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NEW YORK
STATE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL
ALBANY
A Royal Luncheon

Now listen—What do you think?
You will scarcely believe what I say,
When I tell you this wonderful thing, I lunched,
With a king and a queen to-day.

The palace was—well it was rather plain
And only a few feet square,
And some bread, ginger-cake, milk and jam
Were all of the royal fare.

The butler was grand, in a necktie white,
And grave as a judge could be;
But he had four feet, and looked very much
Like our own little “Teddy” to me.

Each was dressed in a gorgeous robe,
And each on a throne did sit,
They both had beautiful, golden crowns
Though they didn’t exactly fit.

Their manners were dignified, grave and grand,
Their appetites royally nice,
Though the queen got her pinafore stained with jam,
And his majesty choked himself twice.

Full wearied at last with the cares of state
The queen fell fast asleep,
While over the forehead of the king
A frown began to creep.

“She is so little,” the king exclaimed,
And he looked very mortified,
“She didn’t remember her part very well,
But she really and truly tried.”

Then quite forgetting his rank,
Sat down on the nursery floor,
And played with a top and a train of cars,
For fifteen minutes or more.
Then fearing my visit might last too long,
For he seemed to be worried, I thought,
And the queen woke up in a fractious mood,
My call to an end I brought.
I courtesied low to the king, and kissed
Her majesty's hand so white,
But they sprang on me with a laughing shout
And hugged me close and tight.

The queen's gold crown slipped over her neck,
And the king's from his head was lost,
The royal cheeks were red as a rose,
The royal locks were tossed.

The royal robes from their shoulders fell
And their royal dignity fled,
"O sister," they cried almost in glee,
"Let's play the king and queen are dead."

---

**Coasting**

The night was glorious. A full moon shone down from a clear sky upon the snow-covered country. But if the night was glorious, the hill was still more so. Three-quarters of a mile of down-grade, steep to the point of hair raising, covered with a thick layer of nicely packed snow!

It was as early as seven o'clock when my chum called for me. The boys had manufactured a bob by joining together two sleighs with a long board, at least six inches wide, and this comfortable arrangement was steered by means of an iron wheel, a relic of better days. The bob held eight people nicely, but the boys, out of the kindness of their hearts, to say nothing of the natural susceptibility of their sex to feminine charms, had invited nearly all the girls they knew, so far as I could judge. Well it was a case of "come early and avoid the rush," and we had come none too early, it seemed, for when Molly and I arrived on the scene of action I counted a good eighteen. The boys were not at all abashed at the prospect and we all piled on. My cousin Charlie, who did the steering for the bunch, didn't have much extra room to perform his duties, as he was practically sitting on top of the wheel, but some one pushed off, and we had begun to gain considerable momentum when Charley neatly ditched the whole business. Frightened! I thought I should die, but I managed to grab Molly, and off went the two of us into a snow bank.

With a sigh of relief Charlie spread out his spacious self, called out to Dick Carter to push off again as he "guessed they would go on now they'd shaken off some of the load" and if that bob didn't coolly sail on down the hill right under our eyes! Well, we picked ourselves up, not much damaged except as to our feelings, and slowly mounted the hill. Molly was simply furious. "After asking us to ride down hill on their old bob," and her tones expressed volumes of scorn. "I tell you, Lil, we'll just tie our own hand-sleds together and show those nasty boys a thing or two."

So we tied our two sleds together and started off on our own hook. Molly knew all about steering. She is awfully bright and used to do all my Latin prose when we were in school together. Well those blooming sleighs would swerve and finally, after we had gone about a quarter of a mile, they swerved
Molly off into the middle of the road. I know I ought to have stopped right then and there, but I had just come to the steepest part of the hill and was going awfully well, now Molly was off, and then the bob was coming back up the hill, and I really thought it would be wise to "show those boys a thing or two" as Molly had suggested. So on I kept, but glanced slyly back and saw Molly pick herself up and start running after me at a break-neck speed. Just then I passed the boys. Awful good joke on Molly, I thought. "Gee Whiz, Lil, let her slide, you're all right!" yelled the boys, and then, as Molly loomed up on the scene, "Well Molly, that's good exercise! Make you thin!" called Dick Carter. Molly is a little stout, and awfully sensitive about it, and then she hates Dick anyway (they both have red hair) so I knew just about how boiling mad she was, and thought it was time for me to steer into the ditch. I did my best to smooth her ruffled feelings when she met me, but found she was almost as mad at me as she was at Dick Carter.

Just then a man came along in a cutter and asked us if we didn't want to hitch on, so we just flew up the hill, and waited for the boys at the top. Their crowd had somewhat diminished, as one girl got hit in the nose with a snow ball, and had to go home with the nose bleed, and three other girls met their father on his way down to prayer meeting, and he said it was dangerous as well as unladylike to ride down hill and they were to go along to prayer meeting with him.

Charlie apologized all over himself to Molly and said if he'd known that anybody got ditched besides Lil, he never would have gone on and left them. Well, Charlie being a cousin of mine, I'm used to his agreeable remarks and don't mind them in the least, so when the boys entreated the pleasure of our company for the remainder of the evening, we forgave them and had the jolliest young time imaginable.

Now we have a standing invitation to ride on their bob morning, noon or night, or all three, as soon as the next snow comes.

E. L. J. '07.

The Discontented Thistle-Plant

Once upon a time there was a thistle-plant, which was very beautiful indeed. It was one of those tall, dark thistle-plants with large, red, silky flowers, and the longest of prickers. You have seen the kind I mean.

In order that you can understand my story, I must tell you where the thistle lived. It stood in the centre of a large field, which was overgrown with daisies and buttercups and nettles, and was really a beautiful spot in which to live, as even the thistle had thought. The field was bordered by tall elm trees, in which Mr. Indigo Bunting and Mr. Goldfinch lived, and in the winter, when they went south, their poorer relatives, the Snow Buntings, came and kept house for them.

Now as the thistle-plant had lived for a long time in the field, and was the only thistle at that, she was very well known, and attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Wind came to see her every morning on his way to business, and again every night on his way home, and the Buntings and Finches were always dropping down to see her, as they passed to and fro during the day. And, of course, the thistle enjoyed their attentions and was very contented until one day in the summer.
That day as the thistle was talking to Mr. Wind, who had just stopped for one of his breezy calls, a lady and a little girl came through the field, and the child, stopping beside the thistle said: "Look mamma! See that beautiful thistle-plant. I'd like to pick a flower, but it has such horrid thorns and prickers."

The thistle stopped talking to Mr. Wind directly, and, of course, when he found she did not wish to talk, he left her to herself, and the new and unpleasant thought.

"There," she said, "I have been living all my life to no purpose. Here I stand, day after day, and though I am beautiful, I cannot please anyone but those chirping Buntings and that driest of companions, Mr. Wind. Now if I had only been made without thorns, my blossoms might even now have been taken by those people, who would really appreciate their beauty."

But just as she was speaking so discontentedly, help came to her in the form of Change, the field and forest fairy, who had power to make the plants just as they wished to be, and who when she saw the frown which the thistle wore, inquired as to its meaning.

"It means," said Thistle, "that I am tired of these prickers. No one can love me, or pick my blossoms, and I think you should take them from me."

"Very well," said Change, "I will. When you grow up green next spring, you will have no prickers. But if you ever become tired of being without them, just call for me, and I will come to you. I am always near."

"There is no danger of my wanting you," said Thistle. "Go to the end of the earth, if you wish. I shall not need you. I shall be happy."

She comforted herself all the fall and winter with the thought of what she would be next spring, and when the warm weather came, no plant was more delighted than she.

Her first blossoms were very beautiful and they blushed redder from her joy. But one day some naughty school-boys tore them from her and she saw them go away, dissecting them, and laughing because they had no prickers. Of course, this made her feel very sad, but she soon put forth other blossoms which were more beautiful than the first, if that were possible. But these too, were recklessly taken from her. This made her weep, and she wept until she was powerless to put forth blossoms again.

One day in the summer, her old friend, Mr. Indigo Bunting came to her. He had come for the annual carpet for his house. He must have it, he said, for the children were sleeping on the bare floor! But the poor thistle had no carpet for him, for her blossoms were gone. Poor Mr. Bunting had to go away disappointed, and while he was away attempting to find a carpet, one of the children caught cold from sleeping on the bare floor and died.

Of course, Thistle blamed herself for this, but what could she do? There was no help unless she called upon Change and she could not do that after what she had said.

Well, she had other trials, until finally winter came on, and the sorrowing Indigo Buntings went South, and left their home in charge of the Snow Bunting family.

Thistle no longer thought of her summer experience, but had begun to plan for the next year, when one day, in February, the weather was so cold that Thistle shivered from head to foot. That night she
could not sleep for cold and when morning dawned in the leaden sky, it looked drearily down upon the barren fields, now covered with a thick, white sheet. Then it began to snow, and the sleet was blinding, and the wind raged fearfully.

But through it all came Mr. Snow Bunting. Torn and beaten though he was, he must still seek a breakfast for his family.

"Dear Thistle," he whispered hoarsely, "have you no seeds for my little ones?"

"No," said Thistle, "I have none."

"But just a few, dear Thistle, saved from last summer? Just enough to last until this storm shall cease and I can fly farther?"

But, of course. Thistle had none, and Mr. Snow Bunting was forced to go out again into the storm. And if I was informed correctly, he never reached his home.

But now Thistle was fully aware of the trouble her selfish wish had caused "Change!" she called. "Change, I want you. I do want my prickers. I must have them. I cannot live without them. I was foolish to think that I was like garden flowers." And then Change, who had been waiting for just this thing to happen, came to her.

Bending over her, she kissed the drooping plant and said softly. "You have profited by this, little Thistle. You were discontented with your lot, but now you see that each plant has its work, and yours is a good one. And," she added, "next year your prickers shall be returned to you."

Let me add, that I am inclined to believe that the trouble was not all Thistle's fault, but lay somewhat in the complaining words which Thistle overheard.

J. L. '10.

Eliza Jane's Tea-Party

I had a large family of dolls but Margery was my favorite. She had black hair and blue eyes, but otherwise resembled her sisters. She was not tall nor short, but just right and perhaps that is why I loved her more than the others.

Eliza Jane, the oldest, tallest and most beautiful of my family, was going to give a tea-party. I was very busy choosing colors and fashions for my girls, who always looked to me for help on such occasions. I decided that Eliza Jane should wear blue and Margery pink.

On the morning of the day this great affair was to take place I gathered my flock and dressed all but Margery. I then placed them in a row and commanded them not to move, as I left the room with Margery. We went out on the veranda and I began to dress her as prettily as I could. When this pleasant task was finished I decided to take one last look at my darling before putting her with the rest of my family. I stood up and held her at arm's length but, alas, Margery did not like her position and tried to get down. As I was not holding her tightly she fell. I was so frightened I did not know what to do for there at my feet lay beloved Margery. I stooped to look at her and picked up something which filled me with such wonder that I forgot to cry.

That afternoon instead of attending a tea-party we followed my brother, carrying the remains of
Margery to the garden and buried her and the eyes also.

Strange to say Eliza Jane and the other members of my family smiled all during the ceremony which my brother conducted beautifully. I did not know what to think of them and scolded them the next day but they still smiled and Eliza Jane, who is living now, smiles continually.

M. R. '09.

The Influence of Myths upon Literature

It is an acknowledged fact that myths, and most particularly the Greek myths, have had a marked influence upon the best literature of all ages. To trace this effect from the beginning we must start with the unwritten myths of prehistoric times. These myths formed an account of the creation and earliest history of the world, not as suggested by scientific investigations and discoveries, but instead as fancied by the fertile Greek imagination and as prompted by a desire for an explanation of various things in nature.

As the Greek nation progressed there was felt a desire and need for a more definite account of the world and the genealogy of the gods, since these were important points in their religion. About 1000 B. C. the blind bard, Homer, sang of these gods and their relations toward men, while a little later Hesiod, another Greek poet, wrote a work called the "Theogony," "an authorized version of the genealogy of the Greek gods and heroes." During the Age of Pericles or Golden Age of Athens there lived the three great tragic dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, who based their works upon the already familiar myths, changing them, however, to suit their own ideas of morality.

Three hundred years later at the beginning of the Christian era there came into prominence, among other Latin poets, Virgil, whose works were inspired by the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer. For some centuries afterward there were practically no important literary products, all minds being turned toward conquest. However, during the period of the Renaissance, about 1200 A. D., ancient myths were again resorted to as a basis for many great literary productions. The Italian poet, Dante, who lived during the 13th century, was inspired by the Virgilian poems and so, as was but natural, made many references in his own poems to the myths of classic literature, even basing some of his works upon them. From this time on, however, myths were alluded to and quoted, rather than made the subjects of separate works.

Boccaccio, an Italian of the 14th century, a devoted collector of ancient manuscripts and student of classic literature, employed his knowledge of myths, thus gained, in the writing of his great masterpiece "Decameron," from which the English poets, Chaucer, of the 14th century, and Shakespeare, of the Elizabethan Age, borrowed thoughts for some of their own writings. From this "Decameron" Chaucer gained ideas for his "Canterbury Tales," Shakespeare for "Cymbeline" and "All's Well that Ends Well." "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was suggested by Boccaccio's "La Terseide." As the originals contained many mythological allusions it is but natural that the works of the later poets should also abound in them.

When myths have had so great an influence upon all literary work prior to the eighteenth century we
cannot be surprised that modern writers have borrowed some of the most beautiful parts of these myths for enriching their productions. Over Milton, Tennyson, and other comparatively recent writers we find that myths have had essentially the same influence as over the ancient writers, with the result that we have many choice pieces of literature claiming our admiration in a far greater degree than they possibly could if shorn of their mythological references.

As myths have influenced the literature of the world for over three thousand years, we may safely conclude that for some years to come, at least, they will retain this position of influence originally gained through the interest of their subjects and the beauty of their treatment.

B. COBB, 'O8.

In The Garden of Voices

The Lady paused before the great iron gate, fitted one of the many keys at her waist in the lock, slowly turned it—and entered the garden.

The Lady was sad—one day little winged Love had flown into her window and she had grasped it with eager hands, but tiring she had grown careless and handled the tender creature so roughly that she had broken one of its wings and Love, wounded, had flown away.

—So the Lady was sad.

As she came slowly along the garden path in her flowing white garments, the glory of her hair upon her shoulders, shadows of regret lay under her beautiful eyes and her proud head drooped sorrowfully. She sank into a seat ‘midst a bower of flowers: long she sat there, her unseeing eyes fixed upon some distant point. At length the white lids gently closed and the long lashes swept the pure cheeks.

—The Lady slept.

And through the mazes of sleep came the voices of the flowers and she knew that they spoke of her pityingly.

“She is so beautiful,” said the pansy, compassionately, “why must she be sad?”

“Pride comes of such great beauty,” the humble violet answered, “and therein lies much of the world’s misery.”

“Yet she looks not over-prideful now. Ah,” exclaimed the red rose, “Love is the great humbler.”

And then they talked long together and decided that each should offer her a gift to make her happy again because she was so beautiful. So each picked out the gift that she might think most fair, and the humbler ones approached her first.

“Fair Lady—I bring to you a heart of gold,” said the pansy.

“And I—I give to you the spirit of meekness,” said the violet.

And both gifts the Lady accepted most gladly.

Then came the lily—head upheld in all the pride of her own spotlessness.

“My gift is peace and calmness of spirit if you will give up all thoughts of Love. Truly you must prefer the assured peace of the cloister to the uncertain happiness granted by the little god.”

But the Lady sadly shook her head. She could not accept a gift for which little Love, whom she had wounded so grievously, must pay the price. So the lily taking up its rejected gift haughtily stood aside to give place to the red rose.

“Look,” said the rose, “my gift lies here before you and is yours to do with as you will,”—and there enfolded in the tender heart of the red rose lay glorious little Love, its wing made whole by the tears of pearl dropped by the Lady as she slept in—The Garden of Voices.

RUTH, '07.
The Marriage of Annie

Edward Charles Hamilton, Jr., was seated on a large divan in Miss Gertrude's parlor beside his Uncle Joe, who was telling him about a wonderful old cow which used to paint pictures with her tail. Junior was delighted with the story, and begged his uncle to tell him another, but Uncle Joe wished to visit Miss Gertrude before going down town, therefore he did not have a minute to spare. He bade Junior farewell and left the room but returned after a few minutes absence.

"What's the trouble, Uncle Joe?" asked his nephew, "did you meet the old cow and wouldn't she let you out?"

"Oh, the old cow is dead and buried," answered Uncle Joe. "But never mind her, Junior, I am too angry to think about her. Your Aunt Gertrude, that is your Aunt Gertrude to be, had to go to the dressmaker's and now I shall not see her until I return. Never do it, boy, never, never do it. Will you?"

"No," answered Junior, "I never shall, but what is it I should never do?"

"You should never have a wedding," said Uncle Joe. "Think of all the money it is going to cost, enough to buy a bull-dog, a goat and a car-load of chickens."

"Like the ones Mr. Rich has," asked Junior, "and a rooster with a red tail?"

"Yes—yes like those of Mr. Rich or any other of your friends," responded Uncle Joe. "But as I was saying, Junior, never have a wedding, just elope, it's the cheapest and the most sensible way."

"But I don't know how," asked Junior. "Please tell me, Uncle Joe."

"Oh, well, I'll tell you; just take some friend along as a witness and walk to the nearest minister's and get married. Some people take an automobile; in case your party would prefer to ride I would suggest that you ought to take your English Flyer which I gave you last Christmas. I would like to do it myself, as all these preparations will make me insane." After giving this valuable advice to his nephew, Uncle Joe walked out of the parlor.

Junior climbed down from the divan, walked out to the hall rack, took his hat and was about to depart when he was suddenly swept off his feet and kissed so fervently that he thought he would cry; but he remembered that Uncle Joe had told him he was a young man and young men never cry. Finally he regained his standing position and was comforted by the cheerful voice of Annie, who was Miss Gertrude's cook.

"Where are you going, darling?" asked Annie.

"I am going home," replied Junior. "It's nearly dinner time and I am awfully hungry."

"Come down to the pantry," said Annie, "I have something for you. When I baked Miss Gertrude's wedding cake I made a nice little one for you out of the dough I had left."

Junior followed her to the pantry and received her gift. Annie was about to cut the cake for him but Junior asked her not to spoil it as he would like to save it.

"All right," said Annie, "wait until I wrap it up for you."

While Annie was wrapping up the cake Junior watched her attentively. Finally he said, "Annie are you ever going to have a wedding?"

"Why, Junior, what a funny question for you to ask. Of course I expect to have a wedding some day and so do you."
"No," said Junior, "Never will I have a wedding, Uncle Joe told me to never have one. He said for me to elope because it is much cheaper and as I wish to get a bulldog, a goat, and a car-load of chickens before I go to the country I can't spend much of my money which I have home in the china dog."

"Dear, dear, your Uncle Joe is forever saying such queer things. Junior, you shouldn't mind what he tells you."

"Oh, Annie," said Junior, "you must not say that Uncle Joe tells falsehoods, because he doesn't. He is dreadfully sorry because he is going to have a wedding instead of eloping. I wish he could elope instead of having to get married, don't you?"

Annie could not understand half the time where Junior obtained such queer notions, but she knew how to humor him most of the time. But this time she was puzzled and could not answer his questions directly. "Junior, you had better run along now," she said, "as it is getting late and your mama will be anxious about you."

"I will go," said Junior. "But, Annie, I want you to elope with me to-morrow, will you?"

Annie never was so surprised in her life. She looked at the child and actually blushed when she saw that he was in earnest. She knew that she must humor him, therefore she answered, "All right, darling, come over to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock."

"I will," answered Junior. "Don't forget. I will be here at three o'clock." He was going out the door when he turned and came back to the pantry. "Oh, Annie, which do you want to do, walk or ride? I had rather walk as my English Flyer is broken."

"Oh! I'll walk, I'll walk," said Annie, and she became greatly excited for fear Junior did not hear her, and would bring the English Flyer over the next day and insist on her taking a ride in the miniature machine.

Junior went out through the garden and while passing the gate he saw Jack. Jack was Miss Gertrude's gardener and although she had told him time after time, it was not necessary for him to put flowers in the rooms of the basement, Jack insisted on doing it. Finally Miss Gertrude seeing that her orders were useless allowed him to put whichever flowers he wished in the basement. When Junior met him he had a large bouquet of roses and was following the path that led to the kitchen door.

"Jack, Jack," called Junior. "Wait. I want to ask you something. Are you going to have a wedding?"

"How did you know about it?" asked Jack. "You are a regular young detective. No, Junior, I am not going to have a wedding, I asked Annie last night and she said 'No.'"

"Oh, I am so glad," said Junior, "because if you and Annie were going to have a wedding, why, then she and I couldn't elope to-morrow."

"What are you talking about, boy?" asked Jack, "did you say that you and Annie were going to elope?"

"Yes, sir, answered Junior, "I want you to come along and be our witness. We have to have a witness because Uncle Joe said so. Will you?"

"Yes, I'll go along; what time will you be ready?"

"Three o'clock," answered Junior. "Don't forget."

"I won't," said Jack, and he walked away wondering what the
joke was about. "I bet his Uncle is at the back of this," he said, as he walked along.

Junior continued his journey and arrived home very late. The family were eating dinner. After eating his dinner he fell asleep and had to be carried to his room. During the night his visions were of wedding cakes and automobiles.

Early the next afternoon he took his wedding cake from the pantry where he had left it the night before and walked over to Miss Gertrude's house. He found Annie in the garden talking to Jack.

"Here's Junior," said Jack. "Do you still wish to elope, young man?"

"Yes, sir," answered Junior, "I wish you would hurry because we have quite a distance to walk."

"All right, we will," answered Jack, and then turning to Annie, he said, "We might as well humor the child since he insists upon us going to the minister's and I do hope you will change your mind so that we shall not have to disappoint him."

"I have decided already," said Annie, "I shall not disappoint the child," but she added roguishly, "I am only doing it to please Junior because I love the child more than anybody else in the world."

"And I do too, because if it were not for him I would never be able to take this happy trip to the minister's," answered Jack.

The three started over to the Rev. Mr. Sharp's, who was the nearest minister. On the way they passed by Mr. Rich's house, and were greeted by Misses Florence and Elsie, aged six and four years respectively. They had a small chicken (a relative of Junior's favorite rooster with the red tail) dressed as a doll and were trying to make her stay in a doll carriage which she strongly objected to doing.

"Oh! Junior, come on and let's play house," suggested Miss Florence. "You and Elsie can be Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and I'll be mama. You and Elsie must come and call on me and stay to tea without ever being asked, just as Mrs. Gray does when she comes to visit mama."

"No," replied Junior, "Annie and I are going to elope. I'd tell you all about it but I haven't time. I'll come over to-morrow and tell you."

They arrived at the Rev. Mr. Sharp's house and were ushered into the parlor by the maid. Soon Mr. Sharp joined the eloping party. Jack arose and asked the minister if he would step into the adjoining room as he wished to explain the purpose of their visit. Soon Mr. Sharp and Jack returned to the parlor and Mr. Sharp said to Junior. "Well young man, so you wish to get married?"

"Yes, sir," answered Junior, "and Jack is our witness."

"My dear young man, if I were you, I would rather be a witness instead of a groom," said Mr. Sharp, "will you change places with Jack?"

"No, sir," answered Junior, "I want to be the groom."

"If I give you something nice, say a story-book, or something of that sort, will you, Junior," pleaded Jack.

"Oh! I will if you give me a bulldog, a goat and a car-load of chickens," answered Junior.

"All right," said Jack, "I am delighted with the bargain."

So Jack and Annie were married with Junior as a witness. After the ceremony Junior presented them with a small wedding cake, Annie's former gift, which she said she would keep as long as she lived. She did not manage to do this however, as Junior and Misses Flor-
ence and Elsie presented themselves at the kitchen door the next day and asked for the cake. They were playing house and Florence said it was necessary for her to have something more to eat, as Junior and Elsie insisted on staying to breakfast, lunch and dinner, without being asked, instead of just staying to tea as Mrs. Gray did. Junior received his bull-dog, goat and car-load of chickens. Although he did not find a rooster with a red tail among them he never regretted his bargain for he had the bull-dog and goat to console him.

M. BUTLER, '09.

Over the Telephone

"Hello."
"Hello, is this Hyde Park 6594?"
"Yes."
"Is this Lee's residence?"
"Yes."
"May I please speak with Margaret?"
"This is Margaret."
"Why, when did you catch your cold?"
"Last evening."
"Can you take luncheon with me this noon, at one, Margaret?"
"Why, I'd be delighted, but not at one,—one-thirty."
"Well, I'll meet you at the Washington street entrance of Field's at one-thirty, surely. I have an important question to ask you. Good bye."
"Good bye."

* * * * *

At one Frederic left his office in a happy frame of mind. When the hands of the big clock on the corner were exactly at one-fifteen he was stationed at the large doors on Washington street. Impatiently he hummed, "Waiting for a Certain Girl," till twenty minutes of two and still no Margaret. At ten minutes of two he was losing his temper and at two he stalked away. As he walked down Randolph street he caught a glimpse of her coming out of Rector's with his worst rival, Richard Hubbard. His temper was now hopelessly lost.

* * * * *

It was a quarter of four but Frederic had accomplished nothing. The telephone rang and he listlessly picked up the receiver.
"Hello," he said in a sly tone.
"Hello, is this Central 6842?" asked a sweet voice.
"Yes."
"May I please speak with Fred—Mr. Denton?"
"This is Mr. Denton."
"Why Fred—I never recognized your voice."
"Really—who is this please?"
"Don't you know? It's Margaret."
"Good afternoon, Miss Lee."
"Oh—oh—that's too deliciously formal—but maybe you have a visitor? Can't you come out this evening, Fred, I'll be all alone and I—"
"May I trouble you, Miss Lee, for the reason you did not keep your engagement with me this noon?"
"What engagement?"
"Your memory seems to be the thing you forget with—I called you up at eleven-thirty and you answered the 'phone. I invited you to luncheon. You accepted and agree to meet me at one-thirty at Fields'."
"Why Fred, you're mistaken. I was down town all morning and met Mr. Hubbard by accident at one and he invited me to luncheon."
"Well—who answered the 'phone—I asked for you and you or some one said 'this is Margaret.'"
"Why—I can't imagine—unless—hold the 'phone one moment please."

Silence for a few moments and Frederic's face was gradually clearing.

"Hello."

"Hello—oh, the laugh's on you—Who do you suppose it was?"

"I can't say. Tell me quickly."

"It was Margaret, the waitress."

"That's rich. I told her I'd an important question to ask you. I'm going to catch the 4:12 express and I'll be out in twenty minutes—"

"Yes—the laugh is on me—Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

H. E. T. '10.

"You are Going on a Long, Long Journey"

(Suggested by drawing by Chas. Dana Gibson)

They are all alone in a large house, this dear old grandfather and boy of six. "Let me tell your fortune," said the child, as they sat at the table with the cards before them.

"All right, my boy," chuckled the old man and he waited.

"You are goin' on a long journey," the little one began. "A long journey, grandpa."

"Rather old to be traveling, my lad," and a hearty laugh came from the gray-haired and wrinkled man.

"I can't go with you, the cards say, but you're goin' to be happy, very happy—an' you're goin' to see some people you didn't see in a long, long time, an' you will never want to come back—no never! An' you're goin' to think of me an' mama and wish we were with you. That's all grandpa. Now put your money on your hand and wish!" The other obeyed, thus forfeiting the amount.

"Well, that's funny that the cards should say that I was going away from you, my boy," his grandfather said, smilingly. "Why, I wouldn't be gone one day from your sight. No, not I, my boy, not I. Just think! To-morrow I shall be eighty-seven years old. An old man like me travel? Why Tommy, I'm too advanced in years. I couldn't stand it as I used to, you know. I never rode on these new electric roads, and I don't want to. I would rather ride all the way with my old phaeton and horse than on one of those."

"But grandpa, they're very nice; you'll like them. Jus' wait till you take that trip an' you'll see," Tommy assured him. But the old man had ideas of his own and despite his love for the boy he could not be made to believe in the desirability of anything that was not termed "old-fashioned."

"But you haven't told me where I was going, Tommy," said the grandfather.

It was late and the echoes of slumberland seemed to enfold the child. He did not hear his grandfather's question, and the drooping eyelids told the old man that the fortune-teller was drowsing. The grandfather sat on, himself musing over the journey which the young lad had foretold.

MILDRED HUNTING, '09

The philanthropical Fifth Avenue lady was visiting a lower East Side Sunday School. To test the aptness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils she took the class in hand to question them. "Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?" Not one answered. "Think a little; what am I doing when I give up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?" "Buttin' in," shouted a small boy.
Now, since the first term is ended, we should glance back over the work which we have accomplished; we should attempt to recognize in some measure our weaker points, and to realize just where improvement is possible, and, in many cases, necessary. It is now right and proper to double our energies as we enter upon this second half-year of study, the "home stretch." The Seniors, particularly, should feel the necessity for increased effort throughout these few months, for this is the last work which they are privileged to accomplish under the guidance of their Alma Mater and it is peculiarly worthy of their best effort.

The students who have decided to enter into competition for one or more of the prizes, which are annually awarded, should deem this time particularly auspicious for commencing study in preparation for the prize examinations. Remember, there is never "lots of time" for the man who wins.

The Board wishes to extend its thanks to Miss Ruth Boyce and Miss Edythe Jones, members of class '07, for their contributions to this issue, and to express its great appreciation of their responsive interest in Crimson and White.

The renewal of the morning rhetoricals has brought an added pleasure and benefit which the student body, as a whole, derives from the chapel exercises. Every selection which is well-chosen and rendered in a clear, natural and earnest manner is a source of gain to the speaker and to his listeners, however much the speaker may be disinclined to appear in public. An honest effort in this direction and the success that accompanies it frequently dispel an imaginative fear and dislike of public speaking, and disclose, on the contrary, an unknown ability, if not a real gift, of sympathetically speaking another's written thoughts.

School Notes

Miss Theodore Jansen, Mr. C. Rear and Mr. Fenster, formerly of the Albany High, have resumed their work in the Normal High.

Miss Angie Emery, '10, has left school because of ill health.

The Board of Editors of The Crimson and White are arranging for an entertainment consisting of two short dramas to be given the latter part of March.

Athletic Notes

Normal vs. Schuylerville

The basket ball team has played several interesting games, among which was the Schuylerville game, which was played December the
twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred
and seven.

The team left the corner of Pearl
and State streets at four-thirty in
the afternoon. We would have left
at four o’clock had it not been for
the busy “forward” who had to
see father, and perhaps some one
else, first. We reached Troy at
five-fifteen, where after a wait of
about fifteen minutes we took a
Schuylerville car.

We enjoyed our ride very much,
as we passed the time by playing
cards, talking and planning how we
were going to play the game.

Upon arriving in that lonesome
town, Schuylerville, we were met
by one of the High School fellows
and escorted to the Opera House
where we were to play the game.

We walked up about three flights
of stairs and then were shown a
room of about fifteen feet wide and
eighteen feet long, where we were
to play. Along one side of this
room were opera chairs and on the
other side the stage projected out
on the floor about three feet.

Among the people who came to
see the game was Prof. Randall,
formerly a professor in our school.
We were glad to see a friendly
face.

Our team had but little chance
to win in such a gymnasium as
that, as we had never practiced in
a soap box.

Mr. Newell, the forward I men-
tioned before, played the main part
of the game by pitching most of
the baskets as well as the fouls.

The Schuylerville girls made
several remarks when our renowned
forward pitched the baskets, such
as “He will be a great help to his
mother, when he grows up.”

At the end of the game the
Schuylerville team carried the hon-
ors with a score of forty-three to
seventeen.

But after this dreadful defeat, we
are glad to say that the game is not
against the record of the Normal
High School team as it was billed
in every window throughout the
town as “Normal College vs.
Schuylerville H. S.” We are more
than pleased to give the college all
the honors of the game, and only
ask not to be thanked for playing
the game for them.

J. S. M.

Society Notes
Zeta Sigma

Zeta Sigma has elected the offi-
cers for the ensuing term. They
are as follows:

President—Gertrude Valentine.
Vice-Pres.—Mary Horton.
Rec. Sec.—Lillian Flanders.
Cor. Sec.—Ethel Secor.
Treasurer—Helen Horton.
Critic—Beth Cobb.
Marshal—Edna Moat.
Sen. Editor—Jeanne Bender.
Jun. Editor—Nora Carroll.
Mistress of Ceremonies—Ruth
Williamson.

Pianist—Adele Le Compte.

The members of Zeta Sigma
gave a New Year’s Eve dance at
the Burgess Hall. The
hall was prettily decorated with
flags and school pennants.

On the evening of January 24th
Miss Lillian Flanders gave a euchre
party to the Sigma girls, at her
home in North Chatham. The
chaperons were Miss Horne and
Miss Clement.

Q. L. S.

The Quintillian Literary Society
has elected the following officers
for the ensuing term:

President—Mary Gilboy.
Vice-Pres.—Alleen Horton.
Cor. Sec.—Ethel Hannay.
Rec. Sec.—Anna Reed.
Treasurer—Mary Walsh.
Sr. Editor—Emily Beale.
Jr. Editor—Julia Macleroy.
Chaplain—Mae Briare.

Installation of officers was held
Dec. 19, '07.

Twelve new members were in-
itiated into the society Thursday,
Dec. 19, and were admitted as mem-
bers at the following regular meet-
ing.

At a regular meeting of the Theta
Nu Society, held on the afternoon
of Feb. 5th, the following officers
were elected to serve for the ensu-
ing term:
President—Roger A. Fuller.
Vice-Pres.—Clarence Kirby.
Secretary—George W. Anderson, Jr.
Treasurer—Clarence E. Ostrander.
Sergeant-at-Arms—John Quig-
ley.
Critic—Philip O. Fenster.

The installation of these officers
took place at the following regular
meeting.

On Feb. 7 several members of
Theta Nu passed a most enjoyable
evening at the home of Clarence
Kirby, in Nassau. The members
were most entertainingly received
and wish to extend their hearty
thanks to Mr. Kirby for his hos-
pitality.

Adelphoi

At the last regular meeting of
the society held last quarter the
following officers were elected for
the second term:
President—J. H. Penrose.
Vice-Pres.—R. Meany.
Secretary—M. Dickinson.
Treasurer—R. Wheeler.
Cor. Sec.—G. Newell.
Chaplain—C. Wherle.
Sergeant-at-Arms—H. Weaver.
Master of Ceremonies—S. Miller.

Startling Remarks

"He beheld Priam stretching
forth his hands without arms."—
Virgil.

"I was kept in by the gout in my
arm chair."—Jr. French.

"She jumped on his neck."—Sr.
French.

"The gladiators were snakes,"—
Greek History.

"A pin-fold is a pasture for
pins." (pin cushion?)—Sr. French.

"The snake was brandishing his
three-forked tongue in his mouth."—
Virgil.

"When the Nile overflows it
makes the climate moist."—Ancient
History.

"Italy has a mild and fertile cli-
mate."—Roman History.

Dreamed after the Greek exam.

"He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
'The one thing I regret,' he said,
'Is that it cannot speak!'"
    —Lewis Carroll.

In one of the Brooklyn schools
the teacher asked the class to tell
her some of the natural peculiar-
ties of Long Island. The question
was a puzzler but finally one child
raised his hand and when called
upon said, "On the south side of
the island you see the ocean, on
the north side you hear the sound
(Sound)."
THE CRIMSON AND WHITE wishes to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of its numerous exchanges. As we have profited, we trust, by criticism from our exchanges, we hope that the following comments may prove of some value to the various recipients.

The Calendar, Central H. S., Buffalo, is one of the neatest, most attractive, and worthiest papers which have come to our desk as exchanges. The school surely has reason to feel proud of its publication.

In the Academy and College Journal, from Clarksville, Tenn., we find many commendable points. The business manager, among others, certainly deserves credit for her activity.

The Tiger, San Francisco, Cal., is an excellent publication and helpful exchange.

The Pennant seems a good example of what the average school could do if it would. It is better than what the average school does do.

The Student, Bridgeport, Conn., is a publication which deserves much credit as well for its general attractiveness as for its literary worth. These consecutive numbers of The Student show that the exchange editor has criticised three different papers twice each. Could not the work be a little more evenly distributed?

The Opinion, Peoria, Ill., and the Skirmisher, Hillsdale, Mich., otherwise good papers, might be greatly improved by new covers.

The Russ, San Diego, Cal., proves one of our best exchanges. Its cover, cuts, and general appearance afford a fair and pleasing introduction to its literary, athletic, and various other columns.

The Christmas issue of The Sentinel, Los Angeles, Cal., has a most attractive and appropriate cover.

The Hendrix College Mirror, from Conway, Ark., contains several good articles and is, altogether, a well-edited paper.

The Iliad, Troy, N. Y., has an appropriate and pleasing cover design. The athletic column also is especially good.

The College Index, Kalamazoo, Mich., would present a more attractive appearance if the advertisements were separated from the
reading matter. This criticism might be applied in many other cases also.

The Tooter, South Omaha, Neb., and Sparks, Sioux Falls, S. D., could be improved by the addition of a table of contents. Although a minor point it adds its mite toward making a paper a success.

The H. S. Journal, Mancelona, Mich., shows room for improvement in its several departments. A new cover would, perhaps, prove a good starting point.

In the Wilkes-Barre H. S. Journal we find many commendable features. This paper, too, might be improved in cover design.

The "locals" of the High School Times, Dayton, Ohio, could not be improved, but what is the matter with your literary work?

The December edition of the Student, Detroit Central H S., is indeed a finished paper. The sketches and photographs add greatly to its attraction.

The department cuts of the Franklin, Cincinnati, Ohio are fine. Your "Staff Artist" is very clever.

The High School Recorder, Saratoga, N. Y., and Sans Souci, Ballston Spa, N. Y., both contain good matter but really deserve better covers.

It is a very simple matter for an editor to acknowledge, in print, his exchanges, and to merely copy the criticisms of his paper, but the work would be more valuable and helpful to others if he criticised his exchanges.

Gleanings from Our Exchanges

The CRIMSON AND WHITE is very careful to republish all favorable comments upon it. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity, saith the preacher," Will the CRIMSON AND WHITE publish this? Certainly. —Hotchkiss Record.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE is a neatly gotten up paper and contains some good short stories but there is a general lacking of department cuts which add much to the attractiveness of a paper.—The Roaring Branch.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE has several excellent stories and is a fine paper in general.—The Skirmisher.

Handed Down

The venerable professor at a large Eastern university had been noticing for some time that a young man on the front row of one of his classes apparently never paid the slightest heed to his lectures. One day, becoming exasperated at his conduct, the professor testily asked, "See here, young man, what do you mean by coming into my class day after day and never taking any notes?" "I have my father's," was the calm rejoinder. —Ex.

A motto—One boy in a school room is worth twenty in a pool room.—Ex.

Teacher—I shall be tempted to give this class a test before long.

Pupil—Yield not to temptation.

Freshie—What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Soph—Shine 'em.—Ex.
There was a wild man named Matthias
Who parted his hair on the bias.
When they said, "that looks queer,"
He responded, "Dear, dear,
I'd a notion it made me look pious."—Ex.

A Freshman is one who doesn't know anything but thinks he does.
A Sophomore is one who doesn't know anything and knows it.
A Junior is one who knows something and doesn't know it.
A Senior is one who knows something and knows he does.
The Faculty is a body of members paid to assist the seniors in running the school.—Ex.

Helen—"Let's see; the married men all have better halves don't they?"
Jessie—"Yes."
Helen—"Then what do the bachelors have?"
Jessie—"Better quarters."—Ex.

"I wish," he said, "you could make pies like mother used to bake."
"And I," said she, "wish that you made the dough pa used to make."—Ex.

Lots of men would leave their footprints
Time's eternal sands to grace
Had they gotten mother's slipper
At the proper time and place.

Pupils go to school to improve their faculties. Teachers are the faculties. Therefore students go to school to improve their teachers.—Ex.

Tommy—"Pa, what is a football coach?"
Father—"The ambulance, I should imagine."—Ex.

"I know how to walk," said Willie. "We put one foot down and let it stay till it gets 'way behind and then do the same thing with the other, and keep doing it."

Caller—"That's a nice little dog you have, Tommy. I suppose he has a fancy pedigree?"
Tommy—"No'm; not yet; but I am goin' to build one for him as soon as paw gives me the lumber."

The man who never makes any mistakes never does any work that will outlive him.

When all my thinks in vain are thunk,
When all my winks in vain are wunk,
What saves me from an awful flunk?

My Pony.—Ex.

Teddy's Tutor, Thomas Tinkler.
Thomas Tinkler, Teddy's tutor,
Tried to teach Tedd tactfully;
Trifling Teddy thought too tiresome
Tutor Tinkler's tendency.

Therefore Teddy, tempting trouble,
Tried to thwart the tutor's tact;
Till T. Tinkler Teddy tracked.
Tutor threatened, truant trembled,
Then to tardy tasks turned they.
Thanks to tutelary tyrant,
Teddy's talents tell to-day.

Harpers' Round Table.

From a senior's exam. paper:
"Nobles meaning noble is derived from nos (nobis) meaning us."
It is nothing remarkable for a senior to hold herself in high esteem, but to proclaim it on a Regents paper!
Minister, in prayer-meeting—
"Will Deacon Jones kindly lead us in prayer?"
The deacon snores mildly.
Minister, in a little louder voice—"Deacon Jones, will you kindly lead?"
Deacon, very sleepily and disgustedly—"Tisn't my lead, I dealt."

Reporter—"The name of that man who was struck by lightning is Brizinslatowskiiewicz."
Editor—"What was his name before he was struck by lightning?"

Sir William Goat's Diet
On Monday I ate a flannel shirt,
On Tuesday a silk bandanna;
On Wednesday a cravenette I tried,
On Thursday on the line I spied
A pair of socks all nicely dried
Which I ate in a dainty manner.
Friday 'pon shirtwaists I dined
Which gave me indigestion;
What I should eat on Saturday
Was a very vital question.
Sunday I didn't feel quite right
And didn't care for dinner,
I really had no appetite
After being such a sinner.
—Tiger.

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Conceited party with small dog—"Aw, I say, must I—aw—take a ticket for a puppy?"
Ticket clerk (meditatively)—"No! You can travel as an ordinary passenger."

The Joy of Winter!!
A sporty boy
A maiden coy
Were walking down the street
He thought he would
Henceforth be good
To please this maiden sweet.
He put his heel
Upon a peel
And—landed on his ear (?)
She thinks she heard
A naughty word
So cuts him dead, poor dear.

Ex.

Rector, when calling—"Well, Thomas, would you like to be a rector when you grow up?"
Tommy, disgustedly, surveying the rector and his attire—"Naw. I'm tired of clothes that button in the back."—Century.

Teacher, remonstrating in Review Math.—"But that would give you cents squared and what is that?"
Voice from the rear—"Nonsense."

Prosecuting attorney—"Was the prisoner in the habit of singing when he was alone?"
Pat McGuire (witness)—"Shure, an' I can't say, for Ol niver was wid him when he was alone."—Ex.
Willie on the railroad track
Failed to hear the engine squeal;
Now the engine's coming back
Scraping Willie off the wheel.

Miss C.—"Your theme will be
an impressional description and you
may choose your own subject but
don't take 'cold.'"

Teacher—"On what day did
Caesar defeat the greatest num-
bers?"

Pupil—"I guess it must have
been on examination day."—Ex.

(In Ancient History)—"Miss
Gray, what is your social position
in the world to-day?"

Elsie, briefly—"I haven't any."

Algebra teacher, sarcastically—
"Can you look out of a window
one-half time?"

"Yes, with one eye," came the
ready response.

Gib's Favorite.
My auto 'tis of thee
Engine of deviltry
Of thee I sing!
Car for which I have sighed
Car that's its maker's pride—
Let all who wish to ride
Full oil cans bring.

My touring auto, thee—
Car of rapidity—
Thy name I love.
I love thy repair bills;
My frequent fines and "spills" (?)
Result of "pace that kills"—
I do, by Jove!

How well do I remember
My sweetheart in the fives,
One day I called her "honey."
The next, she had the hives.

—Ex.

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