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FEBRUARY, 1915

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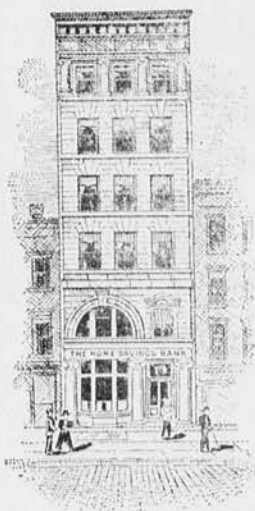
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The Crimson and White

VOL. XI

FEBRUARY, 1915.

No. 3



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

“A MIDWINTER NIGHT’S SCENE.”

1.

The silent minutes of the night were swiftly speeding on,
While o’er the snow-clad, rugged path my footsteps stole along.
No sound to break the funereal stillness of the waning night
Save the pitiful, wailing wind and a night-warbling bird in flight.

2.

How silently, how softly, had fallen the wondrous snow
On the highest mountain peak, in the valley depths below.
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker fell the snow on the wintry scene,
Transforming Night’s black mantle into a picture of silver sheen.

3.

And o’er this isolated world, as in a misty sea
The stars in the twinkling foam float on in their majesty.
Mirroring their silent eloquence upon the enchanting view
’Till I cried to the stars above me, “O, take me to sail with you!”

4.

And to complete this picture, above shone the Queen of Night
In her full-orbed glory beamed that matchless, silvery light
All radiant, all lustrous, upon Mother Earth’s powdery crest,
Keeping watch as a sent’nel clear o’er the world in its dreamy rest.

M. J. R., ’17.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY GEORGE.

WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE, THIRTY DOLLARS, IN THE NEW YORK STATE
SINGLE TAX LEAGUE ESSAY CONTEST.

ELEANOR E. DUNN, STATE HIGH SCHOOL, ALBANY, N. Y.

"All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance," we are told in different ways by many authors. In his book entitled "Progress and Poverty," Henry George has pointed out clearly and unmistakably an important step in advance, the effects of which will reach all classes of society.

In pondering the social condition of the world, and of the lower class in particular, whose wretchedness and misery no means hitherto tried have appreciably diminished, Mr. George realized that poverty advanced with the advance of wealth and material progress — that increasing civilization but increased the suffering and the number of the very poor. This is exemplified in the growth of every country, and in the largest cities and oldest centres of civilization to-day is found the deepest and most widespread poverty. Such a condition is explained in various ways by philosophers and political economists, and is termed a necessary "law of nature." But before charging the Creator with such an unnatural law, Mr. George sought to lay the blame upon man and man's laws.

As this research lay in the field of political economy, in order to correct the errors of those preceding him he sought out and tested the doctrines on which that science is based. One of the most widely accepted of these is that wages are drawn from capital, and hence wages constantly tend to become low, because "the increase in the numbers of laborers tends naturally to follow and overtake any increase in capital." Mr. George, however, proves that wages are not drawn from capital, but from the produce of labor. So it is seen that no plan which aims to increase capital will remedy the existing low wages; and one common explanation of the plan is eliminated.

The widespread and unquestioned belief in the Malthusian theory has also been the fruitful basis of unsound reasoning. This theory, which maintains that population tends to increase faster than subsistence, does indeed seem at variance with the provident love and care of the Heavenly Father, and Mr. George has also shown it to be at variance with all truth and circumstantial evidence. "In countries where poverty is deepest the forces of production are evidently strong enough, if fully employed, to provide for the lowest not merely comfort but luxury. Whatever be the trouble, it is clearly not in the want of ability to produce wealth." What is the trouble, then? If there is more than enough for all this world of ours, to what can the want and suffering of so many be traced?

The three factors in production are labor, capital and land. The produce is divided between the laborer, capitalist, and the landowner. Whenever production increases, it is found that neither the laborer nor

the capitalist shares the benefit — the landowner alone is the one to profit thereby. It is a fact that higher rent, not higher wages or interest, accompany material progress.

This is the worst aspect of the present condition — that, as material progress advances, wealth tends to be more and more unequally distributed between the three parties, laborer, capitalist and landowner, and greater become the extremes of poverty and wealth. Increasing population but increases rent; labor saving inventions and improvements but increase rent; and land speculation, which ever accompanies material progress, increases rent. Wage and interest remain at a standstill or decrease.

We conclude that private ownership in land is manifestly the underlying cause of the condition we are striving to remedy; private ownership in land — an institution so time-honored and unquestioned that the idea of abolishing it seems at first almost inconceivable. How many of us there are who have never dreamed of the injustice of the custom, whose eyes have never been opened to the wrongs it has caused; and how many there are, alas, who would not wish their eyes to be opened to them! But when one really considers the matter, the injustice of private property in land seems evident, and he wonders why he never before realized it.

After reading Henry George's work the last doubter could not truthfully defend private property in land as being just. A man's right of ownership extends primarily to himself and the fruits of his own labor. That which he makes or produces is his own — "to enjoy or to destroy, to use, to exchange or to give." Did the original landowners obtain their title in this way? No. They acquired the land by force or simple appropriation, and nothing — "let the parchments be ever so many, or possession ever so long" — can make valid a man's title to property originally gained wrongfully. "Nature makes no discrimination among men, but is to all absolutely impartial. The laws of nature are the decrees of the Creator. There is written in them no recognition of any right save that of labor; and in them is written broadly and clearly the equal right of all men to the use and enjoyment of nature. Hence, as nature gives only to labor, the exertion of labor in production is the only title to exclusive possession." This most assuredly denies the right of private ownership in land.

Moreover, private property in land does not result in the best use of land. Often owners hold valuable lots vacant and unemployed because of a mere whim, or to await higher prices. And are not lands now frequently worked under leases by other than their owners?

The remedy for the social problem before us stands forth clear and well defined: *We should make land common property.* Half way measures will not succeed. To remove the evil, the root and underlying cause of it must first be destroyed.

Writers before Mr. George have advocated similar theories, and have proposed abolishing all private titles and paying rent to the State; but to him belongs the credit of evolving a much simpler and more practical

plan, namely, to abolish all taxation save that upon land values. While the former method would meet endless opposition as being too revolutionary, the latter would necessitate no radical change, yet would accomplish the same results. This tax would fall entirely upon landholders, and would in effect be requiring of them the amount they receive in rent. They would be perfectly secure in their occupation of the land, thus giving them opportunity for making improvements, while turning over the rent to society, the rightful owner of the land.

This method of taxation would prove much simpler, more effective, and just than the complicated system now in operation. The burden of taxes would be lifted from capital, manufacturers, media of exchange, and improvements of all kinds, and a new stimulus would be given to trade. Prices would necessarily fall. To the laborer and capitalist would be left their full reward, and the production of wealth would be enormously increased. It would no longer pay to hold land in idleness, and immense tracts would be thrown open to improvement. The selling price of land would steadily decrease, and land speculation and monopolization soon cease. With all the natural opportunities and resources thus thrown open there would be no such thing as "not enough work." Wages must rise, for employers would have to pay a sufficient amount to induce laborers not to become their own employers on the natural resources then open to them.

The greatest result of this wise reform would be the much more equal distribution of wealth. There would be fewer very rich, and the very poor would disappear altogether, all living in comfort if not luxury. When the fear of want should be removed some of the intelligence and energy now devoted to scraping together a bare living might be employed in far more useful ways, and the march of progress would continue with unexampled strides.

The small farmer and landholder need not become alarmed. The Single Tax on their land would probably not be as great as the sum of the taxes which they now pay. In the end they would find themselves among the greatest gainers by the change. Of course, the benefit to the wage earner and salaried man would be inestimable, and even the large landholders, although they would lose much, would also gain much.

What a change would appear in the morals and social life of the community! With the fear of grinding poverty removed, much of the crime and vice which are the result of it would disappear, and prisons and poor-houses no longer dot our country so thickly. Men would have more time to devote to education, invention and culture. How much better a place in which to live this would be!

This remedy for social evils now existing could not be the true one were it not in complete harmony with the law of human progress and other reforms. That it is in harmony with them Mr. George has demonstrated as clearly and effectually as he has his other points. "Association in equality" is the law of progress. Political liberty or equality was the motive of that great revolutionary struggle in which our forefathers sacri-

ficed themselves for the nation's life. The increasing sacredness of personal liberty — freedom of speech and of the press — complete freedom in religious worship — extension of the franchise — all marked the progress of equality in the early history of our country, thus developed into complete harmony with all other economic and natural laws. It is just, it is practicable, it harmonizes with the law of human progress and with other reforms. It *must* be the true remedy.

The progress of all great reforms is slow and much opposed. However, it should be every earnest citizen's duty, when convinced of the truth, not only not to oppose it, but to do everything in his power to advance it.

Henry Ward Beecher has said: "We should so live and labor in our time that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and what came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit. This is what we mean by progress." Henry George has planted the seed and done much to convert it into blossom. It is made clear as our duty to pass it on to our sons and daughters as fruit. And, while working and waiting for the fruit to develop, we may indeed take as our watchword that poem of Whittier's which tells us that

" Never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands, from hill and mead,
Reap the harvest yellow."

Getting money is not all a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life.— *Johnson*.

Fortune's wings are made of Time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them.— *Lilly*.

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

Mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature.— *Addison*.

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.— *Terence*.

A true American sentiment recognizes the dignity of labor and the fact that honor lies in honest toil.— *Cleveland*.

A man is commonly made or marred for life by the use which he makes of his leisure time.

KASHA.

It was sunset; sunset in India, and the dying monarch of the Heavens cast, as it disappeared, red and yellow reflections into the river and through the village.

On the bank of the river stood a house of Indian structure, rudely built, yet highly decorated. It was the home of Abba Kan, a Hindu of the highest caste. Here he lived with his wife and widowed daughter Kasha. His lands extended far, his cattle and horses were of the best and his servants — the servants of Kan were people nearly as well born as himself down to the lowliest in the land. In the little village of the Ganges he ruled supreme.

"And it has always to last, my mother, this torture of mine?" It was the daughter speaking in the musical Hindu, when she and her mother were alone on their balcony. She was seated on the floor at the older woman's feet, gazing at the loving face sadly bent above her.

"Yes, my child. Always, always, you are to be excluded from the festivities; always you are to wear the robe of cotton and the short hair. It was the will of the gods that you were to become a widow. Now you must work, always work — you can no longer be one of us."

The beautiful girl rose and silently withdrew to her apartment.

"Always to be like this?" she asked herself. "No, there will be other ways."

Poor little Kasha, her lot, though a common one, was pitiable. At the age of five, as is the Indian custom, she had been married to a boy of seven, who, in the first year of this marriage, had died of the fever. The little girl wife had not then understood the fate that awaited her, and lived as happily as it is possible for a girl of this land.

On this day, her fourteenth birthday, the last celebration connected with her wedding took place. If the husband had lived, it was to have been a feast and wedding, where the little girl would have been covered with jewels and rich ornaments. But instead of all this joy, because of the punishment of the gods, she had first been dressed in these beautiful things, which had soon been removed and the white cotton robe placed upon her. Her hair had then been cut, and she was allowed to return despised and shunned to her people. They also looked down upon her, and wished always that she had been a son.

Never was she to dance, to sing, or to partake in the celebrations. Her only purpose in life was to work, work, without an end.

So her story had been told to her by her mother. The girl thought of and prayed for some deliverer, and that night, when all was dark and still, Kasha, alone, went to the river and, murmuring a prayer, was about to walk to her death in the black water, her white figure appearing ghost-like against its blackness, when behind her a voice, that of a man, called in English:

"Stop for a moment; I wish to talk with you."

The girl turned with a cry, and seeing the young man, fell fainting in terror. He ran to the river and brought water, which he sprinkled upon

her head and lips. Kasha regained consciousness, and realizing the man was still near her, cried in her native tongue:

"What have you done? Water! You have defiled me now. Do you not know that once water has passed the lips of a Hindu, if it be given by a Christian, it makes him no longer a Hindu, but nationless? Even our gods will not take me now. Why didn't you let me die? What is my life to you or to anyone?"

Turning from the frantic girl, the young man pointed to a building far off, upon whose roof stood out plainly against the black sky the white figure of a cross. It was the Christian mission.

"There," he said, "is the place of refuge. You will be cared for and loved. There will be no hard work with those good women. Come, you have been out too long. We will go to them."

Quietly she submitted, and through the blackness of the Indian night the man and girl walked together to the little home. Two years later they went to a new home far across the seas, where, as a Christian woman, Kasha learned to forget her sad childhood and to give thanks to the one God who had sent her a deliverer.

F. M., '16.

PEGGY.

Ben Thomas, after he had finished packing his suitcase, rushed down stairs to bid his sister good-bye just as the postman rang.

There was a letter for Ben from his college chum, Russel Seaman, whom he was to join after a week's fishing trip. Ben read the letter quickly, handed it to Kitty, telling her she might read it, and, after a hasty farewell, was gone.

Kitty sank down into a large chair in the parlor and began to read the letter, but glancing quickly over the pages she saw "Peggy" standing out in bold letters. Anxiously she read, "In the absence of Kitty I spend my spare time with Peggy." Kitty at once grew angry and wondered who Peggy was, for she thought very much of Russel Seaman. She continued, "They are all crazy about her here, but she won't notice any one except me." And he closed by saying, "I will write to Kitty later." This was enough for poor Kitty. She ran up to her room and cried it out bitterly by herself.

"Crying won't make things any better," she said, as she jumped up some time later. "I'll see to it that he doesn't get the chance to treat me like this again." She resolved to send word directly to her Aunt Ruth, telling her that she had changed her mind about meeting her at Friend's Lake. It was at this lake that Ben was to join Russel after his fishing trip.

Kitty then wrote a letter to Margaret, a friend who had long wanted her to spend a couple of weeks with her, that if convenient she would come the next week to stay a few days. Margaret wrote by return mail

that she would be delighted to see her, and would look for her on the three-thirty express.

The same day that this letter arrived Kitty also received a letter from Russel. At first she was going to tear it up, but then her curiosity got the better of her. Her heart throbbed with excitement as she tore it open. A picture fell to the floor. She picked it up, glanced at it and began to laugh nervously as she saw that it was Russel standing by the side of a large Newfoundland dog, under which was printed in large letters, "Peggy."

Kitty immediately sent two telegrams, one to Margaret, which read, "Cannot come; changed plans; write later;" and another to her aunt, saying, "Have changed plans; will join you to-morrow; have room for me."

M. A., '16.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE ENEMY.

A horse and rider plodded slowly through the rain and mud. It was hard traveling and everything was shrouded in blackness. Presently the horse stumbled and fell to his knees, rose, and fell again. The man awoke from his thoughts and pulled the horse gently up.

"This won't do at all, Cicero, old boy; I guess maybe we'd better rest awhile," he said as he patted the great black horse's neck.

The thunder was rolling nearer; the lightning seemed to flash almost incessantly, revealing the wildness of the scene. A path scarcely wide enough for man and horse led through a little valley. On one hand a creek, almost dry, splashed quietly over the rocks. On the other a high cliff overhung, making the place weird and gloomy. The man, sitting on a boulder near by while the horse rested, seemed lost in thought. He must get through the Confederate lines and back to the Union camp, scarcely four miles away. He must! The dispatches he carried were very important. He simply must be there by early morning.

He watered the horse, mounted, and started on. The scene grew wilder, the path through the woods could hardly be seen. Soon a voice cried out in front of him:

"Halt, and give the password!"

He halted, for the dim form before him had seized the reins. The rider gave the password and said he carried important dispatches. The soldier seemed doubtful, and called to the corporal of the guard for instructions. Taking fright at some slight movement, the horse bolted.

"Run, Cicero, run, if you don't want to carry a Reb to-morrow!" shouted his master.

Cicero ran, ran like the wind, but the pursuers, on fresh horses, drew nearer and nearer. At length the horse stumbled and fell. The man, bounding clear of him, stooped to see what the trouble was.

"Mighty sorry, Cicero, old boy," he said, "but you'll have to be shot — your leg's broken. Good-bye, old fellow."

A shot rang out through the silence. The great black horse would run from the Rebs no more!

The man paused for a moment and patted the soft neck of the huge beast. He then struck blindly into the underbrush, only to find himself surrounded by ten or twelve gray forms. A wild struggle ensued.

When Douglas Grayson, the man in blue, regained consciousness, he found himself being borne away into the gloom toward the Rebel camp and to whatever fate might befall him.

"Well," he mused, "they can't have the dispatches anyway, 'cause I swallowed them!"

Again he fainted, but his captors went steadily on.

When he awoke he found himself lying on a high, four-posted bed. The room was long and narrow. At one end four large windows commanded a view of the old-fashioned garden and orchard below. The furniture was highly polished black walnut.

Soon he became conscious of the fact that a man's voice was speaking outside the chamber door.

"The captain said to put the prisoner in here, mum. I reckon you'll have to see that he gets his meals. That shiftless, no 'count nigger woman won't come near this part of the house."

"I?" an indignant voice replied. "Oh! what will happen next? There doesn't seem to be any limit to your audacity. You think nothing of ruining houses and gardens and stripping them for provender; you even dare to order the women to care for your prisoners."

"The captain orders it, mum. I reckon you won't be troubled with him very long. All you'll have to do is to carry his meals to him."

"I suppose he must have enough to eat. It is as you say, Mammy is afraid to come near this part of the house."

The voice died away, but presently the door opened and a girl came into the room. She crossed to the bed with long, graceful strides, and put a tray of food on a stand beside the prisoner. This done, she walked slowly to the window, where she stood looking into the garden below. Her clear-cut face was sharply outlined against the darker background of the casement. Little stray wisps of her tightly-coiled brown hair blew across her face and into her deep blue eyes. At length she turned with a little impatient gesture to light the candles. Having lighted them all, she quietly left the room.

The next morning Grayson was led into a great dim library, where, at the farthest end, sat some officers. For an hour they questioned him concerning the affairs of his army. He answered nothing. As he left the room to return to his chamber he realized that unless he gave the desired information he would be shot at dawn. There seemed no possible way of escape.

For a long time he sat on the window ledge looking down into the garden and wondering if he could escape. A movement behind him drew his attention and he turned to find the girl standing near him.

"You would like to escape?" she asked quietly.

Douglas stared at her for a moment.

"You are laughing at me," he said. "It is ridiculous to think of a Southern girl helping a Yankee to escape."

"I am not a Southerner. I was visiting my grandmother when the war broke out. My father and brother fought first under General McClellan and at present are under General Grant. Now listen: To-night I will come through the passage into this room next to yours. I have the key to the communicating doors. We will go to the cellar and no one will be the wiser."

At exactly twelve the girl appeared and conducted Grayson through a maze of passages to the cellar. Here a door swung open as soon as she touched a spring hidden in the wall.

"I have gone this far with you, but now you must go alone. I will be missed if I don't hurry back. This tunnel brings you to a tiny hut in the wood. From there you must go carefully. Your lines lie to the left. Good-bye and good luck."

Almost before Grayson could murmur his thanks the girl was gone. He pressed forward through a low, damp tunnel. Soon he came to a flight of steps, and, as he paused to breathe, he heard voices above him.

"The captain was almighty sure this was a secret meeting place. I can't see anything, can you, Joe?" said one.

"All seems solid to me. I can't tell much about the floor. That all seems hollow, but I can't see as much as a crack. I reckon we'd better journey on."

Grayson listened till their footsteps died away; then he climbed the steps, undid the rusty catch and stepped up into a tiny room. Not a sound broke the stillness. He looked first from the window and then from the door. There was nothing in sight save tall trees and a merry little brook crossing the path. He left the house and followed the path for a few moments; then he heard voices and drew back into the bushes. Two very dejected looking riders came along, most probably sent back to guard the house.

"Well," he chuckled, "they just missed me. I'll be in camp in twenty minutes." And he was.

I. J., '16.

Work as they work who are ambitious.—*Hindu Saying.*

Plain truth needs no flow'rs of speech.—*Pope.*

There is no past, so long as books shall live.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

In labor, as in life, there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself.—*Emerson.*

All men that are ruined, are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.—*Burke.*

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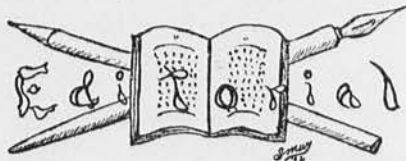
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Mid-years and reports! Enough said. Suffice it to remark that they are over at last, and that consequently we of C. H. S. have taken a new lease of life. Let us strive to make the period of this new lease long and profitable; let us live for each day as it comes along, doing with a will those duties which present themselves to us; let us cease to worry, worry, over hardships before us; and, finally, let us enjoy to the fullest extent those pleasures that come with each new day. Then, the lesson once learned, we need never again dread examinations or any other tests of our ability.

Some time ago Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education, lectured to us on the "Necessity for Purer English," which talk has started a train of thought among us that may lead to better things. This subject is one of the weightiest problems of our time; its easiest and best solution lies in the possibility of bringing school and college students to a realization of its vast importance, and subsequently to an earnest desire to do all in their power to better existing conditions. We little realize what a

great influence the language we use has upon our lives. In school, in business relations, in society, we are judged more by our power of speech and expression than by any other one thing. Who has not at some time or other experienced that feeling of disgust on hearing the English language used in such a way as to be hardly recognizable as such? And who at those times has not resolved to keep a strict watch over his own tongue lest some word slip out for which he may be sorry? The movement, becoming now more and more widespread, against impure English, is directed not only against the extreme misuse of grammatical constructions which, more often than not, arise from ignorance of the language rather than carelessness, but it also embraces those comparatively lesser errors into an habitual use of which it is so easy to fall. How often do we hear persons say "It don't" — so often, in fact, that it is no longer an unusual or strongly criticized expression. Slang words, too, as innocent as they may be, form a distinctly unpleasant element. A short time ago a minister, who had just listened to a wonderful organ recital, was wishing that instead of having to go down and shake hands with his congregation he might go off alone to think of the beautiful harmonies that had inspired his very soul. As he stepped from his pulpit to the church aisle the very first words that greeted his ear were, "Some music!" Imagine the effect and how rudely his thoughts were changed to a righteous indignation by the sharp contrast caused by those two words. Thus, can you not all see how the little details count? Won't you all, students of C. H. S., attempt to make your English as pure as possible? You will be surprised at the influence you can exert by your good example.

Miss Dunn has again brought glory to her school and ours! In the Essay Contest recently held by the New York State Single Tax League she won the second prize of thirty dollars for the essay which appears in this number of "The Crimson and White." It will be interesting to quote parts of the report of the Essay Committee published in the *Single Tax Review* for November-December, 1914. It says:

"Scores of essays were submitted. They were examined by a number of professional readers, and from them were selected eight essays to be submitted to the following judges:

"Amelia E. Barr, Novelist; Dr. Frederick C. Howe, Director of People's Institute, . . . Author. . . etc.; Henry M. Leipziger, Ph. D., . . . ; Dr. Walter Mendelson, Columbia University; Hon. John J. Murphy, . . . ; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Poet and Essayist.

"When the judges rendered their decisions there was no unanimity of agreement, nor anything approaching it. The difficulty of their task was indicated by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who wrote the committee: 'All the essays are remarkably good. It is extremely hard to make a selection of the three best.'"

The familiar and well-known names on the list of judges adds a more personal touch to their decision, which finally resulted in the award of second prize to Miss Dunn, whose essay is printed in the *Review*. In speaking of the merits of the essays submitted the report goes on:

"Our readers shall judge of their merit. To us they seem remarkable juvenile compositions. All would do credit to maturer minds. What is chiefly noticeable is the grasp of the moral principles involved. The essay of Miss Dunn is conspicuous by reason of its fine simplicity and restraint."

We may well feel proud to have had such a talented young authoress in our school. "The Crimson and White" extends to her its best wishes for as great success in the future.

The Essay Contest of the New York State Historical Society has also been of great interest to us. The awards were as follows: First prize, twenty-five dollars in gold, Edward O'Toole of Ossining; second prize, fifteen dollars, Isabelle Knapp of North Tonawanda; and third prize, ten dollars, Marion C. White of our own school. Next year the subject will be "The Reasons for Calling New York State the Empire State," and the awards will be medals instead of money. We hope that next year we may get the first prize for our High School, so let us determine to try hard for it.

ALUMNI NOTES.

There has been a most noticeable lack of material for the Alumni Notes this year. It will be greatly appreciated by the Alumni Editor if all who know of any items of interest concerning any of the alumni, or of the meetings of that association, will kindly communicate them to her before the next issue of "The Crimson and White."

On February 5, Marian Domery, class of 1913, paid us a short visit. She is attending Simmons College at Boston, and was home for a short vacation after the mid-year exams.

Newton Bacon, class of 1912, was also home from Williams College, where he is now studying.

Alberta O'Connor, who graduated with the class of 1912, is teaching in District School No. 19 at West Albany.

Marguerite Clark, '14, is getting along splendidly at Vassar. We are proud of you, Marguerite!

Eleanor Dunn, '14, has succeeded in winning the second prize in the Single Tax League Essay Contest. Her essay appears in this number. We are sure all will enjoy reading it.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The first half of the school year is over. We have passed through it safely, if not quite as successfully as we hoped when we started in fresh from our summer vacation. Then we had mythical dreams of hours and hours of study and of marks from eighty to one hundred, but now we feel quite differently about it. Our eyes have been opened very wide by these last examinations.

Mid-year exams!! Horrors!

They are truly a nightmare to us now when we look back at them. Where have our dreams and high marks gone? Where our hopes and ambitions? These examinations, with their resulting marks, have shown us how very small the extent of our knowledge is and how limited our attempts have been. For we haven't studied nearly as much as we should have; there has been too much fun and merry-making. We have treated our lessons with too little respect. But there is another half year coming to give us an opportunity to show how much better we can come out if we try. Let us all really try to raise our marks this half of the year. Shan't we?

It is just after "Mid Years" that we have a change of teachers. It is most interesting. Although we feel very sorry to see our old ones, to whom we have become so attached, leaving us, we are very anxious to see who our new ones will be, wondering whether we will like them as well and if they will be as good to us as the former ones. Some of us may have been a little disappointed at first, but new teachers, even if we think that from our first impression they are queer and different, generally turn out to be very nice in the end.

There has been a new law made and passed by the faculty which has to do with the punishment of students for any offense whatsoever. A regular study hall — automatic, they say — has been established in room three hundred, at half after one every day. It is not presided over by a student teacher, but by different ones of the dignified critics, so don't think that it is any fun to have to go there. Indeed, it is quite the opposite. Well, if you don't want to join it, don't be late at nine o'clock or at quarter of one; don't forget the classes you are in; don't misbehave so that you will be sent to the office; don't talk in the halls while passing. Boys, don't smoke between nine and half after one, and don't do many other things of which you have been duly informed. Because if you do you will become a member of this study hall for at least one day.

One of our number, Marion White, has been fortunate enough to have the third prize, ten dollars, in the Essay Contest of the New York State Historical Association, awarded to her. Congratulations! We are very glad that we have some one who can represent us with the other High Schools of the State.

We have been bothered lately by a great deal of pounding in the halls; but we have been well repaid for this by the drinking fountains which have appeared all over the building. They are a great improvement and we are indeed grateful.

Some time ago we were invited to attend a lecture in the auditorium given by Dr. Brubacher, the new president of the college. He talked on the "Requirements for a Modern Teacher." It was extremely interesting, and we all enjoyed seeing the president, who has now taken up his duties.

We are sorry to say that Hazel Schilling has left our school. She is now attending the Watervliet High School. We suppose Jack will be going next. Agnes Demers, who was here but a short time, has also left.

William McKenna, formerly of the Albany High School, and John Herran, of the Rensselaer High School, have entered our school.



ZETA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Just look at the results of our last elections :

President	Mariella Blue
Vice-President	Frances Myers
Recording Secretary.....	Caroline E. Lipes
Assistant Recording Secretary.....	Elsie Stephens
Corresponding Secretary.....	Henrietta Knapp
Senior Editor.....	Marion C. White
Junior Editor.....	Anna Lemka
Critic	Euretta Avery
Marshal	Gertrude Southard
Treasurer	Carolyn White
Pianist	May Ody
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Pearl Sharp

A House Committee has also been decided upon, consisting of
 Ethel Mead (Chairman),
 Katherine Buehlar,
 May Hutchins.

Much to our regret, May Ody has been obliged to resign her post. Lillian Smith, however, now fills the vacancy to the best of her ability, which ability is an excellent one, we assure you.

Isn't our President "some" girl? If our ship doesn't come safely to port at the end of the year it won't be the fault of the pilot!



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Now that the mid-year exams are over we are ready to study hard so that we will have less work to make up for the next exams. Incidentally we are going to strive to make "Quin" meetings bigger and better than ever before, although they seem now almost as enjoyable as possible. We have taken great pleasure in the vocal solos of the Misses Hayes and Walter; Miss Ward's recitations are fine and we hope that they may continue; the Misses Wagner, McDonough and Johnston have given us piano solos which have made us all wish that we could play as well as they. We are very sorry to say that we lost one of our members. Miss Hazel Schilling has left C. H. S. to attend the Watervliet High School. We hope she will enjoy studying there.

At a recent meeting of the society the following officers were elected:

President	Phyllis Clark
Vice-President	Helen Meade
Secretary	Gertrude Corwith
Treasurer	Margaret Ward
Senior Editor.....	Eugenia Lee
Junior Editor.....	Lucile Walter
Critic	Margaret Shirtz
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Alice Barnes
Marshal	Marjory Dunn



ADELPHOI.

Adelphoi meetings continue to hold the interest of the members, especially of the older ones, whose visits have been both frequent and pleasant.

The debates were discontinued last week owing to examinations, but next term will probably see many lively discussions on matters of timely interest.

It was with regret that we learned of Mr. Soule's departure from school. He hopes, however, to be able to continue his studies next September.

New officers have recently been chosen, and the election of Nelson Covey as President was most pleasing.

Our Alumni Chapter reports good progress on the arrangements for the annual spring banquet.



THETA NU.

During the past few months Theta Nu meetings have held much of interest for its members. The debates have been the chief feature; these have been well prepared and faithfully given, thus insuring a good attendance at every meeting. Recently the following very interesting debate took place: "*Resolved*, That the United States should interfere in the Mexican crisis." On the negative were Messrs. Ward, Wilcox, Seymour and O'Connor, while the affirmative was supported by Messrs. Fite, Sperry, Hoyt and Vos. After a spirited discussion and much deliberation on the part of the judges, the debate was awarded to the negative.



IMPORTANT!

That was a ruse to catch your eye, home reader. Just pretend that this is the Joke column and read it for once. The first part may interest you. It is neither customary nor polite to put compliments (?) first, but perhaps in this case the end justifies the means.

These are the opinions which other schools have of our paper. We quote all the criticisms received during the last two months:

“‘The Crimson and White’ is an excellent reflection of school life.” — *The X-Ray* (Anderson, Ind.).

“Your literary department shows talent among the contributors. The editorials are very well written.” — *The Gleaner* (Pawtucket, R. I.).

“After a long absence ‘The Crimson and White,’ Albany, N. Y., has put in its appearance. For a paper which appears only six times a year it is very meager in quantity. A staff of fifteen editors suggests a large student body. Why not enlarge the paper accordingly? Leaving the prize essay on ‘The Influence of Shakespeare’s Environment on His Plays’ to abler critics, we pass on to the other features of the literary department, said features being three in number and conspicuous mainly on account of their brevity. The plot of ‘An Incident of the Civil War’ is worn out, old, one might say mossy. The language is good, but the author seems given to mixing metaphors. The editorials are confined to the limits of the school building and its inmates, making them rather uninteresting for an outsider. The exchange column leaves nothing to be wished; the editor, as exchange editors go, understands the work in hand. We suggest a few cuts and ‘a table of contents.’” — *The M. H. Aerolith* (Plymouth, Wis.).

“A few more cuts would give your paper more life.” — *The Black and Gold* (Honolulu, T. H.).

“You have a fine exchange department and criticize in a way worth while.” — *The Orange and Black* (Falls City, Neb.).

The Black and Gold (Honolulu, T. H.) is one of our newest friends. It is particularly interesting to us, because it is so entirely different from

our other exchanges. Its contents portray a life — Hawaiian life — which seems very strange to us. The Literary Department is unusually long, but nevertheless is far from lacking quality. But the poems! Not even our talented English Critic could write an "Appreciative Criticism" of them; it would of necessity be depreciative. The Joke Editor should be especially commended. Here's hoping *The Black and Gold* will be a faithful friend to "The Crimson and White."

It is a shame to put the good material contained in the *Academy Graduate* (Newburgh, N. Y.) on such unbeautiful paper? Can't the printer be induced to change the quality of the said paper?

The Archon (Byfield, Mass.) is very much in need of an Exchange Department. Even a small one would be better than none at all.

The neat little *Kwassui Quarterly* (Nagasaki, Japan) has once more succeeded in crossing the ocean and in reaching Albany. The school pride and spirit manifested by this wee paper might well be copied by others.

In *The Crimson* (Logan, Utah) is an excellent article entitled "The Man Worth While." We quote the following, and it applies to you, oh, student in "The High School Department of the New York State College for Teachers:"

"Boost and the world boosts with you,
Knock and you're on the shelf,
For the world gets sick of one who'll kick,
And wishes he'd kick himself.

"Boost for your own advancement,
Boost for the things sublime,
For the chap that's found on the topmost round
Is a booster every time."

Not what you read, but what you remember, will make you wise.

A good deed is never lost.— *P. Brooks.*

By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.— *Dickinson.*

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.—
Bovee.

Do as well as you can to-day, perhaps to-morrow you will be able to do better.— *Newton.*

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for someone else.— *Dickens.*

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must forge and hammer yourself into one. — *Froude.*

ATHLETICS.

Track Meet.

The annual track meet was held in the gymnasium Wednesday, February 10th. The events were very closely contested and many good track records were made.

The prize, a watch, offered by Mr. Swaim to the person securing the most points, was awarded to Alfred Dedickee, who scored twenty points, with Nelson Covey a close second. The list of the events and the winners are as follows:

- High Jump — First place, Dedickee; second, Martin; third, Covey.
 Five Lap — First, Dedickee; second, Chovey; third, Covey
 Broad Jump — First, Dedickee; second, Covey; third, Chovey.
 Spring Board Jump — First, Dedickee; second, Covey; third, Martin.
 Ten Lap — First, Covey; second, Seymour; third, Chovey.
 Potato Race — First, Covey; second, Chovey; third, Seymour.

Basket Ball.

The basket ball team has experienced one of the hardest schedules of any team in this school for years. It has met teams which have outweighed it man for man, and also some of the fastest teams in this section. The hardest part of the schedule has been finished and the team looks for better results in the future.

On December 9 the team was defeated by Scotia in one of the closest games of the year by a score of 21-27.

LINEUP.

<i>College High.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Cassavant, L.F.	1	0	2
Scott, R.F.	1	3	5
Fite, C.	4	0	8
McNamee, L.G.	0	0	0
Dedickee, R.G.	3	0	6
Covey, R.G.	0	0	0
			21
<i>Scotia.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Sittner, L.F.	2	0	4
Howard, R.F.	2	0	4
Whitbeck, C.	6	1	13
Powell, L.G.	0	0	0
Rankins, R.G.	1	0	2
Parker, L.G.	2	0	4
			27

On December 11th at the Racquet Club our team defeated the Albany Academy by a score of 27-19.

<i>College High.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Cassavant, L.F.	5	0	10
Scott, R.F.	2	0	4
Fite, C.	4	0	8
McNamee, L.G.	0	0	0
Dedickee, R.F.	1	0	2
Saxtown, R.G.	1	1	3

 27

<i>Albany Academy.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Easton, L.F.	5	3	13
Freeman, R.F.	2	0	4
Lodge, C.	0	0	0
W. Fox, R.G.	0	0	0
Hawley, L.G.	1	0	2
Boone, R.G.	0	0	0
Woodward, L.G.	0	0	0

 19

The game with the C. B. A. on December 16th was a failure in many respects. From the standpoint of spectators it shows clearly the utter lack of sportsmanship on the part of the C. B. A. team. Those who heard Professor Sayle's talk on the game in chapel will understand the situation, which ended in C. B. A. forfeiting the game (2-0) to our team.

Gloversville was the attraction in our gym on January 8th in a very close game, which resulted in the first half going without a field goal.

LINEUP.

<i>College High.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Dedickee, L.F.	0	0	0
O'Brien, R.F.	0	0	0
Scott, C.	0	0	0
Fite, L.G.	1	0	2
McNamee, R.G.	0	0	0
Cassavant, R.G.	0	1	1

 3

<i>Gloversville.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Cassidy, L.F.	0	1	1
Berry, R.F.	0	0	0
Gill, C.	2	0	4
Mahoney, L.G.	2	0	4
Pelcher, R.G.	2	0	4

 13

The Albany High School defeated the College High in one of the most exciting games in the history of the two schools, the score being tied eleven times in the game.

LINEUP.

<i>College High.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Cassavant, L.F.	1	0	2
Dedickee, R.F.	0	0	0
Scott, C.	0	2	2
McNamee, R.G.	1	0	2
Fite, L.G.	5	5	15
			<hr/>
			21
<i>A. H. S.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Reuss, R.F.	2	0	4
Jones, L.F.	1	0	2
Krauch, C.	3	0	6
Miller, R.G.	5	5	15
Wareing, L.G.	1	0	2
			<hr/>
			29

Our team secured an easy victory over the Sterlings, a fast semi-pro team, on January 29th.

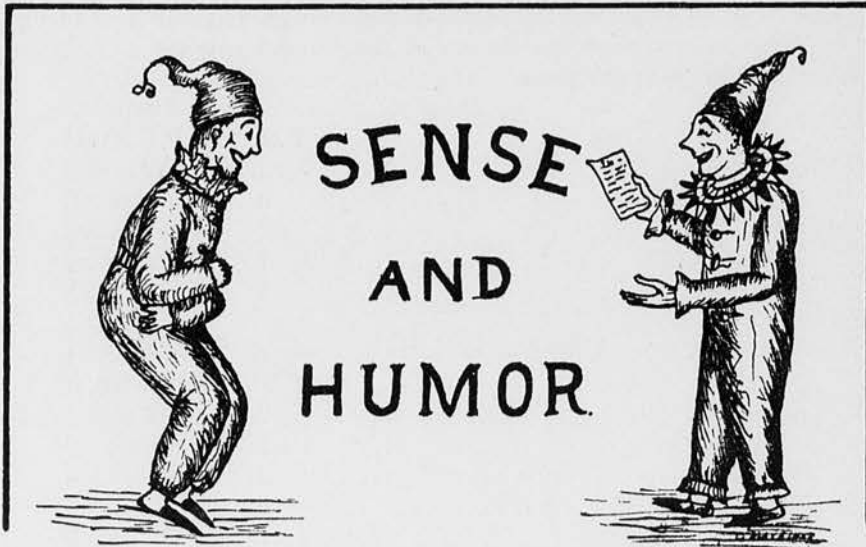
LINEUP.

<i>College High.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Saxtown, R.F.	5	0	10
Scott, L.F.	7	1	15
Fite, C.	7	4	18
McNamee, L.G.	1	0	2
Covey, R.G.	2	0	4
Seymour, L.G.	2	0	4
			<hr/>
			53
<i>Sterlings.</i>	F.B.	F.P.	Total
Redden, L.F.	7	0	14
Harder, R.F.	2	1	5
Stecht, C.	1	0	2
Irving, L.G.	0	0	0
White, R.G.	0	0	0
			<hr/>
			21

The best kind of sympathy is that which lends a hand.

The foundation of every State is the education of its youth.

Almost every one you meet knows more on some subject than you do. Turn that side of him towards you, and absorb all you can.



All jokes intended for publication in this department should be written on tissue paper so that the editor can see through them.

Mary had a little lamb,
 But now the poor thing's dead.
 And every day it goes to school,
 Between two hunks of bread.— *Ex.*

Cassavant — “Gee! I had an awful fright last night.”
 McNamee — “Yes; I saw you with her.”

Freshman — “I’ve heard of Good Friday and Ash Wednesday, but what in thunder is a Nut Sundae?”

Mr. Martin, when called upon to recite in Virgil, translated as follows:
 “Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck, and, and — er, that’s as far as I got, Miss Johnson.”

“I should think that was quite far enough,” replied Miss Johnson.

Miss C. White — “Did he say anything dove-like about me?”
 Miss Myers — “Yes, he said you were pigeon-toed.”

P. O’Brien — “Did you see that girl smile at me?”
 J. Sweeney — “Huh! That’s nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed out loud.”

Mr. Vos — “Have you seen our new altar?”
 Miss Schilling — “Lead me to it.”

And Ikey Went.

Little Gladys made a cake,
 Made it all for Ikey's sake.
 Ikey ate it, every crumb,
 Then he heard the heavenly drum
 Saying softly: "Ikey, come!"
 (And Ikey went.)— *Ex.*

In German Dialogue.

Teacher — "Wie befinden Sie sich?"

Miss Clark — "I am very beautiful."

Always put off to-night what you are going to put on in the morning.—
Ex.

He — "Do you know anything about golf?"

She — "Not a thing, I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy properly."— *Ex.*

Mr. Scott (looking up from newspaper) — "What do you mean by the Knight of the Bath?"

Mr. Blauvelt — "Why, Saturday night, I reckon."

Freshibus takibus examinatorum,
 Copibus fromibus neighbororum;
 Teachera seeibus little cheatorum,
 Causibus freshibus toa flunkorum.— *Ex.*

Girls are like street cars, therefore, never run after them, for there will be another one coming along in just a minute. This does not hold true if compared to street cars in Albany.

It's only cold-blooded teachers that give us a mark below zero.

Father — "So you have to take another examination. Didn't you pass?"

Culver — "Say, I passed so well I was encored, and now I have to do it all over again."

Mr. Epstien (in answer to question during examination) — "I know just as much as you do about it."

Miss Sharpe — "I don't know anything."

Caller — "Will the cashier be away long?"

Office Boy — "It depends entirely on the jury."

Re-Seating Bills.

Lady (excitedly rushing up to department store floor-walker) —
 “Where shall I take Willie; he just tore his trousers and ——”

Floor-walker (directing) — “Receipted Bills, middle window, cashier’s desk.”

Junior — “I climbed to the top of the pole to see what the sign said.”

Soph. — “What did it say?”

Junior — “Wet paint.”

Algebra Teacher — “What is a concrete number?”

Isabel Dodds — “A number made of gravel and cement.”

“Men are always late. I have waited here since six o’clock for my husband to come, and it is now seven-thirty.”

“At what hour were you to meet him?” asked the woman who had just joined her.

“At five o’clock.”— *Buffalo Courier.*

Cæsar Teacher — “Now, Mr. Johnstone, translate your translation.”

Soph.— “That vase reminds me of L— W — ’s face.”

Junior — “Yes, hand painted.”

Sayes is our principal, we shall not want (another),
 He maketh us to walk through the halls, with closed mouths and manly
 stride,
 He leadeth us in the path of strictness, for his namesake.
 Yea, though we pause in the halls, we are driven. For we fear much
 punishment, for frowns and words discomfort us.
 We feareth strict discipline, and our pocket runneth over with paper and
 gum.
 We prepareth for the Automatic Study-Hall in the presence of the
 Faculty,
 Surely if this good work continues all the days at C. H. S. we shall live
 here in agony forever.

We would like to know what would happen if

Carolyn White stopped flirting.

Luella Karl stopped talking.

Cathlyn Hayes stopped going to dances.

Raymond Carr knew his history lesson.

The teachers gave us shorter lessons.

Marion Poole stopped talking about “good-looking fellows.”

Marion White forgot her lessons once in a while.

WILLIAM H. LUCK

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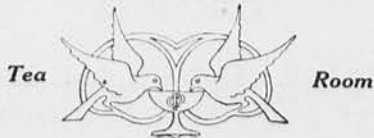
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