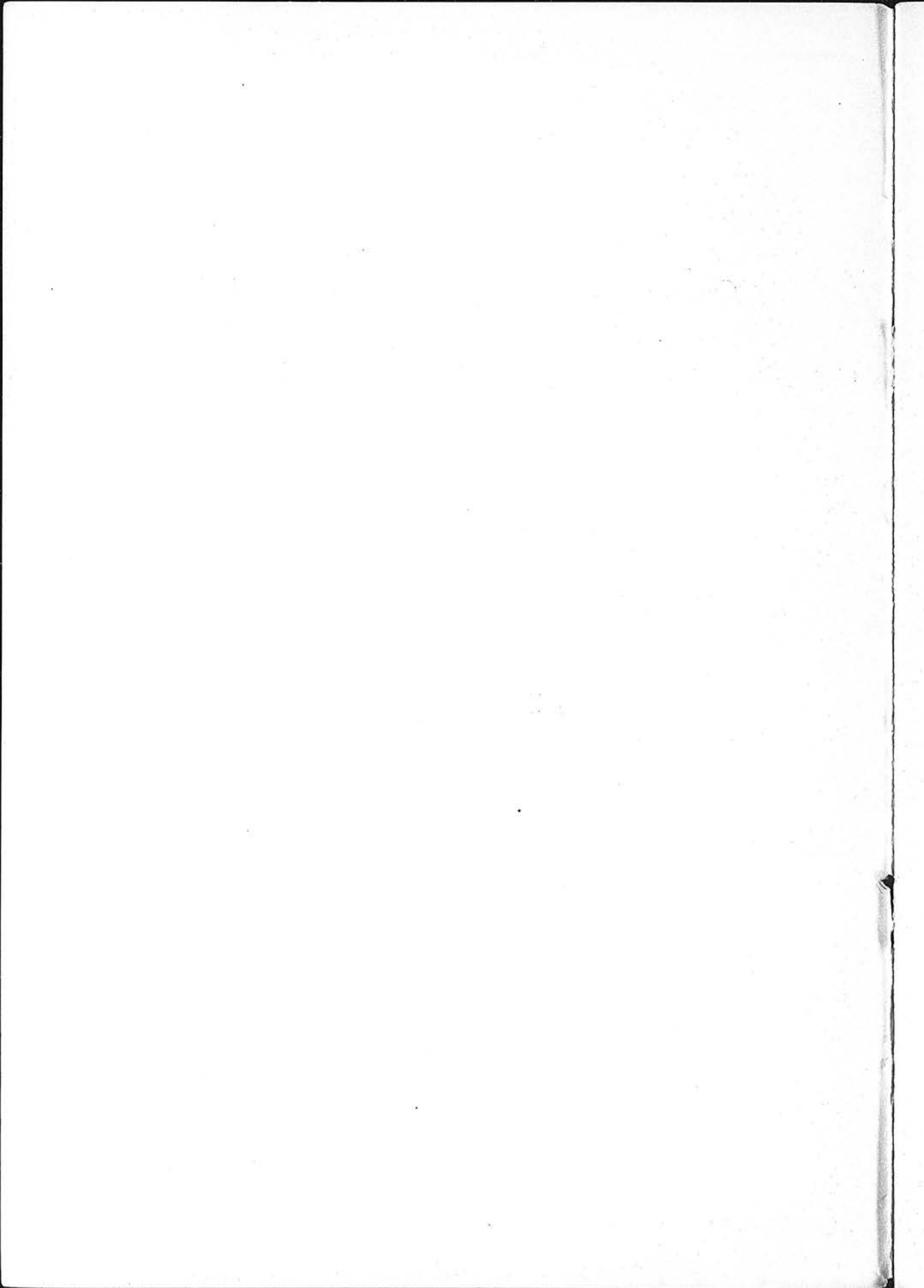


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DECEMBER, 1913

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# The Crimson and White

VOL. X

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 2



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### BILLY'S THANKSGIVING.

It was Thanksgiving morning. The golden sun was just peeping up over the distant hills, when ten-year-old Billy hurried along the road to the village. It was a cold morning and the little boy's hands were bare and he had no warm coat to protect him. He carried a quarter in his hand with which to buy some provisions for the day. (All his pockets had long since acquired outlets for their contents.)

Billy wasn't happy. He kept thinking of the many children in the village and all the things they would enjoy on that day. When he reached home he could not help noticing the contrast between his father's shabby little tenement in the middle of a small untidy yard and the houses in the village.

When he went in, the six brothers and sisters, mother, father and grandmother were all in the one large room of the house, which served as dining-room, kitchen and living-room. It was a very scant breakfast of which they partook that morning, but then; all the meals seemed to be scant lately. Billy remembered when they had lived in a nice house and had had good things to eat, but it was very different now.

After breakfast Billy went out in the yard to chop some wood. He stopped to rest after a while and look around him. What was that sound? He strained his ears. Yes, it was coming nearer and it was the sound of horses' hoofs beating rapidly on the hard road.

He went to the front of the house to see who was riding by so early. Why were they coming so fast? he wondered. He waited breathlessly for the object of his curiosity to appear.

Around the bend in the road came a beautiful grey horse with head thrown back, nostrils distended, and eyes wide with terror. Clinging to his neck was a young girl screaming with fright. Her lovely golden hair streamed out behind her. She had been riding side saddle and her feet were hopelessly entangled in the stirrups.

Poor Billy! He wasn't naturally a brave boy, but he saw that it was up to him to stop that horse. He noticed that the bridle rein was dangling from the horse's neck, and he jumped into the middle of the road just in time to catch it. He clung to it with all his might, but even then the animal went on quite a distance, not daunted by the added weight upon his neck.

Billy's father, alarmed by the screams for help, rushed out of the house just in time to see his son stop the horse. They helped the terrified girl to dismount and then recognized her as their landlord's daughter, who lived in the mansion house about a half mile up the road. She was very grateful to Billy, and insisted upon his walking home with her. They led the horse between them, for he was still quite frisky. Billy took him to the barn when they reached the house. When he came back Miss Ruth called him in and gave him a big basket to take home. She had told her parents of her rescue and her father gave Billy a brand-new ten dollar gold piece. The boy was so happy and so embarrassed that he could hardly thank them.

When he got out of doors he fairly ran all the way home, even though the basket was very heavy. He burst into the kitchen screaming, "Mother, mother, see what she gave me!"

Mother came immediately, and when she opened the basket and saw the ten dollars she nearly cried for joy. She took Billy in her arms and kissed him again and again.

The contents of that basket made those children's eyes stick out, I can tell you.

"Look at the turkey!" squealed baby sister.

"And the pies!" cried a small brother.

"And the candy!" cried a third, making a dive at it with his dirty little hand, only to be stopped by mother.

Oh, what good things there were, and what a happy day they had! When Billy crawled into bed that night he decided that he certainly did have something to be thankful for.

C. W. '16.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Hidden deeply in the beautiful, verdant forests, like a tender flower in the midst of stately pines, nestled the gray monastery of Santo Domingo. The old bells continued to peal forth daily upon the clear air, as they had been doing for many years, sending a message of comfort and cheer to weary wayfarers who chanced to be wandering, lost, thru the great forest.

In the year of 19— they had sounded their customary greeting and had reached the ears of one John Eaton, tired of the ways of the world, and deprived of the dearest on earth to him. They had failed, however, to minister to this traveler's comfort, but still they had allured him to the quiet refuge beneath the trees. Here he remained, with a spirit of unrest shining forth from the deep eyes, and an expression of discontent upon the finely chiseled countenance.

He adapted himself to the ways of the good monks, paced up and down the faintly-lighted cloisters and within the ancient chapel thru whose stained-glass windows soft light entered to brighten and glorify the dim recesses of the little temple.

Each year, upon a certain day of fast, the monks of Santo Domingo united services with a neighboring abbey. This departure necessitated the remaining of some of the monks to await possible new-comers and bid them welcome. Eaton, alone, was placed on duty one of these evenings. It was a wintry night, the twenty-fourth of December, and the snow was still falling upon the already whitened world. The wind howled mournfully thru the shivering trees, bereft now of their beautiful summer garments. A cheerful fire glowed in the front hall of the monastery. The silence, within, was profound.

Suddenly, the solitary watcher was startled from the reverie into which he had allowed himself to fall by the sound of a call without. Was it the wind? Surely the wind could not make so human a cry! Again it sounded. Convinced of the reality of the affair, Eaton sprang from his seat and dashed to the oaken door. Rapidly he unbarred it and thrust it open.

A man covered with snow and well-nigh frozen staggered hopefully toward the ray of light, stumbled and fell. The fall completed the state of stupefaction into which the traveler had already sunk. With all his strength Eaton pulled the unconscious form within the shelter of the monastery. As he reached the light he gave a low gasp of surprise. It was the man by whom he had been so deeply wronged.

John Eaton placed the man upon a low couch which stood before the bright fire. Then he strode up and down the length of the room, struggling with himself. The nearest doctor was at the village, two miles away, and John could do little without him. On a pleasant night that would have been no great distance, but to-night? Could he "overcome evil with good?" Would this man do as much for him? No, that was easy to answer! Thruout John's entire life the man had done him nothing but harm and finally, under pretense of friendship, had done him this infinite wrong.

In the midst of this contention out upon the night air rang the bells, clear, strong, unwavering. "Go," they sang out, "go!" With reverent, up-lifted face he listened — and reached his decision.

After caring for the man to resuscitate him slightly, John clothed himself warmly and started out. The snow continued to fall heavily. The wind blew keenly, tossing masses of it toward the traveler, as if mocking human endurance. And indeed, that journey was a test of endurance. Once, as John was about to give up, the bells rang out cheerily, giving him fresh heart, for this time they seemed to say, "Courage, courage!"

There is no need to describe the fearfulness of the night, the numerous falls and the knowledge that to halt meant death. At length, as the sun is sure to break sometime thru the heaviest clouds, the village appeared thru the shrouded trees. The doctor, fortunately, was there, and by means of his sleigh the journey was accomplished in much less time, altho the dawn was brightening in the east as they halted before the silent monastery.

Then came the fight for life, during which the doctor exerted all his efforts to sustain his patient's strength. Then the moment of returned consciousness, of revived vitality, and with it recognition of the man who still paced restlessly up and down the room. A moment of tense surprise, a meeting glance, a grasp of the hand, and despite the injury the sick man had done him, John Eaton displayed the nobility of his nature in sublime forgiveness.

Once again the old bells sounded, gladly, triumphantly, but then, for the first time in the entire years of his stay, their message was, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

E. L. '14.



## THE ELUSIVE PACKAGE.

"How happy and pleasing must life be in the countries far from Russia! How wonderful it must be to have one ruler and the whole country in peace!"

This is what Lucy Stanchon said as she sat meditating after having finished her tea. And she knew well that their country was far from peaceful. Her father, Steven Stanchon, who was a very severe and stern man, was a familiar figure in Ajuei both in municipal and national affairs; his name often appeared in print, but all for the one purpose — to express his views as an anarchist. He was very enthusiastic, and was the foremost man in the country on the subject.

Lucy found a solace from political wrangles and struggles when she made the acquaintance of Harold Fettaurer. He was a fine young fellow. He had completed his education at the Japanese College at Peking, and one could see at a glance that he was progressive and intended to make a standing in the world. He belonged to the aristocracy and was one of the leaders.

The opposition of the father to such a visitor was not so violent as one would readily suppose. On the contrary, he showed remarkable friendliness, and politics were never discussed.

After this had gone on for several months, and the strange friendship continued to develop, Lucy noticed a peculiar tone in her father's voice and a jest to his actions. Whenever in the company of the young man, or when going to his daily duties, he carried a small, mysterious package.

One evening after Mr. Fettaurer had left, Lucy went up stairs, and as she was passing the library where her father and some of his colleagues were gathered she heard her father say: "My daughter has been of great help to us and our cunning plan is working smoothly. It will terminate soon. Then I shall make use of this little package, and you know that after the leader falls his followers grow weak."

Lucy went to her room. Had she been of any help to her father and his friends? No, not that she knew of, for all that they were interested in were their deep laid plots, in which she could not help them. But "the plan" — she knew nothing of this; "the package" — yes, she had seen it, but she did not know what it contained; "the leader" — she knew two leaders with whom she was connected: her father, but he had no idea of falling from his rank, and Harold. Yes, she might aid them in this last connection, since he was of a different class. But how? "The plan" — "the package"

— “the falling.” She had given an opportunity, and her father had grasped the advantage in a skilful manner. But he had said that he would make use of the parcel soon, and that the leader would fall — ah, now at last she saw their plan!

But was she going to let this valiant young man be killed through her involuntary influence? No, she could not, for he had been true to her and she must be equally so to him — and she would!

For several days she watched her father, and each day she saw him become more absorbed in his work and gradually shrink from his worldly surroundings. But one day as he went about he did not notice anyone, not even his daughter, in whom he always found delight. He left the house clutching the elusive package. He had an anxious expression on his face, and once in a while a fiendish smile would creep across his countenance. Now she knew the plan of his day's work.

Like an eagle she flew to Harold's home. Frantically she mounted the stairs, for she knew that he spent his time at home on the third floor. But alas, as she was passing near his study her eyes fell upon the same small package which had haunted her for many days past.

In a few moments she found herself again in the garden, but this time grasping Harold's arm. They quickly sped off from the house and as they came to the border of the lake there was a rumbling and roaring in the air, a second of horror, and finally a loud report of the explosion.

Then, as everything lapsed into dim silence, she found herself, as if in a dream, clasped in the arms of the one whose life she had saved.

L. G. M. '14.

---

### THE CRYSTAL SPHERE.

The November night was chill and dark. A fine snow was falling, changing to rain as it fell. The lights of the great station shone dimly as I arrived in New York. The weather, however, did not seem to affect travelers. People hurried to and fro, thronging in and out of the great doorways. Nevertheless, I felt very much alone as I stood waiting for my brother at the door of the station. Fresh from the country and a farm at that, I knew nothing of the ways of the city, but I intended to be very brave.

I had not waited long when a carriage drove up in front of me and a man about my brother's height stepped out, and, seeing me standing beneath the bright light wide-eyed, I suppose, and frightened

looking, he beckoned, and catching up my suit case I crossed the walk and then, before I had time to know what happened, he helped me into the carriage and it drove off. It was not until the lights of the station faded, and I had time to look around me, that I saw that the man was not my brother. I will never forget how I felt. I did not cry out, but sat as if frozen to the spot. My companion was tall, very dark and foreign looking. After awhile I found my tongue and asked him where he was taking me. I thought myself too proud to make an outcry, and did not fully realize the danger of my position. The man looked at me sharply before answering. His eyes were dark and very piercing, and I felt that he read my very thoughts. When he spoke, it was in a low, soft voice with a strong accent, and he only said, "you shall see."

I leaned back in my seat. A faintness was stealing over me. The noises of the city grew vague and indistinct. The rolling of the carriage lulled me and the twinkling lights became stars. I do not know how far we went, but I know that after awhile I awoke with a start. The carriage had stopped, and my companion motioned me to get out. I shrank back farther into the carriage, but he caught my arm and said, "Come, little one, have no fear, you will not be sorry."

I followed him up a flight of steps into a tall dark house in a darker street. Up and up we went and then along a dim-lit corridor into a dim-lit room. Such a room! Like one in a fairy tale. A pale blue light came from a quaint lamp of brass that hung in the center. Soft carpets covered the floor. Heavy velvet curtains hung in the doorways and hid the windows, and there was present a strong odor of incense which tended to lull the senses and arouse the imagination. In the center of the room was a low carved table, covered with a strangely ornamental cloth. In the center of this table was a small glass ball beautifully transparent and seeming in the uncertain light to shed a peculiar radiance like a halo around itself. All this I saw while standing in the doorway, for there my companion left me, and it was fully five minutes before I perceived that the room had an occupant.

Reclining on a divan covered with pillows was a strange figure which now advanced to meet me. It was a tall man in oriental garments of rich material. A long robe of figured satin fell to his feet, which were covered with satin slippers. This robe was bound to his waist by a heavy silken cord with tassels, and he wore a turban of crimson silk. From his neck hung a heavy golden chain, suspending a charm of exquisite workmanship and strange device. His face harmonized well with his costume. He was dark but very

handsome. His features were perfect and his eyes, large, dark and dreamy. In my dazed condition I held out my hand as if I had always known him. He also looked at me very sharply as the other man had done, and then said: "Madame is prepared for the revelations which are to follow?" I only stared at him, but a dim realization of the matter was beginning to present itself to me.

Finally, he spoke again. "Will madame be seated?" and then I found my tongue and said, "I am afraid there is some mistake, sir, I did not come here myself. I was kidnappel." "Kidnapped!" he exclaimed. "Is not madame the lady who wished her future revealed and who notified me to meet her? Ah, I think not," he said, looking at me more closely, "Madame was older and she was to have brought her servant. There is, indeed, some mistake. It was careless of Gaspar." Crossing to the table he lifted a tiny silver bell and rang it, and the man who had brought me appeared.

The Hindoo spoke to him angrily in an unknown tongue, while he stared curiously at me. When he had gone his master came back to me. "Would madame not like to have a glimpse of her future?" he inquired, pointing to the crystal sphere. "I would tell it free of charge in return for this mistake." I glanced at the strange object and the very thought of it revealing my future made me shudder. My nerves had undergone too great a strain and I broke down and begged to be taken home.

The Hindoo ordered the carriage and having inquired the address, which I luckily had, he himself went with me down the dark stairs and put me in the carriage. His manner was very courteous and gentle, and lastly he took the strange charm which he wore around his neck and gave it to me, saying, "Wear it always, little one, and it will show you the right path." I thanked him faintly and the carriage drove away.

After an interminable time in which I was scarcely awake, it stopped again and I found myself at my brother's. Great was his surprise for he had not expected me until the following day, and still greater that I should come escorted by a Hindoo.

All things are explained in time, and a few days later we heard of a rich society woman who had intended coming to the city to have her future read by the Hindoo Crystal Gazer, but had been delayed. It was doubtless she whom the Hindoo had expected the night of my strange adventure. Everyone was astonished at the treatment which I had received, for my danger had been great; but perhaps it was due to the charm, which I still possess and which has so far done its duty.

# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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NO. 2

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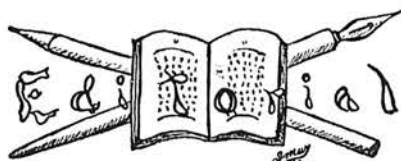
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In this our holiday number, "The Crimson and White" wishes to extend to each one of its readers the old, old wish for a very merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year. May each one discover for himself that "true happiness cometh from within," and so the opportunity for securing happiness lies with himself and not with others. The springs of joy are ever found in a heart unselfish and thoughtful of others, and at the Yuletide season more than at any other, this unselfishness should be especially evident.

Students! "The Crimson and White" is starting an extensive advertising campaign, and whether it results in great success or complete failure rests entirely with you. This campaign differs greatly from anything we have hitherto attempted. We have often, it is true, called upon your school spirit and besought aid in our advertising department. Now, however, although still relying upon that spirit, we offer you something very much worth while in return

for your work. Freshmen! Sophomores! Juniors! Seniors! whether boy or girl, here is your opportunity. The sum of \$5 will be given to the one who turns in the largest amount of money for ads for any issue of "The Crimson and White." A second prize of \$2 will be awarded, a third consisting of a \$1 box of engraved initial stationery, a fourth of a 75-cent box, and a fifth of a 50-cent box. The conditions are as follows: The total amount of ads handed in must cover at least ten pages; and a prize will not be given to anyone having less than one-half a page. For further particulars consult any member of the staff. A few hours spent in securing ads is not a difficult way of earning five dollars. Then there is another phase to the question, for the strengthening of our advertising will mean new and more frequent cuts, photographs, larger departments, and a transformed paper.

We would call attention to the announcement of an offer made by the Litchfield Press, which has been placed upon the first page of advertisements. A 75-cent box of engraved initial stationery is to be given for the best story in each issue of "The Crimson and White." Come, enter the lists! Someone's story must be chosen and why not have it yours? We take pleasure in announcing that of those who contributed to the September number, Dorothy Russell, '15, bore off the prize.

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#### ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Gertrude C. Valentine, N. H. S. '08, Vassar '12 and S. N. C. '13, also the well-loved teacher of the Sophomores of last year in N. H. S., has been made instructor of Latin and Greek in the New York State Normal College.

Miss Winifred Goldring, N. H. S. '05, is still instructor of geology in Wellesley College.

Miss Clara B. Springstead, N. H. S. '04, has been doing advanced work this summer at the State College, Wisconsin. Miss Springstead is instructor of German in S. N. C.

Mabel Wood, '06, has been made teacher of commercial subjects in Normal.

Rachael Griswold, N. H. S. '10, is president of the Kappa Delta Sorority of S. N. C., and also Alumni Editor of *The Echo*, the college magazine.

The wonderful dignity of seniorship is now upon the shoulders of Warren Vosburgh, N. H. S. '10, who is a member of the Class of '14 at Union College and has, throughout his whole college course, maintained an unusually fine record.

Eleanor Senecal, one of the illustrious Class of 1913, has decided that "teaching others is nobler and less troublesome than to be taught," and is, therefore, taking up the course at the Plattsburg Normal Training School. And she is not the only one who is of that opinion, for Ethel Moat, N. H. S. '12, is taking up a similar course in the Albany Training School.

Ethel Fryer, ex-'13, has entered the Skidmore School of Arts where she is taking a two-year course in domestic science.

There are several of our old students who are devoting much of their time to "sweet charity," and we find the following taking part in the play to be given soon at the Hall: Alice Griffin, '13; Clara Sutherland, '11; Helen Merchant, '12; Pearl Shafer, '13; Beatrice Gazely, '09; May LeCompte, Gladys Watt and Alice Gazely, all of 1913.

George Anderson, president of the Class of 1910, took the part of Biondello in the State Normal College play, "The Taming of the Shrew," and Harold Goewey, of the same class, in playing the part of Petruchio, accomplished the most wonderful feat — he tamed the shrew.

Cecil Couse, N. H. S. '09, has assumed pedagogical duties in N. H. S. and is teaching Latin I.

Miss Adele LeCompte, N. H. S. '08, S. N. C. '12, is teaching in the Medina High School for her second year.

Some of the younger members of the school may not know that Miss Elizabeth Shaver, our science and history critic, is one of our very own number, a celebrity of 1902.

An alumna sent us recently the following account of the reunion of the Class of '13, in whose doings we will ever be interested:

"Since September the Class of '13 had been hard at work, and it was thus that gay sprite, the beloved of the class, found it on her return from the mountains. She waved her wand over these energetic ones and plans for a reunion resulted. But the fates seemed against us. Social engagements, bad weather and lack of chaperones prevented the popular 'bacon bat,' but nevertheless a reunion we had.

"On October 25 many be-waterproofed individuals were seen emerging from dripping umbrellas as they reached the hospitable entrance of the Packer home. These, Marion could have identified as the girls of 1913 who were making Albany the scene of this year's activity. Most of the faculty regretted (we fondly believe) that they could not come, but we did have Miss Johnson, on whom this class lays special claim; for it was the first to receive her delightful chaperonage and her appalling doses of Latin. We compared our

several acquisitions of avoirdupois and noted that not one of us retained the classical pallor the faculty had labored so hard to give us.

“Alumnæ of four months are rather robust ghosts, but we enjoyed reviewing the events of the four dearest of years, and perhaps the Latin critic went home with some hitherto unpublished facts about her colleagues. Our mirth seemed to have run away with the afternoon and the end of the dripping day was greeted by a bountiful repast — with the adjective stretched to its fullest significance. Alas, for that celebrity who went on starving rations to buy hyacinths for his soul! We partook of this spread and it served for both.

“A little later we again stemmed the flood, our minds filled with renewed affection for our peerless class and increased enmity for those who think 13 unlucky.”

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#### SCHOOL NOTES.

The regular routine of school-life has been continuing in N. H. S. since the opening in the fall. The first ten weeks' exams, the horror of freshmen, have come and gone, and have certainly shown some of us what a lot we do not know. But school has not been as dull as one might conclude from the foregoing statement. Indeed, was life in Normal ever dull?

Contrary to former years, we have had up to Thanksgiving no chapel exercises whatsoever; but, in answer to the many requests of various students, the faculty has at last devised a splendid scheme, which it and we believe will prove very enjoyable. The school is to assemble in the auditorium once a week for one period — at any time that Prof. Sayles may see fit — and once a month the exercises on Friday, last period, are to be given over to one of the societies, which will endeavor to furnish an interesting program for the occasion. All the societies seem very enthusiastic over the prospect, and we ask the co-operation of the whole school in making this plan the success we anticipate.

The Thanksgiving Day exercises on Wednesday, November 20, consisted mainly of a musical program, together with the reading of the Thanksgiving proclamations of the President and the Governor. Nelson Covey, '14, read President Wilson's edict, and Edward McDowell, '14, that of Governor Glynn.

Have you noticed the class pins now being sported by the dignified (?) Seniors? Some style there, is there not? The class rings, which had been ordered by many, were not satisfactory and had to be changed; but it is expected that they will be very odd and pretty when they do arrive.



On Friday, November 6, the Chemistry Class, chaperoned by the teacher, Miss Wheeler, and Mr. Wood, took a trip with the College Chemistry Club to the filtration plant. Chartered cars from Central avenue and Robin street carried them to their destination, where the inspection of the plant afforded much instruction and enjoyment.

We are pleased to announce that Dorothy Russell, '15, Assistant Literary Editor of "The Crimson and White," has won the prize of a box of correspondence cards, offered for the best story in each issue. Accept our hearty congratulations, Dorothy! Here is a chance for every member of the school to obtain a box of excellent note paper or cards. Show your school spirit by writing stories for "The Crimson and White!"

On Tuesday, November 3, an exciting match was held between the two American history classes. Chester Hochstrasser and Marion McDowell were leaders, and after an hour of brain racking questions and rapid (?) answers, the members of both sides went down on one awful catch question, thus resulting in a tie.

Spelling matches were held in all the English II classes on the day before the Thanksgiving recess. They were very amusing and, no doubt, beneficial to the participants.

And now we are ready for a good Christmas vacation — two whole weeks and a half of blissful ease. Let's have all the fun we can and not open a school-book on our lives! Then we shall all come back eager to begin the second half with new hope and fresh courage. To you, oh faithful Faculty, and you, oh frolicing Freshies, sunny "Sophs," jolly Juniors, and solemn Seniors — to all the members of our beloved N. H. S., every last one of you, we wish the Merriest of Merry Christmases and the Happiest of Happy New Years!



### Zeta Sigma.

During the past two months the meetings of Sigma have been well attended and all of our members are doing their best for the advancement of the society.

Several Sophomores, one Junior and a Senior have been added to our number. The new members are Martha Ackerman, Helen Buehler, Katherine Buehler, Edna Class, Minnie Coughtry, Mildred

George, Anna Lemka, Marguerite Siegler, Elsie Stevens and Marie Stuart.

Such an initiation! It was held on October 14, a day not soon to be forgotten by the Sigma girls. Several of the alumnae attended this event. The spread which followed, to restore the weary ones who had undergone so many trials, was much enjoyed by all. But what we shall remember most of all is how funny the girls looked with their hair so artistically (?) arranged.

There is now being planned a very interesting program for "Sigma Day," December 19. We will then have an opportunity to show what the Sigma girls really can do.

O, ye green and innocent Freshmen! The time is fast approaching when we are to make your acquaintance. We are planning the most novel and interesting way of accomplishing this. It is not to be in the form of a regular party, but something far more exciting and strange. You certainly cannot afford to miss this chance for a good time. We really do want to know you, but you seem so shy that as yet you are quite strangers.

But to leave those exciting topics of initiation, chapel exercises, and a freshman rush, we can say that we have had interesting programs at our meetings lately. A debate, recently, Resolved, that women should vote, was decided in favor of the affirmative. Misses Kimmey and Cramer supported the affirmative and were opposed by Misses Avery and Blue. Our paper, *Alpha Iota Phi*, has been prepared in an interesting manner by our editor, Harriet Gardner.

In concluding, we can truly state that this year has so far been very prosperous for Zeta Sigma. We hope that this prosperity may remain with us for the rest of this year and for many years to come when we are among the alumnae of our dear Zeta Sigma.



#### Quintilian Literary Society.

Two months of happy school life have gone by, and during that time the "Quin" girls have not been idle. The programs have been of unusual excellence, and each member has taken up her duties with zest. Vocal solos of surprising excellence have especially featured in our meetings.

The Freshman Rush given by "Quin" a few weeks ago was well attended, and our new schoolmates proved delightful guests. Their evident reluctance to leave the gaily trimmed "gym" may be taken as a proof that they enjoyed themselves.

We are glad to welcome back Pauline Dinkel and Ruth Bruce, who have but recently returned to school.

Before breaking up for the holidays the members of "Quin" unite in wishing their schoolfellows a joyous Christmas and successful New Year.



### Adelphoi.

Altho the new schedules have made it necessary to call the meetings at 2.30 instead of the regular hour, nevertheless Adelphoi loyalty has insured a good attendance.

The Adelphoian policy of training its members in public speaking has borne fruit in some excellent literary programs. The Literary Committee is to be congratulated on the well-chosen questions for debate and the debaters are also to be congratulated on the thoroughness of their preparation.

Several members are preparing a very pretty musical program which will be rendered in the near future. Plans are also being made for the annual dance. The annual banquet and reunion will probably be held soon after the first of the year.

The alumni continue to reflect credit on their fraternity as was evidenced by the stirring speech made by Brother William E. Fitzsimmons before the Waterways Convention at Savannah, Georgia.

Brother Covey, who so ably represented us in the Speaking Contest last June, has again captured a medal by winning the cross-country run.

The fraternity recently enjoyed a stag party at the home of Brother McDowell. Good work, "Mac."

Adelphoi is planning a great many activities for the new year, which we hope will redound to the credit of the fraternity and N. H. S.

We wish you all a delightful Christmas and a happy and successful New Year.



\* Theta Nu.

Theta Nu has held many very interesting meetings of late. The society enjoyed a talk from an old member who is not at school this year, but who was more than pleased to join his former comrades at one of the meetings. Theta Nu is represented on our High School Basket Ball team by some of our strongest players who do us great credit. The society is well pleased with the good work done by their athletic members so far this season and sincerely hope that it will continue.

---

We never know for what God is preparing us in His schools — for what work on earth, for work in the hereafter. Our business is to do our work well in the present place, whatever that may be. — *Dr. Lyman Abbott.*

---

God bless thee with blessings beyond hope or thought, with blessing which no word can find. — *Alfred Tennyson.*

---

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely, and faithfully, and cheerfully as we can. — *Henry Van Dyke.*

---

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is that we should think of. — *H. W. Beecher.*

---

Virtue is in a manner contagious; more especially the bright virtue known as patriotism, or love of country. — *Dickens.*

---

Be resolutely and faithfully what you are; be humbly what you aspire to be. — *Henry D. Thoreau.*

---

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend. I have no wealth to bestow on him. If he knows that I am happy in loving him, he will want no other reward. Is not friendship divine in this? — *Thoreau.*



We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

For September — *The Acropolis* (Newark, New Jersey), *The High School Gleaner* (Pawtucket, R. I.), *M. H. Aerolith* (Sheboygan, Wis.).

For October — *The Tattler* (Milwaukee, Wis.), *The Criterion* (Bridgeport, Conn.), *The Scarab* (Cleveland, Ohio), *The Acropolis* (Newark, N. J.), *The Bulletin* (Montclair, N. J.), *M. H. Aerolith* (Sheboygan, Wis.), *The Iliad* (Troy, N. Y.), *The Oracle* (Buffalo, N. Y.).

For November — *St. Benedict's College Quarterly* (Newark, N. J.), *The Techtonian* (Buffalo, N. Y.), *The Gleaner* (Pawtucket, R. I.).

---

*The Gleaner* (Pawtucket, R. I.) is very neat and compact. We greatly sympathize with the author of "Latin." The story of "Jim and Jack" is one which may be read over more than once, and each time with greater enjoyment. The "Scientific Notes" are interesting and would make an excellent addition to all school papers.

---

The three principal changes which should be made in *The Techtonian* (Buffalo, N. Y.) are in the cover, Table of Contents and the "Jokes." The cover gives one an unfavorable impression at the first glance. It is such a dirty color. The "Table of Contents" is mixed with advertisements, as are the jokes. In fact, while almost all the material is good, it is not put together well.

---

*The Criterion* (Bridgeport, Conn.) has a long and well written column of Alumni Notes. The jokes are very good and the Exchanges are well taken care of.

*The Bulletin* (Montclair, N. J.) has just about the right number of cuts. The cut heading the exchange column is especially good. The paper, as a whole, is very good; but where is your "Joke" column?

---

#### As Others See Us.

"The Crimson and White" (Albany, N. Y.). The supply of cuts is not abundant, but the paper, on the whole, is arranged as well as the average school publication. — *The Criterion*.

"The Crimson and White," from Albany, N. Y., is the first to be taken from our shelf after the summer respite. A cleverly written poem, entitled "The Parting, Class 1913," adorns the opening page, and with the "Class History," which follows, recalls many happy incidents in the lives of the out-going seniors. Though rather lengthy, the "Class Prophecy" is interesting throughout. But a predominant feature in this issue, we think, is a learned treatise on the "Economic Importance of Forest Preservation." "School Notes" show your numerous societies to be in a flourishing condition and your "Humor" column has some nicely selected epitaphs, but why belittle the "rattle-brained" seniors? We thank you for your liberal words of praise, and earnestly hope for more frequent visits from your esteemed paper. — *St. Benedict's College Quarterly* (November number).

---

#### ATHLETICS.

Under Mr. Swain's direction the Basket Ball team has developed in fine style and the prospect for a successful season is good. The team practices faithfully every afternoon and have shown good team work. The team has played three home games and one outside with the Christian Brothers Academy. In the three home games the boys showed good team work and clever playing. They were victorious in those with the Rensselaer and the Ravena High Schools and a Normal College "All Star Team," played in the college gym.

The game played with the Christian Brothers Academy was a disastrous one for Normal. The team had too great confidence in its strength and was too sure of victory. Normal was unfamiliar with the C. B. A. court which hindered us, but nevertheless it must be admitted the C. B. A. boys outplayed us.

The scores of all games were as follows:

Normal H. S. vs. Rensselaer H. S.

	F.B.	F.P.		F.B.	F.P.
Molitor, l. f.....	1	0	Chandler, l. f.....	1	0
Wilcox, r. f.....	3	0	Carr, r. f.....	1	0
Fite, c. ....	4	0	Paterson, c. ....	2	4
Butler, r. g.....	3	6	Gray, r. g.....	0	0
Scott, l. g.....	0	0	Slean, l. g.....	1	0
Substitutes.					
O'Brien, l. g.....	0	0			
Covey, l. g.....	0	0			

Summary — Normal H. S., 28; Rensselaer H. S., 14. Score, end of first half, N. H. S., 17; R. H. S., 1.

Referee, Fitzgearld; twenty minute halves.

Normal H. S. vs. Ravena H. S.

	F.B.	F.P.		F.B.	F.P.
Molitor, l. f.....	1	0	J. Merchant, l. f...	2	1
Wilcox, r. f.....	2	0	Miller, r. f.....	1	0
Fite, c. ....	2	0	Winnie, c. ....	1	2
Scott, r. g.....	2	0	Syler, r. g.....	0	0
Butler, l. g.....	2	5	H. Merchant, l. g...	2	0
Substitutes.					
O'Brien, c. ....	0	0			
Covey, r. g.....	0	0			

Summary — Normal, 23; Ravena, 15. Score at end of first half, Normal, 9; Ravena, 6.

Referee, Messter; time, fifteen minute halves.

Normal H. S. vs. College "All Stars."

	F.B.	F.P.		F.B.	F.P.
Wilcox, r. f.....	2	0	Horowitz . . . . .	1	2
Molitor, l. f.....	3	0	Shapiro . . . . .	3	0
Fite, c. ....	6	0	Dolan . . . . .	2	0
Butler, l. g.....	1	1	Hayford . . . . .	0	0
Scott, r. g.....	0	0	Bowen . . . . .	1	0
			Epsten . . . . .	1	0

Total score, Normal H. S., 25; College "All Stars," 18.

Normal H. S. vs. Christian Brothers Academy.

	F.B.	F.P.		F.B.	F.P.
Molitor, l. f.....	2	0	Roeder, l. f.....	8	0
Wilcox, r. f.....	1	0	Canevari, r. f.....	1	2
Fite, c. ....	1	5	Seils, c. ....	1	0

Butler, l. g. . . . .	0	0	Gavigan, l. g. . . . .	1	0
Scott, r. g. . . . .	0	0	Weber, r. g. . . . .	1	0
Substitutes.			Houlihan, g. . . . .	1	0
Covey, r. g. . . . .	0	0			
O'Brien, f. . . . .	0	0			
Adams, l. g. . . . .	0	0			

Summary — Normal, 13; C. B. A., 28.

Score at end of first half, Normal, 6; C. B. A., 9.

Manager Fite has arranged an extra large schedule and if the school supports the team as it should, we will see some fine games here. However, to bring teams here costs money and every member of the school should do their share in supporting the team by buying a season ticket for fifty cents, which admits bearer to all home games. The following games have been scheduled so far:

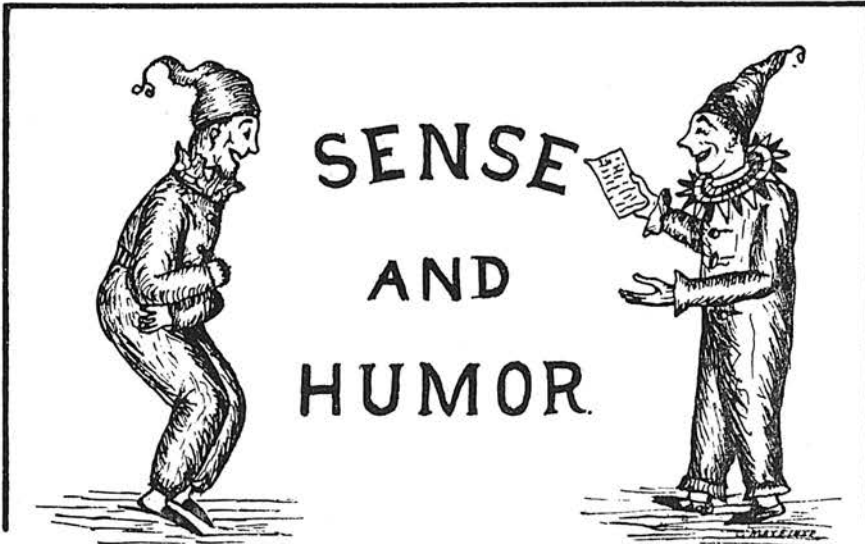
At Home.	Abroad.
Dec. 10. Lansingburg.	Dec. 15. Rensselaer.
Dec. 15. Amsterdam.	Dec. 17. Troy.
Dec. 19. Schenectady.	Jan. 9. Lansingburg.
Jan. 7. Troy.	Jan. 23. Scotia.
Jan. 14. Albany High School.	Jan. 30. Pittsfield.
Jan. 21. Gloversville.	Feb. 16. Catskill.
Feb. 6. Catskill.	Feb. 20. Albany High School.
Feb. 9. Scotia.	Feb. 27. Gloversville.
Feb. 13. Johnstown.	Mar. 10. Amsterdam.
Feb. 20. Pittsfield.	Mar. 13. Waterford.
Mar. 3. Watervliet.	Mar. 27. Schenectady.
Mar. 6. Waterford.	

Games are also pending with the Albany Academy, Glens Falls H. S., La Salle Institute of Troy and C. B. A.

A cross country run was held on November 7th for silver medals for first and second finishers. The contestants took a course starting from the school, around Washington Park lake and back to the school. There were about a dozen entries including several college men. Nelson Covey, '14, crossed the line first, followed by John Butler, '14, both high school boys. Pratt and Hayford of the College finished third and fourth respectively.

The boys' gymnasium class met for the first time on November 1st under the direction of Mr. Swain. Much spirit is shown and the boys will gain a physical training worth while.





A suggestion for those who haven't paid up their subscriptions:

Man is made of dust.

Dust settles.

Be a Man!

---

"Queer, isn't it?"

"What's queer?"

"Why the night falls ———"

"Yes."

"But it doesn't break."

"No."

"And the day breaks ———"

"Yes."

"But it doesn't fall." And he was gone before we landed. — *E.v.*

---

Here's to the faculty — long may they live!

Even as long as the lessons they give.

---

Teacher (in French class) — "Is there anyone in the class who was not troubled by the last sentence?"

Marie Blauvelt — "I wasn't."

Teacher — "You may translate it."

M. B. — "I didn't get that far."

"Pa, why must you come into the parlor every evening like an old crank?"

"I wouldn't have to play the crank if that young man of yours was equipped with a self-starter."

---

Prof. Sayles (in Chapel) -- "Order, please."  
Voice from rear -- "Ham and eggs."

---

#### Popular Normal Songs and Their Authors.

Edith Picken -- Won't You Come Over to My House.

Normal Chorus -- Good-bye, Boys.

Ruth Bennit -- You Made Me Love You.

Tom Adams -- Get Out and Get Under.

Gene Molitor -- The Curse of an Aching Heart.

---

Sweltering Passenger (on railroad train) -- "This window sticks so, I can't get it up."

Conductor -- "Yes? Wood is swollen a little by rain. It'll be all right in a few days."

---

"Mamma," queried small Harold, "can I have your scissors for a minute?"

"What for?" asked his mother.

"There's a hole in one of my stockings, and I want to cut it out."

---

Miss Johnson in Cicero -- "Why was Jupiter called the Stayer of Rome?"

Mr. Rowe -- "Because he always stayed there."

---

Miss Wade in History class asked how near Gen. Montgomery came to Quebec.

E. Dunn -- "Two days."

---

#### A Tragedy.

'Twas a cold night. The moon rose above the old mill.

"Foiled!" shouted the hero from the shadows. "You shall never get the tin."

"Ah!" hissed the dark villain. "In that case I must be tin-foiled."

Teddy — "I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning."

Mother — "You see now how wrong it was, don't you?"

Teddy — "Yes, 'cause I didn't know 'till noon that he was going to give a party."

---

Small Boy — "Oh, how I do ache."

Christian Scientist — "You shouldn't say that. I don't believe you do."

Small Boy — "Well, maybe you don't, but I have inside information."

---

Miss Wheeler (in Chemistry) — "The only way to get along is to make sure of everything. Take Sulphuric Acid, for instance. If you cannot tell what it is, drink some and you will be dead sure." — *Ex.*

---

A census taker was working in lower New York on the East Side, and came to a tenement that was literally crowded with children. To the woman who was bending over the washtub he said:

"Madam, I am the census taker, how many children have you?"

"Well, lemme see," replied the woman, as she straightened up and wiped her hands on her apron. "There's Mary and Ellen and Delia and Susie and Emma and Tommy and Albert and Eddie and Charlie and Frank and ——"

---

"Madam," interrupted the census man, "if you could just give me the number ——"

"Number!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I want you to understand that we ain't got to numberin' 'em yet! We ain't run out o' names!"

---

An attendant at a certain institute for the deaf and dumb was undergoing a pointless rapid fire inquisition at the hands of a female visitor.

"But how do you summon the poor mutes to church?" she asked finally, with what was meant to be a pitying glance at the inmates near by.

"By ringing the dumb bells, Madam," retorted the exasperated attendant.

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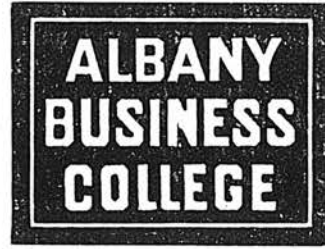
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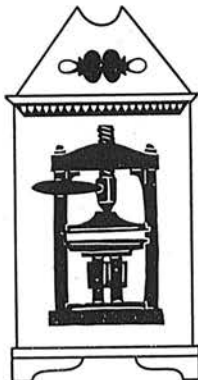
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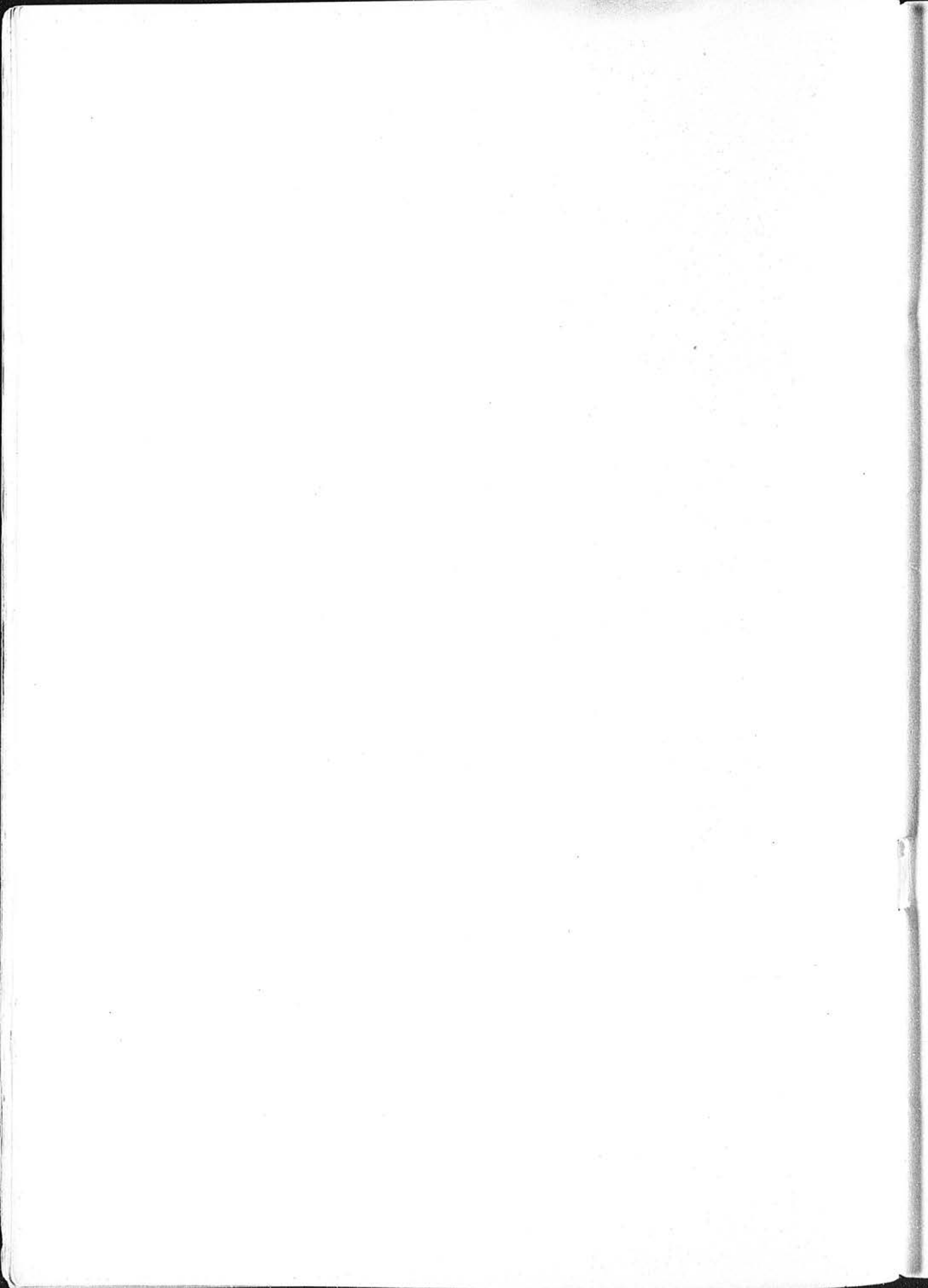
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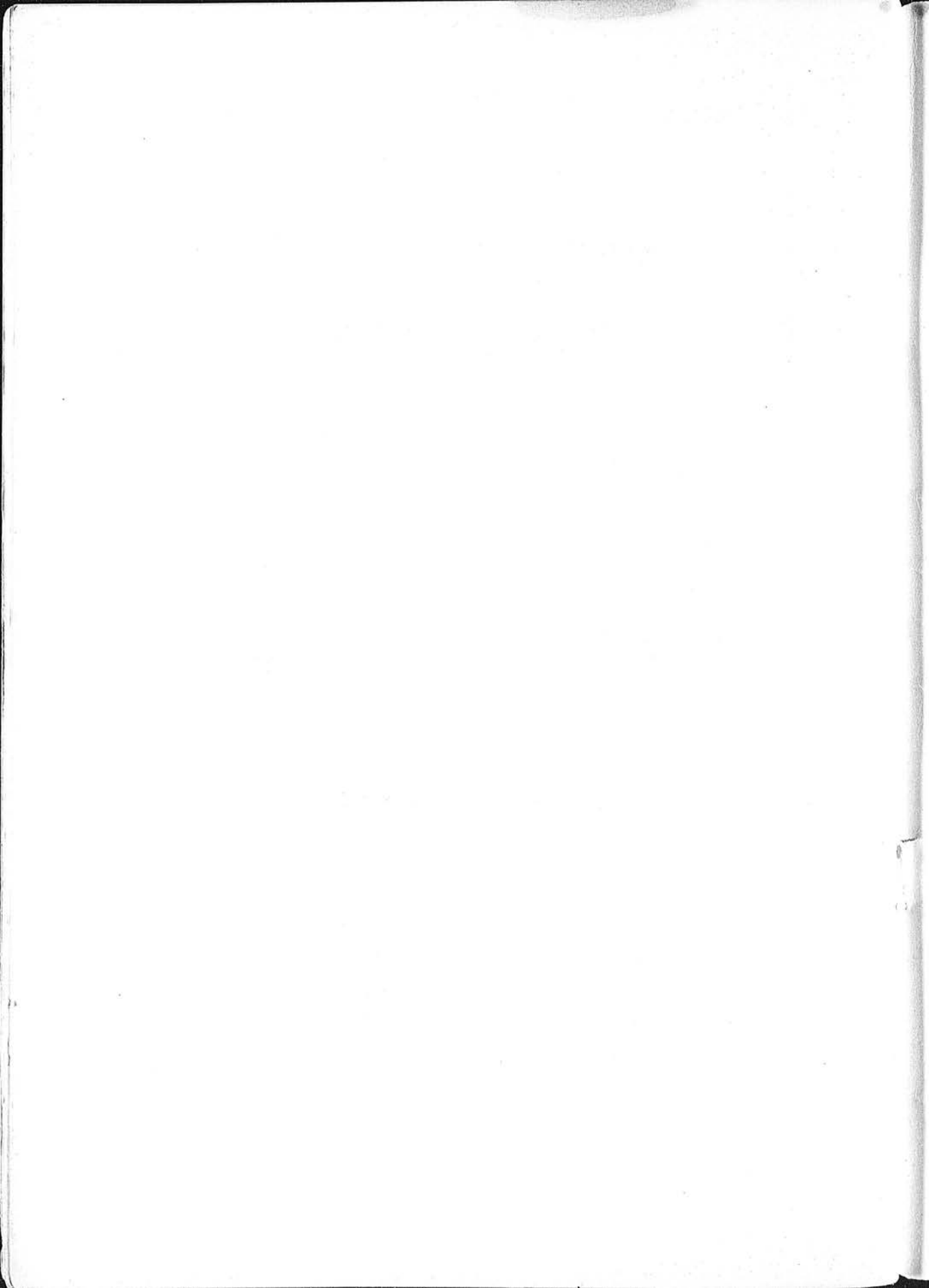
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