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Hudson Falls Hermes

Vol. I

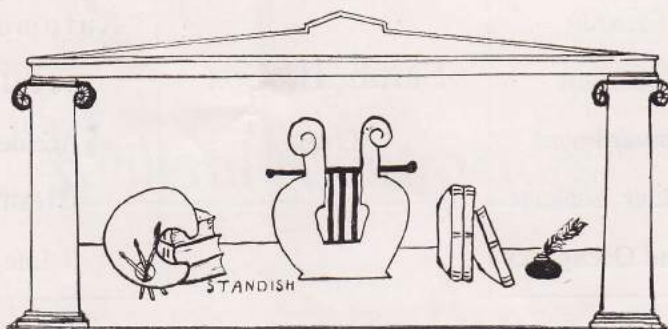
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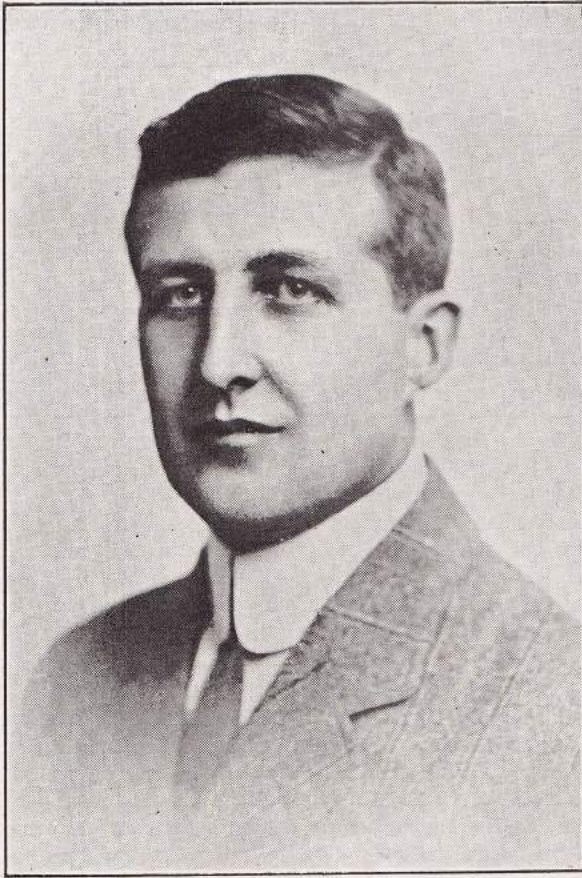
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials	Page 12
Literary	" 20
Alumni Notes	" 35
Musical Notes	" 36
School Play	" 40
Athletics	" 42
Training Class	" 50
Jokes	" 52





To our former Superintendent, Oscar W. Kuolt, whose enthusiasm and helpful suggestions always encouraged us to try new fields, this first edition of "Hermes" is respectfully dedicated.



Seymour Vaughan.....Editor in Chief
 Gerald Harney.....Sporting Editor
 Russell Nesbitt.....Editor of Alumni Notes
 Olive Riley.....Editor of Jokes
 Ralph Smith.....Business Manager

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is our motto. For two or three years we have had a high school paper written out and read in school, but not until this year have we succeeded in really publishing one. Although we have worked hard to make it perfect, we know there is much chance for criticism. Therefore we beg our readers not to be severe, but to remember we are only amateurs in the newspaper business. We have tried to please and hope that everyone can find some little part of our paper, at least, to enjoy. Once more we beg our friends "gently to read, kindly to judge."

THE FIRST CALL

The United States has at last yielded to the inevitable and entered the Great War. She has thrown the weight of her entire resources into the balance on the side of right and freedom. France calls for an army, England, for a navy. But, from all the Allies, as well as the stricken people of Belgium, Servia, Poland and Armenia, comes a far greater call for farmers—the men in the "second line trenches."

As a result of this urgent appeal, the government is putting forth every effort to meet its demands. One of the main reasons for the shortage of food-stuffs has been the scarcity of labor. Accordingly, to remedy, to some extent, this drawback, the New York State Board of Regents has agreed to credit all boys with the subjects they are taking in high school, provided their standing is satisfactory, if they will leave school and go to work on the farms. This experiment has met with immediate and pronounced success.

In the Hudson Falls High School, when the first call for volunteers came, at least half of the boys offered their services. Nearly twenty of these boys secured places and the first of May found a noticeable vacancy in the ranks of the upper classmen.

Some say that the main reason why these boys are willing to go on the farms is because it is the only sure way they have of getting their Regents' counts. There is doubtless more or less truth in this statement. Nevertheless they deserve credit, for those who have lived on the farm know that there is plenty of hard work to be found there. Farm life is an abrupt change from the life of comparative ease led by the average school boy in the village or city. These boys going out from high school with their muscles more or less tender and undeveloped, will probably feel the effects of the change for the first two or three weeks. This applies more to the boys who have hired out on farms other than their own, for these are the ones who are making the real change.

However, there is a pleasant and healthful side to farm life, and the boys will find much to like about it. This offer which the government has made them, is the biggest chance they ever had. If they are made of the right stuff to stick it out, they will be entirely different looking boys next fall. They will be amply repaid, in something better than money, for the blistered hands, aching muscles and sore spots which are sure to be their lot at first. They will rejoice at the opportunity they have had of serving "Uncle Sam" and of making themselves better citizens for his service, so early in their lives.

S. V.

HIGH SCHOOL PARTIES

For several years we have had school parties. Last year we had one nearly every Friday night and sometimes there was quite a contest between the different classes as to which one might have the room in building No. 1, where our parties took place. Many of these entertainments were just between the different classes in high school. For example, the Juniors entertained the Seniors, and the Seniors returned the compliment by entertaining the Juniors. At most of the parties we danced, played games, and had something good to eat, each class trying to make its own party pleasanter than any former one.

Besides these parties, where English was the language spoken, we had French teas and meetings of our "deutsche Verein" and the Klassik Klub. At the French teas we drank tea, of course, and spoke, or rather tried to speak, French. At our jolly "deutsche Verein" we had German food to eat and coffee to drink, instead of the beverage of which real Germans are so fond. I almost forgot to say that these meetings we spoke Deutsch very fluently.

But all these good times are past. This year we have had no fun of this kind. Why? I think it must be on account of the war. There might have been some lively competition between the French and German classes and it would have been difficult for us Americans to remain neutral.

A. W.

THE ROAMERS

This article is not intended to be a joke. It deals with a class called "roamers," and is a subject which closely concerns the high school.

A roamer is something that wanders aimlessly about in search of things that it does not particularly wish to find. There are a great many of these roamers in the world, a goodly number being found in the Hudson Falls High School.

These roving apostles are not confined to any one year. They are seen only too frequently among the upper classmen, although they are even more prevalent in the first and second year classes. The blame does not lie with the younged pupils, but with the seniors and juniors, who are setting the example, which the others pick up as a magnet picks up steel. The cause for all this wandering has not yet been discovered. I do not know whether it is owing to long practised custom, or whether it is the result of deep-rooted discontent, which always prevails in young minds seeking adventurous paths. The field of action used by these roamers is around the halls, in and out of rooms, with not a thought or care in the world to worry them. Some of these youthful culprits, it is hoped, will out-grow this spirit of adventure seeking and settle down to become respectful, peace-loving pupils, obeying the law of the school. Others, I am sure, will never be anything but a source of worry to their instructors. They will go through their course with no other object in view than looking for the golden opportunity, especially the chance to get into the library.

If these roamers could only be made to realize the seriousness of spending their time and their energies in trying to elude their teachers and to slip into the library for a "resting spell," they might begin to show some improvement in their work. At present they seem to look upon school as a place "to get out of work." When they acknowledge it is meant to be used for better things, they will then give up their wandering habits and work for their own good and that of their school.

F. G.

TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP

True sportmanship calls for straight,, clean playing, the kind that can only be obtained by absence of all hostility in school feeling. We should support our own team with cheers and songs, but we should not forget to cheer our opponents also when they make a good play. The visitors always play a more or less up hill game, for they are on unfamiliar grounds and usually have fewer rooters than the home team. The least we can do is to make them feel that they are welcome and that they are to have a fair deal. Courtesy and good feeling insure better playing from both locals and visitors and, after all, that is what we want and aim for. An honest and straight-forward game with hard, fast playing is worth more than the winning, yet our players sometimes lose sight of this fact. If every man on the team would resolve to play a clean, sportsman-like game himself, our school would never again have to be ashamed of the treatment accorded to our opponents, but could feel sure that all visiting teams would receive the courtesy and hospitality they have a right to expect.

J. A.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

There are two sides to school life, the work side and the play side, and these two are held together by that which puts life into the work and work into the play, namely, school spirit. If it were not for this, how long would the athletics last? How long would the school hold together? There is a lot in getting out and cheering for your team, for cheering brings certain success but there is another way to show school spirit. Be loyal. Remember no

school is better than your school, no team better than your team. Have the hold-together and stick-to-itiveness in you. Work in common, for a single spirit is easily crushed. Some schools have a motto. Why not have one in our school and let it be this: "A powerful, undaunted and loyal school spirit."

M. W.

SMOKE

The attention of the writer, has been attracted to the clouds of black smoke that have lately been seen pouring from the chimneys of the mills of our otherwise attractive village. These black clouds are the result of burning soft coal at the mills instead of hard coal, which is very scarce, it is said, owing to the European war. The clouds of smoke are composed of fine particles of unburned coal tar and certain acids. The attraction of gravity pulls the heavier particles to the earth and the rains cleanse the upper air of the lighter ones. The tar fastens the acids so firmly to whatever substance they strike that it is well-nigh impossible to get them off. At least, it is an expensive operation, and if it is not done in time, the acids will corrode nearly any metal, and will cause even stone to decay. Its settling on houses, stores, etc., renders them very unsightly. The writer has been told that the snow in one section of Hudson Falls this past winter was black—just black!—with soot from the mills.

Nearly everyone in the village has passed the plant of the Glens Falls Portland Cement Company and has seen what the dust from that factory has done to the surrounding landscape. A worse effect than that will follow the soot, flying from the chimneys of the factories here.

There are several remedies for this evil. One is to use powdered coal instead of the lump coal. The latest engines of the Delaware and Hudson Company use this new kind of fuel, and as a result they travel farther upon a given amount of coal and water than formerly, and there is an entire absence of flying soot. There are doubtless other concerns that might use this same kind of fuel.

A second remedy is to take the smoke from the coal before using it. To accomplish this seemingly impossible task, apparatus has been invented by Mr. H. P. Bostaph of Detroit. His apparatus draws from the coal, under heat, those things, and only those things, that make smoke. They come off as gas, part of which condenses into oils. The inventor says that the hydrocarbons removed from a year's output of coal in the United States would be worth \$562,000,000. Most of this gas goes to waste now, although it could be used to lubricate the axles of vehicles, and do many other things.

It would be interesting to note what is being done, or has been done, in other cities to lessen this smoke evil. By a few simple changes in the construction of its furnaces and by educating its firemen to be more careful, the Atlanta (Ga.) Gas Light Company has cut down its smoke fifty per cent, saved $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons of fuel per twenty-four hours, and at the same time increased its evaporation twenty per cent, according to Paul McMichael, smoke inspector of that city.

Pages could be written concerning the smoke problem in Pittsburg and

Salt Lake City. These two cities are pointed out as the smokiest in the United States.

However, the people everywhere, including those in Hudson Falls are waking up to the fact that they are throwing away money, destroying buildings, and, what is more vital, injuring their health, when they allow factory chimneys to smoke. At some future time, a "smoky city" will be a thing of the past.

Like other ills under which we of Hudson Falls suffer, the smoke nuisance, as has been shown, is an unnecessary one. The installation of smoke consuming machinery and proper stoking will readily abate the nuisance. The people of this village have tolerated it because we have not realized the seriousness of it. Our enlightened manufacturers, infused with a sense of civic pride, will before long begin to abate the smoke nuisance in their own establishments, as a matter of economy. In the past we have tolerated our smoking factory chimneys because they seemed the emblem of prosperity. Now that we know that they are the symbol of incredible national waste, let us do away with them, and by freeing our own village from unnecessary smoke, let us aid in freeing the United States from this same needless evil.

J. L.

OUR NEW HIGH SCHOOL

The time has come, in the educational history of Union Free School District Number One, Town of Kingsbury, when the fondest hope of its Board of Education is about to be realized. For seven years the need of a new high school building has been steadily becoming more urgent, owing to the rapid increase in the number of pupils and teachers, from 153 and 5 respectively in 1910, to 261 and 10 respectively in 1917, and also to an increase in the requirements of the State Education Department as to auditorium, gymnasium, and laboratory facilities. At last the climax was reached. The State Department refused to countenance existing conditions any longer. Consequently, the Board of Education decided upon a site, and asked the approval of their selection from the voters in the district. The required approval was obtained on March 16, when the taxpayers, in a meeting held in the High School, voted in favor of the proposed site.

Previous to this meeting, the question of building a new high school caused a thrill of excitement in our otherwise peaceful village. People were discussing it everywhere. Instead of the historic question, "Do you think we are going to have war with Germany?" one heard the nearly as historic questions: "How do you stand on the new high school proposition?" "Do you favor the site proposed?" Men stopped each other on the street corners; they argued on the street cars, in the stores, in the banks; they expressed their opinions in the factories, in the workshops, at the drawing-table; in short, whenever and wherever they met anyone interested, intensely or otherwise, in this proposition, they started a discussion.

Since the endorsement of the site selected by the Board, several architects have been here interviewing our Superintendent and the Board, and securing information as to our needs and desires in the new building. From the plans these designers submit, one will be chosen. Then will come the advertising for bids and the awarding of the contract for the building of our long talked of new high school.

MILITARY TRAINING

This subject is of vital importance to the United States, not only at the present time but for all time. Before explaining the benefits of military training, it would be well to consider the meaning of militarism and preparedness.

Militarism takes the state as a beginning. Therefore, the state must be the head or governing power; all rights and privileges coming from it. Germany is an excellent example of militarism; the Kaiser and a select few controlling millions. Here is the danger. The body of the people have practically no voice in the government, although they support it with money and with their lives. They are hurled into war and hurled out again at the whim of a few.

The preparedness program of the United States means simply, putting the country into a state of defense by making it the obligation of every male citizen, at some time early in his life, to learn the use of arms and military drill, so that he may be of service to his country immediately on a declaration of hostilities. Some will say, "Well, what about our volunteer system?" They do not realize it takes just about one year to train and make a soldier out of a raw recruit. In this length of time the United States might be conquered by the other country. Our whole army, on whom we must depend for defense on land, consists of only 108,000 regulars within the borders of the United States, and 71,000 outside guarding our possessions. Now, you will see why we must have preparedness and to have preparedness we must have military training. Since the United States is a republic, the army is controlled by the people and cannot move unless the people so desire. This abolishes all fear of militarism. The following, which I will quote from the "Outlook," are only a few of the benefits derived from military training:

1. It would develop a habit of prompt obedience to law.
2. It would develop the team spirit, the habit of co-operation for a common purpose.
3. It would break down class barriers and put the employer and employed, rich and poor, on the same level, engaged in the same undertaking.
4. It would create a closed bond of union between the people and the government.
4. For the benefit of a few, who cannot yet see why we should have military training, I will go into further details.

Some say that to prepare for war is the cause of war. They seem to forget that the most unprepared of all the nations of its size (United States), has waged seven foreign wars and been torn almost asunder by the greatest civil war in history. A number will say that the man who carries a gun is always on the outlook for trouble. The practice of carrying a gun has never been abandoned prior to the organization of a police force. The constitution of the United States in its preamble states that one of the objects in forming the Union was to provide for National defense. Therefore, since military training has only beneficial effects on the country, there is no reason why it should not become compulsory in all the forty-eight states.

C. H.

THE PATHE PHONE CONTEST

The Pathe Phone campaign was one of the most exciting contests we have ever had in our High School. The class obtaining the most votes was promised almost exclusive use of the Pathe won. Consequently, each class tried its best to outdo the others.

The Seniors could not be expected to do anything surprising, there were so few of them, compared with the other classes. And then, graduation time was not far off so they were very studious. They spent only a few evenings at the "movies," where votes were reeled off as freely as tickets. Of course so much studying made the Seniors' appetites "sickly;" thus the votes from their food supplies came in small quantities. The Seniors have been economizing on clothes this spring, too, for they must graduate in splendor. Therefore, no clothes—no votes.

The Juniors were a little better off as far as appetites and movies went. They occasionally attended the pictures and always ate three good meals each day. They didn't worry a bit over the vote question either. Some faithful Junior was sure to come in with several thousand votes, now and then, and the rest leaned back and took it easy. They enjoyed school life and the matter of votes didn't disturb their happiness in the least.

The Sophomores had still more of a chance to win a Pathe Phone. There were a goodly number of them, all with healthy appetites and plenty of time to attend movies, provided lessons were done first(?) The Sophs were awake and hustling when votes were concerned. Their slogan was, "Beat the Freshmen," and they nearly did it, too.

But the Freshmen! They existed in such large quantities, and had such enormous appetites, to say nothing of their desire to spend, that the votes just rolled in, in waves. Studies mattered little to the carefree Freshmen, and they attended the movies recklessly. As a result they stood highest in the vote column of the Hudson Falls High School.

With warm, sunny April, came the end of the contest. Our suspense was over. No more excited glances were directed toward the study hall board for recent vote figures, for the Pathe Phone was won, thanks to the efforts of the high school and the grades, and it now occupies a dignified position in "The Office."

F. H.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

The Audubon Society of the Hudson Falls High School was organized in March, 1917. Its purpose is the study of birds and their relation to plant and animal life. Several field trips have been planned. The observations we wish to make on these excursions are the food and nesting-habits of the birds; whether they are residents or non-residents of the community, and, if not, the time of their migrations. This Bird Club belongs to the National Junior Audubon Society and we have the pins signifying our membership. The Club has had several illustrated lectures on birds and has been given a set of leaflets telling about various birds, their habits, etc.

This society consists of 22 members and is open to all who may wish to join.

H. D.

A TOAST TO THE SENIORS

The time has come when we must pay homage to the class of 1917. They are a splendid class, of whom we should be proud, since they excel in both scholarship and athletics. They will soon be leaving us. Some to take their places in the business world, others to journey far away to college or to training camp. We shall miss them, yet we would not hold them back from the opportunities which will be theirs. We feel sure that they will make the most of these opportunities and will be a credit to the school which graduated them. Now while they are still with us, let us join in saying, "Here's to the Seniors. May they be successful in all that they attempt, and as the years roll by, may they look back only with pleasure to the days passed in the Hudson Falls High School."

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

Some one has said, "He who knows not and knows that he knows not, is a Freshman," and we believe it to be true. You timid Freshmen gaze with gaping mouths at the sage and most worshipful Seniors, the lofty and dignified Juniors, and even, the parading and much-satisfied-with-themselves Sophomores, who sail majestically by your humble seats, now and then bestowing a scornful glance on you as you pay homage to them. When you little children enter High School, you are first green, then you get blue because of your greenness and you become yellow. But even when you change to the latter colors, you are still green, for blue and yellow mixed, make green.

Therefore, because we are tender of all green growing things, we wish to give you a bit of advice as to your conduct.

Freshmen, if you desire to be popular in High, let the upper classes, especially the Seniors, run over you at their own sweet will. Step aside for them, regard them with awe and admiration, and your school life will be one long and sweet dream.

Make no noise on the stairs. They look safe enough, but at the head is stationed always, a grim sentinel, ready to pour the vials of her wrath on your young heads.

Enter all class rooms in an orderly manner until you become familiar enough with them to judge the proper way of entering each. Otherwise you may make the grave mistake of entering one class room in a manner intended for another.

Follow this brief but well-intentioned advice, which is given to you by "some who know," and you will be able before long to show your persecutors that "green things" may be knowing as well as growing.

F. V., H. M., J. D.

You can always tell a Senior,
For he's so sedately gowned;
You can always tell a Junior,
From the way he jumps around;
You can always tell a Frosh.
From his learned books and such;
You can always tell a Sophomore,
But you cannot tell him much.

NEAR THE TRENCHES

"Oh! Oh! Oh! what is that noise—?" cried little Madame Quail to her husband who had just come in from his foraging trip in the woods.

"Nothing, dear, nothing, he answered soothingly, "except that the Germans are coming. We will go to the hollow tree after supper. But now let's eat," he added seizing one of the fat worms which was to be their meal that evening.

Madame Quail sat down but she jumped nervously at every crackle in the under brush.

Monsieur and Madame Quail lived in the eastern part of France in the woods near the German border. Once a long time ago it had all been woods, where they had raised brood after brood of fine, beautiful quails. But the last flock had long since gone to try their luck in other fields and lately many men had invaded their cherished woodland, cutting down tall pines, restful green firs and hemlocks, spreading chestnuts and the slender white birches.

Suddenly, among the remains of these selfsame trees, there sounded a louder crackle than usual, and both the quails fluttered away under the dry leaves and grasses. A minute later and a big broad-shouldered, gray-uniformed man stalked through the underbrush.

"Thought I heard some quails flying around," he muttered to himself. "Nothing doin' this time, I guess," and away he went into the darkness, his gun over his shoulder.

Ten minutes passed. Then a cautious ruffling under the nearby trees and two much frightened quails crept forward.

"That was a narrow escape, all right," whispered Monsieur Quail. "I feel in my bones we are going to have more scares."

"The sooner we get to the hollow tree, the better," answered his wife, gathering up the remnants of the food.

I guess that's right, too"—and so they started out for their hiding-place.

They came around a huge rock and were immediately blinded by a bright light. As soon as they could see they found it to be a German camp-fire. Both quails mentally decided to leave home as soon as possible, and backing noiselessly away into the shadow, scampered home to the big hollow tree where they settled down for the night.

Next morning they were awakened early by the sharp reports of the guns and the occasional whistle of a stray bullet. Madame Quail was frightened. She clung to her husband and begged him in pleading tones to take care of her. Day passed but the firing did not cease. All night the noise lasted and not until the sun peeked over the mountains the following morning, with his brightly shining face looking down on a world of misery and pain, did it cease. The poor little quails were so afraid that they hardly dared to stir. They were very hungry, however, as they had had nothing to eat the day before, so Monsieur Quail assumed an air of bravery and started out on a perilous journey for food. After many hours of "watchful waiting" Madame Quail saw his reddish brown coat shining in the leaves. Soon he climbed into the tree with three little bugs in his beak.

"I had a long, long search," he said dismally. "I found these near home."

"Well, they are better than nothing," replied his wife optimistically, taking her share and swallowing it eagerly. "But I know one thing—if that dreadful noise begins again, we must leave here as soon as it is dark."

So they lay quietly in the old tree planning for the future. Just after night-fall they stole out and started to seek a new home.

"Oh! I hate to leave it so," sighed Madame Quail, turning around for a last look at the hollow tree. "Perhaps we shall never see it again."

"Never mind, never mind, there are other places just as good," reassured Monsieur, who, on the whole rather liked this mysterious prowling around in the dark.

They had not gone far before a dispute arose as to the direction in which they should travel. After a short discussion, Madame Quail yielded to her husband's opinion and took the trail he indicated.

All night they traveled. Morning found them, weary and footsore, in a strangely familiar country for soon they came to the faithful hollow tree.

"Why, we've been traveling in a circle!" exclaimed Madame, looking at her husband with an "I told you so" air. But Monsieur needed no reproof. They passed another foodless day and at night started out again.

When they reached the pine tree—where their dispute of the preceding night had taken place—they went in a different direction this time, and were far from home the next morning. They were now traveling in an open country. Once a peasant boy spied them but, when he raised his gun, he could find them nowhere. Just before noon on the second day of their travels, they heard the sound of guns. They crept away noiselessly and continued on their way. At night they rested where evening came upon them.

The next afternoon they suddenly came upon a little house in the woods, too late to escape. A boy sprang up from the bottom step and together with a long, lean dog started after the quails. They were at last caught. A little girl of ten came out of the house.

"Oh, quails," she cried. "Aren't they pretty? Mayn't I have them for pets?" She appealed to the boy, and his love for her gave in.

"Yes, I suppose so," said he, reluctantly eyeing the quails and calling off the dog.

"Oh! goody, goody," she cried, taking them up in her arms though they were very much frightened. "And today is my birthday. They are the best present of all," she added, as she carried them into the house.

And as the days passed, the quails began to like it more and more for they were petted all day by a loving little hand. They soon grew fat and their reddish-brown coats became shiny and soft. But disaster came all too soon. One bright, sunny morning when the girl was playing with her pets in the yard, a strange procession came up the woodland path. Ahead was an old woman, bowed by a pack on her shoulders, and followed by three little children and a gaunt, long dog. When the woman saw the house among the trees her face lighted with hope and her step quickened. As she approached, the little girl arose with a quail under each arm and pity in her eyes.

"We haven't had anything to eat for a day and a half," began the woman. "Can't you do something for us? We are starving."

But the little girl's people were poor. The war had taken away her father and older brother and the times were hard. She looked at the woman's pleading eyes, and at the children's thin faces and bodies, then down at her dear quails who were watching the group with bright, beadlike eyes.

"Oh! must I, must I?" she cried to herself. Then, half sobbing, she added, "Yes, I must."

Thrusting the quails out toward the woman she said, "Take them, they are yours," and she fled to the house, her face in her hands.

Thankfully the woman took them and handed them to the two oldest children. The little procession at once started on, the woman intent on finding a quiet place where she could kill the quails and roast them over the fire. The children, as if they were already eating the quails, trotted along happily beside their mother and even the dog emitted a bark or two in anticipation of the bones he would receive.

What of Monsieur and Madame Quail? Did they know what was going on? Oh, yes! they knew.

"Well, we must all die sometime," said Monsieur Quail by way of consolation.

"Yes, yes and we have had a very happy life," replied Madam Quail. "We are going to die together, too. And it is such a grand death—to feed a poor, starving peasant family," she added with eyes alight.

Just then the peasant woman stopped and dropping her pack to the ground she advanced toward the quails, who turned to each other and bravely said goodbye in a language unknown to the peasant woman. Thus ends the tale of Monsieur and Madam Quail.

F.V.

LAND O' HAPPINESS

The prettiest garden in the village was the one at the back of the green and white house. The boy father had planted it, putting some of his own sturdy uprightness into the soil he tilled, while the lady mother had taught the tender vines just where to grow. Nature, with her wonderful power, had done the rest, until it was an Eden in itself, where roses clung to the wall and pansies grew beneath, where bachelor-buttons and sweet-williams slept in their green sepals and budded poppies nodded, half in sun and half in shadow.

A sunny-haired child sat Japanese fashion on the grass, holding a half-bloomed yellow-gold rose in her hand and talking in low sweet tones to the flowers.

"Have you a secret to tell me?" she asked it. "I'll listen ever so long if you'll only tell. "Oh! you are going to, truly going to?" she cried gleefully pressing the blossom against her ear.

In even low tones the child's voice murmured on, pretending to translate the flower language, that language that few persons ever hear and fewer understand.

"You know the path, the hidden path that leads into a beautiful country? and you know where the key is hidden that opens the gate to the land o' happiness? a little white key, did you say?"

"Oh, tell me where it is," interrupting herself impatiently

"The key is hidden," the child's voice became ever so soft, "away down deep in your heart and the key itself, the little white key is called willingness. and willingness means to want to help others and really help them, too."

The voice of the child ceased to murmur. Then suddenly it piped out again. "Oh! that is a lovely secret. Just listen, little golden rose, I'm going to tell it tonight to Daddy and my lady mother. They'll understand. It isn't a secret never to tell, is it? I think I'll tell the snow-woman, too, if she will only listen. Then, perhaps Bobby might like it. I do believe he likes to hear my stories, even if he does call them folderol and me a silly girl."

"Winnie, where are you?" called a voice from the back door of the green and white house.

The child jumped up and pressing the rose between her small warm hands hurried toward the house.

A sweet-faced woman stood in the door-way, and looking down on her daughter with a warm, motherly smile, said, "I had a little extra jelly and a few cakes left. Perhaps Mrs. Herbert would like them.

"She would love them, Mother, I will take them right over. And would you mind putting this rose in water? I know it was too bad to pick it but——" The little lass drew her mother down and throwing her arms about her neck whispered softly in her ear—"it told me a secret."

The woman smiled and gently patted the sunny head.

The jelly and frosted cakes were placed in a basket that Winnie swung on her arm as she skipped along the street on her errand.

A little fearfully the child rung the bell at Mrs. Herbert's. Winnie always felt the tiniest bit afraid when she was about to see the old woman whom almost every one avoided on account of her crossness. But today, as other days, Winnie's fear all went out in pity as the young Miss Herbert opened the door and she saw her tired, worn face looking down upon her. In a vague, childish way the little maid understood what it must mean to be always shut up in small, dark rooms with a tiresome old lady and never see the bright sunshine of the outside world.

"Good afternoon, Miss Herbert, Mother sent these over."

"You dear child," spoke the woman, taking the basket. "Winnie, you don't know how glad I am to see you. Come right in!"

The little old lady sat rocking in her chair when the two entered. "Snow-Woman" Winnie sometimes called her because of the quantity of her soft, white hair.

"Now, you go out for awhile, Miss Herbert, and let me take care of her," begged the child.

"Bessie" screeched the old lady when she saw her daughter leaving, "Don't you leave this house! Supposing I should faint; what could a little whiffet like her do? Give me some camphor. My hands look pale! I believe I am fainting!"

Winnie ran for the camphor, and very soon the old lady recovered enough to say, "There, there, child, I see the color returning. What have you brought in the basket?"

Miss Herbert, seeing that she might leave for a few minutes, hurried to the

back porch to enjoy the sunshine and thank the Lord for having made such a child as Winnie.

"Very kind of her indeed," mumbled Mrs. Herbert," when she looked at the tempting basket. Where is Bessie, how can she leave me so?"

"Oh, she will be back in a minute," began Winnie. Then she told the old lady all the news of the village. At length she perched herself on the arm of the rocker and whispered softly in the snow-woman's ear the secret the yellow rose had told her.

Mrs. Herbert listened quietly a few minutes, then suddenly realized what she had been realizing so often lately but what she would not even admit to herself, that she was beginning to love Winnie. To love anyone she had long ago declared all silliness, yet, today, as she felt the soft hair on her cheek, she was beginning to see the truth.

"What nonsense you do talk, child." Then raising her voice almost to a scream she cried out, "Bessie! Where are you?"

Winnie tried to pacify her but in vain,—shriller than ever she screeched, "Child, run for my daughter, quick! Bessie! Bessie!"

Miss Herbert hurried into the room. When the old lady had her in sight once more, she calmed and turning to Winnie told her to run along home and not to come again right away, as her coming always had a bad effect upon her. Even as she said it, she silently hoped the child would not heed her words. But the words stung deep in Winnie's heart, and she had to blink fast to keep back the tears as she left the house.

But Winnie, naturally of a sunny nature, could not be sad when all the earth was June-like. So by the time she reached home she was her bright, merry self once more.

The child's world was such a busy world, all full of little things that the grown-ups hadn't the time to do. There was always a "good afternoon" and "how do you do, sir?" to be said. Always a pitying smile for the sad ones, and a merry comrade smile for the good-natured. Sometimes, there was an old woman carrying a burden a little too heavy for her bent form, that Winnie could lift easily on her youthful shoulders. Sometimes there were the patients of Dr. White that needed to be cheered by just such stories as a care-free child could tell them. How many times the doctor had tilted up the little maid's chin and looking straight down into the clear, deep eyes had said, "God bless you, Winnie Burton."

That night the occupants of the green and white house gathered close to the open fire. It was summer but the sea breeze that swept over the village when there was no sun to warm it, made welcome the pleasure of a cheerful

blaze. Two candles on the mantel sent out an uncertain glow, playing a minute on the bright colored carpet, dancing along the wall and lastly resting in mellow softness on the faces about the fire.

"Well, little Starflower," began the father, "What bright deeds have been accomplished today? For you know that the starflower is the brightest flower that grows."

"Not anything very bright, daddy," she answered. "But a yellow-gold rose told me a secret, a wonderfully nice one, too. Just listen."

With her eyes fixed on the dancing flames she began to talk, softly, sweetly, telling of the gate and the white key that opens it and the mysterious happy country far beyond.

"A very pretty story," both listeners asserted when the soft tones ceased and the young father laid his hand gently on the sunny locks while her mother smiled down into the upturned face and Winnie knew they understood.

Winnie did not go right away to see Mrs. Herbert but every day she inquired of her through Dr. White. One day when the doctor told her that the young Miss Herbert would not be able to stand her mother's restlessness much longer, the child whose thoughts were always to lighten some burden, rushed off to the old lady's house.

Miss Herbert greeted her with a smile and even the "snow-woman" had a glad light in her eyes when Winnie approached. But fearing the child might have seen her delight, she immediately began to chide her daughter for letting any one see her. However, she let the little girl bathe her wrinkled face and smooth her soft white hair, but in such apparently silent resignation that the small nurse never even guessed that her patient really enjoyed the soft childish touches.

When Winnie had stayed as long as she dared, she started home but had not gone far before she thought she would try to find her playmate Bobby. She turned down the lane to the Rent yard where she found a group of boys laughing and yelling over an imprisoned crow that sent forth "caw" after "caw."

"Squeeze him! that makes him holler," screamed one little fellow to Bobby who immediately began the process of squeezing.

"Bobby Rent, let that bird alone!" called out Winnie, her eyes flashing indignantly.

"Aw, you go on, Chum. I ain't hurting him."

"Please, Bobby, please," pleaded the girl. And Bobby would have let it go, had not the boys laughed at him and jeeringly asked if he would mind a girl.

When Bobby, influenced by the boys' taunts, told her to go on home if she couldn't let the fellows have a good time, Winnie's chin began to quiver but, swallowing the rising sob, she turned away. Slowly she walked along so taken up with her own thoughts that she did not hear the calls of the men in the upper stories of a big box factory, nor did she see a huge box sway for a minute on its pulley, then plunge downward with a crash. The next instant horrified spectators rushed forward and gently lifted pale, senseless, little Winnie from the ground. Just at that moment Dr. White rounded the corner in his car and

saw the crowd gathered along the street. He stopped and made his way through the throng, knowing that there was probably need of his services. In a short time he had the small, limp figure in his car and took her immediately to the green and white house.

Like lightning the news that Winnie Burton, the bright-eyed, sunny-haired girl, had been hurt, spread through the town. Bobby Rent, who was still torturing the crow, heard it and, thrusting the bewildered bird in a box, ran as fast as his legs could carry him to his playmate's house. No one noticed him as he entered. Nervously fingering his cap and biting his lip, the boy watched Winnie as she lay very white and still. But he could do nothing there, and he had to do something. He wanted to help Chum. He sat down on the back porch and began to think—think of just what he had said to Winnie, and think of the imprisoned crow. Quickly he sped back to his own yard and taking the bird from its box held it out to its freedom. With one long "caw" it spread its black wings and soared high in the air.

Mrs. Herbert heard the news of the accident and startled her daughter by demanding her bonnet and shawls. She was going to see that poor child.

"But, Mother, you haven't been out in—"

"Bessie, where is that bonnet?" interrupted the old lady as she walked briskly across the room to the clothes press.

In dumb amazement the bonnet was produced and placed on the white head. Then Mrs. Herbert, gathering her shawls about her, started off, while her daughter followed in silence.

When they went into the green and white house no one noticed them for all eyes were on Winnie who had just regained consciousness and was looking about in bewilderment.

"What—what"—she stammered, glancing at each one, then her eyes fell on Mrs. Herbert. "Why, Mother, the snow-woman is here!"

Mrs. Herbert sprang up from the chair where she had been resting, and going over to the couch, began to pat the child's soft hair and murmur soothingly, "Yes, she is here, honey. The snow-woman is here."

The others stared in astonishment and the doctor brought a chair for the old lady, a light in his eye akin to a twinkle.

"Do you know what happened, pretty lamb?" continued Mrs. Herbert.

"Oh, I do know," said Winnie, the color fast coming into her cheeks. "It is a surprise party with all my friends invited," she finished, beaming a smile upon them all.

"Bless you, child, I believe you are right," declared the visitor.

"You haven't forgotten me, have you, Chum?" Bobby who had returned, came close to the bed and took one small white hand. "You know that was an awful nice crow, Chum, and it could holler like everything, but I let it go for you."

"Course I haven't forgotten you, Bobby," returned Winnie, "and thank you for letting the crow go."

But the little maid was growing tired and Dr. White's experienced eye saw

it. He told them that they must let her rest now and that she would be well soon.

"If you aren't we're coming to see you again," exclaimed Mrs. Herbert. "Bessie and I are calling a good deal. Aren't we, Bessie?" The young woman said nothing, but the bright gleam in her eyes spoke more than words.

"Daddy," said Winnie that evening, "Do you think that you could carry me out to the garden?"

For answer she was picked up by strong arms and carried gently out, followed by her mother whose anxious eyes never left the child's face. On the bench by the yellow rosebush, they all sat down and Winnie, resting her head on her mother's shoulder and gazing up into the two faces, whispered softly, "The yellow-gold rose told me a secret, told me of a beautiful country. It is beautiful, too. Isn't it, Mother and Daddy? I think we're there, don't you? And I think," she added slowly, "that Bobby and the Snow-Woman have found the key, the little white key that opens the gate."

"And there is a flower in the beautiful country," continued the boy-father. "Star-flower, the grown-ups call it, star-flower, the brightest flower that grows."

M. W.

HEED NOT GOSSIP!

As Miss Matilda Cosbanks rose from her chair, she pressed her thin lips tighter together, with an air of being much pleased with the world in general and with herself in particular. Then with a brief, "Good day" to the lawyer, she sailed majestically through the door and out.

"Well," she mused, as she slowly walked towards her hotel, "That's finished and I can't say I'm sorry. I simply couldn't rest in my grave, knowing that a harum-scarum boy was squandering my money. I'm glad I learned of his goings-on in time. Anyway, Janet always did have queer notions of bringing him up. I always knew he would be no credit to her. You really can't blame the boy when you think of his training. Richard had the least sense of anyone in our family and, instead of picking out a sensible wife as he should have, he married Janet. The boy seemed bright enough when I saw him, but that was a good while ago and he's had time to grow wild. Well, at any rate, I'll not have him throwing my money away when I'm dead and gone. Why, the very idea! It makes me shiver to think of it."

By this time Miss Matilda had arrived at her own room in the hotel and she was soon busy packing for her journey home.

This trip to the city was the result of reports of her nephew Dick's behavior at college. Judging from these reports, the young man's conduct was far from being exemplary. In fact, to Miss Cosbank's horrified ears, his exploits had sounded unpardonable and that worthy lady's whole being rebelled against the thought of "that cut-up's" being her future heir. But she told herself as she packed "she was not surprised to learn that her nephew was worthless like his mother before him."

Miss Matilda, born and bred in a quiet country town and unused to travel, dreaded the return trip as only an inexperienced traveler can, when she reviewed the events of her journey to the city.

However, comforted by the thought that this time home was her destination, she closed her last bag and started for the station.

There she purchased her ticket and, as some time still remained, Miss Cosbanks decided to view her surroundings. To do this with any comfort, it was necessary to dispose of her numerous baggage. So the lady deposited most of her luggage including an umbrella, two traveling bags, a lunch, a thermos bottle, and the usual parrot with which maiden ladies travel and started forth on a tour of inspection.

Some minutes later, as she sauntered back to her starting point, Miss Matilda, to her amazement heard a shrill voice crying "All abroad for for North Adams." With a shriek the spinster darted for her baggage and grasping her belongings, beloved parrot and all, as best she could, she made a rush for the train which was already beginning to move.

In her haste she dropped the lunch. This did not stop her but when her dear parrot fell to the ground, Miss Matilda, with a groan, was giving up in despair when a laughing voice sounded behind her.

"Keep right on going! I'll pick up your belongings as I come along."

Following this heaven-sent advice, with no thought as to where it came from, Miss Matilda did keep right on and sank much flustered and breathless into a cushioned seat of the train as her deliverer, a young man in the early twenties, grinning broadly, entered the train. In one hand he carried the much battered lunch box, in the other the parrot-cage which Miss Matilda immediately seized as she poured out her thanks to the young man.

"Oh, please don't talk about it," he said blushing. "It really was no trouble. I'm supposed to be a sprinter and I thought I'd see if I deserved the name."

"Well, you do," said Miss Cosbanks," but I don't think that was your real reason. I think you're modest, that's what," and in spite of the protests of the young man, she again launched forth into expressions of gratitude, which stopped only when she was compelled to pause for breath.

By this time the young man had taken the seat by Miss Matilda and, in order to escape more thanks, he informed her that he was on his way back to college after a vacation.

"What college did you say?" questioned Miss Matilda and being informed, she added, "Do you know a young man there named Dick Cosbanks?"

"Dick Cosbanks!" ejaculated her companion, "I should say I did. He's my best pal in college. Do you know him?"

"I know of him, and nothing very flattering, either. The idea of a boy like him making himself conspicuous by his actions," snapped Miss Matilda.

"Why! Has he done so?" inquired her companion, the twinkle which had until now been in his eyes disappearing. Of course, Dick is a cut-up naturally, but in his heart he means no harm, I'm sure."

"Well, he may not be quite as bad as I've been led to believe," was Miss Matilda's only comment. "But I guess there's room for improvement and I

wish, if you have any influence with him, you would talk to him about mending his wild ways."

"I'll do my best," promised the young man." But I'm sure Dick is not as bad as you think."

Then, changing the conversation, he began telling tales of college life, which kept his companion in gales of merriment until her station was reached.

"I can never thank you enough for helping me and making a much dreaded journey pleasant," she said, taking the young man's hand, as he handed her the last of her various belongings, when they were parting." "But I shall write to you to see how you succeed with Richard." Then as the train began to move, she exclaimed, "Oh! Your address!"

From the now swiftly-moving train his voice came back. "I guess anything sent to the college addressed to Richard Cosbanks will reach me all right."

As Miss Matilda grasped the full meaning of these words, amazement was the only feeling that possessed her but, as she started for home, this feeling changed to anger against the "gossiping busy-bodies" who had filled her head with such nonsense about a nice boy like her nephew.

"Well," sighed Miss Matilda, as she sank languidly into a chair upon reaching the house, "it means another trip in that awful train to that dreadful city to change my will."

J. D.

THE DREAM OF A LITTLE BOY ENTERING HIGH SCHOOL

It is the beginning of the year. The little boy has just left the grammar school and everything is strange in the big high school. He feels like a tiny seed buried beneath a dark brown maze of new books with hard uninteresting covers. It is so tiresome to push through them and it rather hurts his soft, little brain, but he keeps on advancing and growing. Then one lovely morning he sees the sun shining and feels the soft breezes on his face. He is very soft and green but he is happy. The hard brown covers do not seem to be on top of him any more, they just crowd around him. His interest is aroused, those horrid brown books do not look so bad in the sunlight. He finds it especially pleasant to grow in the clear air, and soon,—he can scarcely believe it is a year,—he has one pretty oval green leaf. He suddenly discovers how fine it is to advance and have leaves. Another year slides quickly by and another green leaf comes beside the first. The brown books are not half as pressing and, before he knows it, a third green leaf comes beside the other two. He decides that life is quite wonderful. People appear to notice him more and appreciate his knowledge. The fourth year seems to fly and the fourth leaf fits in between the first and third. They are all green but then he has only acquired his good luck knowledge to start him in his college life. He thinks it will be fascinating to watch the leaves grow even if they always remain green, for at last he knows he will always be a freshman to the world.

M. H.

A MORNING OF TROUBLES

I suppose what I am going to tell you might be called "A Motorist's Troubles," but it isn't. I would like, first, to ask how many have ever ridden in a stubborn or sick car?

We, a party of five, started for Ticonderoga by way of Tongue Mt. Our car, or the one that circulates in the family, was laid up for repairs so another one was obtained from the garage.

Our trip was uneventful until we reached Bolton, then our troubles began. A small sharp stone in the highway, punctured a tire. Mending tires takes time, and lost time breeds impatience, but after a while all was well again. After we had gone a little way up the mountain, the car began to have asthma.

The poor Samantha Jane's—that's my private title for the beast—breath came in gasps. Then she had the hiccoughs, took to sobbing, and finally added one more vice to her long list. She began to smoke! Our driver said something about water and refrigerator or something, but it is my idea that the smoke went to her head. There is one thing I can recommend and that is, the strength of Samantha's brakes. They held like a vise, a fact for which I was duly grateful.

We, the party of five, all tumbled out and looked for water. I was so thankful to get on my feet again that I would have looked for cocoanuts on the pine tree, if I had been told to. A small stream was found by the driver. It was about ten inches wide and one inch deep, from which, with an old tin pail, we managed to get water enough.

When we had started out in the morning, it appeared to be the beginning of a fine day, but when we at last crawled to the top of old Tongue Mt. it began to rain. The conditions were made worse by a couple of invisible holes in the roof. But what appeared to be a big storm was only a squall and it finally stopped, leaving us drenched in some spots and very uncomfortable in the other spots. The afternoon was uneventful, to give us a rest, I suppose. It is needless to say that when our visit was finished, I, alone refused to go back in Samantha and took the more comfortable train. I concluded that the familiar railroad scenery was far better than mountain scenery that was reached by a sick car.

D. I.

A MODERN COOLING SYSTEM

An up-to-date cooling system without the use of ice is installed at Swan's local market. The apparatus consists of a motor, expansion and compression cylinders, pipes and valves, and the materials used are cold water and liquid ammonia.

A piston, kept in motion by the motor, sucks the ammonia gas into the expansion cylinder. It passes through a valve in the piston into the upper part of the expansion chamber, then through another valve into the compression cylinder. Here the gas begins to give off heat for it is turning slowly toward the liquid state. From this cylinder it passes through pipes encased by larger ones through which a steady stream of cold water is run. The gas is liquified here and gives off all its heat to the water.

These pipes lead to the cooler. Just before the pipes enter the cooler they reach the expansion valve. The pipe from here on is about four times as large as before, because the mixture, in passing the expansion valve, expands and turns from a liquid back to a gas. When the liquid is turned to gas it takes on heat from whatever is near it, so any place through which these pipes run will be extremely cold. Vegetables and meats may be preserved for a long time at such a temperature. The gas is not lost when it has passed these places but goes back to the compression cylinders again. In this way, a quantity of liquid ammonia may be used over and over again, and, in a good apparatus, will sometimes last nearly a year.

When liquid ammonia has been used instead of ice, it has always proved to be more satisfactory. There is less dirt and bother connected with it, the temperature is more uniform than that of ice, and after the installation of the apparatus, the cost of it is much less. This system is used on a large scale in most packing houses and city establishments and the presence of one in our town is a good evidence of our progressive spirit.

R. O'D.

"THERE'S LOTS OF LEARNING NOT IN BOOKS"

Last fall as the first flurries of snow were ushering into being the winter just past, our chemistry class was joyfully wending its way across the beautiful concrete bridge which connects the prosperous little city of Hudson Falls with one of its chief industries. How was it that we happened to be thus rejoicing when we should have been hard at work in our class room at school? It was because our thoughtful instructor had realized that there was some knowledge of chemistry not to be found in our text book or laboratory, and had secured permission from the hospitable and accommodating Union Bag and Paper Co. to visit their paper mill at Fenimore.

We entered the mill as green as the wood which entered with us, amid the deafening roar of machinery, which at first quite overwhelmed us but to which we soon became accustomed.

We made our way up an old stairway, set in one corner of the cold stone walls, to the second floor. Here short sticks of wood about a foot long were floating in a sluiceway, to which they had been brought by a conveyor leading from the huge piles near the mills, and were being propelled to the barking machine by men stationed along the sides with pike poles.

At each of these machines, of which there were eight or ten, was a man in his shirt sleeves, who took the sticks out of the water as they floated past, and, with the aid of a lever, held them against a revolving knife, which removed the bark as they were rolled once around. Not far away was a large emery wheel, from which a continual stream of sparks were flying. Upon this wheel, the knives of these barking machines were ground, the process requiring from thirty-six to forty-eight hours.

From the barking machines, the sticks were dropped onto an endless chain

which carried them to the other end of the room. We followed the course of these sticks and saw them fall into another sluiceway. Here more men with pike poles propelled these butts to two huge choppers with an opening in the top of each, into which the wood was thrust by a man standing by each machine. The noise and appearance of these machines reminded us of two huge monsters thrusting their heads up through the floor and devouring the wood as fast as it was fed their open mouth.

Leaving these greedy monsters to continue their endless meal, we next climbed up on a little bridge, under which passed a belt laden with wooden chips, which had been sorted into uniform sizes by a huge sifter. They were introduced into the top of it by a carrier which brought them from the choppers on the floor below, and finally after carrying them thru a passage way to the next building, deposited them into the mouth of a trough, through which they disappeared below the floor.

When we came out from this passage way we immediately smelled a strong odor of sulphite and were told to keep our eyes open and our mouths shut. We also noticed that the temperature about us had risen considerably.

The room in which we now found ourselves was filled with the tops of four great tanks called digesters. We looked over the railing between them and saw the bottom at least sixty feet below. We were told by our guide that these digesters contained the chips brought by the endless belt, and lime and sulphurous acid (calcium bisulphite)' which reduced the wood to a pulp by heating it under pressure.

Before we descended the two long flights of stairs leading to the bottom of the digesters, we were taken to one corner of the room where we saw a chemist at work in his tiny, glass-inclosed laboratory, testing the acids to be used. He told us that this acid was made by burning sulphur and dissolving the gas, sulphur dioxide, given off in water, but that the work was not done here but in the huge tower, which we had noticed when approaching the mill.

We went down the stairs and passed on into the next room with a last wondring glance up the side of one of the huge iron bottles or digesters. The room was so filled with steam, that we could scarcely see our guide ahead of us. We felt relieved, however, to find that we could breathe freely without experiencing the choking sensation of sulphur gas in our throats. In this room we saw an enormous wooden tank, larger than the digesters, in which the pulp was being bleached. Our guide showed us some of the pulp before it went into the tank and we noticed that it was a soft, brown, spongy mass.

After this we left the process of paper-making for a moment and went into the power room. The quiet stillness here helped to impress upon our minds the fact that we had taken a step aside from the regular process of manufacture. Here we were shown the huge turbines for generating the electric power by which the machinery of the mill was run. There were three of them one in this room and two above on the next floor, each having a charge of about 6,600 volts. One side of the room was covered entirely by a huge switch board with switches for the machinery and lights throughout the mill, for the lights on the bridge, etc. At this time a new turbine was being installed and a gang

of workmen were busy tearing out some old walls and making a place for the new wheel.

We were next taken into a room where we were shown an opening in the floor, three or four feet wide and six or eight feet long, surrounded by a railing. As we looked into this opening, we saw about two feet from the floor a white mass of pulp. Some of this was scooped up and given to us. It was similar to that which we had seen in the other room except that it had lost its dirty, brown color.

We left this huge tank and went to where the pulp was spread on an endless wire gauze over which water was trickling. On the other side of this long frame were eight machines, between the rollers of which the partly dried pulp was pressed into compact sheets. At each one of these machines a man was stationed with an iron rod, with which, at certain intervals, when the pulp had reached a desired thickness on the rollers, he ripped it off. He then folded it up and placed it on trucks standing beside the machines. These trucks were wheeled to the other side of the room where the pulp was piled up. This scene resembled the wharfs of a southern city, for the pulp being wheeled about on the trucks and piled at the other end of the room, looked at a little distance very much like bales of cotton. We were told that most of the pulp which we saw piled there, was not made in this mill but imported from Norway.

Going between these piles of pulp, we made our way to the next room where we saw eight large vats, or beaters. At the back of each beater was a great iron roller weighing seven tons. The pulp was brought in on trucks and thrown in these beaters to be again dissolved. Some refuse paper and coloring matter were added and the whole mixture thoroughly beaten up.

At this time the guide told us the old, old story which goes with this room: That a man once fell into one of these beaters and that when his remains were finally removed, they were placed in a quart measure. As we watched the pieces of pulp being sucked with lightning-like rapidity under the huge roller, we were tempted to think that the story was not exaggerated much after all, and that we might safely shed a tear for the unfortunate victim.

Then we entered the room where we were to see in what form those two-foot sticks of pulp wood were to reappear in the world. On each side of us we saw a large vat to which the mixture was brought from the beaters in pipes. From the vat it flowed under revolving pipes, over which it flowed swiftly and gradually dried. The fountains of water spurting into the air, the tiny falls, and the swift raceway, presented a beautiful picture to the eyes of the visitors. As we followed the stream of "liquid paper" on its course, we saw that it soon became quite dry and passed onto long strips of felt which carried it through several sets of heavy rollers and finally brought it to the enormous paper press.

Through this great forty-roller machine it was heated and pressed until it emerged at the other end as a thin sheet of paper. Our guide told us that each of these huge presses was one of the largest single pieces of machinery in the United States. We realized, before we reached the other end of the room, that these wonderful machines could give off a great amount of heat. We finally saw the paper being rolled from the press onto a long roller, along which, at

equal distances from each other, were revolving knives which cut the paper into rolls of the desired length, as it came from the press. When the rolls reached the right size, a man tore the paper from the roller, others disconnected it and connected up a new roller, while another picked up the loose end of paper coming from the press and connected it with the roller, and in much less time than it takes to tell it, new rolls were fast growing in size upon a new roller. While this was going on, men removed the shaft from the other roller and sent the rolls of paper spinning into the next room to await the cars which were to take them to their destination.

Leaving these machines to continue their rumbling for many days to come, we descended to the ground floor by an elevator, bade farewell to our courteous guide and left the mill a much wiser and interested class for having visited the Fenimore mill.

S. V.

The following letter was written by a French prisoner at the German prison camp in Langensalza to his father, a captain in the French secret service corps. The letter, innocent as it is in appearance, contains valuable information and was largely responsible for the great French victory last month which brought the World War to a close.

Translated from the original French by Ralph P. Smith.

(Full instructions will be given below, which will enable all interested to decipher the hidden message.)

Prison Camp,
Langensalza, Germany,
April 21, 1918.

My Dear Father,

I have received only one short letter since the guards brought me here, and this was from Mother. She was somewhat careless in the address, I noticed, but somehow the letter came right. I have heard many rumors of exchange, even from the officers. However, they are without authority. I am almost starving for home-cooked food. I am sick of the army rations that are almost distasteful to the very Germans themselves. I believe I would rebel, if ever again the government should ask me to the front. Well, you know the cookies Mother bakes? I guess people would rebel against any government even for one!

They say one indication of success is contentment. Then I'm not the very best man for an example in Kaiser Wilhelm's prison camp. I have made every effort to leave, hoping I will get an appointment at last to help the nurses make bandages for the wounded.

A good many prisoners left for Berlin yesterday, (the twentieth), and I hear that they will be taken in July to Munich, where they will be kept till exchanged on parole.

There was an attack on our right flank yesterday, I hear. How did our regiment behave? Perhaps I will soon be there again with all the boys.

Italian prisoners are massed together here like their favorite fish, sardines. I hope they will be able to join their troops soon.

I hear that our lines of defence are shortened, exposed positions are abandoned and the reserves moved up to be on hand for the rest of the spring campaign. I hope that thus the advanced position of our brave troops will be strengthened. Here's to their success!

Your loving son,
Charles De Garm.

Directions for the reading of the cipher.

1. Beginning with the first sentence, three consecutive sentences in the letter contain one sentence of the cipher.

2. Divide the sentences in the letter into groups, each containing three consecutive sentences.

3. In the first sentence of every **odd** group select every **fifth** word, which word will be a word in the cipher; in the second sentence, every **fourth** word, in the third sentence, every **third** word.

4. In the first sentence of every **even** group, every **third** word is the word to be selected; in the second sentence, every **fourth** word; in the third sentence, every **fifth** word.

5. The **first** word selected as directed in the third and fourth paragraphs, is the middle word of the cipher sentence. The **second** word selected, is the **last** word of the cipher sentence, the **third** word, the first, the **fourth**, **next** before the **last** word in the cipher sentence, the **fifth**, **next** after the **first** word in the cipher sentence; and so on: each **even** word selected going **next before** the one lower in the **last** half of the cipher sentence; each **odd** word coming **next after** the one lower in the first half of the cipher sentence.

ALUMNI NOTES

William Smith, '16, one of the graduates of the class of '16, who attended Niagara University during the first part of this year has left that institution and has entered the Albany Law School. Judging from the many speeches Bill used to make before assembly on various occasions, we predict that Bill will make some lawyer.

Myron Watkins '14, is taking up Horticulture at Cornell.

Red Smith '14, who has been attending Harvard University for the past two years, is now at the Curtis Aviation School in Newport News, Virginia.

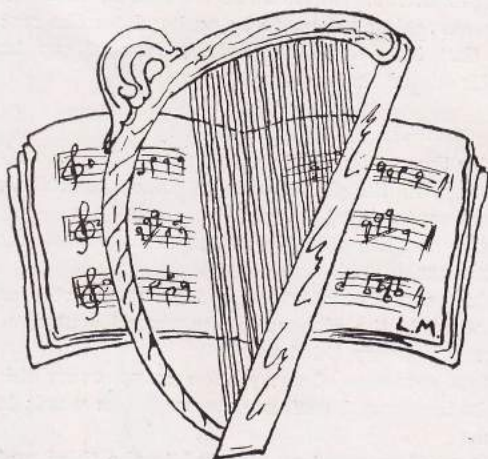
Jimmy Fursman '14, who for the past three years has attended Hamilton College, is now in the Officers' Reserves and is stationed at Madison Barracks.

George Kinney '16, has received an appointment to Annapolis.

Mitchell Potvin '16, has left Holy Cross to engage in farm service.

C. B. Hewitt '16, who has been pursuing a general course at Columbia, has been accepted for service in France with the Ambulance Corps of the Red Cross of America.

Of the class of '15, Katherine Linehan is at the State College for Teachers and Ruth Riley is taking art at Columbia University.



MUSICAL NOTES

MUSIC IN THE HUDSON FALLS HIGH SCHOOL

With the coming of Professor Eddy, music in the H. F. H. S. had a new awakening. A musician himself and a lover of music, Mr. Eddy soon instilled into the minds of the pupils a new appreciation of music. Providence, or rather the Board of Education, brought to the H. F. H. S. at this most opportune time a very competent and thorough musical director. Miss Dunsmore has worked during the year and deserves much credit and praise for the work which she has accomplished in the high school.

Mr. Eddy announced early in the year that we would have music and singing in assembly at least twice a week. True to his promise, two mornings were set aside, new song books were purchased, and we were soon making the old high school re-echo. Under the able direction of Miss Dunsmore, and with Miss Marian Heidorf as accompanist, we have developed into quite a musical student body. Some mornings the singing was supplemented by music on the victrola and the students' appreciation was shown during the Pathe-phone contest. They worked for a machine and since the contest, one assembly a week has been devoted entirely to the new Pathe.



THE "CORO" CLUB

But this is only the beginning. Mr. Eddy took under his leadership the high school orchestra and thus left the musical director more time to develop the other branches of the high school music. A girls' "Coro Club" was organized and, from time to time during the winter, delightfully entertained us in assembly. Parts of the club have sung together several times at socials or entertainments. A boys' double quartette and a mixed quartette were started and became quite famous in the high school world. They first appeared in public at the annual Senior play, where they made quite a "hit." The mixed quartette sang later at a meeting of the Mothers' Club. During Easter week the double quartette sang at a gathering of the St. Andrew's Society of Scots, Glens Falls, and one night at the St. Paul's fair. They also entertained us one morning in assembly where they received a most enthusiastic welcome. All three have weekly rehearsals and are now practising faithfully for commencement.

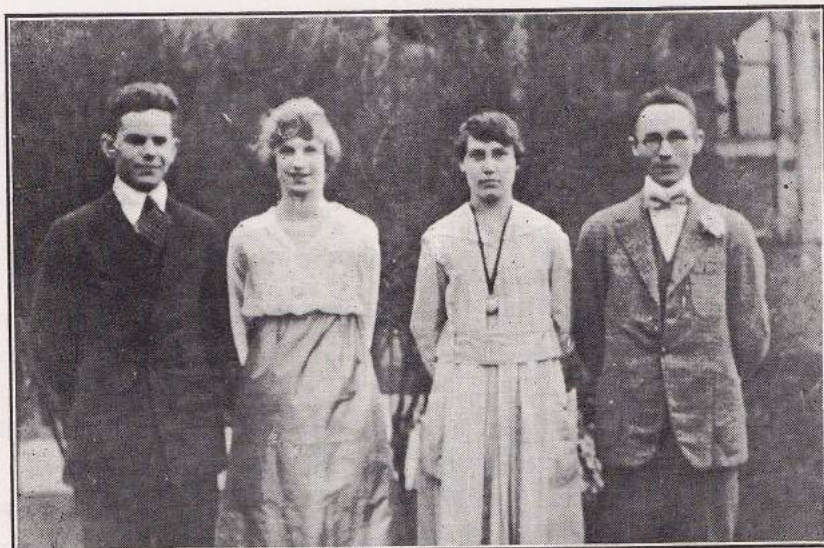
The orchestra has been distanced by none of the other branches of the music. It appeared at the Senior play, played at a meeting of the Mothers' Club, took its turn in assembly and furnished music for several dances during the winter. In addition to all this, a class in "Rudiments of Music" was started and a chance to study music, thus given to all who might desire it.

Music certainly has been given quite a "boost" in the H. F. H. S. and the pupils take this opportunity to extend a vote of thanks to their principal and musical director, so largely responsible for it.

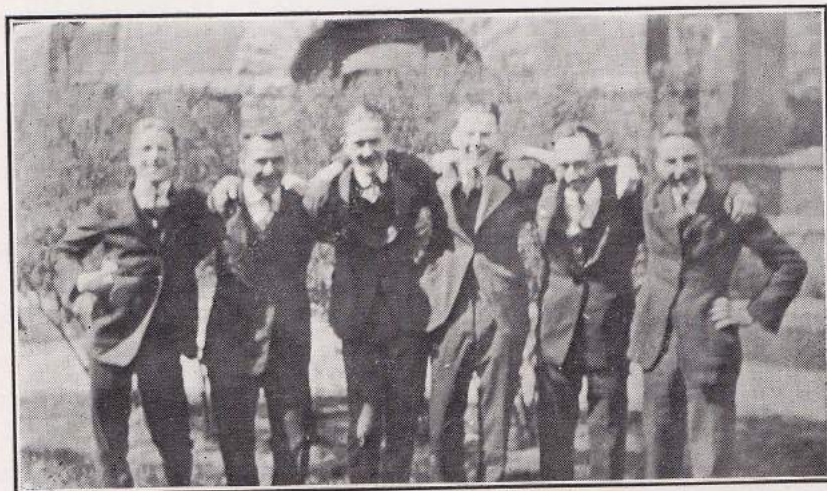
Seymour M. Vaughan.



THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



THE MIXED QUARTETTE



THE DOUBLE QUARTETTE



TEAM WORK

Last winter the Senior Class of the Hudson Falls High School gave a play entitled "Team Work," in the Middleworth Hall. Under the supervision of Miss Beatrice Palmer Bannon, Elocution Teacher of the High School, the youthful actors did their best, and greatly pleased the friends and relatives who filled the hall to its utmost capacity.

The scene was laid at a summer home and began with the house-party in full swing. William Toole and Marion Lake squabbled together in true, life-like fashion, winning roars of laughter from the audience. Harriet Hastings made an adorable auntie, and Dorothy Cote, a butterfly of fashion. Ruth O'Donnell and John Higley played the parts of out-door people very well, as was shown by the black eye Ruth gave John, with a tennis ball. Clifford Morrissey's trials and tribulations won the sympathy of the audience to his side. Mary Higley was a real American girl, a friend to everybody and everything. As there must be a villain in every good play, and this was no exception, Ernest Carpenter took the part of a cad at first, but his better nature led him to repent and "All's well that ends well." As the curtain fell the last time, such applause resounded through the hall, that the players felt the efforts of their amateur acting well worth their while.

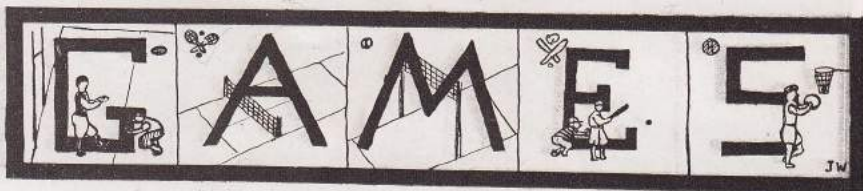
The specialties between the acts did away with the tiresome waiting and added still more zest. After the play, dancing was enjoyed and many of the remarks heard that night were, "Wasn't the play fine?" "Didn't they all do well?" "I thought it was wonderful." "I hope we have one every year."

And I think everyone who was there that night, does hope that "we have one every year."

F. V.



CAST OF "TEAM WORK"



THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The control of the athletic and other activities of the school has been turned over this year to an Executive Council composed of the managers and captains of the several teams, the editor-in-chief of the "Hermes" and its business manager and presided over by the principal, who also acts as Treasurer of the Council. The functions of this Council are to elect managers, approve schedules and control the activities of the school. Two members of the Council are chosen from the student body by vote.

1916 FOOTBALL

When Captain Heidorf called the first practise, he found it necessary to fill many vacancies made by several players who had left school in June. With the assistance of Mr. Eddy, he drilled the recruits at top speed for two weeks until they were in fit condition to meet their first opposing team, Salem High. At the outset, the Salemites seemed to be able to gain at will through our new line and did so until the score stood 7-0 against the H. F. boys at the end of the first half. In the second half our team took a brace and reeled off play after play, scoring a touchdown in less than five minutes. Heidorf kicked the goal tying the score. Encouraged by their first score, the green-clad team swept the visitors before them under the clever generalship of Nesbitt, using end runs, forward passes and plunges in rapid succession until the final whistle left them visitors with a 14-7 score to their credit.

The following week the boys met Cambridge at that village. They were badly defeated, being unable to score against such a team of "human tractors." They were outweighed twenty pounds to a man and were easy prey.



THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL—Sitting, Mary Higley, Geneva Usher, Olive Riley, Muriel Macarthy;
 Standing, Floyd Gleason, Robert Usher, Ralph Smith, William Logan, Mr. Eddy, Lester Heidorf,
 Russell Nesbitt, Gerald Harney, Elmer Heidorf, Seymour Vaughan.

Saddened by this experience they next faced the speedy team from T. C. A. and were beaten again. It was no discredit to lose to this team for it was the fastest seen on the local gridiron in some years.

Following these defeats the boys practised hard every night till dark, until they played Greenwich High here. In that game they came back to their own in good form. Heidorf plunged through the visitors' line for long gains, Art Nailor skirted the end for thirty and forty yards and several long passes to Higley netted a final score of 51-0.

The season closed with a game against Fort Edward High. Here again working like a relentless machine the boys mowed down their opponents and marched again and again across the goal line. Harney distinguished himself as an end runner, Nailor and Heidorf worked some clever trick plays and under the leadership of Quarterback Usher, the team closed the year with a score, in three quarters, of 32-0.

In reviewing the season Mr. Eddy summarizes the outlook for next year as follows: "The team will lose an able leader in Nesbitt whose tricky dodging netted us many yards at critical moments; Heidorf and Harney will form a sturdy nucleus of hard, sure ground-gainers about which to build a new back-field; in the line Wright and Cliff Usher developed an aggressive game and with such veterans as Higley, Gleason and Flood we can expect a good team next fall with few vacancies to fill."

The following men won their block "H" in football:

E. Heidorf, capt., Full Back, Harney, L. H., Nesbitt, Q. B., C. Usher, Center, C. Wright, L. T., F. Flood, L. G., R. Usher, L. E., F. Gleason, R. T., J. Higley, R. E., W. Walling, R. G. During the season A Nailor also played at R. H. B., Durkee at L. E. and R. Richard at L. T., not appearing in enough games to qualify for the coveted letter.

H. F. H. S.....	14	Salem High.....	7
"	0	Cambridge High	52
"	0	T. C. A.....	31
"	51	Greenwich	0
"	32	Fort Edward	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total H. F. H. S.....	97	Opponents	90

NO QUARANTINE NECESSARY

"I am delighted to meet you," said Mrs. Harney shaking hands warmly with Miss Smith. "My son, Gerald is taking algebra from you this term you know."

"Pardon me," said Miss Smith, "He is exposed to it, but he is not taking it."



GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

REVIEW OF GIRLS' BASKET BALL FOR 1917

For the first time in the history of our school the girls have had a real basket ball team, regular practice during the season and schedule of games.

They started the season very gloriously, being defeated by Mechanicville on their court. It was our first game and several had stage fright. Neva Usher made all the baskets, therefore, it was said that she played Mechanicville. The next week Fort Ann High School visited us. They played professional rules, nevertheless we beat them. The Glens Falls Academy played us the next week. The first half was very close but in the last half we played tag and they were "it."

Our next game was Saturday afternoon. Mechanicville came up here and defeated us. It was the hardest and closest game of the season. When we played Fort Ann, there, we were defeated after a close game. We were ahead in the first half but in the second half enough fouls were called to make the race even and finally after a sprint the length of the hall they got a field shot. Everyone had a very good time except the chaperone. We finished the season by holding Glens Falls Academy to a love game.

The captain this year was Muriel Macarthy, the manager Olive Riley. Five girls, Muriel Macarthy, c., Olive Riley, f., Neva Usher, f., Mary Higley, g., and Marian Lake, g., received letters under the following requirements: playing in three whole games or parts of seven, one whole game counting two parts. Grace Monty, Dorothy Lake, Mildred Smith, and Helen De Ridder played in parts of several games.

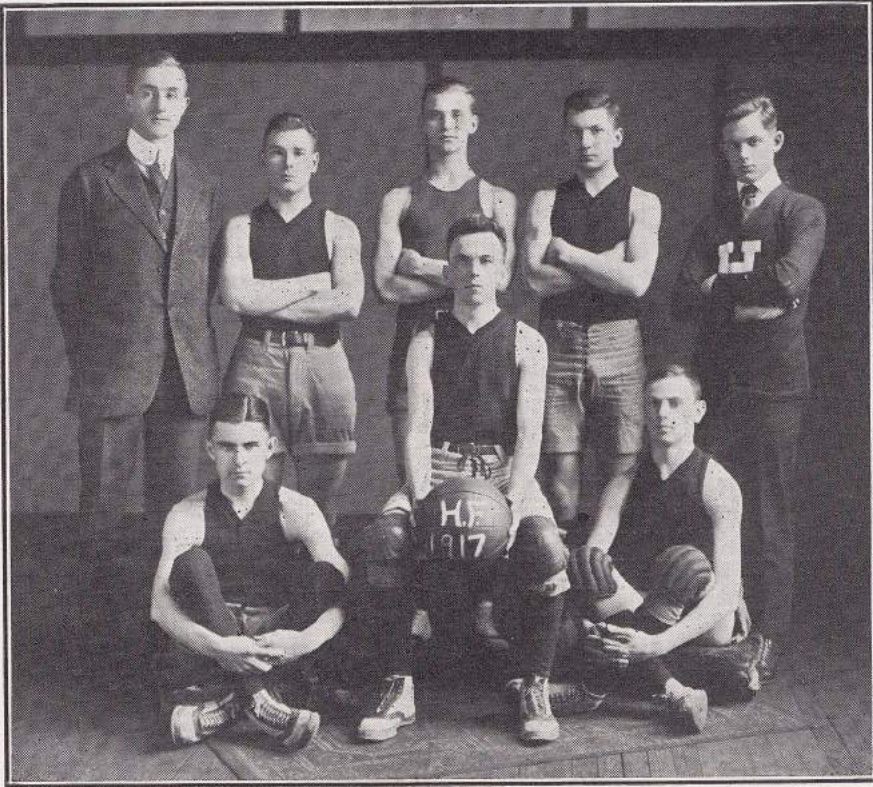
Only two of this year's regular team will be back next year. Neva Usher has been elected captain, Muriel Macarthy, manager, the rest of the team are in this year's graduating class.

There were six games, two with Mechanicville two with Glens Falls Academy, two with Fort Ann.

H. F. H. S.....	3	M. H. S.....	13
H. F. H. S.....	23	Ft. A. H. S.....	1
H. F. H. S.....	21	G. F. A.....	6
H. F. H. S.....	13	M. H. S.....	15
H. F. H. S.....	5	Ft. A. H. S.....	7
H. F. H. S.....	4	G. F. A.....	0
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	69		42

1916-1917 BASKET BALL

For the first time in many years the Hudson Falls High School was represented by a basketball team. Columbian Hall was cleared out and put in shape shortly after Christmas, and a large squad came out for the sport. Opening the season against Glens Falls Academy proved unlucky for the team, although they gave the city lads a hard run for the victory. Next, the boys traveled to Cambridge, minus the services of Nesbitt and Harney, and added one more to the string of defeats. The Academy in the following week had a good time in repeating their former success at the Y. M. C. A. in Glens Falls. A cloud of misfortune seemed to follow our team. Then Schuylerville High came to town and was sent home minus a scalp. Following up this idea, considerable enthusiasm was worked up for the Cambridge game which was to come on the following Saturday night. New songs and yells were written and practised in anticipation of a victory over the Yellow wearers. When the night of the big game came, it was announced that the better team of the two would play at Troy after Easter for the championship of North-Eastern N. Y. The team



1917 BASKETBALL TEAM

started out to avenge themselves for the defeat of the early season and finished the first half in the lead 13-7. Between the halves, the student body, led by "Dot" Lake, marched upon the court and celebrated the game with a snake dance singing the new school song "We'll Beat Old Cambridge." With the second half in full swing, each man of the team played the game of his life and when the last whistle died away, the score stood 21-12 in favor of Hudson Falls.

At Schuylerville the next week the boys seemed over-confident and were sent home defeated after a close game. When Whitehall High came down for a game, no one knew their calibre, but as soon as the game started, it was apparent that our team was much superior to the visitors. Each man participated in the scoring and a high score was rolled up. All season the alumni

had looked on and advised us as to how they used to play the game, so just to find out about this, manager Higey arranged an exhibition match with their team. "Abe" Witt, "Mike" Usher, "Red" Infield, "Bent" Blake, "Biscuit" Morrissey made up the team and during preliminary practise showed flashes of old-time form. In the first few minutes of play the "old-timers" showed all their tricks and used up most of their "wind." After that the high school manifested better team work and general condition and won the contest 16-12.

In answer to a challenge from Cambridge to play off the third game to decide which team was to go to Troy to try for the championship, the team went to Schuylerville by special car, accompanied by two score good hearty rooters from school. In this final contest they showed the handicap of practice in a hall ten feet in height and succumbed to the Cambridge boys to the tune of 30-19. Larry Hill, of Albany refereed the game and satisfied everyone present. A dance followed the game and then a jolly ride home and the season was over.

H. F. H. S.....	18	G. F. A.....	26
"	9	Cambridge	30
"	16	G. F. A.....	50
"	47	Schuylervill	17
"	21	Cambridge	12
"	21	Schuylerville	31
"	65	Whitehall	5
"	16	Alumni	12
"	19	Cambridge	30
Totals, Hudson Falls...232		Opponents213	

In Latin class Miss DeGroot asked Wallace to translate "Rex fugit."

"The king flees," came the bright response.

"If it were in the perfect tense, how would it be translated?"

Silence—"Put a 'has' in it."

Wallace returned quickly, "The king has flees."





THE BASEBALL NINE

THE BASE BALL TEAM

At the time of publication of the "Hermes" the base ball season was well under way. The team, practising under the direction of "Jack" Moore and Manager Floyd Gleason was in good shape for the first game with T. C. A. at Poultney. The boys showed splendid form against the Vermonters and outplayed them. A couple of bad breaks of luck gave the victory to the Academy boys by a score of 4-3. Before the next game the Farm Cadet wave struck school and swept away the two best hitters on the team, Heidorf and Harney. This demoralized the boys so that they were badly beaten by Glens Falls High at Paris Park. Failure to hit Kaulfuss's pitching and a succession of errors threw away the contest. Strengthened by Heidorf's return in the game with St. Mary's Academy, the high school was victorious, 8-5. In this contest "Chuck" Holmes struck out nineteen men. On May 12th, Lake George High came to town and was thoroughly scalped, 14-1. Judging from the good start of the season and the snappy appearance of the new suits, our team will make a splendid showing for Hudson Falls High.

TRAINING CLASS

The training class organized with twenty-five members, the maximum number allowed by the State.

The officers are: President, Cora Burch; Vice President, Lucretia Ingalsbe; Secretary, Ethel Pike; Treasurer, Grace Van Anden; Librarian, Beatrice Woodford; Chorister, Ruth Ryder.

Among the members of the High School graduating class are three Training Class girls of 1917: Ethel Crawford, Helen Lant and Grace Van Anden.

During the year the class has inspected in the grades, as well as in rural schools. This spring each member has inspected and taught in the grades of our schools for four weeks.

Out of one hundred forty-one examination papers, tried in January, there were one hundred thirty-one accepted with thirty-nine honors, giving the class an average of over 93% of papers passed. The two honor students were: Cora Burch (95%); Edith McLenithen (93%).

In connection with local history, the class last fall visited the graves of Jane McCrae and Duncan Campbell. One afternoon after school, the girls went for a frolic and enjoyed a marshmellow toast. In October, a farewell party was given for Miss Harris, who had been substituting for Miss Gibbons. The class enjoyed a Hallowe'en masquerade party and felt honored at having "Uncle Sam" as guest. In November, the class attended the City Institute at Glens Falls two days, receiving both pleasure and profit therefrom. There was an interesting program at Christmas. Presents were also exchanged and simple refreshments were served. The class went on a sleighride to Ethel Crawford's home where an oyster supper was served. On the way Ex-Superintendent, F. A. Tefft received three rousing cheers. The class profitably spent a half day at the Supreme Court held in April.

In May the Training Class Alumni Association held its eighteenth annual meeting. An interesting program was furnished. Miss Gibbons read a paper on "Reading," followed by model lessons by Miss Wright and Miss Shippey. Miss Murphy explained the use of Standard Tests. Views of the Coast of New England and St. Lawrence river were presented by Miss Phillips. Dr. James Sullivan, Director of Archives and History, Education Department, gave a most interesting talk on "Local Records and Their Preservation for Local History." The rest of the program consisted of recitations and music, both vocal and instrumental, furnished by grade pupils, alumni, training class, and high school orchestra. The program closed with a class song written by Miss Chapin and Miss Kenyon and was followed by a rousing class yell. At noon a dainty luncheon was served in No. 1 to over one hundred alumni when the class of 1917 acted as assistant hostesses.

Class motto—"Doe ye nexte thyng."

Class colors—Green and white.

Class flower—White carnation.

Class yell:

Zibila, Zibila, Zibila, Zee!

Rebo, Ribo, Rumbo, Ree!

Sis! Boom! Tiger! Green and White!

Hudson Falls Training Class!

We're all right!



Left to right.

First row—Beulah T. Washburn, Ethel M. Crawford, Eliza A. Waters, Nellie Daly, Valeta A. Chapman, Beatrice M. Maynard.

Second row—Helen Lant, Ella E. Lewis, Bertha T. Kenyon, Laura E. Hoskins, Edith B. McLenithen, Ethel G. Williams, Christina Hammil.

Third row—Lucretia Ingalsbe, Ethel F. Pike, Cora M. Burch, Miss Rose E. Gibbons, Grace L. Van Anden, Ruth E. Ryder.

Fourth row—Seraph I. Wallace, Mary F. Quilty, Esther E. Johnson, Edna V. Chapin. Three pupils were absent: Nettie A. Cullen, Catherine E. Mealey, Beatrice Woodford.



JOKES

Life is what you make it,
Said the poets long ago.
But in our high school it's the teachers
That bring us all the woe.
If we did all that we'd like to,
School life would be just serene,
But when we have to toe the mark,
It makes life mighty mean.
With all their talks and lectures,—
No use for frets or squirming—
It makes our school appear to us
As war appeared to Sherman.

One day in the midst of Mr. Eddy's chemistry class, a knock came at the door. Mr. Eddy opened the door and beheld a small boy with a note. Taking it, Mr. Eddy started to read. "Hey!" exclaimed the youngster, "that ain't fer you, that's fer yer teacher!"

Father—"What is a zero?"

Bright Student—"A cold mark from a hot teacher."

A Good Sport.

He lost the game;
No matter for that—
He kept his temper
He swung his hat
And cheered the winners—
A better way
Than to lose his temper
And win the day.

Toole—"Hands up or I'll shoot."

Burglar—"A dollar for the gun."

Toole—"Sold."

A short time ago Miss DeGroot entered her Junior room and found one of her bright Junior boys trying to pound a nail into the wall with an eraser. He wished to erect a flag. Then Miss De Groot said, "My dear boy, don't you know that you can't do that with an eraser? Use your head."

Ernest (translating Virgil)—"Three times in vain I strove to put my arms around her—That's as far as I got, Miss Whittemore."

Miss W.—"That's quite far enough, Mr. Carpenter."

Evelyn—"I don't see how John Higley passes his work so well."

Marion—"Probably learned the passing game in football."

OFFICE RULES

The following rules are suggested in the hope that they may be useful to anyone who is a bit fearful of entering the reading room of our high school:

All persons not calling for business reasons shall stop often and stay long.

You are requested and required to lean your chair against the wall, and make yourself comfortable.

Read all the correspondence on the desk. If this does not give the required information, ask for it.

Do not wipe your feet upon entering. It soils the mat.

If the the librarian is extremely busy, whistle as loudly as possible. If this does not have the desired effect, sing.

If the ceiling falls upon your head, don't blame it. That's the only way it can fall.

Rest your feet on the desk when you are working. It is very conducive to good temper and good work.

If the typewriter breaks while you are using it, blame the school for not furnishing a better machine.

Converse freely with each other. That is what a reading room is for.

SUPPOSE

Suppose the farm you High School boy,

Is very hard to work,
Will it make it any easier,
For you to sit and shirk?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the trade at once?

Chuch Holmes was asked to give a sentence with indisposition in it. "Well," said Chuck, "When you pitch, you stand in-dis-position."

The other day a pupil in the English History Class was reading a paragraph. There happened to be something in it about vocational training and the teacher asked the pupil if she knew what vocational training was. "Surely," was the answer. Miss Clark said, "Well, what is it?" The pupil answered quickly, "Why, singing, of course."

In Domestic Science.

One of the girls came rushing into Miss Sarver's room. "This recipe for lemon pie," said she, "says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly."

"Well, if you sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you will stir constantly," was the reply.

High School Motto.

Don't study when you're tired,
Or have anything else to do;
Don't study when you're happy,
For that will make you blue.
Don't study in the day time
And don't study at night,
But study at all other times
With all your main and might.

The world is old, yet it likes to laugh, but jokes are hard to find on the High school staff.

Will—"When Eleanor and Nezzzie part at night they remind me of Romeo and Juliet.

John—"Much ado about nothing, I should say."

Mary—"Hello, pistachio."

Kipp—"what d'you mean, pistachio?"

Mary—"Little green nut."

If it takes a pollywog three days to turn frog, how many days would it take "Okkie" Kuolt's Ford to turn turtle?

LATEST BOOKS—HOT OFF THE PRESS

The Fall of Paris—Marian Lake
 Higley's Moo—Anonymous
 Why I Like Philadelphia—Eunice Clark
 The Young Carpenter—Evelyn Kelly
 Uncommon Words and Their Uses—Ralph Smith
 How to Operate a Buick Roadster—Mary Higley
 Rudiments of Milking—Elmer Heidorf
 Why I Like Farming—Wm. Congdon
 She's a Perfect 36—Lester Heidorf

Frederick Gallup's low marks at school are a source of constant disappointment to his mother. So the other day she offered her young hopeful a whole quarter, all his own, if he came home with an honor mark. That night "Tub" came home dancing with joy and announced that he had secured 100 per cent. at school. Of course Mrs. Gallup was overjoyed and kissing him gave him the long cherished quarter. "And what did you get a hundred in, pet?" she asked. "In two things," he replied, "I got 60 in English and 40 in spelling."

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