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February 1912

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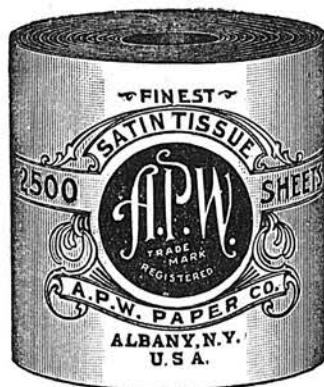
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The Crimson and White

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

WHAT THE REAL HONOR WAS.

There were tears in Irene Burgess' eyes as she closed the door after three of her chums, who had called for her on their way to a basket-ball game. They were not a display of disappointment because she was unable to go with them. Oh no! That idea was the farthest from her mind, which had never known a selfish thought, at least not within the past few months.

Her sadness was caused by what they had told her concerning their plans for Christmas. There would be no "Merry Christmas" in the Burgess home that year, and Irene dreaded to think of the coming Monday. On August eighth of the previous summer, Mr. Burgess had left his home for a small town in Madagascar. He was connected with the Y. M. C. A. of South Bend and previous to this time he had been sent to different parts of the United States, but never, prior to this time, had he been compelled to go such a distance from home. But the mystery was that, since his departure, they had only received

two letters, both of which had been written in August, and before he landed. The family had written many times, but some of their letters had been returned and the others unanswered. If there had been a mother in the family, the situation would have had a more hopeful aspect, but, as it was, with only Irene, who was not yet eighteen, and her brother Rob, who was a Senior in College, as the heads of the family, the future seemed rather gray and unpromising.

But, before Irene reached the kitchen, where her little sister Muriel sat studying her geography lesson, her face was cheerful, and, as she resumed her ironing, no one could have guessed how heavy her heart was.

"Was it the mail-man, Irene?" asked little Muriel.

"No, dear," replied Irene, readily understanding what the question implied, but unwilling to refer to the subject. "But this morning a letter came from Rob. It is on the table in the sitting-room now and you may read it if you wish to, dear."

In a few minutes the child returned, with disappointment plainly written on her tear-stained face. "Oh dear! Irene, that'll be awful if Rob don't come home for *Christmas*. He said he would if he didn't come Thanksgiving! But he said he thought he ought to come home for good in February. I wish he would. Then we wouldn't miss Papa so."

"You see, Muriel," said Irene, choking her own tears back, "it is not the best thing for Rob to come home Christmas. It would take so much of his money that he needs for college. Besides, Mrs. Dawson has asked us to come there for Christmas dinner and you can have a lot of fun with Helen. And we don't wish him to come home in February. You see that if he did he would have to give up his school-work, and this is his last year, so he won't have to go at all after next June. Won't that be lovely?"

Irene was not the only one who was making sacrifices. When Rob had left home that fall there had been no doubt in the minds of either of the young people that their father would return within two months. The Burgesses were not rich people, and, had it not been that Rob's tuition had been given to him as a scholarship, he probably would not have been in college at all. He, too, was working to pay for his own college expenses.

As the weeks passed and brought no word from the father, Irene wrote, but made as light as possible of not having received a letter. Several times Rob had determined to go home, but each time Irene would insist upon his staying in college, knowing how much it meant to him. She never once told him of her loneliness and he had no

idea of how many nights, after her own lessons had been finished, Irene sat up until long after midnight drawing and painting place cards, postal cards, score cards and others for the art store of South Bend, in order that Muriel and she might have the necessities of school life. Neither did he know how she was struggling with her own school-work. At the end of her third year she had stood higher than any of her classmates and she was still trying to keep that same record, but with such limited time, she was finding it very difficult.

* * * * *

The winter months had given place to those of spring and they were already in their turn yielding to the warm summer days. In the small kitchen were the same two girls, each occupied with their individual tasks, as they were when we saw them several months ago. Muriel had changed little, except that she had grown quite a good deal, but there was a change in her sister perceptible, ay, almost startling. She looked pale and worried. Her eyes had a nervous and sad expression. The cause of this change can easily be guessed. No word had, as yet, been received from or concerning the missing father. The only news had come from the steamship company. The "Stars and Stripes," on which Mr. Burgess had sailed, a vessel of small tonnage and of equally small importance, had been heard from, off Windward Islands but not since then. Rob. was still in college but within three weeks he would be home, for it was the first week in June, and things would be better when he came.

The door bell suddenly rang, but before Irene could even reach the

kitchen door, Eloise Dawson, another girl about Irene's age ran in the open door and through the hall until she met Irene, when she flung her arms around her and said (in the same breath), "Oh, you did get it! Were you there? I couldn't see you. I sat up in the front. You must have come in late. I felt so proud of you when he announced it. Isn't it just dandy?"

Before Eloise could make any more of these unconnected speeches Irene interrupted her, saying, "If you will please tell me what I got, where you have been, and who 'he' is, I may possibly be able to understand what you are talking about."

The look that Eloise returned was one of blank amazement. "Didn't you see the notice on the board this morning?"

"No, I was late, in the first place, and when I went into the study hall for my books I never thought of looking on the board for any notice before I went to first class. I didn't see any at recess and I didn't go upstairs again after school."

"Well, the notice read that Professor Elles would announce in chapel at the close of school the honors of the Senior class. I guess, then, that everyone except the valedictorian herself was there as you were the only one absent that I know of. Now can you guess why I am glad? You certainly have worked hard enough for it," with another affection hug.

Eloise did not tell her then, but before night, Irene learned from another of her friends who had come to congratulate her, that Eloise's average lacked just twenty-six hundredths of equaling her's. "And she was the first one to come and tell me," she thought

as she looked at the beautiful full moon, just before she went upstairs. "Dear, unselfish Eloise."

Irene's valedictory was an exceptionally good one and her brother had just cause to be proud of his sister, as he was. As Irene was nearing the close of her address she looked towards the back of the room, and suddenly, paled and hesitated, but went on with more earnestness and eagerness than she had before. After she took her seat she never heard another word and had it not been that Eloise nudged her she would not have known that her name was read as the recipient of a medal which entitled her to a full college course. This fact, which, even previous to the time of delivering of her valedictory, would have been most thrilling and pleasing to her, now fell on her ears unheeded. Her one thought was to reach the back of the room. This she did as quickly as the exercises were finished and, unmindful of the congratulations which were literally showered on her, she rushed up the street to her own home. A man stood on the piazza and, as Irene ran up the steps breathless, she uttered one word, "Father." Mr. Burgess walked in the house with Irene on his arm and in a very few minutes Rob came in with Muriel, wearing a very perplexed look on his countenance. He looked more amazed when he saw his father talking with Irene, while Muriel could do nothing but jump up and down and exclaim, "It's Papa! It's Papa! He did come, Rob! Oh, he did!"

That evening, which was so long and yet so short as compared with the past year, he explained how on the voyage, soon after they left

Windward Islands they were wrecked on some unknown and uninhabited but still fertile island where they were obliged to stay for three months. The first ship they could hail was bound for Cape Horn but they boarded it nevertheless, glad to be able to be among people once more. There he had to wait another month before he could board a ship bound for the United States. There had been no possible way for him to send word and, as quickly as he had landed at Philadelphia, he had taken the first train for the west.

After he had told them of his adventures, Mr. Burgess said to Irene, "Irene, I am proud of my daughter, not so much because she was valedictorian, although I am glad of that, but because she has shown what a capable, trustworthy and true girl she has been during her father's absence, because she has been so unselfish and loyal to her brother and such a mother to her little sister. Irene the real honor does not lie in your winning the gold medal, but in meeting so well the situations which have surrounded you." E. W. '13.

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

In an afternoon of an extremely hot day in July, an automobile chugged down one of the roads leading from London to Ware. Sir Percival and Lady Churchill were entertaining their American friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Smith-Jones by taking them on a motoring trip. Suddenly the car stopped with a lurch at the side of the road. They all descended from the auto, and then it was that the passerby noted the

ludicrous group that they formed. Sir Percival was a man of monstrous proportions, while her ladyship, was a tiny, fidgety person. Mr. Smith-Jones was a little man, while his wife was a large comfortable lady.

Mr. Smith-Jones, because he was the smallest, by sundry dives under the machine, ascertained that the shaft was broken. Finally it was arranged that the ladies be transported to the nearest inn, in a small cart, drawn by one horse, and owned by a passing countryman. Lady Churchill mounted on the box beside the driver, while Mrs. Smith-Jones, with much puffing, climbed into the back of the cart. Then the gentlemen started off in another direction to procure a new shaft.

Dr. Chapman was very well pleased. Only that morning he had received a telegram stating that two more patients would arrive at his country sanitarium. He would recognize them by the fact that they thought themselves automobiles. Resolving to humor them in every way, he procured all the conveniences for autoists.

Sir Percival and Mr. Smith-Jones soon came to the gates of a large establishment. Here they were met by Dr. Chapman, who said that he could give them the necessary shaft and who led them into the garden to wait. While there, they were considerably annoyed by the actions of several uniformed men, who rolled tires up to them, threw an auto rug across their knees, and tooted a horn in close proximity to their ears. Naturally inferring that the men were crazy, Sir Percival and Mr. Smith-Jones

started toward the gate. They were instantly followed by the guards, who brought them back triumphantly and thrust them into a barred and padded room, shoving the automobile apparatus in after them. Then the door was locked and they were left to stare speechlessly at each other.

Meanwhile let us follow the ladies. They were riding serenely along the road, when the horse shied at some object, and started to race as fast as the horse of the famous John Gilpin. Both ladies immediately had hysterics. Finally, the traces broke and when the dust had cleared away, Mrs. Smith-Jones was seen crawling from under the cart, while Lady Churchill emerged from the ditch. The horse and countryman were mere specks in the distance. So the ladies started back on foot, hoping to overtake the gentlemen.

While all this was happening, Sir Percival and Mr. Smith-Jones were endeavoring to force the bars from the window in order to make their escape. At last the way was cleared and though the distance was great to the ground, Mr. Smith-Jones succeeded in reaching there in safety. Now came a problem. How was his lordship to get out of the window? However, being assured by Mr. Smith-Jones that he would catch him, he dropped from the window and landed gracefully on his head.

Running as fast as they possibly could, they started for the gate, but were intercepted by two patients who thought they were great Indian chiefs, Big Bear and White Eagle, and who were in all their Indian regalia. On went the chase, knocking down Dr.

Chapman and several guards. At last they came to the gates. Outside, whom should they see but the ladies. Once with them they felt safe, even though the Indians menaced them with their tomahawks. Just as the doctor reached the gate, up came the two real lunatics in charge of a guard. They had a sort of frame built about them; a leather bag on the back of one was labeled gasoline, while on the other there was the number, 721 N. Y. The guard pretended to crank up the machine, and as the lunatics trotted into the supposed garage, they seemed a veritable automobile.

After profuse apologies on the part of Dr. Chapman, Sir Percival and Lady Churchill, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Jones, proceeded on their way. S. D. '15.

THE CAMPUS REBELLION.

One of the old traditions of St. Paul's College was the large bonfire, on the first Friday in November. This was built in the center of the large campus, so all the grave faces, which formed a ring around it, were illuminated. It was one of the greatest events of the College year, as it had been done for the past century by all the students, to whom it was a serious and sacred occasion.

A new Dean was in charge of the college this year, Dean Woods, a younger man, who had different ideas, and did not want the college to continue in its various customs. He wanted it remodeled into a more modern and up-to-date institution. He also had electric lights placed around the campus, thus spoiling all the revels which were

accustomed to take place there. To this the students objected but it did them no good to show it, for the Dean was not there to be told by the students what to do.

Ted Simmons, captain of the Varsity eleven, was a very pleasant fellow, well built and a college leader, also a sort of college hero. He had been chosen for half back on the All-American team, a great honor. But he was a very sensible and hard working fellow.

On the first Friday in November, the night of the campus fire, Ted had been chosen "Master of Ceremonies" for the occasion. He and his chum, Joe Smith, who played end on the varsity, were on the campus early to see that everything was all right. A large bonfire had been prepared and was all ready to be started.

Promptly at eight o'clock the fire was lighted, and the students came marching in, in a body singing the college hymn when the fire apparatus arrived and the firemen proceeded to extinguish the fire. Before the fellows could say anything, their sacred fire was nothing but a mass of steaming wood.

Some in the crowd wanted to fight the intruders, but Ted and his chums finally influenced them to go quietly to their rooms. Ted's five friends went to their dormitory very angry, and sat down to talk the thing over. They finally came to the conclusion that they had been wronged and the Dean did not understand their old tradition.

In chapel next morning the Dean addressed them, and told them that he had called the fire department out and did not intend to have the old tradition carried out any longer as it was only foolish. He also said he was going to have a night

watchman on the campus every night to keep all trouble down.

The college was upset and very angry that the Dean should have taken such an action, also because they did not like the way in which he spoke of the tradition. That evening the six chums met in Ted's room, all feeling very discontented and ready for anything.

"Ted," said Joe, "what do you think of the old man's stand?"

"I think it is a shame and a beastly outrage that he should interfere with the old college customs."

There was a general chorus of approval from the rest, then Billy Clark said, "Let's burn the old shed back of the Gym. to get square with the Prof." This gave Ted an idea so he said, "Say fellows, wouldn't it be great to cut down and burn the new electric light posts, on the campus?" This was met with agreement by all, so it was decided on for that night.

At eleven o'clock they assembled behind the Gym. with saws and plenty of oil to start the fire with. They saw the night watchman coming, by the light of his lantern. When he came by the Gym., Ted gave the word. They tackled him, Bill gagging him, Ted tying his hands, and Joe his feet, so that he was rendered helpless without making a sound. Then they went ahead and soon had all the poles cut, attacked and saturated with oil. Ted had cut his hand when he was cutting a pole down. He had used his handkerchief for a bandage around it but the handkerchief was gone. By this time the fire was going.

In the mean time Johnny, the gardener, had returned from town and found the watchman in his

helpless condition, so after releasing him, he 'phoned for the police and fire departments. When they arrived there was a mob of students around the burning poles, who resisted the officers. Then there was a general fight and rough-house in which the students won, so the police had to send for reinforcements. By the time these arrived the campus was deserted.

The next morning the Dean was rightly indignant, and sent for the president of the Senior class, whom he questioned on the matter, but received no information. He then sent for Ted and when he was in the Dean's office the watchman came in with the handkerchief Ted had tied around his cut finger. The Dean then saw Ted's laundry mark on it, also his initials. Then he saw the blood, the long shaped stain. He then looked at Ted's hand and saw the cut that corresponded with the stain on the handkerchief in shape and size. The watchman also said there were some blood marks on one of the stumps of the poles. Ted and his five chums were suspended from college and could only get back one month later through examinations.

The college was very quiet and sorrowful over this incident for six of the Varsity eleven were out of the big game. These six were also very popular in college.

Ted and his friends went over to the village to stay and kept in training, also studying every day in the village library. The Dean had been thinking over the affair and saw that he had made a mistake in the first place by interfering with the college tradition.

After considering the matter for some time he decided to let them come back and the next day saw

the six again in college and on the eleven for afternoon practice. I might add, also, that the electric lights were not again erected.

A. G. '13.

\$396.

The senior partner stirred uneasily in his chair. Where had the money gone? Was it possible that after all these years of faithful service, Thomas Ward, his bookkeeper should have turned embezzler, practically a thief? "No," he told himself, "It could not be." He had not yet brought himself to the point of speaking to Ward and it seemed —

A knock interrupted his reflections.

"Come in," called Mr. Martin, glad to see anyone or anything that would divert his thoughts from that \$396.

The door opened and a boy apparently eighteen years of age entered.

"Well, what can I do for you?" Mr. Martin asked.

"I saw your advertisement in the "Times" this morning and I came to apply for the position," was the answer.

"You mean the position of stenographer?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Had any experience?"

"No, Sir."

"None at all?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, I think you won't do then. In a busy office like this there is no time to bother with inexperienced employees."

The boy's face fell. He had counted so much on this position. He knew what it would mean if he could only get a start with a firm like Martin and Kilcrans,

Shoe Manufacturers. It seemed to him that he could not give it up. Finally, he said with an effort, "I should very much like to try, Sir. I'll work the first week for nothing if you will only give me a trial."

Mr. Martin surveyed the boy thoughtfully for a few moments before answering him. He liked his eyes; they looked at you fairly and squarely with nothing of conceit in them, yet there was no flinching. Then, too, the boy sat firmly in his chair. The older man thought of some of the numerous applicants whom he had interviewed in the course of his business life who had sat with one foot on the other knee or thrown one arm over the back of the chair and looked at him defiantly. Yes, he liked the looks of this boy. "What speed have you?" he asked finally.

"In shorthand?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can take about one hundred words a minute, but I can only transcribe accurately when I take about eighty words," was the answer.

"Know much about typewriting?"

"Yes, Sir. I can do about twenty-five words a minute accurately."

"What machine?"

"I prefer the Underwood."

"Know anything about operating any other part of a machine than the keyboard?" Mr. Martin asked.

"I understand the care of the machine, if that is what you mean," the boy answered, somewhat mystified.

"Well that's exactly what I do mean," was the emphatic re-

sponse as Mr. Martin turned to the ash-tray on his desk and removed the ashes from his cigar.

"My boy," he said, as he replaced the cigar in his mouth, "I've had stenographers right here in my private office who didn't know enough to put a ribbon on."

"Who did it for them?" the boy asked, at a loss what else to say.

"Oh, some one of the stenographers from the main office."

"H'm, well I don't know," continued Mr. Martin, rising and walking over to the window where he stood looking down upon the street for a few moments.

"Know anything about bookkeeping?" he asked.

"A little. I can do simple bookkeeping."

"Understand a cash book?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Make your entries accurately?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Guess I'll hire you," said the senior partner, "and you needn't work the first week for nothing either. What's your name?" he inquired returning to his chair and taking up a pad and pencil.

"Luther Graves," was the reply.

"Very well, Mr. Graves," said Mr. Martin as he made a note of it, "you may report here promptly at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Thank you very much, Sir. I will," promised the boy, his face aglow with pleasure.

"'Accurately' is it, eh? Well," said Mr. Martin as the boy left smiling grimly to himself, "we'll see."

Turning to his desk, his eyes

fell upon the pad on which he had been figuring and his thoughts turned once more to the \$396.

As Mr. Kilcrans, the junior partner, represented the company on the road most of the time, the major part of the office work fell upon Mr. Martin. The work being necessarily heavy, Mr. Martin had entrusted the handling of the cash to his private stenographer and the head bookkeeper, Mr. Ward. That is, if the senior partner dictated a letter to his stenographer, enclosing a sum of money in payment of a bill, she was supposed to send the money and make the proper entry on the cash book. The clerks in the outer office took care of the orders and shipments, sent out advertising matter and did various other things, including the making out of the pay-roll; that is, they made out a record of the employees' time but the pay envelopes were filled and marked in the private office. Whatever money came in with the orders was immediately handed to Mr. Ward and placed by him in the safe in the inner office. In fact, not a cent of money was kept anywhere outside of the senior partner's private office. Mr. Martin reflected on these things as he sat there trying to think what to do. He thought too of the times when during the busy seasons, Mr. Ward had stayed with him until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, filling the pay envelopes. He knew that he was eccentric in the matter of taking care of the cash but he believed that "too many fingers spoil a pie" and another thing, if he wanted to know just how he stood at any

time, it wasn't necessary for him to go about collecting data from three or four sub-offices and then figure it out for himself. All he had to do was to look at Ward's figures at the end of the week to know just where he stood.

It was the custom for Mr. Ward to report to his employer the result of the weekly balance sheets. Mr. Martin always counted the money for Mr. Ward and if there were any differences, they were usually slight and quickly adjusted.

The day was Thursday and on the Saturday night previous when Mr. Ward had given his report to Mr. Martin, his employer was busy with callers and the bookkeeper left without finding out about the cash.

When the senior partner counted the money, he found that there was a discrepancy of exactly \$396. That is, Ward had a record for \$396 that wasn't in the safe. Mr. Martin was a little surprised. He was tired; perhaps he hadn't counted it correctly; he would count it again. He did, this time more carefully than before with exactly the same result. He began to be astounded and once more counted the money, slowly and accurately. No change, \$396 had gone somewhere.

Since that time he had known no peace. He ate, slept and worked with \$396 standing out clearly before him.

He thought again, as he sat there, of his stenographer, Miss Parking; of how she had been taken ill Saturday afternoon and had asked for a leave of absence for two weeks. She had been with him only a short time and he reflected, had not always been

as accurate as he might have wished, but at least he believed her honest. He could not suspect her of such a crime. In fact, he could suspect no one and still, where had the money gone?

Rising resolutely, he opened the door of the outer office and summoned Ward to him. No such thing had ever occurred before and now that the time had come to tell his head bookkeeper he hardly knew what to say. He had heard of instances where bookkeepers had embezzled or actually stolen money and then forced a balance in the cash book and the thought occurred to him as a quick relief, that that was, of course, what Ward would have done as he had had ample opportunity to do so.

Martin smiled quickly to himself at this proof of his bookkeeper's innocence, but where had the money —

Ward came in and took his accustomed seat by his employer's desk.

"Ward," began Mr. Martin, "there's something I want to speak to you about. Something's been troubling me lately," hesitatingly.

"Troubling you?" queried Ward.

"Yes. Fact is, Ward, we're just \$396 short."

"What?" exclaimed Ward, amazed.

"It is a fact," answered Martin. "After you left last Saturday night I counted the cash and found that we were just \$396 short."

Ward sat like one astounded. \$396 short! Where had it gone?

"I've gone over your figures since then and I've thought until

my brain is numb but I can find no solution to the problem. Do you know anything about it?" he asked and hated himself the next moment for saying it.

"No." answered Ward, who was too astonished to be even capable of thinking for a few moments.

The two men sat in silence for a time and finally Martin holding out his cigar case, said shamefacedly, as though he were in some way to blame for the situation, "Have a cigar?"

"No thanks. Was that all?" he said after a moment.

"Yes."

Ward rose dully and went back to his work, \$396 gone. Was it possible that Martin suspected him? He refused to believe it and still where was the \$396.

Luther Graves reported promptly at nine o'clock the next morning and started his work in the private office. He proved to be a moderately efficient employee. "Not particularly swift," Martin confided to Ward, "but accurate for the most part."

Two weeks went rapidly by and still no solution to the mystery offered itself. Graves had not been told of the shortage. It was never spoken of between the two men, but it was plain to be seen that both were worrying about it.

"It is not," Martin told himself, "that I care about the amount of money, but is it possible that there is a thief in my employ? And if so, how can he get at the safe?"

It was on Saturday, just three weeks from the day of the discovery of the loss, Martin called Graves to him to dictate a letter.

Ward was working at the journal at his own desk.

"Crothers & Co.," Martin began, "C-r-o," "I know," Graves interrupted.

"How do you know?" asked Martin.

"I saw it on the books one day when I was looking them over to see how they were kept," was the reply.

"Oh," said Martin.

"Crother & Co.," he began again, "Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$400 (check) to pay for shipment of leather, consigned to us on the 14th inst. as per enclosed bill.

Very truly yours."

Graves typewrote the letter and as he had sent no money thus far, was about to lay it on his employer's desk, when suddenly thinking that perhaps after all he had not spelled the name correctly and not wishing to disturb Mr. Martin with so trivial a thing, he stepped to the cash book and began to look for the name.

At length he found it on the credit side. His eyes wandered idly to the cash column. "Four dollars," he said to himself quietly. He looked again. There it was as plain as before. He could not restrain his curiosity.

"Mr. Martin," he said, "May I ask a question?"

"Why certainly, my boy," was the answer.

"Did you ever receive a consignment of leather from Crothers & Co. billed as low as four dollars?" Graves asked.

"Why no," answered Martin.

"That's what it says here, at least that's all you paid them."

"What?" exclaimed Martin hurrying to his side.

Without waiting for the boy to answer, he hurriedly read the entry to which Graves pointed.

"Pd. Crothers & Co. (leather) \$4.00." As the full meaning of it flashed over Martin, he began to tremble.

"Ward," he called, "Ward, look here."

Ward came and, as he read the entry, the relief was so great that, man that he was, tears sprang to his eyes and he grasped Martin by the hand for the moment, speechless.

Finally Martin found breath enough to say, "She sent the four hundred dollars but put the four in the wrong column."

"Let's sit down," Ward suggested.

After a time, during which Martin and Ward explained and talked everything over to their own satisfaction, Martin turned to Graves and asked, "When did Miss Parking say she was coming back in that letter?"

"Next Wednesday," was the reply.

"Drop her a line in the morning and tell her we don't need her services any more. I think I'll retain you," said the senior partner.

C. B. '13.

SNOWBOUND.

Janet, from under her pile of blankets peeped out of the frost-stained window to find, as she expected, the snow still piled in drifts about the little, old house. She sighed as she reflected that it would be at least three days before the road master could reach them.

"It's your turn to start the fire and get breakfast."

The authoritative tones floated on the icy air from the other room. Through the open door Janet could see her sister shivering before a mirror as she adjusted her false hair with her customary precision. Tortures couldn't make Ellen reveal the fact that she wore a wig.

"It's your turn to milk the cow," returned Janet vindictively, as, enveloped in every available article of apparel, she went down stairs to light the fires.

After the kettle was singing in the kitchen and the air-tight stove in the sitting room glowed with the heat, Ellen came down, selected a cosy place near the stove and commenced her morning orisons. Her sister stirred the pan cakes and wondered why Ellen, who spent so much time in prayer, had no scruples against wearing a wig.

At breakfast, the silence was broken only by the exchange of remarks more becoming to little children than to two superannuated women. At its conclusion Ellen was again reminded of her duty. Angered at this admonition, she snatched the pail and dashed out of the door. Something, however, obstructed the passage; something quite animated; for in an instant Ellen, the pail and the wig were each precipitated to different corners of the shed. Janet lacked the imagination of her sister but she had a sense of humor. She showed her appreciation of the grotesque situation by laughing until exhausted.

"Oh, Ellen!" she gasped, "I forgot to tell you I brought the cow in there last night. She must have become unfastened.

"Oh, I am sorry," she added, as she assisted the disheveled Ellen to her feet, "Are you hurt?" "No,"

was the laconic reply, "and, Janet Crary, I am going to give you a piece of my mind."

We will veil the scene which followed. Sufficient it is to say that Ellen gave an exhibition of impatience, anger and violence that would have condemned a medieval Christian to sackcloth and ashes for six months and that Janet milked the cow while Ellen spent the morning in the perusal of "Paradise Lost." It was not until late in the morning after the countless domestic duties were completed and Janet had brought her carpet rags into the sitting room that Ellen discovered that she did not have her wig. Janet retreated to the kitchen to avoid the onslaught of feminine wrath and to see the cow ruminating on Ellen's beloved wig.

Another paroxysm of anger followed which left Ellen too exhausted to do anything but eat her supper. The course of silence during the meal was interrupted only by Ellen's request to know what day it was. Janet got the calendar and discovered that the twelfth of January was the last day she had marked.

"That was Thursday," she reflected, "the day we went to Gouverneur; the next day Saturday and—" here she stopped and confessed she did not know.

"Let me see— We wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday—we ironed yesterday, so to-day is Wednesday," she declared triumphantly.

"No, it isn't. Last week we went to town and so the work was delayed. To-day is Thursday."

Janet acquiesced.

An account of the next two days may be gleamed from Ellen's diary.

"Friday.—Rose at eight o'clock. Spent morning in trying to restore my wig. Had codfish for dinner. No bread as we are out of yeast. Wind still blowing. Retired at 7:30.

"Saturday.—Did the weekly baking. Let Janet down through the old trap door into the cellar to-day for some vegetables. Rope broke as I was trying to pull her up. Would have given her a step ladder if I didn't have to go near that cow. I can't bear to look at her. My hair is ruined. No wind but cold."

The next morning, after a frugal breakfast, they gathered in the sitting room, Ellen making superficial complaints because of her inability to attend church, and Janet doing her best to supply the deficiency by reviewing every religious book the house afforded. No one came that day.

On the following morning, Ellen suggested that they make the dress that Janet had bought for her visit to Cortland in the following Spring. By noon the work had progressed so far that Ellen began to stitch.

Before dark, sleigh bells were heard in the yard and their nearest neighbor appeared.

"Reckon ye're most starved. I meant to bring ye to church this morning but Vespers must do. Come, hustle up!"

"John," asked Ellen, "what day is it?"

"Sunday — why what's up?"

Ellen collapsed. She was filled with pious horror, partly born of the idea that whoever did any work in the sewing line on Sunday was obliged to rip out the stitches with his nose.

Janet offered an explanation

which the farmer enjoyed hugely.

"But, Ellen," he said quizzically, "what nas happened to your hair?"

MARJORY'S MISTAKE.

As Marjory and Harry parted at the door of her home, Harry received no kind invitation "to come in a while," but was dismissed with a curt "good night" and was left standing at the foot of the steps while Marjory disappeared within, banging the door after her.

Harry turned abruptly on his heel and walked slowly homeward. He was in a greatly disturbed state of mind. "What was the trouble with Midge?" She had never acted so before and surely he had given her no reason to act so toward him now. There certainly must be some misunderstanding on her part. However if she wanted to act so, why he could be indifferent, too.

Meantime, Marjory entered the library, threw some books on the table and curled herself up in a large chair beside the fire with her latin book before her, but her head was not on the pages of the book. "Why should he do such a thing?" To be sure he had always paid a good deal of attention to May Sweers but to wear May's pin right next to hers was too much, it was outrageous. It certainly was May's pin, for no other girl possessed a similar pin, as that one had been made by May's grandfather and always admired so much by the boys and girls at school. It was a mean trick for him to do and she should never speak to Harry Longhurst again.

This was in truth an awful statement for Marjory to make, for she

and Harry had been friends for years and, now, during their last year at Rosedale High School appeared everywhere together. But Marjory, a girl of a somewhat jealous disposition, had always imagined that Harry paid a little too much attention to May Sweers, who was considered the beauty of the Senior class, but to-night she cared for nothing. She was grieved and angry and only wanted to be alone.

The next afternoon Marjory went out for a long drive alone. As she was coming home along the boulevard she saw May Sweers walking alone. Hastening her horse she was about to pass May with a cool "good afternoon" when she noticed a small gold pin on her friend's coat. With an odd feeling Marjory stopped her horse and asked May to ride.

In the course of conversation May exclaimed, "Oh, did Harry tell you how I lost my pin?" pointing to the fated article. "No, well, I dropped it in German class and he found it. I met him this morning and he returned it to me. You can guess I was glad to get it, for I had about given up hopes of finding it. But I must get out here as I am to meet father at Lynches, so good-bye. Thanks for the drive," and with this May disappeared within Lynche's.

Marjory drove slowly toward home with a happy feeling in her heart, at the same time saying to herself, "I might have known Harry would never have done such a thing, it's not a bit like him. Wish I had called him up last night on the 'phone, he most likely would have told me. Why did I act so toward him? I'm so sorry. Oh, how I wish I could see him."

Her wish was soon granted for as she stepped out of the carriage, he came along. No curt "hello" or cool "good night," but with her face wreathed in smiles Marjory exclaimed, "Why, hello, Harry, you are just the person I wanted to see. Please come in and have tea with us," and Harry gladly accepted. The two friends entered the house where they were soon laughing over their tea, better friends than ever.

F. L. G. '13.

WOE.

There came a fresh young freshman,
He came straight from grammar school;
And he thought he'd show his elders
How he would break the rule.

There is a sad, sad story
Told of that freshman bold;
How he lingered in the corridor
And thought he'd break the rule.

There came a bold young teacher,
And she was dressed in blue;
She walked up to this young freshman
And made him his actions rue.

It was a sad young freshman
On whom her wrath she spent,
And it was a different freshman
Who to his classroom went.

—*Ex.*

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—*Cicero.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

THE CRIMSON and WHITE

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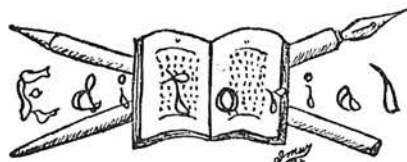
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With the advent of February our thoughts are turned to those saviours of our country, Washington and Lincoln. How different were the lives of these two men! Washington was an aristocrat of Old Virginia and Lincoln a backwoodsman of the struggling West. Yet "that power which erring men call chance" gave to each the opportunity to save his country in her hour of need. No praise is adequate to their merits, no gratitude sufficient for what they accomplished. The least we can do is to strive to appreciate their deeds and to emulate their virtues.

* * * * *

Examinations have come and gone and we are now entering the last half of our school year. Perhaps some of us are not satisfied

with the results of the preceding months. Let us look back over these months and see where we have failed. By this time we should know just what our weakest points are and by redoubling our efforts we should make those points invulnerable. No really earnest effort can be entirely futile and even though our success does not reach the heights we hoped for, yet we will have the satisfaction of knowing at the end of the year that we have at least tried.

* * * * *

It is with pleasure that we note the restoration of our chapel period. This short time of recreation sweeps the cobwebs from dull minds and is, we are sure, beneficial to the students as a whole.

ALUMNI NOTES.

1911.

Katherine Warner is teaching school near Rensselaer.

William Gazeley has left Holy Cross College.

1909.

Ida Turner is attending the Teachers' Training School at Oneonta.

Anna Keenholts is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Edna Bender is taking a course in domestic science at the State Normal College.

1908.

Lillian Flanders is married to Mr. Garrison Payne.

1905.

James Cox, Jr., is spending the winter in Europe.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Marguerite Root, Maizie Irish and Donald McArdle, have left school.

Caroline Switzer is ill.

Edward McEntee, a former member of the Senior class, died December 26.

Dorothy Pease, from the Chatham High School, has entered the Freshman class.

Marjorie Sitterly, from the Albany High School, and Clement Ryan, from the Buffalo Central High School, have joined the Sophomore class.

Did the Senior class have a good time on the sleigh (?) ride? Ask Caroline Gauger. Anna Klapp was the hostess and an enjoyable evening was spent in music and games. The chaperons were Mrs. Frederick and Mrs. O'Connor.

Joseph Mulcahy has returned to Normal to take a post-graduate's course.

Notices hereafter will be found on the bulletin board in the hall.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Zeta Sigma.



At a meeting of the Zeta Sigma held on Tuesday, January the ninth, officers for the last term of the year were elected as follows: President, Ethel Moat; Vice-President, Ruth Jeffrey; Recording Secretary, Jeanette Brate; Senior Editor, Caroline Lansing; Treasurer, Edith Wallace; Critic, Helen Merchant; Corresponding Secretary, Marian Domary; Mistress of Ceremonies, Corabel Bissel; Marshal, Marian Packer; Pianist, Florence Gale.

On Friday, February the ninth, Misses Eloise Lansing, Dorothy Dearstyne, Marjorie Burgess, Ma-

rian McDowell, Frances Vosburgh, Harriet Gardner and Helen Page, joined the Society with pomp and ceremony.

Theta Nu.



The Theta Nu, at its recent meeting, elected the following officers:

President—Chester A. Hane.

Vice-President — Eugene A. Molitor.

Secretary—Irving H. Hare.

Treasurer—Guy M. Ferguson.

Critic—John R. Butler.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Raymond D. Fite.

Of late the meetings have been largely attended. Many interesting debates and quotations have been given by the members.

We regret that some of our brothers, Wilcox, Murnane and McArdle, have left school.

The members at present are planning a dance, to be held either in February or March.

Mr. Hane will entertain the members at his home in the near future.

Adelphoi.



Adelphoi deeply regrets the death of Brother Edward McEntee.

The meetings have been extremely interesting and beneficial and the attendance has been large. The literary programs have been excellent, Messrs. Covey and McDowell, featuring in the debates. Mr. Covey displayed his great powers in argumentation in a discussion of Woman Suffrage.

At the last trial charges of insanity were preferred against Mr. Daring by Mr. Scott. In spite of the valiant defence by Attorneys McDowell and Goodwin, he was found to be mentally unbalanced and is now enjoying the "rest cure" at a private sanitarium.

Mr. Hayford has charmed the members by his artistic piano selections.

Mr. Lodge has been admitted to membership.

Messrs. George and J. McEntee have been indefinitely suspended on account of non-payment of dues.

At the regular meeting of December 15th, the following new officers were installed: President, Richard Kirk; Vice-President, Alwyne George; Treasurer, Chester Long; Secretary, Edward Brandow; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joseph McEntee; Chaplain, Edward McDowell; Master of Ceremonies, Orville Hayford.



We take this opportunity to announce that the CRIMSON AND WHITE Exchanges may be found on the table in Prof. Sayles office. We have observed that no one has read them, thus far, whether this be the result of a guilty conscience or ignorance of their whereabouts we are unable to decide. It must be understood that those desiring to peruse these Exchanges must go to the office for them — the editors decline to bring them to you, and must return them, when finished.

THE ANNOTATOR.

Comus (Zaneville, O.)—A grim, stark, laurel-crowned skeleton's head is a rather doubtful tribute to your Alumni. With such an abundance of artists, as your school possesses you certainly can produce

a more appropriate cut for this department, also for your "Comics." Each issue of your paper bears a most artistic cover design. The January cover design was the work of a genuine artist, a Freshman at that,

The Exchange editor of the *News* (Eugene, Ore.), criticises forty papers in one issue. It would increase the value of that department if the number were decreased and each paper criticised more fully. The parody, "The Bells," is exceedingly clever. The editorials, society and school notes are extremely well written.

The Sentinel (Los Angeles), possesses a sense of humor that is so deplorably lacking in most papers.

The Exchange Department contains a good deal of slang. Can you not find more dignified terms for that department? It is difficult to secure interest in stories of ancient times, but the author of "A Prince of Daria," seems to have overcome that difficulty. "Rescued" is not very original in plot and is trite in thought and expression.

The St. Helen's Hall Quarterly is an improvement on the *Spinster*, although that seemed quite impossible. The jokes have a refreshing breath of originality, the locals, athletics and exchanges are written in a manner characteristic of the Quarterly alone. The literary department abounds in short, but interesting sketches, stories and poems. "A Lonely Christmas," contains some beautiful sentiments; all Easterners do not entertain the ideas of "A Tenderfoot," please remember that.

We can predict nothing but success as a social reformer for J. Van Dyke, the author of these two blood-chilling stories, "The Clown" and "A Poor Artist's Thanksgiving," in *The Bulletin* (Montclair). These stories reflect great credit on the author's rare talent of presenting vivid pictures, but subscribers prefer something more lively. The school has a fine athletic spirit.

The Criterion, although it is only in its second year, may be denominated a perfect paper. The copious school and alumni notes, the carefully written athletic notes and the genuine criticisms in the Exchange department give individuality to the organ on account of their merits. The joke department might be more extensive.

The Aeropolis (Newark, N. J.), is indeed a "live" paper. It contains excellent stories, fine athletic notes and a well written exchange column. The order of the paper is wretched.

The Oracle (Duval High School) —Although those short articles in the literary department show much care in their construction the paper would be more entertaining if a few good stories were substituted in their stead. The editorials are excellent — but that cut in the athletic department!

The Skirmisher (Hilldale, Mich.), seems to lack character. There are no stories to mention — it was a shame to waste space on "Thee Fli and Crismus," and in fact, "Happenings" is the only column worthy of notice. If you cannot make your verses rhyme without using slang, confine your criticisms to prose.

The fine editorials and the instructive essays make *The Spectator* (Columbus, O.), worthy of its name. "The Century and the Student" and "The Modern Novel in the Crucible," are very interesting and exceptionally well constructed. It would brighten the magazine if a lively story broke the monotony of those learned essays. Also it seems a pity to confine such excellent material to paper and type of printing that give it such an uninteresting appearance.

The Chief (Haddon Heights), has a profusion of Swastikas and such heavy headlines that the effect is quite dazzling. Swastikas are well enough in their place but when used to separate almost every sentence their symbolism fails. The appropriate cover design, together

with the quality of paper used for the cover, give the magazine an excellent appearance.

As Others See Us.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, New York State Normal, Albany, N. Y. You have several interesting stories of which, "Which Shall it be?" and "The Race," are of especial merit.—*The Toka*.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE,—You have a fine paper. Your literary department and your exchange department are especially good.—*The Vexillum*.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is always an interesting paper. Why break into the reading matter, however, with an advertisement that takes up nearly half a page? It cannot be for lack of material! —*The Gleaner*.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

For September—*Windmill* (Manlius, N. Y.)

For November—*The Tech Monthly*.

For December—*The Triangle*, *The Vexillum*, *Comis*, *Aerolith*, *The Spectator* (Columbus, O.), *The Tattler*, *The Aeropolis*, *The Stylus*, *The Chief*, *The Adelpian*, *The Irconian*, *Techtonian*, *The Sentinel*, *St. Helen's Hall Quarterly*, *The News* (Eugene, O.), *The Casenovian*, *The Academe* (Hamilton, N. Y.), *The Shucis*, *The Toka*, *The Skirmisher*, *The Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.), *The Red and Black*, *The High School News*.

For January—*The Vexillum*, *The Cue* (Albany, N. Y.), *The Spectator*, *The North Star*, *The Adelpian*, *The Criterion*, *The Oracle*.

For February—*The Vexillum*.

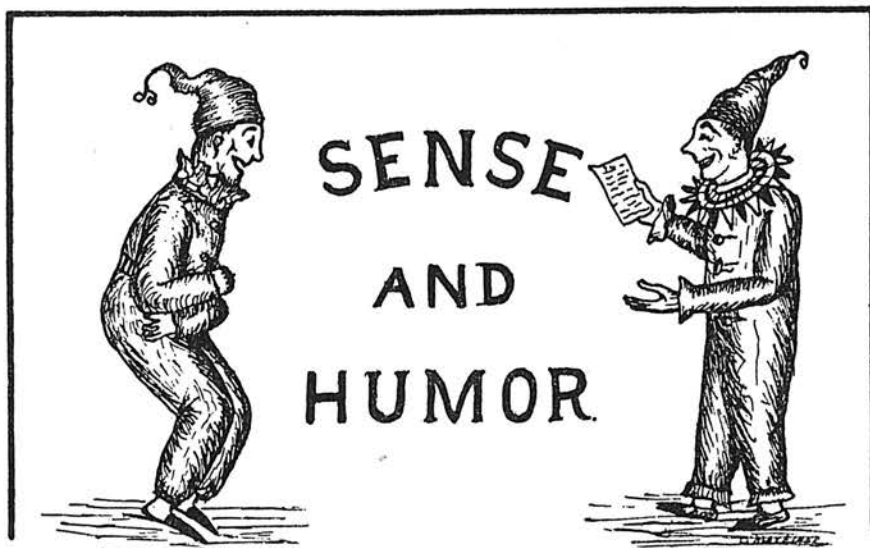
The Dolan Company

ALBANY'S BEST CLOTHIERS

SPECIAL STYLES FOR YOUNG MEN

The Home of College Styles

South Pearl and Beaver Streets



De Forest Becker, that soulful Troubadour of the second year class has produced a touching and pathetic ballad entitled "Let Me Call You Mine," Which is sure to win it's way to the hearts of Cynics.

What a metamorphosis has taken place in Wilson! We scarcely recognize, in the most studious Sophomore boy, the merry convivial youth we used to know.

Miss Hamilton—"A hand-organ man serenaded me this morning."

Ferda Hagner—"Perhaps he was looking for his long lost monkey."

Hope—"Yes, I noticed that he played 'Freda Won't You Come Back Home?'"

English Teacher—"To what does false economy lead?"

Eugene—"Suicide."

English Teacher—"Something worse." (?)

Hayford—"I got a zero today."

Butler—"That's nothing."

Miss Jacobs—"How many wars has the United States had?"

Bacon—"Six."

Miss Jacobs—"Enumerate them."

Bacon—"One, two, three, four, five, six."

Goewey—"Do you understand French?"

Wentworth—"At times."

Goewey—"At times? When?"

Wentworth—"When I talk it to myself."

Alberta—"What did papa say when you asked him?"

Doc—"Not much."

Alberta—"But what was it?"

Doc—"Just that, 'Not much!'"

Biolog Teacher—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

Neef—"He has cold feet."

Ruth (translating Cicero)—
"After the death of his oldest wife—"

Miss Johnson—"No my dear, he only had one at a time."

ADDRESS TO CICERO STARS.

"Edith, Margaret and Marion
Send me your translation.
I come not here to prepare my
Cicero,
But to borrow it.

The zeros Juniors get live after
them,

The tens are forgotten when they
leave.

So let it be with us,
Miss Johnson hath told you
That we are not studious.

If it were so it were a grievous
fault,
And grievously shall we answer
for it.

Here under leave of Miss Shaver
and Miss Fox,

Kind, generous Monitors are they,
Come I to implore you to
Save me from a funeral."

Miss Fox (in Virgil class) —
"What disturbed Neptune?"

Hane—"Crabs biting his un-
der-toe, I suppose."

Fresh Youth—"Haven't I seen
you somewhere, sometime?"

Miss Tedford—"Quite likely!
I was there then."

Students' Column.

Position Wanted — By noted
Chemist of wide experience. Cap-
able of performing little or no
work.—Irving H. Hare.

Piano, Vocal and Elocution
lessons cheap.—Prof. Hayford.

Wanted — Treatise on "How
to Blush Becomingly."—S. N.
Bacon.

For Sale Cheap — Slightly
chewed matches.—C. Hane.

New Books and Their Authors.

1. Flirting as a Fine Art.—
Robt. Minkler.

2. Virgil Peculiarly Trans-
lated—Helen H. Merchant.

3. "Doc and I."—Bert O'Con-
nor.

4. How to Win a Vote (r)—
H. Ruth Tedford.

Wanted—Substitutes for Sen-
ior Rhetoricals.—Apply at Senior
Room.

LECTURE.

The Charm of a New Face—
Prof. H. G. W. Wentworth, Sen-
ior Study Hall.

ILLUSTRATED SONGS.

"They Always Follow Me."—
Le Roy Blessing.

"There's a Boy in Havana."—
Florence Gale.

"I Want Someone to Flirt
With Me."—Guy Ferguson.

"Love Me With Your Big Blue
Eyes."—May Le Compte.

"When I'm Alone I'm Lone-
some."—Washington Irving Goe-
wey.

"Dear Girl of My Dreams."—
Alma Holley.

"Billy."—Alice Griffin.

Mr. Myers is prepared to
answer any questions on the
dates 1066-1215-1295 A. D.

Positions Wanted — Normal
High School Graduates desire
positions teaching the dear child-
ren and imparting knowledge
with a lavish hand.—Address
Misses J. Brate and A. Klapp.

Prof. Irving Goewey will de-
liver his lecture in the near future
on "How to be Young, Hand-
some and Good-looking."

Mr. Walsh and Mr. Ellis seem to be at sword points over a certain Christmas Decoration in the Junior Study Hall.

Lost—A Girl! She proved inconstant. Liberal reward for her return.—Box A, Eugene Moli-tor.

“There are lilies in the field,
They toil not, neither do they
spin;
But Solomon arrayed in all his
glory,
Could not compare with any one
of them.”

We hear on good authority that Mr. Joseph Mulcahy has returned to our fold.

“The Knocker.”

MIRTH.

“Oh, Johnny, Johnny.” said his Aunt “why is it you never remember to say ‘Thank you?’”

“I expect its ’cause I don’t get things given to me often enough for practice,” said the young diplomat hopefully eyeing a box of chocolates.

We were discussing a fellow traveler and I said she was “clever at repartee.” “Is that so?” asked Mrs. M. “I’m thinking of taking it up myself; I’m a great believer in athletics for ladies.”

“Now, Mary,” the teacher said before the school exercises, “if you forget some of the words when you are singing your song, don’t stop. Keep right on. Say tum tum tum-my-tum, or something like that, and the words will come back to you and none will know the difference. Now don’t forget.”

On exhibition day little Mary edified her audience with something like this: “And she wears a wreath

of roses around her tummy-tum-tum.”

Physician (reflectively—“H’m! The case is one, I think, that will yield to a stimulant. Let me see your tongue, Madam, if you please.”

Husband of Patient (hastily)—
“Doctor, her tongue doesn’t need any stimulant.”

Teacher—“If your father owed the grocer \$30, and the baker \$2, and the butcher \$15, how much would he have to pay in all?”

Bobby—“Nothing. He’d move.”

The driver of the wagon on the fishing tour never opened his mouth except when appealed to, but his slightest utterance burned with wit, with a little brogue thrown in.

“You’re a pretty sort of a chap,” remarked one of the passengers. “It’s easy to see that your people came from Ireland.”

“Not on yer loife,” replied Mike. “There, ye are very badly mistaken.”

“What! Didn’t come from Ireland?”

“Niver. They’re there yet.”

The barnstormer was playing Richard III. “A norse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!” he roared.

“If ye quit right now ye’ll be able to ketch the ten-thutty trolley,” came a tired voice from the gallery. — *Ex.*

Mike—“Oh! Pat, don’t shoot; the gun ain’t loaded.”

Pat—“I’ve got to, Mike; the bird won’t wait.” — *Ex.*

A Latin class was given the following, taken from a gravestone,

to prepare for the next day's lesson:

"Isabilla e res ago,
"Fortibus es in ero,
"No, sed Mare Thebe trux.
"Votis inem pes et dux."

The boy who had for some reason not prepared his lesson was called upon to translate. This is the translation:

"I say, Billy, 'ere's a go,
"Forty busses in a row,
"No, said Mary, they be trucks,
"Wot is in 'em? Peas and ducks." — *Ex.*

"Here!" shouted the railway official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?"

The porter gasped in astonishment and several travellers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real. Then the official spoke again:

"Don't you see that you're making big dents in this concrete platform?"

THE H'ENGLISH VIEW.

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,
'Arf a hinch honward,
'Ampered be 'obble skirts,
'Opped the "400."

Tramp — "No, lady, I wouldn't be beggin' if I could get employment at my trade."

Kind Lady — "What is your trade?"

Tramp — "I'm lineman for de wireless telegraph company."

The bald man rushed into the shop, flopped into a chair and roared, "I want a haircut." The astonished barber meditated for a moment and then, picking up the scissors, with an inspiration, meekly inquired, "Which one, sir?"

First Ranger — "Is that a horse pistol you have there Bill?"

Second Ranger — "Neigh, neigh, it's a colt."

He — "Dearest, you're the goal of my affections."

She (removing his arm) — "Five yards for holding."

Mamma (to Harry, who has been troubling the parrot)—"You must be a better boy, Harry, or you won't go to heaven when you die?"

Harry—"I don't want to go to heaven, mamma; I want to go with you."

Young Mosquito—"Oh, mother, see those lovely girls over there with nice rosy cheeks!"

His Mother—"Keep away from them, my son, or you'll get painter's colic."

"Your husband says he works like a dog."

"Yes; it's very similar. He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed."

She—"And would you really put yourself out for my sake?"

He—"Indeed I would."

She—"Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy."

Older Sister—"You know, dear, it is only the body that they bury."

Effie—"Why, what becomes of the head?"

Sunday School Teacher—"Now, boys, what would you say if you had been Lot, fleeing from the burning city of Sodom and you had seen your wife stop and look back?"

Little Boy (at end of class)—"Rubber."

Visitor—"You confess that you drank and beat your wife. Then you are a hardened criminal."

No. 10702—"Yer on, lady. Case of wine, woman and Sing Sing."

The mistress had sent her new servant to post a letter and was anxiously waiting her return.

"Did you post my letter all right, Mary?" she asked, as the maid entered.

"Oh yes, ma'am!" replied Mary, holding some change out to her mistress.

"What is this for?" again asked the fair employer. "I gave it to you for a stamp."

"I didn't have to use it, ma'am. I put the letter in the box when nobody was looking," replied the innocent and thrifty Mary.

"No use," growled Mr. Smith to his wife from the bathroom, "I can't do it."

"What is it, dear?" asked his wife in alarm.

"Why, the doctor told me to drink hot water an hour before dinner for my indigestion. Here I have got a quart down, am nearly bursting, and I haven't been drinking fifteen minutes yet."

"Adsum!" he bawled.

For a few moments the father regarded him with baleful eyes.

"Oh, you've 'ad some, 'ave yer?" he growled at last. "Well, you jist git away then and make room for them as ain't." —*Ex.*

Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice—"Last night I lay in a gondola on the Grand Canal drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before." —*Ex.*

John—"A great author once said, 'Never write on an empty stomach.'"

Chester—"I should say not, paper is so much better."

Weary voice from the doorway—"My dear sir, I have absolutely no objections to you coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, nor to you standing on the door step for three hours saying good-bye; but in consideration for the rest of the family who wish to sleep will you kindly take your elbow off the bell push!"

Judge —z, who is a very able judge, was a very blundering speaker when he first "came to the bar." On one occasion when trying a case of replevin involving the right of property to a lot of hogs, he addressed the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in that jury box!" The effect can be imagined.—*Ex.*

An old gentleman walked up to the pretty girl attendant at the counting room of a daily newspaper office a few days ago and said:

"Miss, I would like to get copies of your paper for a week back."

"You better get a porous plaster," she abstractedly replied. "You get them just across the street." —*Ex.*

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