you the petition that after we are gone, we too, might have our little place in your hurried, busy minds—not as a mere indefinite class but as one, like you, that has entered, suffered, loved and with saddened and wiser hearts, parted from our dear, binding tie, our Alma Mater.

Alumni Notes

'99

Raymond Watson Jones has been awarded the German fellowship at Cornell University for a second time. He has also obtained a position in the summer school at Cornell.

'01

Anna B. Stoneman graduates from Pratt Institute this year.

'02

Delbert Dederich graduated from the Albany Medical College with the class of 1906.

'03

Elizabeth Gardner is teaching school at Hagadorns Mills, N. Y.

Statvia Seeberger has finished her course at the State Normal College and is now at her home in Watervliet.

'04

Mary B. Danaher will graduate from Pratt Institute in June.

Louise von Salis visited school recently. She has just returned from an extensive European tour.

Ethel Van Oostenbrugge is teaching school at Kinderhook.

'05

Guy V. Sweet visited school on May 4.

The Alumni Association has arranged to give a reception to the Senior class of the State Normal High School at Odd Fellows' Hall on the evening of June 13.

Grace Lary '98 died at Saranac Lake on May 17.

Society Notes.

The Zeta Sigma Society has elected the following officers to serve for the first half of the next school year:

President, Grace Binley.

Vice-president, Lillian Flanders.

Recording secretary, Edith L. Jones.

Corresponding secretary, Frances Robinson.

Treasurer, Margaret Murlin.

Critic, Grace Gilleaudeau.

Sr. Editor, Katherine Parsons.

Jr. Editor, Adele Le Compte.

Mistress of Ceremonies, Agnes Stuart.

Pianist, Miriam Marsh.
Marshall, Beth Cobb.

The last regular meeting of the Theta Nu Society was held Wednesday, June 6, at which time the following officers were elected for the first term of next year:

President, Clarence Kirby.
Vice-president, Roger A. Fuller.
Secretary, Clarence Fix.
Treasurer, Clifford S. Evory.

On Saturday, June 2, the members of the Theta Nu Society spent an enjoyable day at Ballston Lake.

School Notes.

The Junior class has organized with the following officers:

President, Edward J. O'Connell.
Vice-president, William Sheedy.
Secretary, Grace Binley.
Treasurer, George B. Weaver.
Historian, Edith L. Jones.
Prophet, Katherine S. Parsons.
Poet, E. Ruth Boyce.

Mr. Weaver was also chosen to respond to the Class of 1906. Just at present the question of class pins and colors is under discussion.

The Board of Editors for the school year 1906-07 are as follows:

Editor-in-Chief, E. Ruth Boyce.
Literary editor, Edith Jones.

Assistants, Grace Gilleandau, Agnes Stuart.

School editors, George Weaver, Mary Gilboy.

Alumni editor, Miriam Marsh.

Exchange editor, Katharine Parsons.

Business managers, Clifford S. Evory, Roger Fuller.

On Monday afternoon, May 14, at 3 p. m., the trial competition in public speaking for the Pruyn medal was held in High School

assembly room. The program consisted of:

Piano solo, "The Prelude," op. c., No. 2, S. Rachmaninoff, Clifford S. Evory; "How He Saved St. Michael's," Mary A. P. Stansbury, Adele Eva Hartman; Speech on American Affairs, William Pitt, Morgan R. Dickinson; Speech at Second Colonial Convention, Patrick Henry, Lloyd N. Robinson; The Chariot Race, from "Ben Hur" Lew Wallace, Katherine S. Parsons; "The Unknown Speaker," selected, George B. Weaver; Violin solo, "Evening Star," from Tannhauser, Wagner, Carl L. Wehrle, Miriam B. Marsh, accompanist; "Attack upon Mr. Flood," Henry Grattan, J. L. R. Herber; "Old Folks," Eakins, Mary Clark Jennings; "The King's Pardon," Goodwin, Francis Miller Warner; Toussaint L'Overture, Wendell Phillips, Edward J. O'Connell; "Regulus to the Carthaginians, Kellogg, Edward M. Clary; piano duet, overture from "Poet and Peasant," Von Suppe, Carl W. Rappe, Annetta A. Rappe.

The judges were Dr. Albert N. Husted, Dr. Leonard W. Richardson and Prof. John M. Sayles. They selected Miss Parsons, Mr. Weaver, Miss Jennings, Mr. O'Connell, and Mr. Clary to try at the final contest on Thursday, May 24, at 8 p. m. The program at that time consisted of:

Piano duet, "Mazurka," Messerschmidt, Adele Le Compte, Margaret L. Murlin; "Spartacus to the Roman Envoys," Sargent, Edward J. O'Connell; "Old Folks," Eakins, Mary Clark Jennings; violin solo, "Simple Aveu," Thome, Carl L. Wehrle, Miriam B. Marsh accompanist; "Regulus to the Carthaginians, Kellogg, Edward M. Clary; piano solo, "Impromptu," Hugo

Reinhold, Edith L. Jones; "The Unknown Speaker," selected, Geo. W. Weaver; "The Cricket on the Hearth," Dickens, Katherine S. Parsons; vocal quartet, "Sweet and Low," Barry, E. Ruth Boyce, Ver-na L. Fowler, sopranos; Ethel P. Breitenstein, Grace B. Binley, al-tos.

The judges were DeLancey M. Ellis, Gardner C. Leonard and Dr. William V. Jones.

Class Day Exercises

The Class Day Exercises of the Class of 1906 were held Saturday afternoon, June 9, and the program was as follows:

Processional; President's ad-dress, J. LeRoy Herber; class his-tory, Marion B. Klein-hans; song by class; class prophecy, Maree Jennings; presentation oration, Eleanor L. Danaher; response, George Weaver; vocal solo, Jennie Coventry; The Bachelor's Revery: The bachelor, Lloyd N. Robinson; his first love, Bessie Lindsey; his second passion, Mar-garet Matthews; his third enslaver, Mabel Wood; his fourth devotion, Eleanor Danaher; his fifth admira-tion, Ruth Baumes; his sixth cap-tivation, Jennie Coventry; his sev-enth charmer, Misses Harpham; his eighth infatuation, Ethel Breit-enstein; his ninth rapsody, Sarah Swayne; his final captor, Alta Gallup.

CLASS POEM.

We have come at last to the cross-roads
Where our paths of life must part,
And the future lies before us,
Do you wonder that every heart
Feels sad and yet triumphant
As we turn for a last long gaze
Down the road we have just been trav-
eling,
The pathway from childhood days?

We feel sad when we think of parting
With friends, who for four long years
With us this road have traveled
And shared our hopes and fears.
Joyful, we feel, and triumphant
When we think of our work well done
And the wished for goal we've reached
at last
And of honors sought and won.

But see, the sun is rising in the east
And lighting up our path toward
future days,
The time has come for us to say farewell.
But ere we go, we sing a hymn of
praise
To thee dear Normal, who thro' all our
youth
Hath strengthened us and helped us
in the strife,
Hath led us on the way of light and truth
And given the knowledge to guide our
future life.

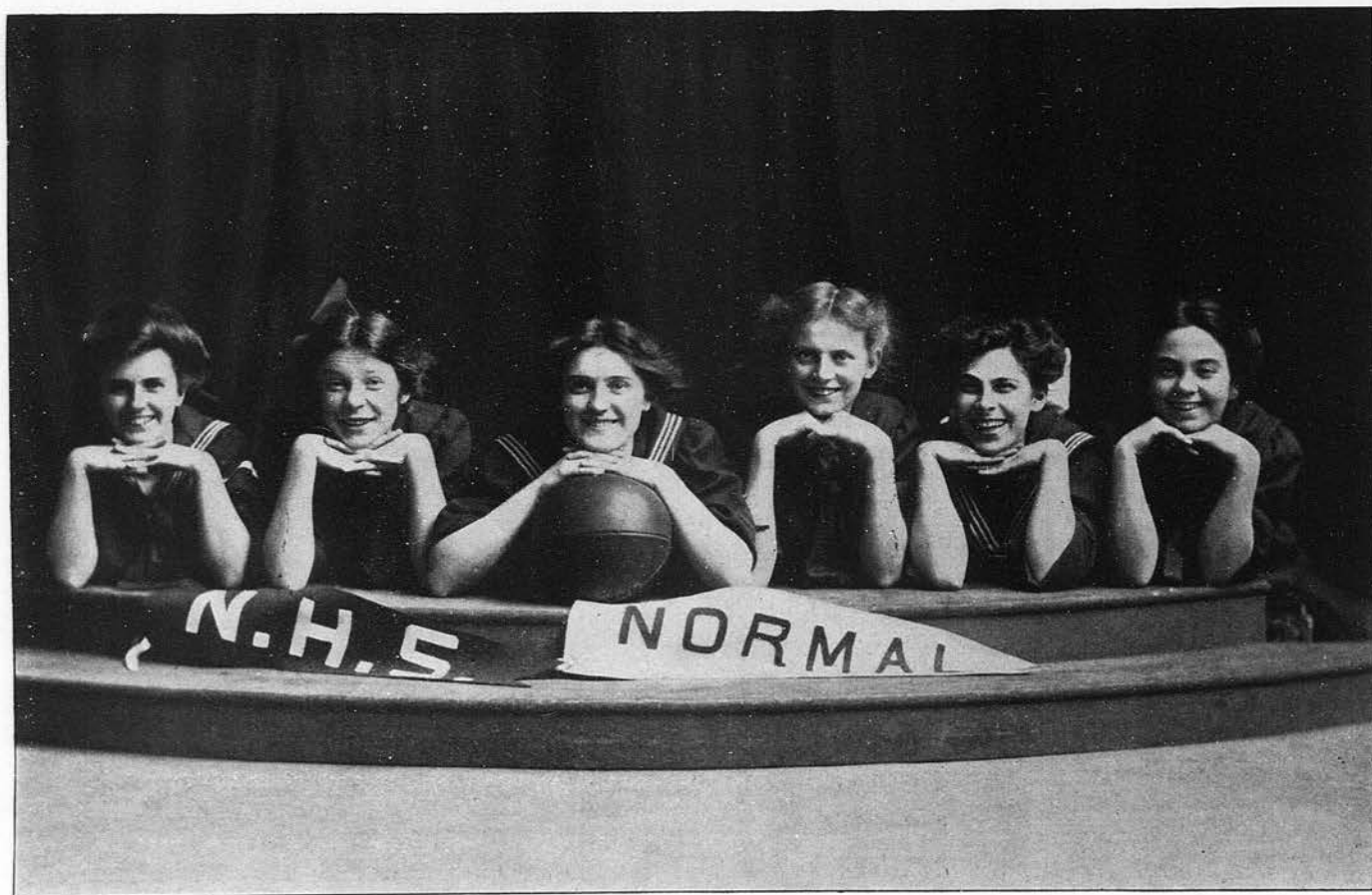
—Eleanor L. Danaher.

Commencement Exercises

The Commencement Exercises of the High School were held Wed-day afternoon, June 13th. The program was as follows:

Music—Overture, "Romantic," Kèler Bèla, Orchestra; Prayer Rev. Roelif H. Brooks; French Saluta-tory—Lloyd Nash Robinson; Essay—"The Olympic Games, 776 B. C.—1906 A. D.," Mabel Wood; Music—"Mexicana," Herbert, Orchestra; Essay—"Virgil; His Place in Con-temporary and Early Literature", Marion E. Klein-hans; Essay—"Mark Twain: An Appreciation", Sarah Swayne; Cornet Solo—"The Ratcharmer's Song", Neuendorff, Mr. Wilde; Valedictory—Mary Clark Jennings; Music—Japanese Romance: "Poppies", Moret Or-chestra; Address to Graduates—Rev. John J. Lawrence, D. D. Awarding of Medals; Conferring of Diplomas; Benediction; Music—March from "Aida", Verdi, Orches-tra.

NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM, 1906.



ELEANOR
DANAHER

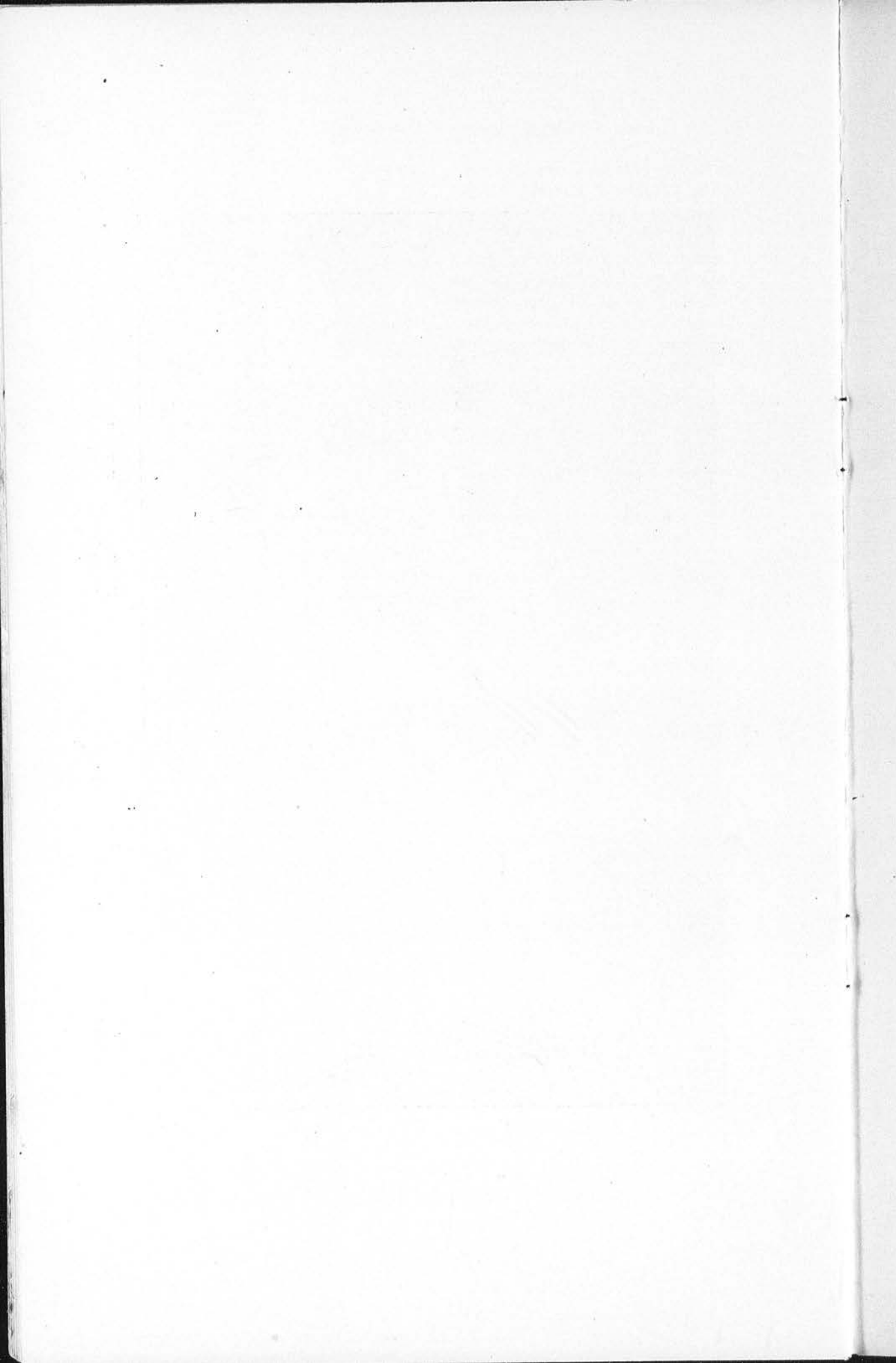
KATHARINE
PARSONS

EDNA
SCHIFFERDECKER
Captain

MABEL
WOOD

NATALIE
GRAY

ADELE
LE COMPTE



GRADUATING CLASS OF 1906

Highest Honors: Mary Clark Jennings, Lloyd Nash Robinson; honors: Mabel Wood, Sarah Swayne, Adele E. Hartman, Marion E. Kleinhans; Graduates — Classical Course: Jennie E. Coventry, Eleanor Danaher, Adele E. Hartman, Mary E. Kale, Marion E. Kleinhans, Bessie Lindsay, Margaret C. Matthews, Mabel Wood; College preparatory course: Ethel P. Breitenstein, Alta M. Gallup, Jessie M. Harpham, Mary E. Harpham, J. LeRoy Herber, Lloyd N. Robinson, Sarah Swayne; English course: Ruth C. Baumes, Catherine C. Everhart, Kathryn Hourigan, Mary C. Jeunings, Edith E. Ten Broeck, Irene G. Vagele.

Athletics

The base-ball team have played the following games:

Tuesday, April 18, A. H. S., 5; Normal, 1.

Saturday, April 21, A. H. S., '09, 2; Normal, 6.

Tuesday, April 24, Rens. H. S., 15; Normal, 10.

Friday, April 27, Egbert H. S., 10; Normal 12.

Saturday, April 28, A. A. C., 8; Normal, 12.

Friday, May 4, Egbert H. S., 10; Normal, 9.

Saturday, May 5, Union, '09, 18; Normal, 9.

Friday, May 11, A. H. S., 6; Normal, 3.

Wednesday, May 16, W. H. S., 12; Normal, 5.

Saturday, May 19, Rens. H. S., 8; Normal, 4.

Saturday, May 26, Ravenna H. S., 3; Normal, 10.

The girls' basket ball team have

played the following games since last issue.

Friday, March 6, Racquet 10
Normal 7.

Friday, April 27, St. Agnes 18
Normal 22.

Exchanges

While we think that the literary department of a paper is by far the most important, still the little things which help to make up a school publication, count for a great deal. For example, when we receive a tightly-rolled paper which has a miserable cover, is printed on cheap paper, in heavy, closely set, blurred type and illustrated by the most amateurish cuts, we have no inclination whatever to examine the paper further although it may contain some very creditable work. This is almost inexcusable; it costs but very little more for good heavy paper and well spaced type; it would cost nothing at all to "cut out" a few of the wretched cuts which head the departments of some of our exchanges. A plain, well-printed cover is much more attractive than a ridiculous attempt at an elaborate design and if some of the school papers would only keep this in mind, they would present a much better appearance.

The Academe is always an interesting paper to us as it is the only bi-weekly that we receive. The editorials are especially strong and very well written; the exchange column is well managed.

This year's work of the *Blue and White* cannot compare at all favorably with last year's. The paper seems to lack the spirit, the energy, the "go" which formerly made it

most interesting. Do better next year, *Blue and White*.

New Exchanges are always welcome. We are glad to receive the *Utica Free High School Paper*; its work is fine in many respects and it deserves especial commendation.

"After the Ship went Down" in the *Yuba Delta* for April is very creditable.

The May issue of the *College Index*, our Kalamazoo friend, has a very pleasing cover design. "The Pilgrimage of the Monk" is cleverly written.

The Emma Willard Triangle, another new exchange, is a good paper. It is attractive both without and within and contains, beside, some good stories, and that which is a rare occurrence in school papers—good poetry.

We see from a recent editorial in the *T. H. S.* that the staff considers that too much attention has been given to their literary work. We approve of your contemplated change in regard to the strengthening of class notes and other topics in close connection with the school life, but that should be no occasion for detracting in the least from your literary department; your paper has this year had a splendid reputation for its fiction and offers a fine example in that line to many exchanges. Be careful, *T. H. S.*, don't spoil this year's record; it's a good one.

As far as the arrangement of work is concerned, the *Echo* of Nashville, Tenn., is about the most mixed up, carelessly put together paper we have ever received. Try and straighten out your work and improve your cover.

The Phonograph, Roaring Branch and *Elgin High School Mirror* are improving but there is still room for better work.

The end of the year! Well, Exchanges, we may have dipped our pen too frequently in the editorial tobasco but we have honestly tried to give and take in the right spirit. Auf Wiedersehen, one and all! that is, till next September.

Chips

From our exchanges and from right around home.

Eternal vigilance is the price of an umbrella.

Mary J.—"May I be excused from Physics exam.?"

Mr. Nolan—"No, nothing but death will excuse you and even then we'll hold a post-mortem examination."

"The sun never sets on English possessions," said the Englishman proudly.

"No," said Pat, "The wise Lord is afraid to trust her in the dark."

Running a paper is like poking a fire—everybody can do it better than the fellow with the poker.

All gall is divided into three parts—cheek, butting in, and cast iron nerve.

Heard at the Bakery

Woman (indignantly) —' 'See here, this penny you gave me has a hole in it!'

Bright Quin, girl (calmly)—
"Well, so has this doughnut."

"There are eyes of blue," sang Ed. Clary softly to Mary Horton,

"Yes, there are black eyes, too," hummed Big Van as he strolled past.

A Clue for Mr. Leefeldt.

The life of Cicero reminds us,
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And by asking silly questions,
 Take up all the teacher's time.

If we knew what others think of
 us we would be more than modest.

Teacher—"What were the children
 of the Czar called?"

Sophie (innocently)—"Czardines."

Betty Cobb;
 Box of paints,
 Sucked the brush;
 Joined the saints.

Prof.—"What Roman province
 was exempt from taxation?"

Wise Junior—"Hades."

A Word to the Wise.

I used to go and call on Grayce,
 I oft took Alyss flowers,
 I fancied Edythe's pretty face,
 With Pearle spent pleasant hours
 I often danced with Emilie,
 Played tennis then with Carrye,
 Sweet Daysie quite attracted me,
 With Kathryne oft I'd tarry;
 But when I found a girl who
 spelled

Her name in fashion plain,
 She firm my errant fancy held,—
 I married Mary Jane.

Drawing Teacher—"Miss Pad-
 dock, have you a hair brush?"

Marion (with the icy glare)—
 "Well, don't I look it?"

Teacher (in confusion)—"Oh,
 you know I— I— meant a camels'
 hair brush."

Stern Father (from the top of the
 stairs)—"Miriam, what time is it?"

Miriam—"One o'clock," (the
 clock strikes three).

Father (sarcastically)—"My,
 how that clock stutters!"

Prof.—"You are the biggest fool
 here."

Senior (excitedly),—"Sir you
 forget yourself."

Awkward deeds are better than
 eloquent dreams.

A Few Cheerful Topics.

Teacher—"We killed the man,
 What case is man in?"

Freshie—"In a coffin."

Mr. Mahar—"Where do we find
 the grave accent?"

Class (in unison)—"In the ceme-
 tery."

Miss Dietz in Phys-Geog.—"Mr.
 Persons, what is a dead locality?"

Niles (gloomily)—"A grave-
 yard."

A man's last will is a dead give
 away.

A green little Freshman
 On his green little way,
 A green little melon
 Ate one day;
 The green little grasses
 Now tenderly wave
 O'er the green little Freshman's
 Green little grave.

Teacher—"What was the battle
 cry which even now brings tears to
 our eyes?"

Bright Normalite—"In Onion
 there is strength."

Mr. Banker—"Now I don't think
 that Coleridge should have used
 that metaphor. It hasn't any
 sense and doesn't apply to the sub-
 ject at all."

Miss Bender—"Well, go dig him
 up, then, and make him change it."

Woodsie (translating)—"I must
 wander a little from my text—"

Ethel B.—"Whoa, get back in
 your stall, there."

The Exchange Editor's favorite song: "All I get is sympathy."

If you're big enough, just say to Little Van; Watervliet—One—two—three—(Four?)

Little girl (entering grocery store) "Ain't you got no eggs?"

Smart grocer. "I ain't said I ain't."

Little girl (who is a whole lot smarter) "I ain't ask you is you ain't, I ask you ain't you is, is you?"

"It's all up with me," said the umbrella.

"How sew?" asked the needle.

"It was this weigh," began the scales.

"Shut up," said the umbrella.

"Nit," retorted the yarn.

"O come off," said the button.

"Hit him," said the hammer.

"You can count on me," cried the slate.

"Take that," said the pill.

"I'll stand by you," said the easel.

"I'll see you through," said the door.

"It's all over now," remarked the ceiling.

"Gee, I'll keep shut hereafter," concluded the umbrella.

N. H. S. vs. Egbert High School (from Cohoes).

Umpire. "Strike three!"

Voice. "Hey, Croissant, what's the matter?"

John (disgustedly) "Say, that pitcher, he has what you might call a 'rural free delivery!'"

Everybody works in our house,
We hustle all the day,
A tearing up the carpets,
And storing the woolens away:

Mother cleans the parlor
While I slap on the lime:
Everybody works in our house,
In cleaning time.

Everybody works in our school,
We have no time to play,
Our lessons are terrific,
They take your breath away;
On geometry and latin
We work with all our might,
Everybody works in our school
From morning until night.

Ye Football Enthusiasts, Beware!

George Ade has come forward in the late foot-ball controversy with the following set of rule changes as quoted from the *Denver Post*:

Rules.

Selection of players—The eleven players constituting the team shall be selected by the faculty and the student who stands highest in Greek anthology shall be captain of the team. No student shall be eligible for the team unless his class work averages over 85 per centum and he has an established reputation for piety.

Substitute for the Toss—Instead of tossing a coin to see which side gets the ball, the two captains shall be called upon to extract the cube root of a given number provided by a professor in mathematics. The captain which is first to hand in the correct solution gets the ball,

Rotation of Umpires.—After each touch down there shall be a change of umpires so that the

questions asked of a team may, during the progress of a long and exciting game cover work in zoology, applied metaphysics, trigonometry, veterinary science, Sanskrit and other useful studies.

Offside Plays—Any player who makes a grammatical error or mispronounces a word shall be deemed guilty of an offside play and his side shall be penalized at least five yards.

Substitution for kicking goal—After a touch down has been made, the team making it shall be credited with five points and the captain shall then translate five hundred words of Caesar's Commentaries. If he does so without an error his team is given an additional point as if a goal were kicked. If he fails the ball goes to the opposing team on the 25-yard line.

Resuming Play—On resuming play after a touch down, one of the players, to be known as "It" is blindfolded and the other players join hands and circle about him, singing:

"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down
My fair lady!"

While the players are circling about, the player who is "It" touches one of the others in a gentlemanly manner and asks him three questions which must be answered. Then he tries to guess the name of the player; if he succeeds he picks up the ball and advances it fifteen feet.

These rules will probably require further elaboration, but as they are given therewith they are sufficient to start the game on a new and humane system.

The Students' Column.

Wherein are printed ads, notices, wants, announcements, etc. etc.

Big Sale—Am selling off all my old rubbers and tan shoes. Great bargains. Sea green trading stamps given with every purchase. Apply A. LE COMPTE, Room C, N. H. S.

Announcement—I, the great Gee Whizz, have been elected class poet. At last am I in my proper sphere. Reception daily from 9:00 to 12:30. Refreshments served.

ELIZA RUTHE BOYCE.

Just Out! My book on Rules of Order. Shows how to conduct class meetings in a way to avoid all possible dissensions, such as stuffing the ballot box, endangering the lives of our dear class mates, et cetera.

E. JOSEPHUS O'CONNEL,
(President.)

For Sale—A hat. Approximate perpendicular measurement $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. Warranted to require eight hat pins and a lead weight to keep it on. I don't know what to do with the darned thing.

Inquire of K. S. PARSONS, ('07)

Notice is hereby given whereby the Adelphoi Fraternity have with admirable foresight, provided a handsome monument for the future grave of their dear comrade, Niles Persons. With the exception of a blank for the date, it bears only this inscription:

Here lies our dear brother
He died from hard work.

Wanted—More blue pencils and more patience with which to correct essays. My stock of both is completely exhausted. So am I. Address BIRCHENOUGH, S. N. C.

In the Car.

She wished she stood within his shoes,
 Because he had a seat;
 But since that was impossible
 She stood upon his feet.

This is what Johnnie says about water: "Water is found most everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day till our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water; and so does horseradish, when you eat too much. There is a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, soda water, well water, boiling water and brine. There is a girl in our school named Waterman. All the boys say "Waterman you are," and then she gets mad. I don't think girls look nice when they are mad. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean ships could'nt float, and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to make dams in, and to swim in, and to fire at boys with a squirt gun, and to catch fish in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out

of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men at work at the engines. This is all I can think about water—except the flood."

A Dictionary Menu.

Mr. Quidsby with newly acquired wealth, found that the chef always sent up the menu written in his own language, French, to which the master of the household was a stranger.

"I should like to know what I am eating for once, M. Alfonse," said Mr. Quidsby to his chef on one occasion. "Let me have the menu in English today."

"Oui, Monsieur," was the reply, "it ees ver' difficile, but I veel do it so if you veel gif me ze diction-aire."

A small, but select, party came to dinner that evening, and was met with the following bill of fare:

Soups at the tail of the calf.

Salmon in curl papers.

Chest of mutton to the little peas.

Potatoes jumped.

Duck savage at sharp sauce.

Charlotte at the apples.

Turkey at the devil.

Fruits verigated.

Mr. Quidsby and Mrs. Quidsby agreed afterward that they had never presided over a more hilarious, dinner party.

The following announcement of the prize winners was kept a profound secret and was not permitted to be put into type until the last form was ready for the press, which accounts for the position it occupies.

Prize Winners

The gold medals were awarded at Commencement as follows:—

The *Pruyn* medal, for Public Speaking, the gift of Robert C. Pruyn of this city, to Katharine S. Parsons; honorable mention George B. Weaver.

The *President's* medal, for Latin, the gift of William J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D., president of the State Normal College, to Mabel Wood; honorable mention, Marion E. Kleinhaus.

The *Mc Donald* medal, for mathematics, the gift of William Mc Donald of this city, to Mary H. Morton; honorable mention, Roger A. Fuller.

The *Sage* medal, for French, the gift of Henry M. Sage, of this city, to E. Ruth Boyce; honorable mention, Lloyd N. Robinson.

The *Vander Veer* medal, for German, the gift of Edgar A. Vander Veer, M.D., of this city, to Edith D. Jones; honorable mention, Adele E. Hartman.

The *Pruyn* medal for scholarship in the Senior class, to Mary C. Jennings; honorable mention, Lloyd N. Robinson.

The *Mereness* medal, for scholarship in the Junior class, to Katharine S. Parsons; honorable mention, E. Ruth Boyce.

The *Buchanan* medal, for the best English Essay, the gift of Charles J. Buchanan, of this city, to Ethel P. Breitenstein.

The *Principal's* medal, for the second best English Essay, to J. Le Roy Herber.

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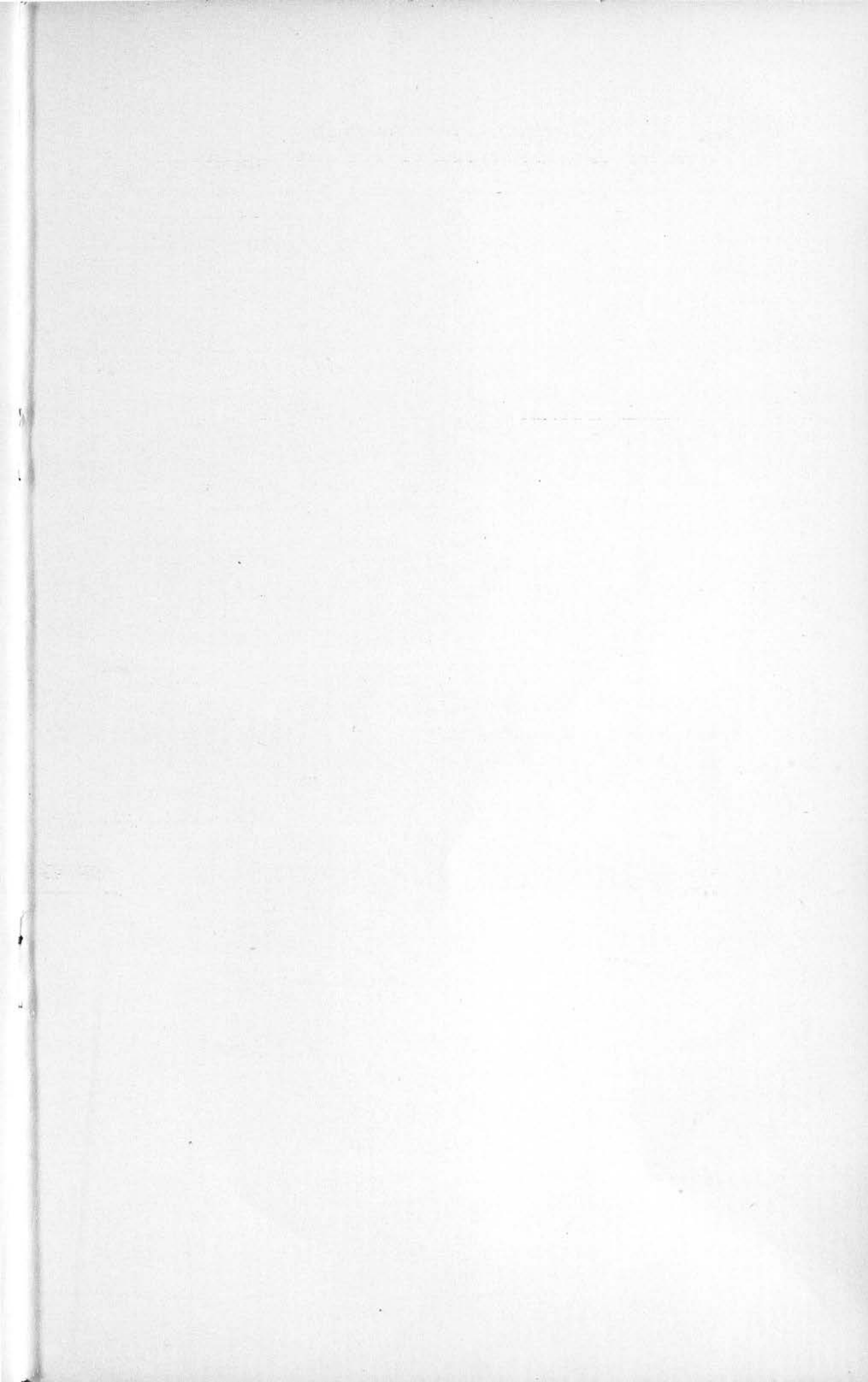


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The charge for tuition is extremely low, being only fifteen dollars per term of nineteen weeks, except to those students who come from school districts where no high school instruction is offered; to them no charge is made.

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

The school possesses, furthermore, excellent laboratory equipment for work in science; maintains through the pupils four literary societies and a school paper; and awards nine gold medals for proficiency in the various studies.

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

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