

The
Crimson and White

NEW YORK STATE
NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL
ALBANY

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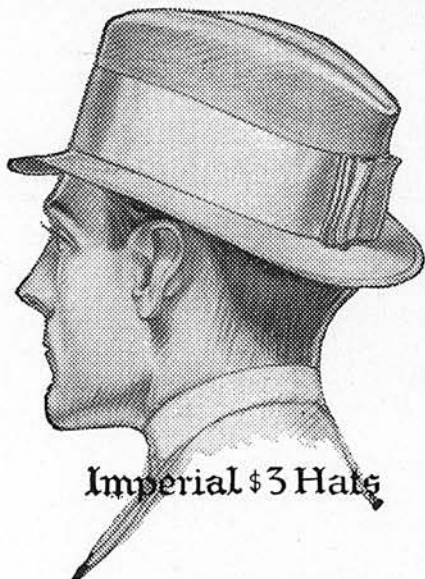
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The Crimson and White

Vol. VI

JUNE, 1910

No. 5



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

CLASS POEM

On the shores of the broad Hudson,
By its glist'ning, glimm'ring waters,
Where the tide comes sweeping upward,
Upward sweeps to meet the current;
Where the Indians paddled swiftly,
Where they hunted in the forests,
Where they held their council meetings,
There the Dutchmen built a stronghold.

Just a group of clust'ring houses,
Was this little, old Dutch village,
Called Fort Orange by its founders;
Changed when the conq'ring English
Came and named it Albany.
From that village grew a city,
Spreading from the shore up higher,
Higher up among the green hills.

.....
Far above the flowing waters,
Far above the river's murm'ring,
Rears a grand, majestic structure,
Up against the blue of heaven.
And, within its classic portals,
Wisdom may be gained through patience,
Patience that is e'er a blessing,
To the man who will but use it.

Underneath its roof it shelters
Men and women, lads and lassies,
Who would arm themselves for battle
'Gainst all dangers and all hardships.
'Tis the *College* which is noted,
'Tis the fair State Normal College;
Yet it is the Normal High School,
Unto which *our* praise is rendered.

Four long years of steady labor,
Four long years of work and patience,
In the High School now has brought us,—
Class of nineteen ten, before you,—
To the vict'ry which we've longed for,
Which we've longed for since our child-
hood;
To a day that gives assurance,
That our work has gained its purpose.

What ambitions we have cherished!
What high hopes we all have had here!
What ideals with us have flourished!
What great plans we've made together!
We have had some glorious triumphs,
Which have made our lessons lighter;
And we've had some disappointments,
Which have made us all the stronger.

Now the time is almost on us,
Almost on us is the moment,
For departure from our comrades,
For adieus, oh gentle comrades.
Parent of our youth, oh Normal,
Unto thee we bring fond parting!
"Fare thee well, oh Alma Mater,
Alma Mater,—fare thee well."

RACHEL GRISWOLD, '10.

PRIZE ESSAY

THE SEINE: BENEFACITOR AND
DESTROYER

The Seine river holds the same
place in France as the Thames does
in England, the Rhine in Germany,

or the Hudson in New York State. It is the most beautiful river of which France can boast and its historical associations endear it to tourists and natives alike. If you should dare compare the Thames and the Seine before a Frenchman, he would laugh at you for a Frenchman is always loyal to his beloved Seine.

In order to appreciate the artistic beauty of the river, one should follow its winding course from its source on the Plateau de Langres in the Department of Côte-d'Or to Havre where it opens into the English Channel. The current of the upper portion of the Seine is very rapid as it flows through the steep gorges of Côte-d'Or and the dark forest of Fontainebleau. On both sides are forlorn stretches of fallen trees and bare, gray rocks which add a wild beauty to the scene. Now and then some grim old castle, relic of by-gone days, raises its vine-covered turrets against the blue sky. There are no signs of habitation until we have passed the rocky heights of Langres.

Then fields of barley, rye and wheat come into view. The French are a thrifty people. Every possible square inch of ground is utilized. Along the hilly sides of the river are rows of well kept vine-yards. Small towns begin to appear. Country villas with their magnificent gardens, rustic arbors, etc., line the river bank. At the water's edge, under awnings of gaudy hue, men and women in light summer clothes are gayly sipping their "café au lait," gossiping the while with eager tongues.

When we reach Corbeil we notice numerous fishermen in boats anchored in mid-stream. Each year the fisherman rents a place in the river where he may plant his two poles. To these a broad, steady

punt is tied while the fisherman himself, shaded by an awning and reclining in a wicker chair, lazily watches the bobs upon two or three rods fastened near at hand. Beside him sits his wife clad usually in a bright scarlet costume and reading some thrilling French novel.

Beyond this point the Seine gradually widens as we near the outskirts of Paris. Numberless dance halls and rakish little theaters throng the quay. There are also noisy restaurant gardens and tents where three card monte is taught by unscrupulous bandits in red foulard and peaked caps. Every possible trick known to gambling is employed here, and it is said that for a gold louis a bandit will even commit murder. "But what are those strange booths from which so much noise seems to issue?" we ask. Why those are only dog-clippers' stands. It is really very interesting to watch the men with their big shears free their woolly victims of the long, curly hair. Dog clippers are quite popular and well patronized. You may see at least one on every bridge crossing the Seine.

The bridges are indeed many and picturesque. Each one seems to have been planned with an eye for beauty. In fact, the Seine has for many years been called the "river of a thousand bridges." But many though they may be, they are always crowded, and Paris has always need of one more.

At the lower end of the city barges, tugs and boats of all kinds are massed. There are pleasure seeking little penny steamers with tiny gardens roofed over with glass and canvas, painted lighters from Havre or Rouen loaded with meal, wine or woven goods, and last, but not least, laundry boats. By the latter, I mean those queer, flat

barges where the linen of Paris is washed in the waters of the Seine by strong, sturdy washer-women kneeling on rough boards.

At night the Seine is a mirror of light. The vari-colored tints reflected by the water, the dazzling brilliancy of electric lights and the distant strains of music heard from numerous places of amusement make one imagine he is in Fairyland or even in Aladdin's palace where only the Genii himself is lacking. The dark shadows cast by the bridges give a weird, sinister effect to the scene. Now and then a police boat may be seen moving cautiously, silently, in quest of robbers, thieves and net-using fishermen. At last we realize that this gay, sparkling Paris is, nevertheless, not above reproach. We shiver with a vague fear as a reckless laugh from some dance hall or angry words from a street brawl float to us over the water. We are glad when morning dawns and we are once more upon our way down the Seine.

The landscape again changes and becomes more vivid and beautiful than ever, for we are passing through Normandy, the most historic part of the Seine. On either bank are steep hillsides converted into veritable crazy quilts with their patchy fields of wheat and hay. They are the old Norman farms. Secluded villages with low cottages, pink roofs, and one lonely church spire peep at us suddenly and unexpectedly through the green.

Now we have reached Le Petit Audely and Chateau Gaillard, the most interesting ruin in Normandy, especially to Englishmen. There is the old castle itself, perched grandly on the very summit of a projecting cliff, high above the quaint little village of Audely. From its dizzy height above the Seine, Chateau

Gaillard looks like some gigantic fortress commanding entrance into the blue heavens. It was built by that heroic, though unfortunate king of England, Richard Coeur de Lion. History has it that Richard was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Rouen for building so formidable a castle in the latter's domain. After a long siege King Richard was obliged to surrender the castle to King Philip Augustus, and from that time it has belonged to France. There are many historical memories attached to it. Marguerite de Bourgogne was strangled here with her own hair by order of her husband, King Louis X, and David Bruce is said to have made the chateau his place of refuge during exile.

At Gaillon we catch a glimpse of the famous Gaillon palace, the home of the Archbishops of Rouen. The remains of the wonderful stronghold still existing are used as a penitentiary. Many of the most handsome relics of the castle are now in the Palais des Beaux Arts at Paris. The people of Normandy are immensely proud of the castle and, when trying to describe some elegant villa, they will invariably liken it to a "little Gaillon."

Not far from Gaillon is the picturesquely situated town of Pont de l'Arche. It also was built by Richard Coeur de Lion and the ruins of an old abbey, which he had constructed in commemoration of his escape from drowning in the Seine, are still to be seen. There are some very curious legends connected with this place for the people of Normandy are romantic and fond of a good story. Near the town there is a lofty hill called "The Côte des deux Amants," on the summit of which is a white marble tomb. If you should ask the meaning, this is

the story which the Normans will tell you :

"Once upon a time in Neustria, which is now called Normandy, there was a city built by the King of Pistreia and called Pistre. The king of Pistre had a most beautiful daughter of whom he was very fond, for she was all he had. The people of his kingdom blamed him exceedingly because he did not offer the princess in marriage. At last the king proclaimed that whoever should carry his daughter up the mountain without stopping should be the bridegroom. Of course many suitors came to attempt the task, but the mountain was long and steep and the princess young and healthy.

"Now, there was in the king's court a youth, the son of a count, who daily talked with the king's daughter. They were very much in love, but the princess also loved her father and could not deceive him by running away. So she sent her lover to a friend in Salerno who had studied the art of medicine. From this friend the youth obtained a vial of a certain strength-giving liquid and returned to the king's court. He declared his love and prepared to carry the maiden up the mountain.

"When the day arrived the place was thronged with spectators. The young lover was so confident that he took the princess in his arms without first drinking the liquid. Before he had mounted half way he began to tire. The princess entreated him to drink the cordial but the youth, knowing that he would have to pause, dreaded the mocking of the spectators. On he staggered until finally he reached the summit and fell upon the greensward. The princess knelt beside her lover trying to restore him with the liquid, but it was too late. Then, uttering a loud cry of grief, she threw away the

vial and, from that time on the place where the liquor fell has been noted for health-giving plants. When the king could reach the place, he found both the princess and her lover in an eternal sleep. Overcome by sorrow, he ordered a white marble tomb to be erected for them, and ever since the people of Normandy have remembered them in their sweet, mournful songs."

Below Pont de l'Arche the river winds and curves past long, sloping banks covered with orchards—apples hanging almost over the water's edge. The interlacing lights and shadows cast by the dense forest opposite are wonderful. At Candebecc we find a little village quite hidden away from modern improvements. It is market day and all along the quay are fruit stalls piled high with queer, round baskets. French women in bright costumes are displaying market vegetables in flat trays, while here and there are wagons with lofty, green tilts.

Rouen is even more quaint and old-fashioned than Candebecc, though modern society is beginning to frequent it. The streets are hilly and twisted and the funny, tumble-down cottages with their gray shingled roofs and dormer windows huddle together like a flock of sheep. If we were to stop and explore this strange little town, they would show us the place where Joan of Arc was burned to the stake. At every corner there is some memorial to the Maid of Orleans:—

"The whitest lily on the shield of
France
With heart of Virgin gold."

The influence of modern invasion now becomes noticeable. We run across many pleasure parties in launches, rowboats or canoes. Now

and then, racing crews fly past. The Seine is the French people's chief means of outdoor sport. Jousting tournaments are held each year and widely attended. Water polo is said to have originated in France. If you should happen to stop over Sunday at one of the large towns on the Seine you would be shocked at the number of pleasure seekers in their canoes. The river is always covered with small boats of various designs.

As we draw near Havre we realize that the Seine is of other value than merely a beautiful piece of scenery or a means of sport. It is, in fact, the most important commercial highway of France. The harbor of Havre is filled with merchant and freight boats of every description. Along the banks are huge cranes which lift the grain from flat barges anchored beside them. Havre is also noted for its trade in coffee from Brazil and wheat from the United States. These exports are all sent by way of the Seine to Rouen, Paris and inland cities. The Seine is, moreover, connected with all the main waterways of France by canals. France has a complete canal system and has expended a larger sum on canal navigation than any other country. The depth of the Seine has been greatly increased by dredging so that large vessels can travel from Havre to Rouen. In this way the river has been made navigable for three hundred and thirty-seven miles.

The people of France have so long trusted and loved the peaceful Seine, that when in January of this year the river became a rushing torrent, swelling to thirty times its original volume and burying cities in a turbulent flood, their hearts were filled with terror and dismay. For a while they remained inactive, panic-

stricken, seemingly unable to realize that their old friend and playmate could lash itself into such a fury and threaten to carry off their very homes in its mad career.

The causes of the flood are believed due to heavy rains and the melting of snow in the north. Scientists ascribe it to geographical conditions also. The soil of the upper Seine district is particularly absorbing and so, when saturated sheds water easily. Another reason is that forests in the highlands, which had hitherto served as a barrier to heavy rains, had been cut off. The river Seine above Paris is comparatively narrow and therefore, as soon as that great volume of water poured down its channel, it overflowed the surrounding territory. Paris was flooded and great havoc ensued. Everywhere within the flood zone, people had to be taken, by means of ladders, from second-story windows to rowboats waiting below. Thousands were driven from their homes. Schools and barracks were used to house the refugees and the French Red Cross established soup kitchens for their relief. Walls of masonry and dikes of cement were built to stop the spreading of the water, but proved of no avail. Cellars and sewers were choked with water. Caving streets, bursting sewers and collapsing subways resulted. The full damage caused by the inundation of the city foundations and the flooding of the labyrinth of subways is not known. Foundation material may be stable enough in dry condition, but loses its supporting power when saturated, especially if the adjoining ground is full of cellars, sewers and other excavations.

The Gare Des Invalides and the basement of Notre Dame were submerged. The art galleries of the

Luxembourg, the Eiffel tower and other places of interest were surrounded by water. Every street became a canal and the rowboats used as conveyances were satirically called the "gondolas" of Paris. When possible, ferries were improvised for the purpose of carrying men to their places of business, while crowds of people waited on the bank for their turn to cross. The numerous masonry bridges over the Seine increased and held back the overflow by narrowing the channel of the river.

Yet, in spite of all the destruction caused, the Seine has, in an indirect way, once more benefited the Parisians. The sons of France who, for so many centuries, have enthusiastically sung to each other the Marseillaise hymn:

"Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires
hoary—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!"

will again hearken to the myriads who bid them rise, not to martial deeds but to those of citizenship. The Seine has shown them the impracticability of constructing masonry where suspension bridges would be less dangerous. Public works will now be designed to prevent a future disaster which might prove more fatal than the first. Comparatively few lives were lost at the recent calamity, though the effects might easily have been more disastrous.

However, the trouble is nearly passed away and forgotten. Parisians are once more looking for new excitement and the Seine still flows on its calm and peaceful way. The people of France have not ceased to love and adore it as a faithful old

friend. Its praises will still be sung by poet and historian in all future ages.

BETTY, '10.

TRANSLATION FROM AENEID

BOOK VI—LINES 893-901

There are two gates of dreams, the first one made,
'Tis said, of horn, which door gives easy way
To shadows real; the other blazes forth,
Of gleaming ivory wrought; but here the shades
Send forth their fickle dreams to upper air.
Here then, Anchises bids his son farewell,
And greets the Sybil also with these words,
And from the ivory portal sends them forth.
Aeneas speeds his way back to his ships,
And comes again to his associates.
Then, keeping to the shore, he bears straight course
To the Caietian port; and from the prow
The anchor there is cast; the vessels stand
Stern foremost, propped upon the seashore there.

J. E. L. '10.

CLASS HISTORY

1910

It isn't my fault that I'm here. Every other Senior succeeded in refusing this office, but my good nature, combined with the persuasion of the Faculty, forced me to accept it. You know the faculty have nearly as much influence as the Seniors. However, things usually come to a head, so here I am. Moreover, if any one in the audience would like to hear the other exer-

cises, but fears that he will finish reading the program before I leave the platform, the ushers, on request, will supply copies of the Academy Song Book which you will find both interesting and profitable.

I don't know whether to begin as a lawyer, as a minister, or as Professor Sayles does when he launches forth on a lecture. If you like your amusement mixed as well as your tea, you *may* find satisfaction here. After casting lots, I have decided to start as a lawyer, by defining terms.

According to Webster's dictionary—*my* second name is Webster,—however, *my* dictionary referred to above, has not yet gone to press—a Freshman is one who doesn't know anything but thinks he does, a Sophomore is one who does not know anything and knows it, a Junior is one who knows something but doesn't know it, and a Senior is one who knows something and knows he does. Or according to Shakespeare, I might divide the history of the Class of 1910 into the four plays generally known as:—Freshman year—"Comedy of Errors," Sophomore year—"Much Ado About Nothing," Junior year—"As You Like it," Senior year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

For the train of events in our first year's work in our Alma Mater was indeed a Comedy of Errors. As on that bright September morning we came to Normal from such budding places as Slingerlands, Voorheesville, Green Island, Troy, Kinderhook, Albany and last but not least from Rensselaer, there was a great feeling of reverence for the school, especially as it proved to be a church. That emotion soon changed into awe and fear as Professor White calmly walked in—we were not used to such big men. Professor White had a fine voice and when he

thundered out his instructions as to the rooms to be occupied by the classes, he certainly dislocated our bumps of location, and the result was that we crept about from room to room frequently repulsed by overbearing upper classmen. Finally we were all cared for, and with much noise we stumbled through the first day. By the end of the week, *some* of us *actually* knew the names of our studies by heart. After that we made rapid advances in our quest of knowledge, as the following will illustrate.

One day Mr. Broderick was given a zero for not having his work prepared. He told the teacher he thought he did not deserve it, but she replied that she could not give him what he deserved because zero was the lowest mark possible. Then wishing to strengthen her assertion by a rhetorical question, which he did not know should not have been answered, she asked, "Do you know what a zero is, Mr. Broderick?" He brightened up and said, "Yes, it is about the same as the hole in a doughnut." And that MEAN teacher sent poor innocent Mr. Broderick out of the room to expand his idea in an interview with the principal. And while we're on this subject, that same year in biology we learned that the moth is the only animal which lives by eating holes.

Another fresh freshie, Mr. Lindsay, having heard the word "*pony*" used frequently, asked a smart Senior what a pony was. The Senior, who was Virgil the second, replied:

"When all my winks in vain are
wunk
When all my thinks in vain are
thunk
What saves me from an awful flunk?
My Pony."

But sad to relate, Mr. Lindsay had no "Pony" and consequently he flunked the next ten. Mournfully he asked a smart Junior: "What would you do if *you* were in *my* shoes?" Looking contemptuously down on the wee birdie, the Junior answered "Shine 'em."

In the latter part of the year, the prize speaking contest arrived and, of course one of our number took the prize. Her name was Miss Jessie Elizabeth Luck. Perhaps the judges held to that time-worn saying of all gallant heroes, "Age before beauty."

Our pride in the fact that a class-mate had captured the prize sustained us, through the *long, tedious* vacation. We came back ready to step up to Prof. White and welcome him again to our city. But just see who's here! a new man; Prof. Sayles, under whose guidance we were to embark on our second year of High School work.

Perhaps we took unwarrantable privileges in exercising the vocal organs of the new freshmen, but what had we to fear? Prof. Sayles was not nearly as large as Prof. White had been. You probably wonder why we did not fear expulsion, but we knew that if he should expel US there would be no school, consequently no salary for the principal.

The second year of our High School career was not very important for all we did was lessons. But we managed to stay in the spot light with a few remarks and answers. For instance Mr. Morton asserted in Ancient History that if Tissaphernes was first defeated and then beheaded he was cut off at both ends.

Here is another answer in history. Miss Walsh dreamily replied, when asked by the teacher where the Declaration of Independence was

signed, that she thought it was signed at the bottom.

Miss Gauger, who is famous for knowing everything, was once caught napping. When the teacher asked when Ceasar defeated the greatest number, Miss Gauger, (No. 96.58+ please, Central) replied that it was on last examination day.

That year Miss Luck captured another medal. Perhaps getting medals is a sort of incurable disease.

Another dreary, dreaded vacation rolled past. The wise, prudent, sensible and judicious members of our class straggled back, intent on painting 1910 in *red* letters on the pages of the world's history.

The only boy in the class who was man enough to continue his struggle with Latin proved to be Harold Webster Goewey. I am sorry that I had to say that and put the other fellows in a bad light. But it was my duty, for the Angel of Research bade me tell "the truth, the *whole* truth and nothing but the truth." By this time we had made so many bright remarks that they were passed over as a mere matter of course. Just to show how MEAN the teachers were to us I will give the following conversation: Miss Clement (after a poor English recitation)—"I shall be tempted to give this class a test before long."

Class, in a chorus, "Yield not to temptation."

Toward the end of the year, but before class day, we elected our class officers and, in order to be able to reply to the threadbare, time-worn, second-handed advice of the Seniors on class day, we chose Mr. Anderson to give the Junior response and receive the pretty bouquet we expected. *This* year Miss Gauger took medals enough to sink her if she were near the river.

Looking back over our Junior

year we consider that we lived up to the epithet bestowed upon us by Shakespeare, which is "As You Like It."

Once more vacation came and once more our thinned ranks marched back in the fall. Oh! But what a change, we were joined by Miss Spears, Miss Griswold, Miss Moran and Miss E. Walsh. And we were no longer in church. No, the State recognizing *our* ability, had built a whole new school for *us*. Of course, nothing but the pure air to be obtained at some elevation was fitting for such Seniors as we. So our department was built on the top floor and since the top floor, even when inhabited by geniuses, must be supported, that same Empire State built the college department under us. We installed ourselves, oiled up our rusty brains and set to work with vim, achieving success in *society* as well as in the classroom.

As to the Hudson-Fulton celebration, Miss Luck and Mr. Morton, both Seniors, captured the bronze medals.

Well the year passed rather quickly, urged on by the Senior ride at which a talented young professor highly entertained the Seniors by a number of bugle solos. To show their respect for us the three other classes gave reception to us, which was very kind inasmuch that we heartily enjoyed ourselves, and had good excuses for neglected home work. (Home work is a kind of pastime which the Faculty grant us.)

Finally May arrived and with it came Halley's Comet to celebrate with us in our last year. That fact alone shows how superior we are to common mortals. *Where* is another class which has been honored so greatly. There has not been one for 75 years.

I have concluded our past history, but I warn you that we're going to make a lot more history when we get out in the world.

Perhaps you wonder as to how many of us will be graduated. Don't let it bother you. It doesn't bother us, for we have learned that,

"A great amount of bluffing,
And lots of air quite hot
Makes a recitation
Seem like what it's not."

If I have left out any one in my history I am sorry and beg a thousand pardons. I am sure that our prophet will make any such loss up cheerfully and no questions asked.

HAROLD W. GOEWY, '10.

CLASS PROPHECY

It was in the summer of 1928, just eighteen years after our remarkable class had graduated from Normal High School. I had been away during those eighteen years searching for the Fountain of Youth for which Ponce de Leon longed, and had at last been rewarded for my search. I had come upon the wonderful fountain in the glades of southern Florida, and had just leaned delightedly over the edge of the spring to get some of the precious liquid, when I heard the water singing a wierd little song as it flowed gently over the stones. I stopped to listen. "Only eighteen! Only eighteen!" was the refrain. "Only eighteen what?" I asked myself half aloud. I listened again. The water was dripping gently over the rocks. "Drop, drop, drop!" it said. Ah, I had the story now. It was only eighteen drops that I was to take from the spring. You may well believe that I took the eighteen drops as quickly as possible, and when I had them safe in a small

bottle, I corked them in tightly, and sat down on a stone to decide what to do with them.

Now it is well known that one drop from this famous Fountain of Youth will make one person young again, and there I had enough to make eighteen people young. Of course, I would use one drop for myself, but what should I do with the other seventeen? Finally, after much consideration, I decided to give the seventeen drops to the seventeen people whom I saw during the next seventeen months, who seemed to me the most interesting. Quite carried away with the idea, I set out immediately to travel the United States and find, if possible, seventeen interesting people.

It is needless to say that I met thousands of people, but I was fast becoming discouraged and was beginning to think I should never find anyone really interesting, when I happened to visit a little colored school just outside of St. Petersburg, Florida. The teacher was a white woman, and there was something singularly familiar about her—, but where had I seen her before? I sat down for a few minutes beside a little colored boy, and began asking him questions. The room was in a terrible uproar, and being anxious to know whether my appearance had caused all the disturbance, I asked the child if they usually kept good order. He looked at me solemnly and replied: "We doan keep nu odah. De odah jus' keeps itsuff." Here was something interesting. The school I attended up North had never let "odah keep itsuff." The teacher was interesting too! Here at least was one person on whom to bestow a drop of the precious liquid. Just then the teacher, who had been scolding some tardy youngster, came over to me,

and after eighteen years I recognized Mary Walsh of 1910. But Mary certainly didn't look as if she needed her youth restored, so instead of offering her the magic water, I learned her story from her own lips. She had never quite forgotten Booker T. Washington's address to the Normal students, and had decided upon leaving High School, that the little negroes needed her kind and careful attention. Hence her present position.

About a month after this event I arrived in Indian Territory, and was safely housed in the home of a missionary. One day I was called upon to help persuade the Indians to give up one of their prisoners, a missionary, and a woman from my home city, I was told. When we came in sight of the Indian village, we saw the braves gathered in a circle about a modest looking woman in missionary dress. I clambered down from my pony, and approached the wild looking crowd, expecting to be seized any moment myself. But I wasn't and I came close enough to ask one of the braves, (a little milder looking than the rest), what the meaning of the scene was. He told me that the Indians were just about to execute a war dance, and that the brave, who danced the longest was to have the privilege of scalping the poor lady. He said they all wanted her hair, but as they couldn't all have it, that was the way they would choose who should have it. I looked toward the lady whom I had come to buy from them if possible. What a lot of hair she had to be sure. I had seen that hair before somewhere! It was back north in Normal High School and the lady was Rachel Griswold. My, but I was astonished! I began immediately to explain to the brave that I had seen much more wonderful hair than that

up North,—hair that didn't grow on people's heads, but that could be bought separate—and I finally persuaded him to tell the other Indians about it. After much consideration, the Indians decided that they would sell the freedom of my classmate if, when I arrived home, I would send each of them a wig. I turned to Rachel. She stood there calmly enough, not a bit concerned even though her hair had been in danger. But her hair—not a thread of it gray! Age had not come upon Rachel.

When I got to San Francisco, about the first thing that met my tired gaze was the announcement of a lecture to be given by the greatest mathematician in the country. I had never been particularly interested in mathematics, but as it was a free lecture, I went. Imagine my surprise and pleasure, when instead of a stranger, the lecturer proved to be Iona Pier. She had not changed a bit, and the opening sentence of her address, showed me still more plainly that Iona had not outgrown certain youthful habits. It began, "Now I don't see why—etc." The subject of the lecture was the fifth dimension, which Iona had accidentally discovered while measuring the effects of the San Francisco earthquake. She was intending to start the next week for Messina to calculate the expansibility, contractibility, and durability of the eruptions in that vicinity.

From San Francisco, I went up the western coast to Alaska, intending to visit the gold fields. Traveling through Alaska on sledges, I was forced to make a good many halts, and one evening I stopped for supper at a little mud-hut, not much larger than a gipsy tent. The owner of the dug-out came out to greet me, and who do you suppose it was?

Raymond Lindsay. Yes, it was really Raymond. He had had hard luck at first, so he told me while I was eating supper. He had tried, on leaving High School, to make his living by having his picture used for tooth powder advertisements, but it had not paid. All at once a happy thought struck him. He thought of Alaska, and decided to stake out a claim,—and there he was, living in a dug-out, eating blubber most of the time, with a little whale oil thrown in for variety, and wearing clothes that reminded one of an old rug. But he assured me, with his usual cheerful grin, that he was enjoying good health, had a few gold nuggets saved up now,—and if it wasn't for the fact that the gas was frozen so he couldn't see to read the news on the tariff, he would be perfectly happy.

As I was coming back east, I put up one night in a small town in Wyoming. The whole town was in excitement, for Camp Meeting was in progress. Settlers had come from miles around and the town's people told me that it was the biggest revival they had ever had. They urged me to attend the meeting that night, and hear their greatest speaker, the Rev. Willis H. Morton. Needless to say I stayed. I was anxious to see how Willis looked after eighteen years. There wasn't much change—just as sweet and gentle as ever, and I could tell by his sermon that his mind still ran in about the same channels as it had, eighteen years before in Normal. Would you believe it, he chose for his subject the "Evils of Alcoholic Indulgence," and used as his text, "And God said, 'let there be light,' and there was light." Mr. Morton's essays in Normal High School were sometimes a little light.

Some weeks after that, in Chicago,

I came near being run over by an automobile. I was crossing a street when the auto turned the corner sharply. It stopped just in time, and its lady occupant gave a frightened scream when she saw how near I had come to being killed. She inquired anxiously how I felt after my fright, and I recognized in the fashionably dressed lady before me, my old schoolmate, Sadie Moran. As soon as she saw who I was, she asked me to get in with her, and perhaps have the pleasure of running over someone else. She had, as she told me, been left a fortune by a relative of her's, and was spending it to the best of her ability.

Before we parted that afternoon, Sadie invited me to go with her the next evening to see a play which she felt sure would interest me, as the two leading roles were taken by old acquaintances of ours. I could not imagine who the actors might be, and I was not able to tell from the hand bills and posters which I saw, for the actors were playing under the names, Mon. Raddish de Turnip and Mon. Carrot de Parsnip. I was all curiosity therefore the next evening when the curtain went up on the first act of "The Long and the Short of It," and I discovered to my surprise that the leading men were Harold Goewey and Warren Vosburg. Both had retained their youthful playfulness, and the program announced that the next summer they were to appear in that highly dramatic and excruciatingly funny children's play, "Punch and Judy."

On the train from Chicago to Buffalo, I met another of my old schoolmates. He was looking young and vastly important in a blue train uniform, and as soon as he approached me with the papers and magazines, he was selling I ex-

claimed, "Joseph Broderick!" He seemed pleased to see me, and presented me with a pamphlet, written by the leading Anti-Suffragist of the day, so he said. After he had gone, as I was carelessly turning the pages of the little book, my eye fell upon this passage:

"Women should not vote. They are too weak. A woman is like the sweet, tender vine that clings about the mighty oak for support. She should—." I read no more, but turned immediately to the cover to find out who the author of the pamphlet might be, and I nearly jumped from my seat when I read: "Edna Moat, President of the International Anti-Suffrage League. There was a little sketch of her life, in the front of the booklet, which graphically described her leaning toward Anti-suffrage, even when a mere child in High School. And I found from the introduction that she was at that time making a lecturing tour of the country, but that her home was in Boston, where the literary atmosphere gave her inspiration for her various writings. When Mr. Broderick made his next rounds, this time with post cards and chewing gum, I asked him if he knew when he gave it to me, who the author of the book was. He replied that he did, and if I looked toward the door, I could see Edna just getting off the train.

When I reached Buffalo, I went to visit the cat farm which I learned had been started just outside the city limits. Who do you suppose I found in charge of it? Ruth Thompson. She had it seems gone back to State Normal College for a course in Domestic Science, but having found that the most of her concoctions were fit only to feed cats, she had turned her attentions in that direction entirely, and now had the

largest cat farm in the United States, where angoras could be obtained for from \$5 to \$500.

I thought that instead of going right from Buffalo to Albany, I would go down to Jersey City, and back home by way of New York.

It was August when I arrived in Jersey City. One day as I was walking outside the city, I saw a most interesting spectacle. The day was hot, one of the hottest that August ever gave us, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The road was dusty, dreadfully dusty, and the weeds at the side of the road were gray with dust. Little clouds of butterflies settled lazily in the path. Not even a New Jersey mosquito added life to the scene. And over all the sun shone down as hot as ever sun could shine. Just then, I saw a carriage coming down the road, moving so slowly that I had to strain my eyes to tell it was moving. But it was—and so was the horse that drew it—but only by eighths of an inch, or may be sixteenths. The horse plodded along, drooping his head sleepily, and he seemed to favor the ditch a good deal, although he was too sleepy to open his mouth for one spear of grass. The reins were dragging in the dust, and I looked to see where the driver was. The storm curtains were up on the carriage, so I could not see inside very well, but I judged the man must be asleep, and that he had put the curtains up so that if it rained while he was in slumberland, he would not need to wake up to put them on then. On the seat beside him was a medicine case. Just as the carriage came near me, the horse wandered a little too near the ditch, and I was afraid the carriage would tip over, so I called to the man to wake up, and look after his horse. At the sound of

my call, he did wake up, and I was not a little astonished to find that the doctor was none other than Walter Hurst. And yet, I might have expected this. Mr. Hurst always did enjoy sleeping, even in class. I inquired what kind of a doctor he made, and was told that he was a fever specialist; that if he was called in at the turning point of a fever, the patient invariably went to sleep, and the crisis was passed in safety.

When I reached New York, I started out to find a wig-maker, for I had not yet sent the Indians the artificial scalps which I had promised them. Happening to pass a pretty little shop with "Marguerite" on the door, and a row of wigs in the window, I stepped in to see what I could get for my Indian friends. I was ushered into the presence of a stylishly dressed lady, who seemed to be the owner of the establishment. In a moment I recognized Marguerite Butler. She had started in the hair-dressing business after her husband's death, and was doing well. She had one sweet little girl, whom she told me, I could see, if I went around the corner to the Kindergarten that Maleska Spears was in charge of. Of course, I went to see Maleska. Dear me, what would the members of our class be doing next!

Well, about the first of September, I went on up to Albany. It was so long since I had seen the city that I made a tour of inspection at once. One morning, as I passed the Market Square, where everything was life and hubbub, I heard a familiar voice calling out "Ripe tomatoes! ripe tomatoes! This way for ripe tomatoes!" I turned around and there, on the edge of a vegetable wagon, sat Charles Grounds, artistically garbed in a linen duster

and a garden hat. Whom of our illustrious class would I see next?

It was a couple of weeks before Christmas, when one day, as I was shopping in Whitney's, I passed through the toy department. "Here's another nice little girl, ha, ha! What'll I give this little girl for Christmas! Guess I'll give her a dolly. Well, well, well, be a good little girl and I'll—" Where had I heard that voice before? I looked at the man closely, and in spite of red suit and whiskers, I recognized our class president, George Anderson. George was stouter than he used to be,—otherwise, he had not changed much. He made a very good Santa Claus.

As I left the store and was hurrying along, I kept humming to myself:

"There was a little maiden,
Had a foolish little bonnet—
With a ribbon, and a feather
And a piece of lace upon it."

Suddenly I stopped. There stood the little maiden, and she had the little bonnet, with the ribbon—but the feather and the lace were not upon it. Beside her stood a Salvation Army kettle with a sign over it, and as I looked more closely into the bonnet—I saw—well, I saw our Valedictorian—Mary Gauger.

The circle was complete. It was seventeen months since I had set out in search for interesting people—and I had found them—the whole seventeen—and all my classmates. And yet I had not given a drop of the magic water to one of them. Well, they didn't need it. Not one of them looked eighteen years older than when we graduated.

But, at least, I could take the eighteenth drop! No, I wouldn't. After seeing all my classmates, I felt young again myself. No, they

had found the Secret of Youth without searching for it eighteen years. And, anyway, if they grew old, I wanted to grow old too.

Well, when spring came, having decided that as the old river was several years older than I, it needed the Waters of Youth more than I did, I emptied the contents of the little bottle into the Hudson—and watched the success of eighteen years float gently down stream.

JESSIE E. LUCK, '10.

PLAYING TRUANT

There was no denying that Ned was tired of school, his very appearance indicated that. Truly the dull routine of the three R's was making him positively morbid and frightfully irritable—so irritable in fact that he was growing vicious. This phase of his character asserted itself one evening when he and his younger sister were sitting in the library, preparing their lessons for the following day. His sister had a pet kitten, which I confess was rather annoying at times, with her constant mewing. Nellie, at her brother's admonition to "get that thing something to eat," or he would put it out, went downstairs. Just as she reached the doorway with a saucer of milk, Ned's geography came whizzing at the kitten with well-directed aim, thus forcing kitty's mews of hunger to climb a crescendo to howls of misery, and compelling kitty herself to beat a hasty retreat from the room. She fled down the hallway with Nellie, spilling milk and tripping over rugs at almost every step, at her heels.

Soon Nellie returned and took her seat at the opposite side of the table without even noticing her cruel brother, who, with his hands sunk

deep into his pockets, was evidently in profound thought.

About an hour later, Ned, coming around the table, perched upon the arm of his sister's chair and asked her in his most winning way if she would like his pencil-box. Nellie, forgetting kitty's injury momentarily, was overjoyed and promised to do everything he asked for it. Then Ned told her how he wanted to "zip it," as he expressed it, and go to the circus next day.

Nellie, of course, was greatly shocked at Ned's wanting to do such a thing, but when she thought of the lovely pencil-box she promised not to "squeal" and also to tell Ned's teacher that he was too ill to go to school.

That night, however, she was greatly troubled because she had yielded to his wishes for she knew that her father wouldn't like her to do such a thing and then—hadn't that wretched brother hurt her poor kitty? But she could not break her promise, and do you believe it, this little maiden actually began to form a plot of revenge against her brother. This plot might be gleaned from their conversation the following night when they were supposed to be studying.

After Ned had told her in a subdued voice all about the circus, he asked timidly, "Did you tell the teacher I was sick?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she said she hoped you'd be able to be back by next week."

"Next week! What do you mean?"

"Well, I told her you had the mumps."

"Great Scott! the mumps! And I was going to school to-morrow! What on earth will I do? You've got me into a nice scrape. Here I'll

have to play zip for the rest of the week and to-day is only Tuesday and I have only a quarter left from my allowance,—worse luck!" And he slammed his book upon the table so hard that he caused a big blot to fall upon his sister's paper and when she remonstrated with him for this he replied, "Oh, I don't care, it serves you right. Why in the dickens didn't you tell her I had a headache?" But sister calmly resumed her writing, well satisfied at the success of her plan, while Ned sulked off to his room to think it over, unable to bear the sight of his sister's serenely smiling face any longer.

Next morning Ned set off for school so early that his mother asked why he was leaving at that hour. Now Ned did not like to be untruthful, but mumbled something about seeing one of the boys—and rushed out before his mother, who had turned to give some order to Jane, could ask any further questions. But if anyone had chanced to follow a certain young man, he would have seen him hurry along in a direction quite opposite to the school house. In reality he had decided to spend the morning at the boat dock, for he knew that no one would recognize him there. From there, as school was supposed to be dismissed at eleven thirty, he would telephone his mother that he was going to Aunt Sadie's for lunch, and trust to luck that his mother would not see Aunt Sadie that day, for of course he did not dare to go to her house—it was only two doors from the school building.

Strange to say, everything turned out exactly as he had planned. For dinner he stopped at a baker's and bought some cakes, leaving twenty cents with which to go to the ball game that afternoon. All went well,

for that evening his father and mother were dining out and nobody asked why he came home at five instead of at three thirty.

But Wednesday night he was in a quandary—no money, no place to go—what should he do? Oh, why had Nellie been so thoughtless? He was tired of playing truant already. And two more days of this awful fear of being caught to live through! Oh, it was unbearable! But there was one good point about her having made it out to be the mumps,—none of the fellows would come to see him, at least.

Well, he decided that the only thing to do was to spend the day up in the attic. It wouldn't be half bad. He could read up there and he really wasn't afraid of mice,—but how to get his dinner,—that was the thought. He couldn't plead Aunt Sadie's again because he couldn't telephone, but a happy thought struck him.

That night, after everybody was in bed, he crept stealthily downstairs to the pantry, took about a dozen cookies, some rolls and two oranges, put them into a dish and then tiptoed to the back attic stairs, which were seldom, if ever used. It was awfully dark and, scared almost to death, he finally succeeded in putting the food on one of the steps and then rushed upstairs, again in mortal terror, made a mad plunge into bed and hid his head in the covers.

Next morning, directly after breakfast, he disappeared, and his mother, seeing that his school books were gone (N. B. Ned had locked them in his desk the night before) thought no more of the matter.

Ned had a pretty good time that morning, read and ate and then all of a sudden when he heard the shouts of the school children passing

the house, he realized that he had made no excuse to his mother for not being home to lunch. He crept down the back stairs and thanked the fates that there was nobody in the kitchen,—he wasn't supposed to know that his mother had seen him from the next room.

She, however, smiled understandingly, for about an hour before the florist's wagon had stopped before the house and a large box bearing the name Mr. Edward Brown was presented at the door. Bewildered, she read the card, "To Edward, with the sympathy of the class," and then, as though suddenly struck by an idea, called up Aunt Sadie and asked if Ned had been there the previous day.

Receiving a negative reply, she put two and two together, and then decided to wait until father came home to lunch, so that he too might enjoy the joke. At noon the dinner gong sounded and Ned entering the dining room where his father, mother and sister were already assembled, he noticed a large pink box on his chair. A hot flush of guilt mounted his face and when his father requested him to open the box to see by whom the flowers had been sent, he only hung his head.

After dinner Ned and his father had a private talk in the library which ended in Ned's being deprived of his pocket money for a whole week. And strange to say, he has never thought of playing truant since, for now he verily believes, as the minister once said, "Truly your sins will find you out," never dreaming that the affront to his sister's kitty was responsible for all that he had to undergo.

MARY GAUGER, '10.

THE CRIMSON and WHITE

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EDITORIALS

Vacation is here! Almost three long, summer months of rest and play before we come back to work again! June has brought us so many things that we hardly know which to thank her for. Few people thank her for examinations; many thank her for commencement, but all thank her for vacation and rest. Some of us really need the rest, and let us make the best possible use of it that we may come back ready to do our best in the Fall.

As this is the last issue which the Board of Editors will publish, we want to thank those who have helped us in our work this year, and extend our best wishes to our successors. We have done our best to show our love for Normal, and if we have succeeded to any degree, it is because our Alma Mater has helped us in return.

Alumni Notes

At the class day exercises May 28th the following members of the class of 1909 were present. Misses Grace Goldring, Edna Bender, Cecil Couse, Ethel Secor, Margaret Rhineman and Beatrice Gazeley and Mr. Clarence Ostrander.

1909

Clarence Ostrander received honorable mention in the prize examination for chemistry at the Albany College of Pharmacy.

1906

Le Roy Herber is taking a course in engineering at Rutgers.

1905

Antoinette Udell is teaching the primary grades at Slingerlands.

1904

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Agnes Stephens to Mr. Meade Zimmer.

School Notes

Miss Katharine Keenholts, who has left school on account of illness is at Saranac Lake.

Miss Nolan has left school.

Miss Marjorie Richmond is attending Dean's Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Miss Cook, a member of the Faculty, was a recent visitor.

The following honors of the Senior class have been announced: Mary Gauger, valedictorian; Jessie E. Luck, salutatorian; Edna Moat, Willis Morton, Iona Pier, Ruth Thompson, Warren Vosburg.

On Saturday, May 28th, the following Class Day program was presented by the members of the Class 1910:

President's Address Geo. Anderson
Class History.....Harold Goewey

Presentation to the Junior Class
 Willis Morton
 Junior Response... Wm. Thompson
 Class Poem..... Rachel Griswold
 Class Prophecy..... Jessie Luck
 Class Mementos Edna Moat
 Miss Marguerite Root and Mr.
 John Delaney won the medals at the
 Speaking Contest held May 19th.

The Board of Editors for next
 year have been selected and are as
 follows:

Editor-in-chief..... Pearl Shafer
 Asst. Editor... Katherine Goldring
 Literary Editors

Florence Van Vranken
 Caroline Lansing

School Editor Ethel Moat
 Alumni Editor... Geraldine Murray
 Exchange Editor... Stanley Wood
 Business Managers

William Thompson
 Irving Goewey

Advertising Agent... John Delaney

On May 6th, the Junior Class
 gave a reception to the Seniors and
 Sophomores in Room M. The room
 was decorated with school colors,
 and spring blossoms.

Kingston Point was the destina-
 tion of the school picnic on Satur-
 day, June 4th.

Mr. Gale Todd has become a
 member of the Class '13.

Society Notes

ZETA SIGMA



On Friday, May 20, the Zeta
 Sigma Society gave the annual
 reception to the Seniors at the
 Aurania Club. The hall was decora-
 ted with school pennants and the
 society colors, blue and green. The
 chaperons were Mrs. Van Vranken
 and Miss M. O'Connor.

Tuesday, May 3, was Freshman

Day in the Society, the Freshmen
 presenting the program. The fol-
 lowing program was presented:

Quotations from Henry Longfellow
 Vocal solo Marian Packer
 Recitation Margaret Hoffman
 Dialogue Helen Evison
 May Veite

THETA NU

The readings, recitations and de-
 bates given by the members this
 term have been particularly good.

The Society will regret very much
 the loss of so many Seniors.

The members are looking forward
 to their annual outing which this
 year will be a day's tramp to the
 Indian Ladder. Mr. J. Delaney has
 recently become a member.

ADELPHOI



At the last election the following
 officers were elected:

President Willis Morton
 Vice-President Thomas Clarey
 Secretary Richard Kirk
 Treasurer Howard Weaver
 Sergeant-at-arms Newton Bacon
 Chaplain Carl Wurthman
 Master of Ceremonies Allan George

Messrs. Tyler and Paltsits sur-
 vived the recent initiation.

The meetings have been very
 interesting and well attended,
 especially by the Alumni.

The plans for the annual moonlight
 sail are completed and a very pleas-
 ant time is promised.

The Fraternity sympathizes with
 Mr. McEntee in the death of his
 brother.

Athletics

The baseball season thus far has been very successful. Out of the five games we have triumphed in three. The Watervliet team which has not lost a game in two years, met defeat at our hands.

The members of our team are: L. Delaney, I. Goewey, J. Delaney, J.

Cody, (Capt.) C. Wurthman; P. McGarr, J. Donahoe, Handerhan, J. Hagar. The record of games is as follows.

A. H. S. 7, N. H. S. 2.

Rens. H. S. 2, N. H. S. 24.

Rens. H. S. 17, N. H. S. 22.

Watervliet H. S. 11, N. H. S. 12.

Watervliet H. S. 12, N. H. S. 4.



This is the last issue of the CRIMSON AND WHITE before the long summer vacation. As the work next year will be carried on by a new board, we editors who are outgoing editors, wish to thank those school papers who have exchanged with us so faithfully and so promptly during the school year. Because they have all been of more or less benefit to us, we feel that our last criticisms should be favorable rather than otherwise.

The Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass., contains a very clever story entitled "A Day at Delphi."

We admire the bright, attractive cover of the April *Vexillum*, Volkman School, Boston, Mass. The contents are all well arranged.

The last issue of the *Mt. Marty Annual*, Rosedale, Kansas, is quite up to its usual standard. The Exchange and Social Departments are especially well developed.

The story "The Adventure of Peter" in the April *High School Recorder*, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is quite amusing.

Your March cover *Huisache*, is the most attractive which we have seen on you this year.

Orange and Black, Mohawk, N. Y.—Please do not print any more such stories as "Princess Beth." Love stories are entirely out of place in a school paper—at least, to use an ever expressive slang term, the slushy kind. Why not publish an interesting article or a few substantial stories of good plot?

The *Stylus* has improved greatly as is shown by the April number. "The Girl in the Picture" is a well written story.

The contents of the May *Oracle* Greenport, N. Y., are rather mixed. Advertisements are scattered about amongst the reading matter and the

Alumni column seems to hold the most noticeable position in the paper. Be more careful of your arrangement, *Oracle*.

The High School Journal, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is comparatively new to us but it promises to be a desirable exchange.

The Student, Bridgeport, Conn., is an interesting paper. The Jokes column shows good selection.

We compliment the Buffalo Technical School upon *The Tectonion*. It is a good, sensible paper.

As Others See Us.

There are several interesting stories in the CRIMSON AND WHITE. The contents on the cover is a very novel idea and the Exchange column is very well written, but a few more cuts would be a good improvement.—*The Vexillum*.

CRIMSON AND WHITE, Albany, N. Y., has been received and we enjoyed reading it. It contains some very fine jokes.—*The Blue and White*.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE has several good stories. Can't you find a better place for your table of contents?—*Orange and Black*.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE of Albany, devotes nearly all its paper to its Literary department and its jokes. There are apparently no athletics of any kind in the school.—*The Opinion*.

Change your cover design, CRIMSON AND WHITE, as the table of contents spoils your looks.—*The Auroran*.

CRIMSON AND WHITE, don't you think a joke column would liven up your paper?—*The Sentinel*.

CRIMSON AND WHITE, Albany, N. Y. The cover design of your Christmas number is especially artistic.—*Mt. Marty Annual*.

Exchanges Received

High School Echo (Nashville, Tenn.), *High School Review* (Shamokin, Pa.), *The Adelpian*, *The Academy* (Owego, N. Y.), *The Orange and Black*, *High School Journal* (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.), *The Student*, *High School Argus*, *The Tectonion*, *The Stylus*, *The Oracle* (Greenport, N. Y.), *The Enterprise*, *The Iliad*, *The Bachelor*, *The Orange and Black* (Mohawk, N. Y.), *The Focus*, *The College Index*, *Mt. Marty Annual*, *The Voice*, *The Polymnian*, *The Academe* (Hamilton, N. Y.), *Our Tattler*, *The Russ*, *The Normal Magazine*, *The Sentinel*, *The "O,"* *The Skirmisher*, *The Normal Eyle*, *The Auroran*, *High School News*, (Eugene, Oregon), *Peoria Opinion*, *Crimson and White* (Gloucester, Mass.), *The Lyceum*, *The Recorder* (Winchester, Mass.), *Hendrix College Mirror*, *The Orange and Black* (Falls City, Neb.), *The Bulletin*, *The Scimitar*, *High School Recorder* (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.), *The Echo* (S. N. C. Albany), *The Blue and White*, *The Triangle*, *The Vexillum*, *The Huisache*, *The Nautilus*, *The Spinster*, *The Yellow Dragon*, *The Iris*, *The Sans Souci*.

JUNE

"Over the shoulders and slopes of
the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to
the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in
June,
The people God sends us to set our
hearts free."

An American once remarked to an Englishman, "For the two weeks I was in Venice, I stayed on the water wagon."

"Fancy!" replied the Englishman. "But I shouldn't think they would need a beastly sprinkling cart in Venice." —*Ex.*

Two Yorkshiremen were making a tour of the British Museum and in due course reached the Mummy Chamber. One, who had never seen a mummy in his life, said to his pal:

"What's yon, John?"

"Yon's a mummy."

"A mummy? What's a mummy?"

"Why a deid mon."

"Well, I'm fair capped! But, John, what's that 'ere card behind 'im—B. C. 48?"

"Er, you're an ignorant beggar, Bill. That's the number o' motor-car 'at killed 'im!" —*Ex.*

The burly farmer strode anxiously into the post office.

"Have you got a letter for Mike Howe?" he asked.

The new postmaster looked him up and down.

"For who?" he snapped.

"Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer.

"I don't understand," returned the acid postmaster.

"Can't you understand plain English?" roared the farmer, "I asked if you've got any letter for Mike Howe!"

"Well, I haven't!" snorted the postmaster. "Neither have I got a letter for anybody else's cow. Get out!" —*Ex.*

Newly Organized Primper's Union: Raymond Lindsay, George Anderson, Charles Grounds.

Miss Helen Evison is willing to instruct private classes in drawing.

"Sleeping Beauty" models desired. Animals with eyes shut a specialty.

Watch Edyth Picken for the latest styles of hairdressing suitable to a young child.

Wanted: By Raymond Lindsay—a small hand mirror which will slip conveniently through the pages of a history book.

Don't you think the West Albany cars will miss Sadie Moran this summer?

THE BLUEBIRD

"When God had made a host of them,

One little flower still lacked a stem
To hold the blossom blue;
So into it he breathed a song,
And suddenly, with petals strong
As wings, away it flew."

—*John Banister Tabb.*

OUR NIGHTLY PRAYER TWO WEEKS AGO

Now I lay me down to rest
For to-morrow's an awful test,
If I should die before I wake
Thank Heaven I'll have no exam.
to take.

"Othello" was being played by colored home talent. At the place where Othello asks Desdemona where the handkerchief, which he has given her is, the Moor approached Desdemona and cried: "Des-da-mona, wha' is dat han'-k-chief?"

No answer.

Louder: "De-De-Des-da-mona, wha's dat han'-k-chief?"

Still no answer.

Still louder: "De-Des-da-mona, I command yo' to give me dat han'-k-chief!"

Just then an old negro woman arose in the rear of the room and exclaimed: "Now look heah, Nathan, wipe yo' nose on yo' sleeve an' let dat play go on!" —*Ex.*

"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a very stout old lady.

"Perhaps ye can; a load of hay went through to-day." —*Ex.*

Canvasser: "Madam, I would like to show you the beautiful forks that we are giving away with every dozen bars of 'Skinflint' soap."

Lady of the House: "We don't never eat with no forks in this house. They leak!" —*Ex.*

A Methodist negro exhorter shouted, "Come up an' jine de army of de Lohd."

"Ise done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' Church."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yoh ain't in de army; yoh's in de navy." —*Ex.*

"Well, well," said the absent-minded professor in the bath tub, "now I've forgotten what I got in here for." —*Ex.*

Miss Gallespie, observing a lack of patriotic enthusiasm in the history class, "Mr. McArdle, what would you think if you saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the field of battle?"

McArdle, just waking up, "I should think the wind was blowing."

"Long life's a lovely thing to know,

With lovely health and wealth,
forsooth,—

And lovely name and fame. But O
The loveliness of Youth."

—*Riley*

Old Lady (who has given a tramp a nickel): "Don't think I'm giving this for charity's sake. It's only because it pleases me to do so."

Tramp: "Make it a dollar instead of a nickel, and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum!" —*Ex.*

The first time Harold put on pants he was very proud, and after marching around, went to the chicken yard and marched up and down before the chickens. Then, standing in front of them, he said, very straight, "Chickens, do you know me?"

Teacher—Why, Willie, what are you drawing?

Willie—I'm drawing a picture of God.

Teacher—But, Willie, you must not do that; nobody knows how God looks.

Willie—Well, they will when I get this done. —*Ex.*

DUCKS

(As described by a Freshman)

Ducks is a low, heavy-set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. His head sits on one end and he sets on the other. Ducks can't sing much on account of the dampness in the moisture. There ain't no between to his toes and he carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking. Ducks has only two legs, and they are set so far back on his running gear, they almost miss his body. Some ducks when they get big are called drakes and have curls on their tails. Drakes don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf, go swimming and eat. If I was a duck, I'd rather be a drake every time. —*Ex.*

X Equals Girl

Y Equals Boy

Z Equals Chaperone.

2X plus Y Equals Jealousy.

Y plus 2Y Equals Quarrel.

X plus Y plus Z Equals Misery.

X plus Y minus Z Equals Bliss.

—*Ex.*

"And what is so rare as a day in
June?

Then if ever, come perfect day."

A grocer was guilty of some rather sharp practice on a customer, and the latter stamped out of the store, roaring: "You're a swindler, and I'll never enter your doors again!" Next day, though, he

place where I can get what I want. I am going to pot some bulbs and I need sand."

Mrs. Ruggles, of South Pittsburg, had been to the Carnegie Institute



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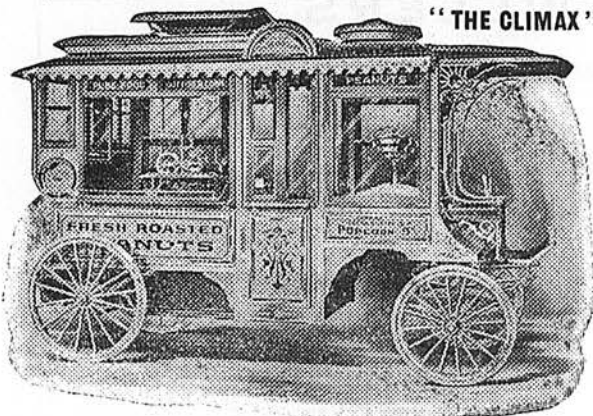
MANN & ANKER

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came back and bought five pounds of sugar. "Dear me," said the grocer, smiling in a forgiving way, "I thought you were never going to enter my doors again."

"Well, I didn't mean to," said the customer; "but your's is the only

one afternoon, and had been much interested in the statuary on exhibition. On giving an account of the trip to a neighbor, she said: "I have seen that fellow what they call Adonis and I've seen Ruggles, and of the two, give me Ruggles."



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