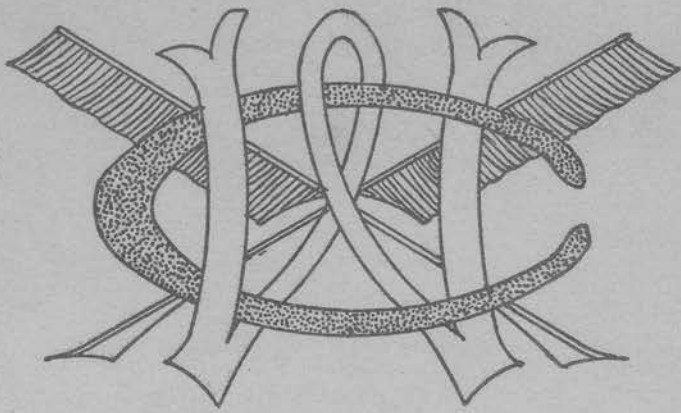


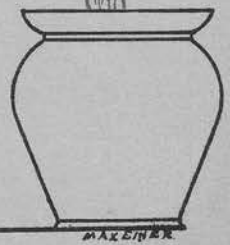
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Crimson and White Vol. ~~IX~~^X 1912-13



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The Crimson and White

Vol. IX

OCTOBER 1912

No. 1



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"THE STIRRING OF THE POWERS" X

Before the bay window of the living-room sat Anastasia Black, the furrows in her forehead deepening and her kind blue eyes peering through a pair of bent "specks" becoming more and more concentrated on the sewing she was trying to finish before the sun faded into the early September twilight.

Presently, there appeared in the doorway, her worthy spouse whose ponderosity of figure was conducive to as little action as his wife's wiriness was to untiring labor. With lamentations over his lot, which no one would have suspected, from his wife's sympathetic words, had been his vesper hymn for twenty-five years, the honorable Peter committed himself to the one easy chair in the room.

Anastasia began her preparations for the evening meal. By the title of "Aunt 'Stasia" she was commonly known and for her cooking she was loved by the children of the village. It was not infrequently that her tempting viands made a spectacular debut before a group of hungry school children, and a hasty disap-

pearance from the scene of action. These feasts raised the grocery bills, it's true, but if her better-half observed this he merely thought it had been spent on him and rather prided himself that he could consume such an amount.

When the meal was ready, Peter rose lingeringly from the chair and took his place at the table. Having assured his wife that his excessive fatigue, together with the urgent demands of the inner man, rendered the saying of grace practically impossible, Mrs. Black promptly granted the dispensation. For whatever inertia he might have been guilty of during the day, he fully atoned during this time. After he had nobly consumed the fourth plateful, Anastasia decided she was hungry.

Before this natural craving could be satisfied, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Brick appeared at the door and were ushered into the parlor. On being assured that her guests had "just et," she returned to the kitchen to attend to her husband's further wants and, incidentally, to give her

callers a chance to gain self-possession.

Upon her return Mrs. Ames was standing in the center of the room, possibly because the style of the gown would not permit her assuming any other position—and the other ladies were sitting nervously on the edges of the uncomfortable chairs. To describe adequately Mrs. Ames' appearance is difficult,—to characterize her almost impossible. She was the foremost lady of the village, keeping as much in touch with the freaks of fashion as a limited purse and her own ingenuity would permit, therefore considered stylish; reading the several cheap magazines of the previous year sent to her by a relative, therefore well read and up-to-date; and possessing enough daring to attempt anything impossible, therefore revered by her more timid sisters.

"Aunt Anastasia," she trilled, and it may be here said her a's and u's had a ponderous Latin sound, "We have come to see you."

"Have you, indeed?" was the mental query of her hostess.

"Yes" chirped Mrs. Wilson, her thin figure bouncing off the chair in her excitement. "Amelia has such a splendid project that we called to gain your interest in the cause. We can't get along without you."

"If the project is to keep her parlor windows clean. I'll help," Aunt 'Stasia replied bluntly. She had small respect for Amelia and her projects.

"Oh, Aunt 'Stasia," said little Mrs. Brick, "That's not it. Do listen. Tell her Amelia."

Thus admonished, Mrs. Ames gazed about the room as if casually seeking inspiration. Her eyes rested upon the portraits of Peter's father and mother.

"Ah!" she breathed.

Then she solemnly intoned:

"Ladies, see these people. They have labored to make this village what it is." (In reality there was nothing complimentary about that. The name of the village, "Ichabod," suited it exactly). Now, shall we, who are enjoying the fruits of their toil, pass out of this sphere without our share? Hitherto the men have managed our village, and we have been their inspiration."

"Humph!" snorted Anastasia.

Unheeding this exclamation Mrs. Ames resumed: "Now we, the ladies of this village, shall assume the reins of government. We shall rise from oblivion and henceforth be the powers of the village."

She paused, not for reply, but either for rhetorical effect or from lapse of memory (presumably the latter, as she had memorized her remarks from a magazine). The one for whose benefit the speech had been rehearsed cared not to learn the cause of the cessation but hailed it as an opportunity to voice her objections.

"They ought to stay home," she declared. "If they ever gave any inspiration, let them continue to give it. Precious little would be their share, if the positions were reversed."

In reality, the only "reins of government" that the village offered was the school, and she supposed that only teachers who favored Mrs. Ames' children would be selected.

Mrs. Ames continued,—“Women have outgrown their home sphere. They need no inspiration and, moreover, it is for educational purposes we seek the ballot. Men know nothing of education; whereas, when we manage affairs, our children shall assume their rightful positions among the sages of the world.”

Anastasia weakly capitulated, offer-

ing only one feeble argument, "I don't think Peter would like it."

Mrs. Ames had no such thought. It was evident to her, and to everyone else, that, once supplied with provisions, he would raise no objections to her moving the earth.

"Now," cheerfully announced the practical Amelia, "we need money."

A decided lack of enthusiasm was visible in the countenances of her auditors.

"Of course, we can't raise it, so we must do without it," she supplemented resignedly, "but we must parade to show our patriotism. They did it in New York and it was splendid. Perhaps our names will be in the papers or in the magazines."

Mrs. Ames sighed ecstatically and seemed to think that, if any naming were done, she, like Abou Ben Adhem, had substantial reasons for believing that her name would lead all the rest.

"Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Brick will make our banners,—of cheesecloth, you know. Won't you, dears?" she asked blandly. "And Aunt Anastasia, will you make a what-you-may-call it—the sign with 'Votes for Women' on it? I'll collect the ladies."

Once interested in anything, 'Stasia gave all the enthusiasm and energy she possessed for its success and, long after her guests had left, she considered what article in her possession could fittingly bear the magical words, "Votes for Women." Every piece of wood from the back of the parlor sofa to the kindling wood was considered and the ironing-board selected as the wood for sacrifice. The fixtures on the back would render the addition of a pole unnecessary.

The next day the ironing-board was embellished. To one supernaturally

enlightened, the hieroglyphics might have suggested "Votes for Women;" but to ordinary mortals they were vividly suggestive of turkey's tracks.

Quite early the following morning, she started with her precious burden for the hall where the paraphernalia had been collected. The "what-you-may-call-it," wrapped in its usual way, was, to all appearances, an innocent but decidedly heavy ironing-board.

As she passed the Brick's house she saw one small child engaged in hammering a statuette of "Una and the Lion" which had, until a few minutes before her advent, been conspicuous in the parlor window. She noted that the appearance of the youthful iconoclast was not as trim as usual.

On she trudged bravely, the weight of her burden increasing at every step and her path crossed only by a little Italian girl who asked, breathlessly and pleasantly: "Is dem de Brickses wenting down de road?"

Soon she was hailed by Amelia and her two "satellites."

"So good of you," trilled Mrs. Ames melodiously, immediately gasping: "Why, that won't do!"

Anastasia fanned herself vigorously and, furthermore, her temper was rising. What with ruining an ironing-board, enduring the fear of detection and then carrying it a mile to find it did not suit,—it would make any one indignant.

"It will do nicely," interposed Mrs. Wilson, "sort of symbolical—having domestic things mixed with political."

"That's fine," applauded Amelia. "Now I have learned that there is to be a meeting in the school-house tonight and we'll take them by surprise. Be here at half-past six."

Through a day of infinite length to

her, Anastasia lived, and for the first time the supper was two minutes late. Her husband's complaints terminated by his departure for the meeting and she started on her clandestine journey through the back lots. It lacked twenty-five minutes of seven, when, breathless and mud-stained, she appeared before the motley crowd convened before the hall.

Ranks were formed. Mrs. Ames, with a nonchalance worthy of Zenobia herself led the ludicrous procession, guiding the steps of her standard bearer, an Italian woman, whose vision was obstructed by the ironing-board. Behind them were Anastasia and Mrs. Brick, each carrying a banner that waved fitfully in the evening breezes. Mrs. Wilson, the bearer of an "Old Glory," brought up the rear.

Down the road advanced the would-be Amazons with as martial an air as a bold leader, and thirty timid followers, could assume. Even in a village famous the country over for its excellent roads, a parade is a difficult undertaking for suffragettes. The line of march was a zig-zag course, now on the road and, now, when the lights of an approaching automobile were seen, on the car tracks. Little conversation was held.

In the school-house the unsuspecting men had gathered. Not even Annunciata's questions as to why "An' Stay wented up the road with an ironing-board," had excited the least suspicion. The lights from two barn lanterns cast grotesque shadows on the walls, making the countenances of each seem weird. And Peter Black, who had been obliged to take the floor in spite of his protests that he felt faint from hunger (having eaten only the usual amount), was declaring:

"Gentlemen, honored members of the board of trustees, the task now

imposed upon us is a prodigious one. If the selection of the instructoress of this seat of learning is wrongly made the future of this noble village is ruined." As if to emphasize his words, a portentous form in the guise of a walking ironing-board loomed before the entrance. As Peter, now motionless, gazed at the apparition, the fringe of hair about his ears made right angles with his head. Impelled by the expression on his face, the other occupants of the room glanced toward the door. Mr. Brick's swarthy visage had never been altered by even a week's fasting, but it now turned a few tints lighter, and several others relieved their feelings in a manner, which, if inaudible, was too realistic for reproduction.

It was Mrs. Ames who broke the spell with a bellicose; "Be ready with the bricks girls!"

Then advancing from behind her standard bearer, who remained as immovable as the sphinx, she delivered a manifesto.

"We are the powers of the village," was the declaration.

Even when the alternative of votes or bricks was laid before them, the dazed men failed to comprehend.

While the "powers" were demanding their rights, through the medium of Mrs. Ames, and while their bewildered spouses were wondering, perhaps, what had turned their former inspirations into so many Amazons, the whole galaxy had individually flown, silently and swiftly to their respective domiciles. So when Peter weakly declared, "If the winnin want for to vote, they can," Amelia turned to announce the joyful tidings,—but she gazed beyond Anastasia's ironing-board into the misty darkness of the night.

L. R., '13.

ONE EVENING

It was just the kind of night to cuddle around the cozy fire-place. We could hear the rain drizzling and the wind tormenting the shutters and doors, whenever there was a pause in our chatter, which was seldom.

By this time I suppose you want to know whom I mean by "we." There was Virginia, more commonly known as "Jinny," romantic and dreamy; Pauline or Paul, the tease of the school and very athletic; Peg, beloved by all and a skilled mischief-maker, and last of all, staid old myself, dubbed by my three chums, "Sensible Meg."

Know that this was a very special occasion. We had not seen each other since far-off commencement week in the spring and now we were going to have our first chummy chat in Jinny's popular little den.

"Do be careful of that fudge, Paulie. Remember you're not playing golf," was Peg's teasing and not untimely warning to Pauline who was beating away at the bubbling brown mixture as if the spoon was a carpet-beater and the fudge a dusty rug.

"Indeed if you can——"

"Oh girls, shall I tell you about the time when I went canoeing?" interrupted Jinny to prevent one of the numerous scraps of Paul and Peg from occurring on our first evening together.

Of course we were all awfully anxious to hear about it and this is what she told:

"Well, you know how much afraid mother is of the water and how she never would let me go out in one of those 'shaky little shells' as she calls canoes, but the last night that we were at our camp Comigan, my cousin came over from the hotel and wanted me

to go out on the lake. It was beautifully moonlight and an ideal night on the water, so I teased and teased mother, until finally, partly to be left in peace to finish her book, and partly because she trusted Tom more than anyone else where any danger was likely to arise, she let me go, instructing us to keep near the shore, not to stay late, and to be sure and sit in the middle,—as if we didn't know how to act in a canoe.

"Tom's canoe is long and mossy green with velvety red cushions. He fastened a little Japanese lantern in the bow so we wouldn't bump into any of the many launches, row-boats or other canoes.

"We paddled, or rather Tom did, for about an hour along the shore. I just dragged my hands in the cool water and listened to cousin's funny stories about college pranks. Then remembering mother's instructions and noticing the scarcity of boats on the lake, we turned around and started as fast as possible for home. We had covered about half the distance when, over the still waters, I could hear cries for help. We saw, almost in the middle of the lake, a good-sized launch, motionless on the water. Our little craft was steered for it and as we drew nearer I peered through the darkness, for the moon had disappeared behind a cloud and a gloomy mist was rising, and saw that it held a number of passengers. After what seemed a long time, we reached the poor little ship and there, the forlornest of a forlorn little group, sat mother! She was with some friends from the hotel. She had actually plucked up courage enough to accept their invitation to go out in 'one of those things that

always blow up.' Now the engine had broken down and they would have to wait until some passing boat towed them to shore. So mother had to choose between spending most of the night on the lake with plenty of mosquitoes for company or a canoe ride with us home. Of the two evils she decided to risk our rescuing her. After much hesitating and trembling we finally got her safely on board, cautioning her to sit in the middle, keep her hands folded in her lap, and not to sneeze.

"By the time we reached the camp, mother decided that a canoe was less

dangerous than a motor-boat and I assure you, girls, that she was glad she let me go out that night."

"What a lovely evening and what a jolly joke on your mother!" exclaimed Peg.

We all laughed and then I saw Peg looking very sleepy and stifling a yawn, so a motion was made that we all go to bed, that we might be fresh and bright to begin our studies the next morning.

Thus we four chums spent our first evening together back at dear old boarding-school.

M. L. C., '13.

DRIFTED APART

The sun had disappeared in the west, darkness was gradually creeping into the little room. The intense silence was broken only by the ticking of the little clock on the mantel. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock on and on it ushered the fleeting hours.

The woman, was buried in the depths of the chair, supported by a mass of pillows. Her lovely face, thin, transparent, almost lifeless, was a study. Her hands were clasped tightly and she buried her nails in the palms until their imprint became visible on the flesh.

The man stood at the side of the mantel looking down at the woman. He was tall, well built and his face was deeply lined as that of one who had suffered and knew the pain and agony, the physical and mental torture of wrong doing. Although comparatively young his hair was thickly patched with gray. As he stood gazing into the depths of the fire, one glance would suffice the onlooker to know and understand that he had reached the crisis in his life.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock sang the busy little time-keeper. The fire blazed and the fire fairies danced merrily for the moment, then suddenly disappeared and the embers smouldered. The man aroused himself.

"Ruth," he said, "I am sorry that we can not come to an understanding. I came here to-night thinking that you would forget and show a little mercy. Do you remember five years ago to-day? Death claimed our baby girl, Ruth, and life seemed to offer nothing. Then we drifted and drifted until you decided that it was best for us to lead our lives separately. That killed me, Ruth, but on account of my great love for you I did as you wished. I went into the world a crushed man; crushed at the loss of our baby and you. All that I loved in this wide world wiped out of my life with one blow.

"I became heartless; I devoted every minute, hour and day trying to accumulate money, to seize it, to run men to the ground, in short, I stopped

at nothing in order to obtain my purpose. Money, money was the cry which was constantly ringing in my ears. I wanted wealth, not for pleasure, not for wealth's sake but because it brought me power. If a man controlled a railroad which was increasing in value, or a corner in the market which was slowly creeping into the hundreds I bargained with him and if he refused I crushed him, wiped him out of existence in the financial world. I was mad, that was all.

"My one enemy was Old Jackson. He was a stubborn old customer who would never come to terms; the one and only man who dared defy me. From the first day I entered my new field I decided and planned to make him suffer. I had suffered and was crushed and the one joy that I found in living was in making others suffer; in crushing them so that they came to me and begged for mercy. Ruth, I never realized that Jackson had charge of your little fortune, that when I was bidding against him on the floor that awful day it was your money that I was seizing.

"I was innocent, no matter what they tell you and I did not plan to wreck your little fortune as they said. I never knew that you had left the city with poverty as your only companion, that you were forced to seek employment, wander from place to place hungry, almost starving. When I heard this it drove me to despair and I did everything in my power to find you. I am here now to do whatever I can to atone for the wrong, the wicked wrong that I have done. Look at me, Ruth, say that I am not too late."

The woman raised her head, extended a thin wasted hand toward the fire, but her lips remained motionless.

"Ruth," the man said "I have something which I brought you; something I took with me the night I left. It was wrong of me, but I thought that you did not care. You appeared to have lost all interest in everything, but your mad race after society. Forgive me, but that is the way I looked at things then. I thought that you cared no longer for those who were once dear to you, but now I understand, I see things in a different light, I realize that the mistake was mine."

He placed a small box before her. The woman raised herself from the depths of the pillows and gazed long and intently at the box. Then she raised the cover disclosing a tiny pair of baby shoes. With a cry of anguish she seized them and pressing their little worn soles to her lips buried her head in the pillows.

The man stood looking down at the woman, his face betraying the battle which was being fought within his heart. The little clock continued its faithful duty, ticking as merrily as ever. The fire was gradually dying.

"Jack, oh, Jack, I want to see her, take me to my baby, I am sorry that I sent you away. I missed you but I was proud, proud and I——"

Her head fell on his shoulder and she remained motionless for a great length of time. After a while he lifted her head and looked at her face and then he realized the awful truth. Slowly, very slowly, he watched the tiny spark of life flicker and go out.

The fire in the grate had burned out, the fire fairies had vanished, but the little clock continued its happy song as joyously as if it had never known anything but happiness, joy and peace throughout life.

JACK, '14.

A CHANGE

"You don't mean to say that you haven't seen or heard of Elizabeth Norman for a year and a half! But then you've been abroad since last Christmas. Yet it seems almost impossible that you don't know the experience that she's had. You know what a jolly, happy-go-lucky girl she has always been. Really you would hardly recognize her.

"You at least must have heard about her father's losing most of his money."

"No?"

"Well, he speculated too heavily in real estate and somehow lost nearly everything he had last June. He still has enough to live on, but nothing to spare.

"Elizabeth never cared a bit whether she did anything worth while in school or not—slid along, by her luck, I guess. You know, she only started in college to please her father. You remember the way we used to rave about the drawings she made, but she didn't seem to care about making anything of that, either.

"Well, toward the end of the year she went in for all the fun and good times available and ended the year with a glorious social 'splurge.' But her year's class work was almost a failure. She only passed English and French out of five subjects. But she took it as a huge joke and thought maybe her father wouldn't make her go back this year.

"It was only a few days after school ended that her father lost his money. She was getting ready to go abroad for the summer at the time, and so the shock came with double force. She was having lots of stun-

ning clothes made too, for you know how she loves them.

"Of course this ended all her plans for the summer, and she told me afterwards that she realized suddenly that she would have to depend upon her own resources in a few years and also that she wasn't able to do a thing worth while.

"After this she began to do some very serious thinking which has ended in some very serious work. It was about a month after their loss that I went to see her. Before I went I thought that she would be in the deepest despair and that I should have to use a great deal of tact so as not to hurt her feelings.

"But when I reached the house (you know they had to rent their own big one and take a smaller one), I could hardly realize that she was the same girl. When I arrived, I was dumbfounded to find her busy studying physics! She used to hate it worse than anything else, too.

"It now develops that she has been studying as hard as she can all summer and is going to take examinations in the fall and enter the second year. She says that she is crazy now to have a college education.

"She has also been working at her drawing. She had some perfectly splendid sketches that she has been working on.

"You know she has several thousand dollars of her own, so that she will have plenty to study with. But the oddest thing is that she brought out a dress that she had been trying to make. I thought it was really very sad looking, but she was as proud as a peacock over it. So you see she is very different from the girl she used

to be. Just watching her really made me feel awfully industrious.

"Why, my dear, you don't mean to say that it's five o'clock. I

wouldn't have believed that I've been here so long. Really, I must go. I'm so glad to have seen you."

R. J., '13.

EIGHT YEARS AFTER

In the heart of the city's business section, in a dingy office on the top floor sat A. Stanton Richards, Esq. His appearance was entirely in keeping with his surroundings, he seemed withered and shrunken. He was, as many people said, an "old crab." His office door bore the words:

"MONEY LOANED ON SECURITIES"

Richards was opening his morning mail when he came upon a message which ran thus: "I live. I come." Swiftly over his mind flashed this picture: the ship's boat, two in the boat, no water, a merciless sun. His jaw dropped; his eyes bulged, his yellow skin turned a ghastly white. He was afraid.

If any man in the world had everything to make him happy that person was Richards. His dwelling was luxurious; he had a daughter and his fortune was enormous. Yet there appeared before him, the ship's boat, two in the boat, no water, a merciless sun.

He grasped the telephone. With a terrible effort he controlled his voice enough to call up a nearby detective agency and demand a man to come to his office at once; then, turning, he angrily inquired of Hendricks, his only clerk, where that letter came from.

About five minutes later Mr. John Frost entered Richards' office. He was a brisk, business-like young man, who went right to the point by asking, "What is it to-day, Mr. Richards?"

"I want you to find this man; a seaman, five feet six inches in height, slightly stooped, hair and beard white, an anchor tattooed on right forearm."

"You desire me to bring him here?" inquired Frost.

"No. Just find him. Good morning," rasped the old crank.

Now in order to understand Mr. Frost's great interest in Richards' affairs, you must know that about a year previous to this time, Frost became acquainted with *Miss Richards*. Since that acquaintance began he had two main purposes in life, namely: to marry Violet Richards, and to possess at least one million dollars. Therefore he took great pains to secure A. Stanton Richards' esteem.

Nine o'clock the next morning Richards was opening his mail when he found a message which simply contained one word: "Beware." Then across his mind there flashed that scene; the ship's boat, two in the boat, no water, a merciless sun. He seemed to shrink within himself; he trembled; his jaw dropped; his eyes bulged and he sprawled on his desk, his fingers clutching convulsively at the papers.

Mr. Frost, coming in, found him in a dead faint lying face down on his desk. Some cold water revived him sufficiently to enable him to sit upright. Frost noticed a small piece of paper drop from his hand; he picked it up and glancing at it read simply "Beware." Frost now saw a great light on the recent occurrences and

also guessed the reason for Richards offering him a million for that seaman. He left at once.

About one hour later the young detective returned accompanied by a middle-sized man who walked like a sailor and although his hair and beard were dyed one could recognize him as the desired seaman. Richards again fainted. Some brandy soon revived him and the seaman glared at him in anything but a peaceful or friendly manner. Frost looked puzzled. Then the sailor explained as follows:

"Eight years ago an ocean steamer was lost. I was one of her crew and he, Richards, was one of the passengers. There were three of us in one of the ship's boats, no water and a merciless sun. On the eighth day after the wreck that man offered to

make me rich if I would dispose of the third person. I was a poor man. That afternoon there were two of us in the boat, no water and a merciless sun. A steamer picked us up on the ninth day more dead than alive. Since that day I did not set foot on dry land until yesterday when I escaped. I sent him two letters to remind him of the incident. I dyed my hair and thought I could not be caught, but you found me. Again I am in his power."

Richards now pays that seaman's bills at a sailors' lodging house. He also gave Frost a million and his daughter. But when he is alone with nothing to do, there flashes across his mind that picture: The ship's boat, two in the boat, no water, a merciless sun.

G. D., '14.

Success, my boy, is the aim of all,
But to live that joy to the full,
You want to get there
Through the door marked Push
And not through the door marked
Pull.

No man ever touched another man's
honor;
All honor's wounds are self-inflicted.
—*Andrew Carnegie.*

Conscience makes cowards of us all.
—*Shakespeare.*

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

He who governs his tongue is per-
fectly able to control all his passions.
—*Channing.*

There is nothing that costs so little
and goes so far as courtesy.

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

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

Our deeds determine us, as much
as we determine our deeds.—*George
Eliot.*

Conceit may puff a man up, but
never prop him up.—*Ruskin.*

The great theatre for virtue is con-
science.—*Cicero.*

Nothing great was ever achieved
without enthusiasm.—*Emerson.*

Experience teaches slowly, and at
the cost of mistakes.—*Froude.*

Ever in the strife be noble—*Emer-
son.*

Laws grind the poor, and rich men
rule the law.—*Goldsmith.*

THE
CRIMSON and WHITE

VOL. IX ALBANY, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1912. No. 1

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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With this issue the ninth year of the publication of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE is begun. It has always been the aim of the board of editors to produce a paper devoted to the interests of the school and which would, in a measure, represent it. In the past the efforts of the editors have met with remarkable success. We, the editors for 1912-13, hope that this year the school paper will not only continue the good work of the past but make advancement, for we realize that if we aim merely to keep up the good record of former years we shall be likely to retrograde. We therefore ought not only to maintain the old standard but set a new and higher one through the aid of the material left by our predecessors, through the knowledge of their experience, and with the help gained from the criti-

cisms and suggestions of other school papers received through our exchange department. As the size of the school is greatly increased and its standard constantly becoming higher the merit of the school paper or representative should show improvement.

Other schools will form their opinion of our N. H. S. largely through THE CRIMSON AND WHITE and so partly for this reason we should try to make the paper a true exponent of our school.

The editors themselves will try in every way to make this year a successful one but without the co-operation of our fellow students we can do little. It may seem to you that you can do but little in supporting the school paper but if everyone will help the results will be great. Furthermore this is a splendid way of showing your school spirit. We therefore earnestly solicit your support both by subscription and in furnishing material for the various departments when you may be asked.

We thank those who have already evinced their interest by their subscriptions, and that number includes a large proportion of the students enrolled. We in turn will try to make THE CRIMSON AND WHITE worthy of your support.

We also wish to thank those who have contributed in other ways to our paper. Some, though not on the board of editors, have obtained advertisements for us. Others have offered items for the several departments. We certainly appreciate this spirit.

Freshmen, and all new students, welcome! THE CRIMSON AND WHITE extends to you a cordial greeting. We predict that you will enjoy your

course as much and become as fond of N. H. S. as the older students have. Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors should already have joined hands in the determination to make this year the best that Old Normal has ever seen. The school spirit and friendship among the students should be

strengthened. Especially is this true of the Seniors for they have entered upon the last year of their high school course and it will be a joy if in looking back upon this last year they can feel that now the bond of friendship is strongest and the love for their Alma Mater greatest.

ALUMNI NOTES

Of the graduates of the Class 1912 N. H. S., Jeanette Brate, Caroline Gauger, Harriet Tedford, Orville Hayford and Margaret Carrolan have enrolled as students in the Normal College.

Newton Bacon, President of the Class 1912 has entered Williams College.

It is perhaps a fact to be well noted that *both* the Valedictorian and the Salutatorian of the Class 1912, namely Katharine Goldring and Caroline Lansing, have entered Wellesley.

W. Irving Goewey, N. H. S. 1912, is taking a Post Graduate course at the Albany High School.

Adele Le Compte, a graduate of N. H. S. 1908, and of the State Normal College 1912, is teaching French in Medina, near Buffalo, N. Y.

We have with us this year as teacher of American History in the High School, Ethel Secore a member of the class 1908, N. H. S.

William Gazeley, 1911, has entered the Albany Medical College.

Jack Donahue, a graduate of the N. H. S. 1909, and who graduated last year from the Albany Law School is back at the latter taking an extra year.

Gibson Wentworth, 1912, is working with the State Highway Commission.

Joseph Mulcahy of the Class of 1911 has recently gone to New York where he has accepted a very fine position.

Chester Hane, 1912, has entered Albany Medical College.

Of the Class of 1911, Pearl Shafer, Geraldine Murray, and Edith Herber, are sophomores in the State Normal College.

Several of the Class of 1910 are likewise in the S. N. C. Among them are: Jessie Luck, Edna Moat, and Harold Goewey.

SCHOOL NOTES

With the reopening of school, we find ourselves in the midst of many students, old and new. To the new, we extend our most hearty welcome, and wish them every success in their high-school career. While greeting our old friends we find that many of our former comrades have departed

from our midst. Let us first see where the old members of the Class of '13 are, and what new students have entered it.

Helen Gray, Helen MacNeil, and Mildred Weeks have gone to the Albany High School.

Edith Picken and Marion Hanley

have entered the convent of Holy Names.

Margaret Hoffman, after a summer of study, has entered the State Normal College.

The new members of this class are:

Ruth Lape from the Rensselaer High School, Miss Luce from the Hartwick High School, Ethel Fryer from the Albany Girls' Academy, and Bessie Vanderpool.

Junior Class

Hope Hamilton has moved to New York.

Emma Whish, Marjorie Sitterly and Ward Hanney have left school.

John Henry has gone into the produce business and we wish him great success in his new enterprise.

Edward Goodwin has entered the Albany Boys' Academy.

Freda Hagner has entered the Albany Business College.

Marie Colloton is going to St. Joseph's Academy.

Dorothy Dearstyne and Alma Holley are attending Miss Comfort's school.

Alice and Enid Elmendorf have entered the Albany Girls' Academy.

The new members are: Albert Luff from Chicago, Bertha Race from the Glens Falls High School, Margaret Decker and Etta Decker from the Rensselaer High School.

Sophomore Class

Margaret and Catherine Burke have entered the Convent of Holy Names.

Beatrice Noyes has moved to New Haven, Conn.

Bessie Coburn is attending the Albany Girls Academy.

John Clancy is attending the Albany Business College.

George Van Nostrand and Elizabeth Bradley have left school.

Mary Blue has entered this class.

Freshmen Class

We have a very large Freshmen Class this year. "Welcome to our school, ye Infants!"

In a sudden feeling of brotherly love, we warn all the "babes" to be careful how they act, particularly when on their way down stairs; or they are very apt to be jerked up rather suddenly, as in the case of one of their members; and also to show due respect to their upper-classmen, or—

Well, we won't promise what will happen, but—"Beware!"

We are very grieved to hear of the death of one of our members, Henry

Cohan, of the Class of '15, and we extend our most tender sympathy to his parents and friends.

We discover with much regret, that Miss Bishop is not on the faculty this year.

Considering the material on hand, we are led to believe that we will have an excellent basket-ball team this year, under the guidance of Messrs. George and Butler. The candidates are practising every afternoon in the gym, with much enthusiasm.

We hope that the Girls' Glee Club will continue its work this year, and we wish them the best of success.

Zeta Sigma



Once again the weekly meetings of Sigma have been renewed and the way in which they are attended certainly shows that everybody is interested and intends to work hard this year.

At our last meeting plans were discussed concerning a "Freshman-Sophomore Rush" and the enthusiasm with which some of the plans

were met bids fair to make it the greatest social event of the fall season.

The programs have been very interesting and have also proved very enjoyable to the members. The piano solos by the Misses Lansing and Vosburgh have proved very entertaining as have the recitations by the Misses Gale, Griffin and Gardiner.

Q. L. S.



Quintilian has again started its meetings, with promise of great success for the year. Dorothy Moore, Marie Blauvelt, Mildred Birdseye, Clara Holder, Hazel Schilling, and Phyllis Clark have been elected to membership, and the initiations took place on Friday, October third. We

regret to say that our President, Marion Hanley, and our Senior editor, Mildred Weeks, have left school. Elmetta Van Deloo and Margaret Lovett have been unanimously elected to the presidency and vice-presidency, respectively.

Adelphoi



With the beginning of the school year Adelphoi again starts its activities. At the first meeting plans for the coming year were discussed and the members were favored with an address by Edward Taylor, an alumnus member. Last Friday, Mr. G. V. Sweet, also an alumnus, addressed the fraternity.

Among a large number of fellows Mr. Luff was the only one who was

willing to dare and capable of surviving the trying ordeal of Adelphoi initiation and we welcome him to the membership. We are also glad to have Brother Kirk with us again this year.

On the June excursion to Otis Summit, the Adelphoi had one of the most successful and enjoyable outings in its history. Howard Fitzpatrick acted as chaperon and with much ex-

ertion kept brothers Kirk and Hayford in "the straight and narrow way."

At the election held on September 20th the following officers were chosen:

President—Edward C. Brandow.

Vice-President—Edward S. McDowell.

Secretary—Gordon Scott.

Treasurer—Chester Long.

Chaplain—J. Robert Watt.

Sergeant - at - Arms — Leighton

Lodge.

Master of Ceremonies—Nelson L.

Covey.

Theta Nu



Theta Nu held their opening meeting on Wednesday, September 5, 1912. The attendance was excellent and the members are expecting a very successful year.

On Wednesday, October 2, 1912, initiations were held. The new members are as follows: Mr. Ward, Mr. Mead, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Hohl, Mr. Miller, Mr. Sands, Mr. Haselbarth, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Nead.

The officers for this term are:

President—Guy Ferguson.

Vice-President—Hamilton Adams.

Secretary—Edwin Belknap.

Treasurer—Andrew Dodds.

Critic—Raymond Fite.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Alwin Neef.

Assistant Sergeant—Joseph Swee-
ney.

Theta Nu expects to have a very prosperous year.



With the opening of the school year the editors of the various school publications make their plans for improving or at least keeping up the standard of the magazines entrusted to their care. We sincerely hope that you will

succeed and that you may have a stronger support of your fellow students.

It has been agreed that it is a futile task to criticise the exchanges of the previous year as they are the work

of the old editors. Yet one may profit by the sins of others so we have given our opinions of the following:

It is to be regretted that every issue of the *Toka* (Grant's Pass, Ore.), cannot be gotten up as nicely as its 1912 annual. At least the quality of paper could be improved, even though the cuts which add so much to the one in question, had to be omitted. The editorials, though ever good, have reached the zenith of their glory in this number. The article on the Rhetorical system is certainly excellent. We may safely state that this department excels that of any other paper we have seen. Almost all the literary department has been given over to the Seniors and therefore not particularly interesting to outsiders but "Hearticulture" was exceedingly clever and original.

The exchanges were not very good. It is better to criticize in the good old-fashioned way which makes one's labor worth something—if it ever is in Exchangeland. Of the other departments we may say they are up to their usual good standard.

The Freshmen number of *The Oracle* (Jacksonville, Fla.), is, like the other issues, worthy of mention. The material is so abundant and the school spirit so evident in its prosperous appearance. Yet it seems that the editors, who have reveled so long in the support of the school, have become boastful and a trifle negligent. The articles by the Freshmen were not particularly good, even for first year students, neither can very much be said in praise of the humor of the "Snailville Shoppers" or the originality of "When the Clock Struck Thirteen" and the "Romance of a Purple Parasol." On the other hand

the essay and the poetry are exceptionally good; likewise the art work of this issue. Your exchange criticisms are fair but you should not devote three pages to criticisms on your own magazine. As the primary function of an exchange department is not to act as a bouquet holder, it is better to have the "impressions" exceed the "depressions."

The remainder of the paper is quite commendable with the exception of the notes of the under classes.

The *Mt. Marty Annual* (Rosedale, Kan.), is about the most complete one that we have seen. The cover design is artistic and the headings neat though in some cases, almost too large. Science and Language, two departments found rarely in school organs, are maintained by this magazine. It seems a futile task, however, to treat such subjects as the former department contains when excellent text books may be had by any inquirer on those subjects.

The arts, athletics and alumni are well handled, which is more than can be said of either Literature or Exchanges. The stories are of an ancient vintage although the essays are good, and the polite phrases of acknowledgment in the Exchange notes are not of very much value and are interspersed with jokes.

The editorials in the *May Iris* (Philadelphia, Pa.), have a theme which is now rather old-fashioned. The articles on Education in recent publications of various magazines have crushed these ideas. The literary department contains a good variety of material. "A Proposal" and a "Recess Drama" are very amusing. The club notes are silly. One would think that a literary so-

ciety which is supposed to improve the ability of its members could produce a paragraph with a little more literary style.

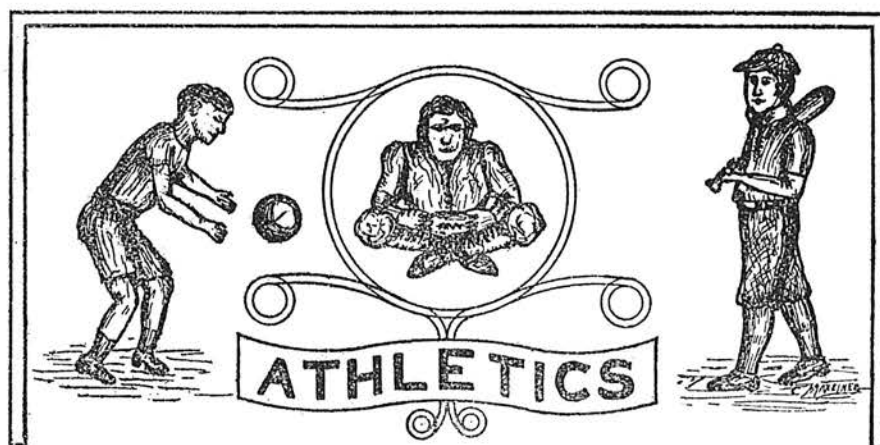
"Correspondence" is not usually maintained in most school papers but in this instance is very interesting.

In the *Huisache* (San Antonio, Tex.), we find very good exchange criticisms, excellent school and athletic notes, and some of the best club notes we have seen. While the *Huisache* produces some very good essays, the stories of this issue are not particularly good. "Just Girls" sounds like a Sunday school story. "Travel" is unique and interesting.

The June number of the *H. S. Echo* (Nashville, Tenn.), was not quite as

good as usual. Instead of the essays in which the students of Fogg's High School seem to excel, it contains stories about such hackneyed subjects as wandering millionaires disguised, princesses living in seclusion, and the finding of lost wills by the most impossible methods. The exchange department is a most commendable one; the athletic and club notes are bright and newsy, but the "chips" are rather dried out.

We regret exceedingly to state that we are unable to send out our CRIMSON AND WHITE for June. Following is the list of those papers which were criticized in that issue: *Voice*, *Techtonian*, *Tattler*, *Stylus*, *Shucis*, *News*, *Cue*, *Comet*, *Chronicle*, *Black and Gold*, *Aerolith* and *Academe*.



BASKET BALL

The outlook for this year's team is very bright according to Captain George's statement. Four of last year's team will again be seen in the line-up,—Wilcox who has returned to Normal from Buffalo, and Butler, George and Molitor who have also returned.

The call for candidates brought out many promising young players who will give the old members a fight for

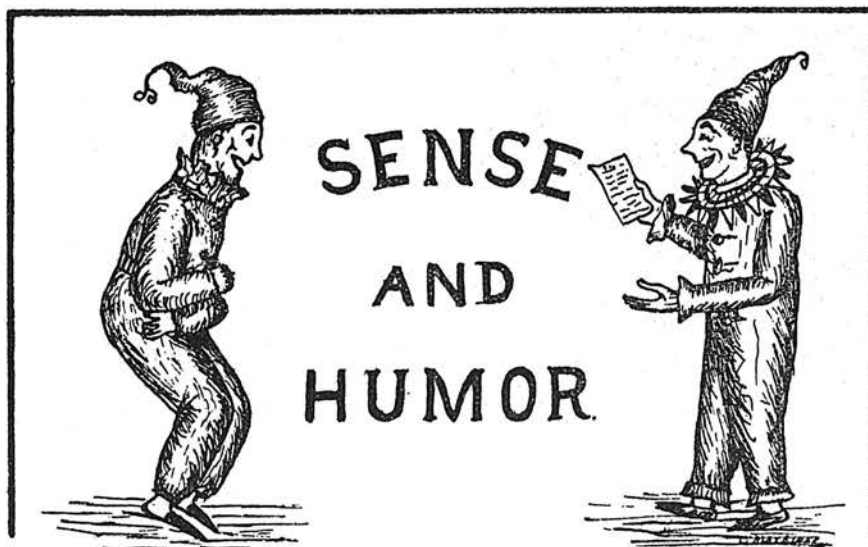
their positions. Among the new candidates are Fite, Neef, Clark, Mead, Nead, O'Brien, Sweeney, Cameron, Scott, Krauch, Covey, McEntee, Adams, Frye and Daring.

Manager Butler is arranging his schedule. He has planned for games with the following high schools: Albany, Troy, Lansingburgh, Chatham, Rensselaer, Johnstown, Scotia, Hoo-sick Prep., Troy Academy, Albany

Academy, Amsterdam, St. John's Academy, La Salle, Watervliet, Egbert High and Kinderhook.

The season tickets will be out soon and may be secured from George, Wilcox, Butler, Molitor, Ferguson or

Fite. The Misses Gale and Baker will be supplied with tickets for the girls. The price will be fifty cents and the season ticket will admit the bearer to all home games.



AN APPEAL

Will someone volunteer to teach spelling to the Seniors thereby lessening Miss Secor's labors in giving dictation? Members of any class will be accepted.

Mr. Pells to Gladys Watt: What is your name?

"Watt."

"What?"

"Yes, that's it."

Blank expression on the face of our professor.

Three Juniors were walking through the park. One asked:

"What's the difference between a mouse and Miss Cushing?"

"The height of a chair," suggested Marion.

Marjorie guessed that, "one harms the cheese and the other charms the he's" (on the picnic) which seemed to satisfy all parties.

Miss Clement was recounting her visit to an Indian reservation where, on the day when she was there, a picnic was being held. There she had expected to be treated to puppy soup in the primitive fashion described by Parkman.

"Do you know," she declared, her voice rising to a crescendo of feigned astonishment, "that instead of having puppy soup they actually had Hot Dogs!"

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS AT NORMAL FOR 1912-13

Edward Brandow stage manager.

Marion Packer will appear in a song "My Darling Clementine,"

words by Loretta Reilly; music by Marion Baker.

The leading parts of "If we don't someone else will" a side-splitting comedy will be filled by Alwin Neef and Olive Wilkins.

Hazel Fairlee has consented to appear in several plaintive little ballads including, "I'm only a little girl."

A monologue, "I'm a Senior," by May Le Compte promises to be very laughable.

Alice Griffin has been secured to appear in "Billie's Back Again."

HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT

Florence Gale has not been late once this year?

John's spirits were noticeably raised when Katherine P. came back?

Guy Ferguson is not yet reconciled to the absence of Alma Holly.

Eugene hasn't passed more than sixteen notes to Florence since school opened?

Edward B. and Dorothy R. are still on intimate terms with each other?

Ruth is so very pensive and quiet this year?

Eleanor Senecal and S. Witbeck have learned how to giggle?

History Teacher: "Tell me about the Caucasian race."

Daring (in the act of reviewing the day's lesson): "I wasn't there, I went to the football game."

SCINTILLATIONS FROM OUR FRESHMEN CLASS

Miss Schafer was conducting a class in German and called up one of her pupils addressing her as "Fräulein —." After waiting in vain for a reply she asked if Miss — were in the class.

"Yes," replied she, "but you have my first name wrong, it's Gladys."

"A right angle," said the teacher, "is one formed by two lines perpendicular to each other."

"Please, teacher," interrupts an innocent child, "what is a left angle?"

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One of our pupil teachers was endeavoring to reassure a frightened Freshie who was called upon to recite.

"Don't be afraid," she said, soothingly, "take all the time you want, but hurry up."

The other day a clerk in one of our large hardware stores was addressed by Helen Page who rushed up to him breathlessly and gasped:

"Give me a mouse trap quickly, please, because I want to catch a trolley car!"

Marguerite Cole: "I would like a pound of cheese and a pound of large square crackers for a Welsh rarebit."

Storekeeper: "Well, I can give you the cheese, but I ain't got any o' them square crackers. Won't your rabbit eat the little round ones?"

THE SLEEPING PORCH CRAZE AS SEEN
BY MOTHER GOOSE

Jack and Jill
Sleep out until
The bed with snow all white is.
Jack's nose
And ears are froze
And Jill has caught bronchitis.

Hush-a-by Baby out in the storm,
What does it matter if Baby ain't
warm?
When this fad's over we'll all sleep
inside,
And I hope of exposure my babe
won't have died!

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sleep,
The rising moon it wakes her,
And there she lies
With open eyes
Till early sunshine bakes her.—*Iris.*

The following story is told about a zealous woman missionary who went aboard a tramp steamer in the San Francisco harbor and said to one of the Chinese deck-hands:

"You no spik English?" the Chinaman looked bored but said nothing. The woman continued:

"Me go your country soon, me learn speak Chineese, teachee little Chineese boy and girl. You savvy missionary?"

The Chinaman looked at her a minute and answered:

"Madam, if you are not more successful in mastering our language than you appear to have been with your own, I fear your attempt to enlighten our race will prove futile. Good afternoon!"

The Chinaman sought the other side of the ship and the woman sought oblivion. She had been addressing a Yale graduate who was working his way back to China.

The farmer marched into the little grocer's shop with a firm step.

"I want that tub of butter," he said, "and that lot of sugar and all that other stuff."

"Good gracious," said the widow, who kept the shop, "whatever do you want with all them goods?"

"I dunno," replied the farmer, scratching his head, "but you see I'm executor of your husband's will and the lawyers told me to carry out the provisions."

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