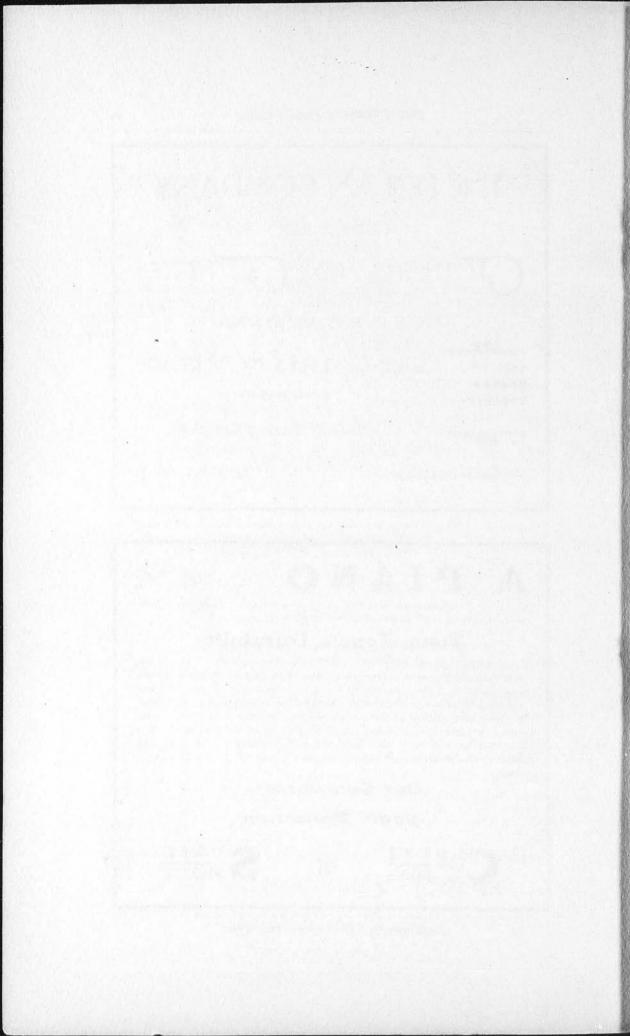


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WILLIAM B. ASPINWALL, PH. D.,

Principal.

The Crimson and White

Vol. II

APRIL, 1906

No. 4

Literary Department

The Sophomore's Complaint

I pray you, kind reader, do not pass me by,

But hark while my story to tell you I'll try.

Your comfort and sympathies keep well in store

As you list to the tale of the poor Sophomore!

The Freshmen are leading a wonderful life.

They were teased at the first but 'twas just merry strife;

And now they are petted and pampered by all

And teachers stand ready to help when they call.

Now, look at the Juniors, How happy their days!

Their work is half through—they're deserving of praise.

Their social engagements are now just begun,

Of time they have plenty for frolic and fun.

And of course, the staid Seniors are quite satisfied,

In themselves and their work they take a just pride.

This credit and honor they've now reached at last.

They give not a thought to the years that are past.

But the life of a Sophomore is no happy dream!

It is brimful of trials, for does it not seem

That the seed, which has been so recently sown,

Is expected at once to have sprouted and grown..

By many dead languages we are oppressed

And by difficult problems greatly distressed;

Our heads are filled full of rhetorical lore;

Then do you not pity the poor Sophomore..

G. CLOVER, '08.

Laura's Easter Hat

"I like this hat with the pink roses here near the front of the case," said Sadie Rowe, as she with two other girls stood looking over the new Easter hats in the millinery department of a large store.

"Oh, I think that fine white straw in the corner with the lovely French silk lilacs and white satin ribbon on is much prettier and I know it would be very becoming to me. I have had my eye on it for some time and I really mean to buy it." This was said by Clara Pierce who was a girl of wealthy

parents and who lived in the city. She knew she could have that hat if she wanted it.

But the third girl was silent. She too wanted the dainty hat in the corner. Laura Gage had set her heart on buying that very hat to complete her new spring suit. But if she bought that hat she could not go home for the week's vacation. She could not ask her father for the extra money because it took so much to send her to this college. School work had kept her at college during the last vacation and why not use the same excuse now? Laura thought she must have that new hat for the tally-ho ride given just before the girls would start on their homeward journeys.

The next day Laura bought the beautiful hat in Shaw's Department store and proudly took it home. But for some reason or other, scarcely known to herself, she told no one of her purchase. "I will write just a day before Easter that I can't possibly come home this time." This was not a very quieting conclusion at which to arrive. "Well, I can't go home now. I have spent my carfare. I almost wish though-Oh, what fun we will have on that ride! I won't be at all behind the other girls and I won't have to stay all the evening in this room and miss it either."

"A letter for Miss Gage," announced the preceptress one morning. Laura took it to her room and opened it, half fearing to do so. "It will probably say something about how very dreadful it would be if I did not come home," she muttered. Evidently mother was very busy for the letter was short.

"Dear daughter,

We are waiting as patiently as possible for Saturday night. Be sure and write in time for us to get your word before you start. Father will meet you at the station. Oh, I am so glad you are coming this time, since we have not seen you in so long. I have some lilacs which will be out by Sunday. There! I was going to surprise you with them. Love from Father and Madge.

Your loving mother."

Laura threw herself into a chair and sobbed passionately, "Oh, how could I be so wicked! I want to go home and now I can't. Oh, I am punished, I can't bear it."

For some minutes Laura cried herself out and then she suddenly sprang to her feet. "I will do it, I will! I will wear my old hat if I have to trim it with rabbits and egg-shells. I am going home." Her room-mate was astonished. "Why of course you are going home. And your hat is very pretty I am sure."

"That hat is not mine. I am as bad as a thief. But I will explain later. Don't speak to me now."

A letter was soon on its way to that distant home. It was indeed the letter for which they were waiting.

Laura started out on a walk a few hours later with a large box in her hand. She found her way to Clara Pierce's home and humbled herself to tell Clara all about her temptation and how sadly she had yielded. She begged Clara as a favor to buy the hat of her.

In the end Clara took the hat and Laura went back to the college. She had learned her lesson and it had been severe. She knew she had also gained a true friend.

"It is almost time for them to come, dear, I know they will hurry home for Laura will be so anxious to see her mother and sister. It seems so long since we have seen her. Here they ——."

"We come, we come," sang a clear, merry voice which made mother and sister rush to open the door and with outstretched arms welcome the pretty college girl.

"Oh," said Laura after Sunday service. "Easter means so much. What if I had gone on that miserable ride!"

"MARY ADAIR," '07.

A Visit to a Chinese Theater

One of the most interesting places in cosmopolitan New York is the dingy little Chinese theater, situated in the very heart of Chinatown on Doyers street. Any night except Sunday, the curious American, by paying seventy-five cents, may enter and in a short time acquire an excellent idea of the Chinese drama.

The interior of the theater is a hot, dirty little room filled with rows of wooden benches upon the backs of which the Chinamen perch. Kitchen chairs covered with dust half inch thick, and a rickety railing around a platform at the right of the house form a box reserved for white visitors, to which we are conducted. Through the haze of the cigarette smoke, we are greeted with a sea of stolid yellow faces, all gazing fixedly at the stage while a little Chinese boy may be seen going up and down the aisles with a tray

upon his head, selling cigars and Chinese confections to the audience.

But let us turn our attention to the play. The stage is small and there is no curtain. A few tables, benches, and a half-open window through which one sees a branch of plum blossoms, comprise the stage settings; other surroundings are to be furnished by the imagination. We are told that domestic and military plays are produced alternately. but nowhite man has ever been able to distinguish between them, or has ever had any inkling of their meaning except that they deal principally with the vague and obscure history of the Celestial Kingdom. The bulletin, printed in English for the benefit of visitors, often presents some such startling name as "The Sublime Reign of the Sanctified Devilfish, or Beneath the Light of a Thousand Pale Green Moons," but what connection the title has with the play is a mystery. A play is continued from night to night. and often runs for a month.

The female parts are taken by men and are often admirably portrayed. The costumes, in sharp contrast to the dark surroundings, are usually magnificent, rich silk and heavy embroidery presenting a dazzling appearance. The parts which are unbearably long, are recited in a high monotonous voice, pierced at intervals by the orchestra which sits in the rear of the stage. Very few motions are made and the faces are perfectly expressionless.

The orchestra fills one of the more important parts in a Chinese play. Every change of manner, of mood, every different scene and climax, has an appropriate accompaniment which serves to guide the imagination of the audience. If the comedian makes a remarkably funny

point, the squeaky fiddles and the gongs emphasize the fact by an unusual burst of melody which at times is deafening. In the pathetic scenes the sing-song whine of the leading lady is supplemented by a wailing fiddle, but it is not until the villain prepares to meet his fate or some other equally exciting climax is reached that the musicians lay aside their cigarettes, grasp their instruments and go to work in earnest. Then a rapid crescendo is maintained in which the fifes and drums, the rattles and gongs all take an active part. Judging from the intent expression of the audience, we suppose this to be the climax, but little motion is visible on the stage. The players, in spite of the deafening noise, are complacently squeaking their parts. there is a slight movement on the part of the audience, every Chinaman leans forward, and then comes a burst of sound which for volume and variety cannot be described. Every conceivable noise contributes to the din, all the largest gongs are called into action, drowning at intervals the awful horns, the drums, the fife, the tom-toms-

Horrors! With our hands over our ears we hasten from the place, up the sloping aisle, and rush wildly out upon the cool dark street.

Surely such an experience is not likely to be soon forgotten, and, as a rule, one visit here will suffice, for to the American, one play is exactly like another. If you have a desire to witness something truly quaint and foreign, I can direct you to no better place than the little Chinese theater on Doyers street, but unless you have remarkable endurance and no nerves, your first visit will be your last.

KATHARINE PARSONS '07.

The Lost Composition

Several girls were gathered in the school room talking excitedly.

"What's the matter, girls?" said Edith Lawton, coming up to the group and throwing her arm affectionately across Helen Armstrong's shoulders. "Just think, Edith," replied one of the group; "Professor James has offered a beautiful gold medal to the girl who writes the best composition, of not more than four hundred words, on a topic of her own choosing. Isn't that just too splendid for anything? and you'll surely try, won't you?" "Oh, yes, Edith will try," said merry-faced Sophie Arnold. "Everyone knows Edith's abilities," and "Edith writes the best compositions in the class," "She'll surely win the prize," came from the other girls. "Well," said modest Edith, her cheeks rosy at the praise, "perhaps I shan't win the prize, but I mean to try, anyway."

While this conversation had been going on, a dark-eved girl sat in a corner of the room, apparently deep in her studies, but in reality hearing every word. Her name was Elsie Smith, but the girls called her "Cloudy," on account of her surly disposition. She made few friends, and most of the girls held aloof from her. The girl she disliked most was Edith Lawton, probably because she was such a great favorite, and she thought: "I wonder if I can't write a better composition than Edith and win the prize away from her." While these ugly thoughts were occupying her mind, the bell rang and everyone rushed to their seats. After this the prize composition was the general topic of conversation, and at any hour in the day, a girl might be seen, head in hands, thinking busily. About a week before the day on which the compositions were to be handed in, Sophie Arnold and Helen Armstrong, coming into the school room found Edith Lawton in tears. "Why, Edith, what's the matter; tell your own Sophie why you are weeping."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear," sobbed Edith, "my composition is gone; I can't find it anywhere, and there isn't time to write a new one, and now I haven't the least possible chance of winning the prize." Sophie immediately communicated this dreadful news to the other girls, and before very long it reached the ears of Professor James. He inquired of Edith how she lost it, and she explained that she was sure she had left the rough copy in her desk the night before, intending to copy it the next day, and it was nowhere to be found. A search was made, but in vain, no composition was visible anywhere. Finally some one whispered that perhaps Elsie Smith had taken it, since she had seemed so anxious to win the prize. This was certainly an uncharitable thought, but schoolgirls, no matter how good they are, must have some one to suspect. The whisper was carried from one ear to another, and poor Elsie was looked on with more disdain than ever before.

On the eventful day, Professor James' three-year-old girlie came rushing into the school room with something in her hand. "Oh, fader," she exclaimed, "see the pitty birdie's nest, what I found on the gwound, and it has little white sings in it." The Professor looked closely at the "little white sings," and giving a surprised ejaculation,

he said a few words to his girls, and soon they were laughing and crying together. The truth of the matter was, the rough copy had been left on the desk near an open window, and Mrs. Robin, thinking it very good material for her nest, had utilized it.

Elsie Smith won the medal, and her composition was so splendid that it won great admiration from the girls, who found she could smile very sweetly when praised, and profited by their discovery. Thus poor, innocent Mrs. Robin caused a great deal of trouble.

GALE.

The Influence of Music

Few of the arts, to the study of which men have devoted their lives, have so great a range of influence as music. Unlike the other arts, music has great influence over animals as well as over man.

Let us notice the influence which music has upon the lower order of animals, for instance, the snake. Although it is claimed that a snake's power of hearing is very limited, nevertheless, this fact, that a snake will lie perfectly rigid by the hour when an instrument is played very softly—is known, showing that music has an influence quite unique

Considering the animals claimed by many people to be the most intelligent, we come to the horse and dog. How many people have not noticed the proud and graceful bearing of a horse when following a band! At that moment even an old horse forgets his years and infirmities and prances about like a young colt. Is that not a proof that music awakens in him a remembrance of his more youthful days? And the dog, have you not seen many which would sit by the hour listening to music?

I once had a dog which at the first note of a piano would—in the language of the vulgar—howl despairingly, but I was always positive in my own mind that music awakened in the dog a longing to show his appreciation of the beautiful.

When Paganini, the great violinist, made his first bow before the public, remarks were made concerning his unattractive appearance. But, at the first strains brought forth from the violin by that master hand, few there were who would have denied his claim to beauty, so powerful was the influence of his music. It is also told of this great man, that, by his playing, he could control the very motions of his audience.

Perhaps the greatness of music may be best explained by the old Greek saying, "The mother of poetry is music, the mother of music is rhythm, and the mother of rhythm is God."

E. RUTH BOYCE '07.

A Tardy Invitation

"Say, fellows," cried Harry Landor, as he came down the staircase of the high school, "that tormented H. Club is going to meet with my sister to-night."

"Who told you so?"

"Oh, sis has been as good as pie for a whole week; I knew something was up or she wouldn't have been so sweet. Sure enough, this morning she put on her company smile and asked me if I would mind spending the evening with my chums, as she was going to entertain the H. Club."

"Umph!" grunted Rob Helmer.
"Those girls are precious 'fraid of themselves. I wonder what H. means."

"Hen, of course; nothing but a bunch of silly girls," answered Bert Davis.

"I say," said Harry, "those girls have played smart long enough. I've got a plan. You know those mice down at old Martin's store? They've got invisible wire in them and will run and squeal when you pull a wire. We'll get some of them, and when sis isn't looking I'll put them in a dark corner of her room with the wires out of the windows. When those girls get in the room we'll pull the wires and make the mice play about the floor. If they run out of doors and see us, we can say that we have stopped to see what the noise was about."

"Agreed," said the boys, and they separated until night, Harry going after the mice, which he later put in his sister's room.

About eight-thirty o'clock, the members of the H. Club were gathered in Mamie's room for the purpose of adding another resolution to their list.

"How many have we?" asked

"Thirteen."

"Oh, dear! that is an unlucky number. Let us ask the boys to help us."

"Fudge! Ethel, you're getting superstitious. Boys can't help us; they are useless creatures," cried Beth.

Just then six mice began playing about the room. Iva saw them first, and, jumping upon the sofa, screamed "Mice!" with all her might. The other girls rushed out of the house and ran pell mell over the boys.

"Help! Robbers! Fire! Police!" they cried in a deafening chorus.

"For goodness' sake, girls! Stop that noise; you'll have the whole town here in a minute," cried Harry.

The boys went up to the room and made a pretense of killing mice, but in reality put them in their pockets for future use.

When the girls entered the room they exclaimed, "We cannot thank you enough! We will let every one of you join our club!"

"Thanks," said Bert, "What's its name?"

"Oh, it's the Hilarity Club."

"Awfully hilarious a moment ago, weren't you?"

P.S.—The boys joined the Club. JEANNE W. BENDER, '08

Illustrated Books

Very frequently people, especially young people, upon taking up a new book, look immediately to see if it is illustrated. And often before commencing to read the book, they form an estimate of its value and interest from the pictures which it contains.

Many times have thoughtless persons picked up a good book with the intention of reading it, a book which would stir their minds and lead them to think (much to their own benefit) and have thrown it down again, with the exclamation, "Oh, I don't believe I shall read it after all. The pictures are all so stupid or ugly!" And thus the good which the author might have accomplished has been prevented by the unskilful, or worse, incomprehensive work of his illustrator. One who attempts to place before the reader the idea of the author in a more vivid and tangible form, should feel himself positively guilty not to have previously imbued himself with the idea he is to represent, to have seized the spirit, and to endeavor most earnestly to present it in its true and intended significance. There is an artist, very popular at the present day, whom many find most disappointing. This is Howard Chandler Christy.

All of his work, up to, perhaps a year ago, was fine, in the very best sense of that word. But of late, it has become almost crude. His perspective is very poor, too, in some of his latest drawings, and his "Girls" seem to have lost much of their old charm of delicacy and refinement.

Half the pleasure, for some at least, is marred or made by the illustrations, and they would much prefer to read a book with no illustration, to one whose illustrator was out of sympathy with it, or who made no attempt to present true pictures, only sending in drawings to the publisher in return for his check.

A. E. STUART, '08

The Indian

When we mention the Indian we naturally think of a person, stoical, undemonstrative, and utterly devoid of emotion and humor. But, for the most part, such ideas are erroneous, for the Indian is as sensitively and delicately organized, and as capable of affection, as are any of his white brothers. The fortitude, which is often spoken of as characteristic of the Indian, is not inbred, but is acquired.

From his earliest moments, the

young Indian is taught to keep his feelings and desires well under control, and one of the first lessons he must learn is that of overcoming difficulties. So, while yet a very small lad, he is sent out alone to procure food for the family, even at the risk of his life. If he is successful great demonstrations of joy are shown; if he is not successful he is greatly humiliated and ridiculed by his fellows, but is given another trial.

The five senses of the Indian are unusually acute, especially hearing and smelling, and these are further developed by his wild manner of living. He studies nature as we study books. He is keenly observant of the habits of birds and animals about him, and imitates them all in his play.

When the Indian comes into our schools, the training of his previous years enables him to persevere in his studies, although they may be irksome to him. It is only as he comes into our schools that we really understand him. It has been shown that, contrary to what might be expected, he takes readily to the dramatic side of everything.

The Indian is naturally of a musical disposition, and education serves to bring out this trait more clearly. With patient and careful instruction he is capable of becoming a well-trained musician. What he has been able to do in this respect is shown by the fact, at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, the Haskell Indian Band, comprised of young Indian students, whose leader was a composer of music as well, after competing with all the other bands present, received the highest honor. Indian music, while very different from ours, is no less beautiful, or expressive. Great efforts are now being made to teach this in the Indian schools, that the music of their race may not become extinct.

Within the past week the last tribes of the Indian confederacy have been dissolved; the Indian has received pay for his land, and is henceforth an American citizen, and must be treated as such. Heretofore he has been rewarded or punished as a tribe, but now he must stand on his own merits as an individual.

GERTRUDE C. VALENTINE, '08.

Before the Curtain Rises

Helen and Beth, juniors, ushering at a comedy played by their Society. Mary, stage manager; Carrie, a sophomore who is to take part.

Beth (who lives out-of-town, and coming in on an early train, waits impatiently for her chum's arrival)—Oh say Mary! how are the girls getting on? Are they all here?

Mary—Yes, they're all here but Carrie Jones and she's just about the limit! She's kept me on pins and needles all the time we've been rehearsing and now she's late. I told all the girls to be here by two and she hasn't made her appearance yet. Helen come yet? Dear me! I shall be perfectly delighted when this arrangement is over.

Beth—Helen's not come and I begin to fear her brother Tom has spoiled her dress,—and it was such a beauty!

Mary-What color?

Beth—White, with cream lace and pale green ribbons. Isn't she a dear to wear her Society colors?

Mary—Goodness! what under the sun do you call that racket? So long, Beth, wish you luck with your ushering. (Starts off on a run but calls back over her shoulder) The programmes are up on the window-sill in the hall.

Beth—O dear me! if this pulls through, maybe I'll recover some of my lost sleep. It's been nothing but go to committeemeetings, see to buying this and that for scenery, going to the caterer's or florist's; and by the time I got ready for my lessons, I felt like going to bed. But that's not the way to behave when people know you to be a happy-go-lucky junior. (The door opens and Helen rushes in, to be seized by Beth) Oh, you dear girl! I thought you'd never come. What kept you so long? Where's your dress?

Helen (breathlessly)-Tom and Fido made short work of it. I laid it out on the bed so I could dress in a hurry, when Fido discovered it and pulled the lace to smithereens. Then Tom peared and chased him down. Fido made for the cellar with my waist and Tom followed. A beautiful game of ball followed and this old rag is the consequence. Jiminy, Beth, there's a job for you! I'll be with you in just a minute. And, say, here's a rose Jack sent you for good-luck.

Beth—(walking up to an old gentleman and his wife who were evidently making their first entrance to a High School in several years)—Good-afternoon, we're very glad to see you. We hope you will enjoy our efforts at entertaining the public.

Old Gentleman (gruffly)—Can you give us a front seat, please.

My wife has weak eyes and she is especially desirous of seeing Ann act.

Beth—Certainly. It's good you came early, for you can now choose just which one you want. Come this way and I think you'll be pleased. (Hurrying back to the door, she meets a crowd of noisy young people) Good-afternoon. Come this way and I'll give you a good place.

Helen (rushing up to Beth after a few busy minutes) Jiminy! there are two fellows down-stairs without entrance tickets. Charles wants to know if we'll let 'em in. What do you say?

Beth—Why, of course, let 'em in! What are two fellows more or less, anyway? The more the merrier, as far as I know (and smiles sweetly at a school-boy across the room).

Helen—All right, then, but I'll tell 'em they owe it to you.

Beth—Don't you dare (but Helen has departed).

Mary—For mercy's sake, Beth, where's Helen? Carrie hasn't come and Helen shall simply have to take her part.

Beth-Then what'll I do?

Mary—There are only ten more minutes before the curtain rises and surely you can manage till then. Oh, hooray! here comes Carrie now. (To Carrie) It's a wonder you'd come at all. Did you think we really needed you? I'd like to give you a good shaking. Do hurry, now.

Carrie—I'm sure I have done nothing to merit such wrath. Mother said 'twas ridiculous to come so early, so I stopped and finished my book. But you haven't

needed me. Why, the curtain hasn't even gone up, yet!

Mary—Please go to the dressingroom now and hurry and get on that costume. (to Beth after Carrie goes) If only I could give that girl a little get-up-and-go energy, I'd be satisfied (and then follows Carrie).

Helen (to Beth, two minutes before three, at the Chapel door) Well, we have a crowded hall, at any rate. Are the girls all ready?

Beth—Just waiting for the hour to strike.

Helen—Do you think they know their parts?

Beth-Perfectly!

Helen—Then, it must be a success!

Doesn't this remind you of commencement day? Just imagine, if it were ours! I hate the thought of leaving this dear old place.

Beth—Why did you mention our graduation day? I know I'm going to cry.

(Suddenly, solemnly, the little tinkle of a bell sounds, and the curtain rises).

-Bridget.

Junior—"Say, you ought not to wear that red carnation."

Kate-"Why?"

Junior (glancing at Kate's auburn locks)—"Well, you know there is such a thing as over doing one color."

(Biff! Bang! Exit the Junior).

All good boys love their sisters
So good have I grown,
That I love other boys' sisters
As well as my own.

 $-\mathbf{E}\mathbf{x}$.

Rules for Composition Writers

- 1. If you get a thing wrong, scratch it out and write it in again the same way.
- 2. Do not throw ink on the floor, throw it on the wall.
- 3. Do not drop sheets of paper; tear them up in small pieces first.
- 4. Gentlemen are requested not to smoke in the composer's room.
- 5. Ladies are requested not to compose in the smoking room.
- 6. Do not swear without provocation—and conversely.
- 7. Sing songs of praises to the teacher who corrects your comp. while you are writing.
- 8. Think twice before you write, —and conversely.
- 9. Thank your teacher once when she returns to you the composition marked "C——Rewrite." Thank her again when her back is turned.
- 10. Tenth commandment: Remember all ye people, that Seniors always receive "A—excellent." I speak from experience. "By their works ye shall know them," saith the faculty.

Signed: A Senior.

Ruthie found some dynamite, Couldn't understand it quite; Curiosity never pays It rained Miss Boyce for seven days!

That's What

I am standing by the rail, I am feeling very pale, Am I looking for a sail? No, I'm not.

I'm a missionary's daughter,
Casting bread upon the water,
In a way I hadn't oughter;
That is what.

—Ex.

The CRIMSON and WHITE

Vol. II. ALBANY, N.Y., APRIL, 1906 No.

Published Every Two Months during the School Year by the students of the N. H. S.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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Editorials

The morning exercises are becoming monotonous and a little change would be quite welcome. Although they are just like what they used to be, our old song books are sadly missed, for one thing. It is a great deal harder to give rhetoricals in the present surroundings than it was in our old chapel. It has grown rather tiresome to see the same few faces at the piano. This monotony is surely felt by everyone, so everyone ought to do his share toward a change for the better. There are many people with musical ability to preside at the piano once in a while, just for the change; there are others who could give solos on other musical instruments or vocal solos; and even others who it would be a real pleasure to hear And there are so many of these that acting in this capacity but once this year would liven up our exercises wonderfully. It does not seem to be a very great request to ask these to declare their ability and willingness to play, sing or

recite once this year; nor would it appear at all presumptive in them to volunteer their services. We have no way of knowing each one's ability in such things. Dr. Aspinwall would be very glad, indeed, to have different ones come to him and tell him their abilities and the whole school would be happy to have our talented schoolmates show their powers. But even if we have no power to help out by our individual talents, the singing might be greatly improved by the entire participation, and the rhetoricals more important, by our undivided interest.

* * *

Last year, we had a base-ball team which did fine work, and won several games in defense of Old Normal's honor. Our team for this year is just forming and a word of good-will and a helping hand from each and everyone would be welcome to the boys now as well as our presence at the games they will put up shortly. Not having the standard of a bran new team, it will have a still harder field to fight, for it has been crippled by the loss of several of the better players, some of whom graduated last June and others have left school. The players that are left, must take heart and raise the standard set by last year. At it, boys, and beat 'em; and good luck to you, in it!

* * *

The Crimson and White awarded another prize for the advertisements for this issue. It was a prize of five dollars, and to contest, ten dollars of ads were required. Two contestants appeared, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Dickinson, and both did fine work

for the paper. However, Mr. Dickinson won the prize, securing many more ads than Mr. Robinson.

Announcement Concerning Medals

The following conditions will govern the competition for the gold medals to be awarded at Commencement:

I. The Pruyn Medal: for Public Speaking. Open to the entire school. To be awarded by public competition. Selections to be not less than five minutes and not more than ten minutes in length, and to be approved by the faculty, on or before April 20, 1906. Trial competition, May 11, 1906, at 3 p. m.; open to all students, of whom six will be chosen to take part in final competition, May 24, 1906, at 8 p. m.

II. The President's Medal: for Latin. Open to students of not less than three years standing. To be awarded by written examination, to be held May 12, 1906, at 9 a. m. Examination to cover: (a) Sallust's Catiline; (b) Latin Grammar; (c) Translation at sight.

III. The McDonald Medal: for Mathematics. Open to students of not less than two years standing. To be awarded by written examination to be held May 16, 1906, at 2 p. m. Examination to cover: (a) Algebra through Quadratic Equations; (b) Plane Geometry: theorems and problems.

IV. The Buchanan Medal; for the best English Essay;

V. The Principal's Medal: for the second best English Essay. Open to the entire school. To be awarded by competition. Essays to be not less than 1,500 words in length, to be written on paper $8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size and to be deposited with the Faculty on or before May 21, 1906. Choice of subject: (a) The Problem of the Rotary Engine; (b) A Study, of Japanese Civilization; (c) The Public Services of John Hay.

VI. The Sage Medal: for French. Open to students of not less than two years standing. To be awarded by written examination to be held May 19, 1906, at 9 a. m. Examination to cover: (a) De Maistre's La Jeune Siberienne; (b) French Grammar; (c) Translation at sight.

VII. The VanderVeer Medal: for German. Open to students of not less than two years standing. To be awarded by written examination to be held May 23, 1906, at 2 p. m. Examination to cover: (a) Wildenbruch's Das Edle Blut; (b) German Grammar; (c) Translation at Sight.

VIII. The Pruyn Medal: for Senior Scholarship. Open to students of not less than three years standing. To be awarded in accordance with class rank.

IX. The Mereness Medal: for Junior Scholarship. Open to students of not less than two years standing. To be awarded in accordance with class rank.

Alumni Notes

05

James W. Cox, Jr., of Cornell University, was in Albany Feb. 24, 1906.

Ruth Podmore visited school on Feb. 17.

Beth Carroll has a position in the State Capitol, Albany, N. Y.

'04

Louise von Salis has returned to her home in Albany, after having spent two years abroad.

Jennie Keegan is teaching school at Schodack Landing.

Lillian Fowler has a position in the Dudley Observatory.

'03

Elinor Marsh visited High School on Feb. 12, 1906.

02

Sarah Oliver is teaching school at Voorheesville.

May Hart is teaching school at Dunnsville, N. Y.

Miss Adams is teaching school at Union Church, N. Y.

'01

Benjamin Whitbeck is at his home in Albany during Cornell spring vacation.

'98

Alice Wallace was married at her home in Kenwood on December 27, to John Adams of Berne, N. Y.

William Fitzsimmons was elected president of the association consisting of the honorary members of the Adelphoi Fraternity, which was recently organized at a dinner given at the Hotel New Kenmore, Albany, N. Y.

97

Ruth Kemper is occupying a position as clerk in the State Capitol.

Senior Class Notes

A regular meeting of the senior class was held on Wednesday, March 21. Considerable business was transacted and the following committees appointed: Announcements, Misses Swayne and Wood; Class Day, Misses Breitenstein, Gallup, Mathews, Coventry and Wood.

School Notes

On Monday, February 12, exercises in honor of Lincoln's Birthday were held in the assembly-room. Miss A. Rose Markham, a former teacher, gave an excellent vocal solo. The speaker of the day was Dr. Wheelock of the State Department of Education. The program was concluded by a piano solo by Miss Jones.

Washington's Birthday was observed by the pupils and teachers of the High School and Grammar department on Wednesday, Feb. 21. The program included patriotic songs by the school, recitation by Miss Jessie Luck of the grammar department and a talk on Washington by Dr. Fred Winslow Adams of the State Street Methodist Church, Schenectady.

A play entitled "Mr. Bob" was given by the students of the High School on Saturday, March 3 in the Unitarian Church. The participants showed their marked ability besides much hard work. The caste was as follows:

Aunt Becky, Katharine Parsons,'07 Katharine Rodgers, a niece....Edith Jones, ...'07

Marion Bryant, "Mr. Bob"....
Letha Cooper, '07
Patty, a maid. Emily Beale, '08
Philip Royson.....

Mr. Brown, Morgan Dickinson, '09
Jenkins, butler.....

. . Harold Van Oostenbrugge, '08

Before the play and between the acts musical selections were rendered by Miss Eleanor L. Danaher, Miss Miriam Marsh and Mr. Cornelius Wilde. At the close of the play dancing was enjoyed.

Society Notes

On Tuesday, Feb. 13, the following young ladies were introduced into the mysteries of Zeta Sigma: Grace Gilleaudeau, Miriam Marsh, Elsie Danaher, Ruth Patterson, Ruth Fuller, Anna Keenholts, Mabel Conger, Ethel Secor, Beth Cobb, Helen Horton, Mary Horton, Frances Robinson, Lura Arnold, Verna Fowler, Agnes Stuart, Marion Paddock, and Lillian Flanders. After the initiation a tempting "spread" was greatly enjoyed by all.

Miss McKutcheon was present at the meeting of Zeta Sigma on Tuesday, March 20 and gave a very interesting talk.

The following young ladies have been elected into the Quintillian Literary Society: Misses Everhart, Bell, Billson, Traver, Mc-Elroy, and Oliver. Initiation occurred March 8, after which a delicious luncheon was served.

On the evening of February 20, the girls of the Quintillion Society gave a sleighride. They started from Albany and drove out to Slingerlands, to their president's home. A most enjoyable time was passed, and they upset only once.

Theta Nu has initiated one member, Mr. Chester Frost.

At the regular meeting of the Adelphoi Fraternity, held Friday, Feb. 16, the following officers were elected:

President, George B. Weaver. Vice-President, Niles Persons. Secretary, Keller Ziegler. Treasurer, Edward J. O'Connell. Corresponding Secretary, Russell Meany.

Chaplain, J. LeRoy Herber. Sergeant-at-Arms and Master of Ceremonies, Warren Brewster.

Athletics

Miss Shifferdecker has been elected to the captaincy in place of Miss Wood, who resigned.

Miss Wood, who on account of poor health was forced to resign her position on the basket ball team, is much improved and is back at her place again.

The following games have been played since last issue:

Feb. 17, Racquet 12 N. H. S. 7 Mch. 3, St. Agnes 10 N. H. S. 4 Mch. 10, Racquet 15 N. H. S. 6

The base ball team have reorganized with Mr. O'Connell as captain. The schedule of games is almost complete.

Since the fire the gymnasium apparatus has been packed away and so could not be used by the students. It has now been set up in the gymnasium of Grace Episcopal church and thus enables the girls of the basket ball team to strengthen their limbs with dumb bells, bag-punching, vaulting and indoor base ball.

L. Robinson (in German translation)—"What do all those blanks mean?"

E. Josefus O'Connel—"Mr. Robinson, I'm s'prised."

Our Exchanges

A great many exchanges have been received this month but owing to lack of space we can criticize only a few.

Although we realize the fact that our paper is not by any means above criticism and though some of our critics may suggest that we throw no stones, still we can say that we have never printed anything which has been entirely without merit. We cannot help being provoked and sometimes disgusted, when we pick up a paper which devotes half of its space to inane and senseless jokes printed under the head of "Personals" or "Class Notes" or "Locals" which far from containing any wit, are often not fit to print. If the lengthy descriptions of sleighrides and dances, and the columns of brilliant remarks uttered by some of the school's pupils were offset by a little worthy literary work, these papers might be worth read-

The T. H. S. of Troy, N. Y., is always welcome. Your literary is one of the best features of your paper. You seem to have some artistic ability among your number; why not brighten your paper with a few cuts?

The editorials in the Apokeep-sian, one of our new exchanges, are very weak. Do not by any means, consider your editorial column the least important; it is in fact, the voice of the school. Your cuts are poor; if a paper cannot procure really artistic cuts, it had better omit them entirely.

We always have a good word for the *Academe* published by the Albany Academy for Girls. The literary work is good; the German translation from Storm's "Immensee" in the last issue is excellent.

The Courier from Oregon, while fair in other respects, has a poor cover and bad cuts. Improve your exchange department.

The College Index, our Michigan friend, is a well conducted publication; the work is evenly distributed and of a good standard.

We always feel that we have derived a great deal of benefit from reading the *Hendrix College Mirror*. We are proud to number it among our exchanges and have no word of adverse criticism to make upon it; we can only lay it reverently aside with a "Well done."

The Phonograph, the High School Critic and the Comet could be widely improved.

The cover design for the February issue of the *Canary and Blue* is very artistic. It is a creditable paper and deserves much commendation.

The Yuba Delta from California is a typical Western paper and we are always interested in it.

The work of the Elgin High School Mirror and the Saratoga H. S. Recorder is too crowded. Don't be afraid of using paper.

Winter has taken the green from the earth

There is nothing outside to refresh one,

And so our eyes wander and then fill with mirth,

For you see we look then at the Freshmen,

As Others See Us

"The Crimson and White came to our table for the first time this year. It is an interesting paper and we gladly welcome it."

-Northern Illinois.

"The Crimson and White receives congratulations for its good literary department."

-Blue and White, Pa.

"The CRIMSON AND WHITE could be widely improved."

Red and Black, Pa.

"The Crimson and White is here again and is clothed this time in a very neat dress. It contains some good literary articles this month."

—Yuba Delta, Cal.

"The Crimson and White is a welcome exchange. We sympathize with you in your bad luck and hope you will soon be back in comfortable quarters."

Roaring Branch, Vt.

Smiles

Little Freshman
Full of sorrow,
Composition
Due to-morrow;
Little Fresh
Sits up all night,
Comp. returned
"C—— Rewrite."

A school paper is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience and the printer the money,—if there is any.

Ex.

Ethel B.—"Do you like codfish balls, Lloyd?"

L. Robinson—"I don't know, I never attended any."

Extract from a sentimental letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's Grand canal, drinking it all in and life never seemed so full before."—Ex.

"What does this nation need?" shouted the impassioned orator at chapel exercises. "What does this nation require if she steps proudly across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?"

"Rubbers," suggested Adele who has a new pair and ought to know.

Teacher—"What route was Columbus in search of?"
Freshie—"Sassafras."

—Ex.

You may think this is poetry
But it is not, the printer
Just set it this way
To fool you for once.

-Ex.

Umpire—"Foul!"
Bright Freshie—"Where are the feathers?"

Umpire—"This is a picked team you idiot."—Ex.

Dedicated to Pencil Collecters

Lives of grafters all remind us
What a snap it is to be
Born without a sense of honor
Or even common decency.

—By one who knows.

A student should not always be judged by the books he takes home.

Senior—"It's all over the build-ing!"

Freshie (excitedly)—"What is?"
Senior(calmly)—"The roof, little one."—Ex.

Rock-a-bye, Senior, in the tree-top, As long as you study the cradle will rock;

But if you stop digging the cradle will fall,

And down will come Senior, diploma and all. —Ex.

Correspondence Column.

Questions of general interest to all seeking information will be promptly answered.

Particular Youth.—Yes, we have heard of the custom of taking off your hat when you meet a girl but it is one not commonly practised by the students of the N. H. S. However it might be well to adopt it.

L. Cooper—We can suggest no graceful method for sitting on the floor when a chair is suddenly removed from beneath one. Our advice is that you remain standing.

E. Clary—No, it is not polite to throw snow balls at innocent little girls. You are likely to get in trouble. A word to the wise—

E. Jones—Slang is not used in this section of the country. It is so rare among our students that we can really not furnish you with many of the modern expressions.

R. Patterson—It is not usually considered proper to propose to a man but still if he was a member of the faculty that's different.

N. Persons—The address you ask for is: Miss Bessie Lindsay, 1415 Fifth Avenue, Watervliet, N. Y.

R. Fuller—I should suggest your careful reading of Love's Labor Lost and Ways of the Wilde.

M. Marsh—Yes, it may be well to use forcible expressions on certain occasions. Although not considered exactly proper in select company, the best one that I can recommend you to, is "My Word!"

The Freshmen—Yes, despite its significance green is to be one of the leading colors this Spring. Cheer up.



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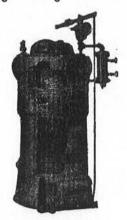
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Please mention "The Crimson and White."

For the Young Men

A very choice line of perfect fitting clothing at our store made by the celebrated Rogers Peet @ Co., fashionable in cut, tailored in good taste

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HATS

Silk, Opera,

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in all the latest shapes and colors

Dress Suit Cases
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Furnishings

Neckwear

Hosiery

Shirts

Gloves'

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Etc.

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You can also find a fine line of clothing at our store. Suits, Separate Skirts, Coats and Furs. Choice goods at the lowest possible prices.

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