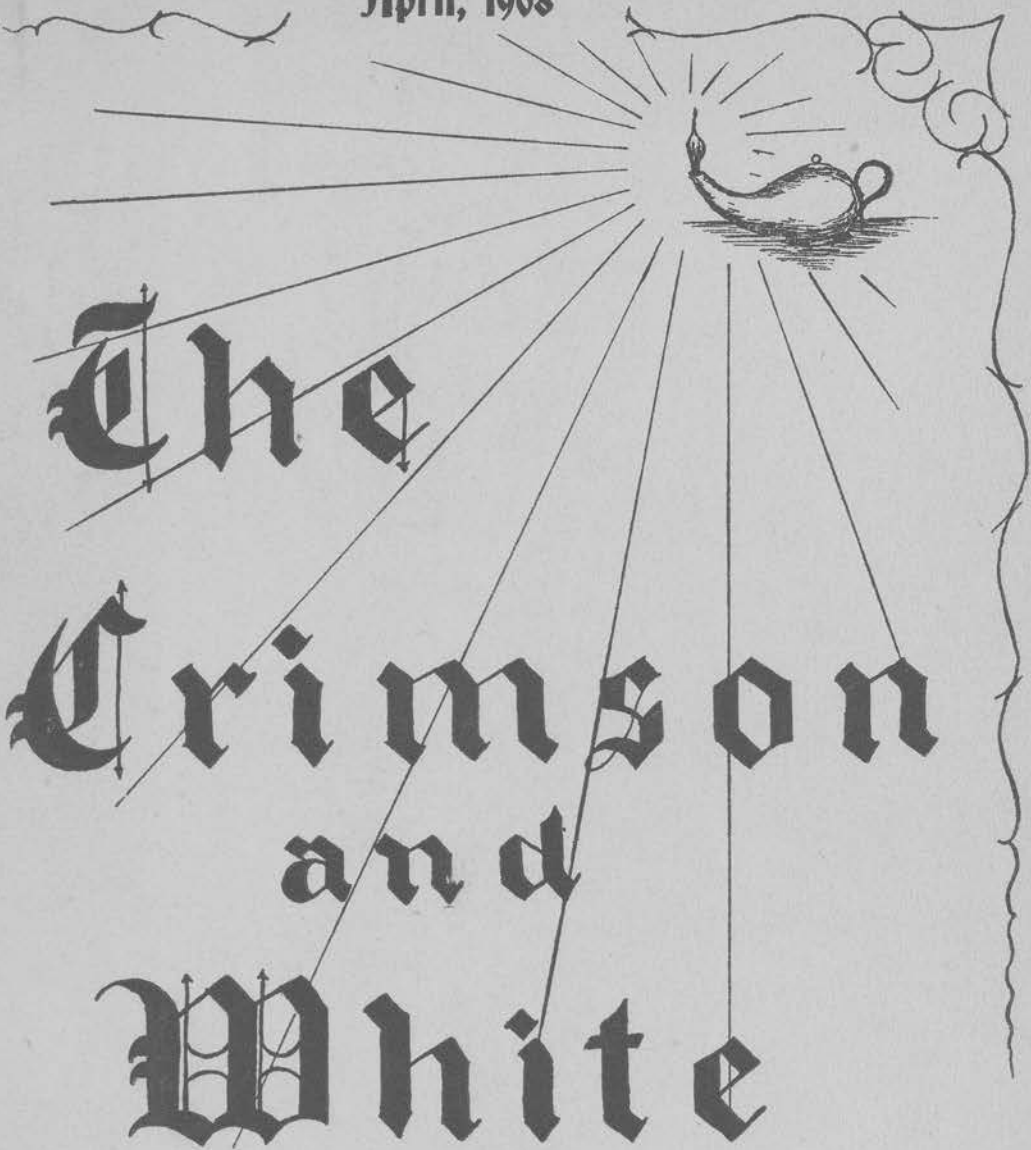


April, 1908

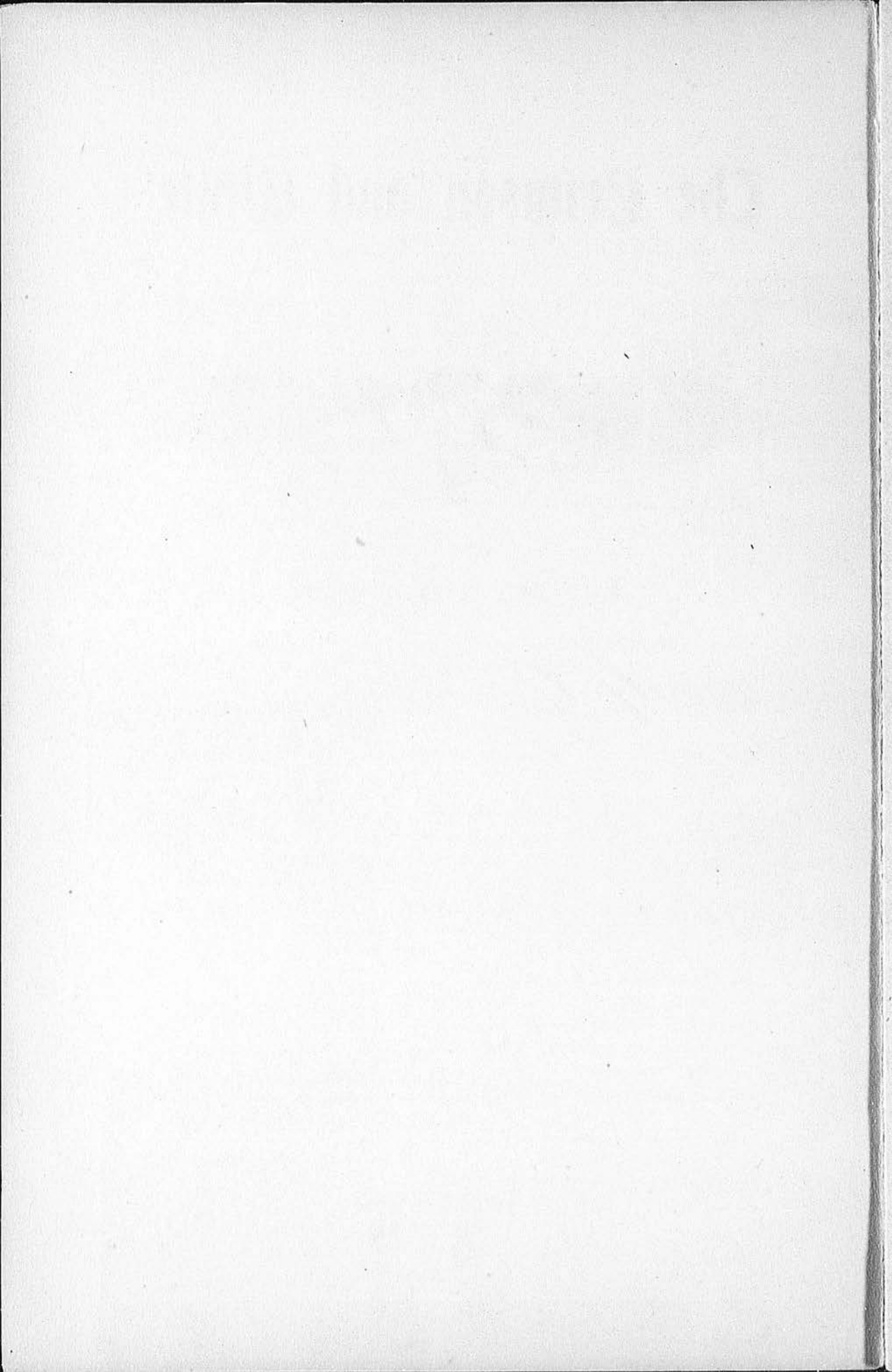
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NEW YORK
STATE NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL
ALBANY



The Crimson and White

VOL. IV

APRIL, 1908

No. 4



Literary Department

Nothin' Left

Mi teecher, she 'ist sez that we
shood growe up grate, Big men,
but she
Don't know 'ist howe mi chanes
stan',
to mak' me growe a biger man.

yer see, there's Gen'ral Washin-
ton,
They say he were a grate, Big One:
he mad' frends each plase he went,
An' so, they mad' 'im President.

But Goodnes sakes, that ain't lik'
me;
Bill Taylor climed are apple tree,
an' throw down stones, an' hit me
hard,
An' i ist chaced 'im out th' yard.

Spekin' of trees, gorge Washinton
had a grate, big Chery one.
an' wen his father went too towne,
He 'ist went out an' kut it down.

wen his Pa com' hoom, he sez
"Deer me!

gorge Deer, did you kut down that
tree?"

An' wen goud littl' gorge sez,
"Yes,"

His Pa giv'd him a grate, big Kiss.

But if i'd bin an' went an' done
That thing i'd got an' awful One.

An' nen Abe Lincon got a job
at splittin' fense rales bi th' lode.
There ain't no fense in are hole
yard
Accept th' stone wall bi th' rode.

An' so it ain't to anie goud:
I kan't git famos choppin' woud.

Nen teecher sez Saint Valintin
Was an awful pritty gent:
He wor' a thing she call'd a "kowl"
An' everie yere his monie spent

To bi "Swete giffs of frendship
tru,"

For all the pritty girdles he new:
An' wen he wants a dime or two,
Wi Kupid come an' help'd 'im
threw.

But i ain't got no chanse lik' his
for Petie Baker stole mi girle
An' i ain't got five cents, and mi!
I guess i'm not agoin' te kri.

i'm goin' to bed; i'm goin' to get
sik;
I'm goin' to di 'ist awful quik;
There's nothin' that i ever kan
be, but 'ist an' Ordenarie Man.

J. L. '10

How To Study

The main purpose of education, as interpreted by the standards of the present day, is vastly different from that of a century ago. In the earlier forms of education the principal purpose of the instructor seemed to be to concentrate within the mind of the individual, as many facts and theories as possible, and under such conditions, it will be readily seen that the art of study was largely a matter of memory.

While such a system furnishes excellent results in the cases of certain apt pupils, who had the facility for digesting the facts thus acquired, it is plain that it must have woefully failed in the case of a large number, whose memory may have been perfect, but whose powers of assimilation were lacking.

This condition excited the interest and comment of thoughtful men, with the result that the pendulum has swayed as far to the other side and the question of how to study to-day is no longer a matter of memory alone.

Education to-day may include the ability to remember and assimilate facts but its primary purpose is to train and encourage the student to think for himself. The power of concentration then is one of the most important factors in the art of study. It is a curious but interesting fact that there is not to-day, outside of the scientific professors, one person out of five hun-

dred who can think upon one subject connectedly for the space of ten minutes. And until such concentration is gained, there can be no thorough study.

The acquirement of this virtue is largely a matter of habit, but certain conditions aid the person in the struggle, and when this person has once gained the power it is possible to study in the midst of the most animated conversation. But during the formation of this habit the student should be as retired as possible.

Another aid to concentration which of course is not always in reach of the student, is a sincere interest in the subject of his research. It is then one of the most important aims of modern teaching to excite such an interest wherever it seems to be lacking.

The next point to be considered in learning how to study, is that the mere acquisition of facts is itself valueless. A student should learn to sift the wheat from the chaff and to accept and remember such facts as pertain to the subject at issue. This means a saving not only of time but of strain on the brain tissue.

There are many pupils who spend hours in reading a lesson and committing it to memory, who are utterly unable to pick out the salient points thereof. While another, who has spent an hour in discriminating study, has learned and digested the desirable portions of the theme. This naturally does not apply to the exact sciences to the same extent that it does to History, Literature and like subjects.

The last point to be mentioned is that *real* study should teach one to classify and consider the facts presented for himself. For this reason a lesson which taxes the memory to its utmost and leaves the student no time to reason out the

subject for himself, very often works a real injury for if education is to fit one for the future, it must enable him to think quickly and accurately for himself. Most of the problems which confront the student after school, can not be solved by reference to any textbook, or to any hard and fast set of rules.

Consequently the ability to reason for oneself is the most valuable result of student training.

E. M. G. '08

An Art Window

The afternoon was drawing to a close and I had few more moments to spare but as I looked into the art window with its tempting display of Dutch rural scenes, I found it too attractive to be passed by unnoticed.

The very center of the window was occupied by several Dutch boys industriously fishing in a body of water which I judged to be a canal. Fishing appeared a very serious occupation, from the solemn faces of the boys engaged in it, and the picture was a perfect representation of quiet patience. A strong contrast was noticeable between this quiet scene and the one of bustling activity placed just below it. A market-place was represented, and the principal feature in the picture was the low sledge-like carts on which the products were displayed. Above the middle, a dozen or more boys and girls were hurrying to school. One small tot had fallen on her face, but her companions were hastening on without her, apparently, too unkind or in too great a hurry to give aid. The boys' bagged trousers and the girls' quaint Mother Hubbard gowns were essentially Dutch and no stray pebble was visible in the roadway.

Above these pictures and extend-

ing all the way across the window were small rural scenes, all of which presented a very attractive appearance.

In the lower right corner, three old men, with faces expressing utter contentment, were slowly puffing on short wooden pipes and wreaths of thin blue smoke could be seen ascending heavenward. Above this was represented a group of women with baskets held aloft on their heads, coming down to the river to wash, while another group with sleeves at elbows were busily cleansing their linen in the clear water.

In the lower left corner an old gray castle stood out from among rocky cliffs, which, it seemed to me, were a very unusual feature of Dutch scenery. Perhaps, though there are cliffs somewhere in Holland. Above this was a wharf scene with its multitude of white-winged vessels. On the side, far over all, there was a large picture of the Colosseum ruins which gazed disdainfully at the modern Dutch folk below it.

As I walked slowly away from the window I thought that I had rarely seen a window so varied in arrangement and so full of the attributes of the Dutch life portrayed.

E. E. '08

Brutus' Diary

March 14.—I am sad to-night, but is it strange, for on the morrow do I not intend to kill my best friend? When Cassius mentioned the people's feelings toward Caesar, that day in the public place, I did not, at first, grasp his idea; now I have consented to join such a conspiracy. When I consented I little thought of the sorrow it would cause in my breast, or the many throbs of pain it would inspire in

my heart. And now, can it be that I have consented? No, No. A thousand times no! It must be some awful nightmare from which I shall awake. Ah! It is only too true, too true. I gave my word and now must keep it. Even Portia can read my heart, and I have been forced to tell her.

March 15.—It is the morrow at last, and I am to help in the killing of Caesar. Decius told me about Calpurnia's dream and her fears, which he, interpreted, and then calmed her apprehensions. Now we are before the Capitol and Caesar enters. Hear his unsuspecting remark to the soothsayer: "The Ides of March are come." Ah! Caesar! Would that this cowardly heart might stop its beating before this arm is raised against you.

We enter the Senate House, and Metellus Cimber begins to plead for his brother (as has been arranged by the other conspirators). Now Casca gives the signal, and we all rush upon poor unsuspecting Caesar. Hear his last words: "Et tu, Brute!" Then fall, Caesar! Why, oh why did I consent to aid in the killing of my best, my best loved friend? At last the awful work is done, but I foresee no more peace for Rome, nor peace of mind for poor Brutus. Antony has uttered a terrible curse, which I believe must come true. He asks me to permit him to speak at Caesar's funeral, and can I refuse him this last favor? Cassius says: "No," but I have already granted his request.

And now to the Forum where I have a speech to make. Oh! If this day had never come. I loved Caesar, but I love Rome more, and I must tell the people so. I address them thus: "Romans, countrymen, and lovers." I can scarce recall my other words, but I know that if the people wish it, I will gladly kill myself now, with the

same dagger that struck down Caesar. The people all cry "Live" and I know that I have some time left in which to help my country. Here comes Mark Antony, and I must give place to him.

March 17.—I have just heard of the forming of the triumvirate, and we conspirators must be on our guard. Cassius has tried to quarrel with me, and I begin to think that it would be well if this miserable life were ended. Portia has gone to rest, and I would soon be with her. Last night I saw Caesar's spirit, and he told me he would see me at Philippi. Can this be aught but an evil omen?

April 4.—At last the day of the battle has come, and I have fully decided that this useless life must end. All around I see the army of the triumvirs, and the day is lost. All have left me but Strato, and to him I give my hand in farewell. Ah! At last I have the courage. Caesar, now be still. I killed not thee with half so good a will!

J. A. M. '09

How to Make a Mistake

If there is one thing that I can teach, it is mistake-making. I feel that I am quite an authority on the subject because of a wide and varied experience. I can make all kinds of mistakes from the minute variety to the daily, even as far as Sunday, although my specialty is Monday mistakes. There is an old saying that if one does a certain thing on Monday he will do it all the week, and this has proved to be true, with mistakes, as with everything else.

The best way to make a mistake (we will take for example a Monday mistake in English), is first of all, to forget the lesson directly after leaving the classroom. When

you reach home it is best to hurry a little for you must go down town for some minor articles of adornment to be worn at a party in the evening. But, as it is Friday, you can spare the time. Saturday morning, you must oversleep. Then, you must spend the day with a friend, dress hurriedly and depart, not to return until late. Then find the English book (if you can), and call to mind the fact that you do not know what the lesson is and, consequently, cannot do it. Hastily go to the telephone and call up a friend who knows as little about the lesson as you do, and after sympathizing with this other until central stops you, decide to let it go, as you did not understand. Monday morning you must enter the classroom with an injured expression on your face. When called on, explain that you did not understand the work, but then, not until you have been awarded a zero.

This is one of the best recipes I know for making a mistake. It has never been known to fail, and after having once made a mistake, the next will be more successful.

FORTUNA

Leap Year Skating

She stood at the other end of the lake, a solitary but independent figure, her white sweater and tam-o-shanter easily discernible against the dark background of the boathouse. His eager eyes quickly found her and with a few rapid strokes he reached her side.

"Evelyn — and all alone?" he asked smiling.

"Good evening, Bob."

"What's the trouble? Why aren't you skating?"

"Because I haven't asked any one. It seems the boys are taking advantage of Leap Year."

"Well," he laughed, "ask me."

"No, I won't," said she indignantly, "I don't believe in it. I think it's a shame. The idea of a *girl* having to ask a *boy* for a favor. The other girls are doing it but I think it's really unladylike."

"Oh, well," said he, good-naturedly, "I'll ask you, Miss Ford, will you skate the length of the lake with me?"

She smiled faintly, "But I'm awfully cross to-night, Bob," she said hesitatingly.

"Never mind, it's moonlight. There's a charm in moonlight. You'll soon recover your good nature."

"But the moon is quite dim."

"The ice is fine——"

"It's awfully rough."

"And the night is calm."

"There's a wind coming up."

He took her hand and gently pulled her to the center of the lake. She took his arm reluctantly and they skated in silence "Where's Jack? He said he was going to take you skating to-night."

"Oh," she returned angrily, "Alice asked him and of course he went. That shows how convenient brothers are—when they're big. Helen and I came over together, but Helen has no Leap Year scruples."

"Poor little girl. We'll wait till you are good-natured before we talk," replied Bob and laughed as Evelyn tossed her head haughtily.

The silence remained unbroken until they reached the head of the lake. Bob paused for Evelyn to rest. She stood tucking a few stray curls under the tam-o-shanter, her cheeks glowing from the frosty air. Suddenly the gray eyes met his, "It's all gone, Bob," she laughed gaily.

"I'm glad," answered he, "There goes Helen and Tom. Let's beat them to the boathouse."

Half way down the lake they

passed the scene of a last summer's picnic. Evelyn gave the spot a flying glance. "Oh, Bob," she cried, "Isn't the moon lovely?"

"Great, almost as fine as it was in June."

A little later and Evelyn said, "The ice is much smoother than it was last week."

"Yes," answered Bob, with a faint note of triumph in his voice.

They came up to the crowd at the boathouse, winners by a few yards. Evelyn's brother called, "We're going home, Sis," and as Bob removed her skates this virtuous little maid said shyly, "Bob, will you go skating with me, tomorrow?"

M. '10

"Sambo, what's you doin' these days?"

"Ise oculist in er hotel."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yas, I cuts eyes out ob potatoes."—*Ex.*

Many a girl who has money to burn does not seem to care for a match.—*Ex.*

Freshman.—"Why couldn't I take the part of a milk-maid at a masquerade?"

Senior.—"O, you are too small."

Freshman,—(hopefully), "Well, I could be a condensed milk-maid."—*Ed.*

A new golden rule.—"Skiddo as you would be skiddone by."—*Ed.*

"Speak to me," she pleaded, and looked into his deep brown eyes. "Speak to me," she repeated and stroked his soft curly hair. This he could not resist. "Bow-wow," he said.—*Ex.*

Who was the ancient mariner?
Noah.—*Ex.*

"Mother, mother, turn the hose on me!" sang little George, as his mamma was dressing him one morning.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You've put my stocking on wrong side out."—*Ex.*

She.—"In Alaska they have reindeer."

He.—"Yes, but more often they have snow, darling."

"The pitcher is all at sea."

"Yes, he caught a liner."

—*Tiger.*

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '86."—*Ex.*

When a man is sunstruck, he faints, when moon-struck, he proposes.—*Ex.*

Did it ever occur to you that on a railroad it's the freight and not the steam that makes the cargo?—*Ex.*

The doctor came and said that he Would make another man of me. "All right," said I, "and if you will,

Just send the other man your bill."

—*Ex.*

Pasted on the window of a publisher's salesroom was the sign: "Porter Wanted," and in the window itself on a pile of books, was a card which read: "Dickens' works all this week for \$4.00." The robust Irishman read first the sign and then the card, scratched his head, and finally blurted out, "Dickens can hould the job. Dickens can wuurk all wake fur foor dollars, if he wants to. Oi'll not touch it. Oi'm a union man melf; ye'd betther kape Dickens."

—*Ex.*

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Editorials

With the approach of warmer weather, we are pleased to note the start already made toward representing our school in "out-of-door" athletics. The organization of a base-ball team has already been commenced and it is encouraging to see the way in which so many of the boys have gone out on the field for preliminary practice. Our team last year did good work and won several games in defense of Old Normal's honor. Although the team has been crippled by the loss of several of its best players, we trust that every one will lend a helping hand for its support and so encourage the boys who must take heart and raise the standard of former years.

Let it be said to the Juniors that now is the time to organize your class. Do not deceive yourselves by thinking that there is plenty of time. As surely as you do you will find yourselves entering upon your Senior year an unorganized class

without a head. This, is detrimental to your class spirit and should be guarded against.

The years during which boys and girls are attending High School, are those in which the foundation of our characters is laid. Therefore, it behooves us to make the best of our opportunities and to gain all the knowledge possible, for it cannot be questioned that the amount of knowledge which a man possesses, greatly influences his character. The great men of to-day are men who have studied and studied hard, who have taken advantage of their opportunities and have thus been able to rise to a place of prominence in affairs.

The attending of school should be considered, by both boys and girls, as a business. In the business of life of later years, the aim is generally to obtain wealth or fame. In the business of life while at school, the aim is to obtain all the knowledge and the training possible. The matter of school life should not be treated lightly, for it is while at school that we obtain the equipment whereby our business of later years may succeed.

Let us consider ourselves as in the employ of the school. The school session begins at nine o'clock and it is our obligation to be on hand. If we are late, we will have missed something which then may be too insignificant to be reckoned, but when added to similar losses occurring throughout the year, its powerful effect is far-reaching. Your income, that of definite learning and development, will have been proportionally lessened for that week; your income in later years may be lowered by just what you have missed week after week in a similar manner.

Since our work is prescribed, and we cannot escape it, are not we only

using ordinary common sense when we conclude to derive whatever good we can from it, even though we are not studious by nature? It is foolish for us to continue to look upon the work as drudgery and to do it without interest, thoroughness or neatness, disregarding our salary which is large and losing the chance of a raise which is solely dependent upon ourselves. If necessary let us work overtime; our pay will be doubled.

Employers often tack up a long list of rules for the benefit of the employees, the infraction of one of which might lead to serious consequences to the offending employee. Therefore, is it wise for us to grumble when a few necessary rules are announced which do not perhaps particularly please us? These rules are few in number, cause but slight, if any, inconvenience to the majority and tend toward the betterment of the school. A school without rules would be impracticable and not one of us would care to attend it. The observance of rules aids the formation of regular habits of living and gives a desirable training in adapting ourselves to circumstances. Since the purpose of the school is partially to establish a good foundation for character, it is by all means, best that rules exist and they as a whole should receive no dissenting comment.

Courtesy and good manners in the school are also essential. Respect should be shown to your employers and we should not hold any "socialistic" views toward them. Our teachers are here to help you and they wish to do so. It is profitable for them to help you as well as it is profitable for you to take advantage of their assistance. Teachers do not bear ill feeling toward any pupil unless the pupil's actions cause such a feeling to be directed toward him. Even then,

nine times out of ten, when a student thinks that he is held in ill repute by any teacher, the case is greatly exaggerated in his own mind. When requests are made by the teachers, they should be willingly granted, for it is a rule that they shall be so obeyed. An infraction of this rule brings loss, as many can testify from experience.

The present abode of the school may, at times, seem unsatisfactory, but we should make the best of the opportunities which have been offered. A certain amount of pride should be exerted to keep the building in a neat condition. It is, at least, one means within our power, of showing our appreciation to the persons who have kindly given us the use of the building. We should avoid digging the chair legs into the carpet, dragging the chairs unnecessarily and slamming the windows in closing them, because it makes a noise and occasions unnecessary expense. If we drink water in the hall, why throw any on the floor, since there is a place provided for the waste water? In getting chairs in the rush to assemble for chapel exercises, at least, let us act according to the latest football rules. In short, we should not cause the building or its furnishings any unnecessary wear, and we should try to keep things in as orderly a condition as possible.

In closing, let me plead for school spirit. School spirit should exist, in fact, must exist if the school is to progress. If you profess to have school spirit, support every undertaking which the school attempts. Voice your opinions. They are worth something. If you have school spirit, you will not hesitate to express your ideas, for they will be none too good or none too bad for the school. Support the various athletic teams which start up from time to time. Support this paper.

Support the school and its work. Be obedient and show respect to everybody and everything. Work hard for your knowledge. In short be active and not passive.

Various peanut games were played, and a spread followed. The chaperons were Miss Horne, Miss Cook and Miss Clement.

Alumni Notes

'03

Lillian Fowler has a position in the Dudley Observatory.

'04

Mary Danaher is going abroad this summer.

Agnes Stephens visited school April 7th.

'05

Guy V. Sweet has been married.

'06

Mary Jennings has a position in the Dudley Observatory.

Ethel Breitenstein visited school April 7th.

'07

Katherine Parsons visited school March 31st.

School Notes

Miss Taylor has returned to school after a short illness.

Miss Jean Elmendorf who has been absent on account of illness has returned.

Miss Clara Sutherland has been absent for some time because of illness in her home.

Miss Annetta Rappe has resumed her studies after a brief illness.

Miss Adele Le Compte was absent for a few days on account of illness at home.

Society Notes

Zeta Sigma.

Zeta Sigma Society gave a very enjoyable party on Friday afternoon, March twentieth. The affair took the form of a Peanut Social.

Q. L. S.

The Quintillian Literary Society gave a Japanese party at the primary chapel, Thursday, March 12. Games were played in Japanese fashion, and Japanese prizes were awarded.

Doctor and Mrs. Rowe entertained the Society Saturday evening, March 28th, at their residence, 130 State St. in honor of their niece, Miss Florence Griffith.

Dr. ——— supplied in a strange church one Sunday, and during the following week received a clipping from the weekly paper to this effect: Dr. ——— preached in the Baptist church here last Sunday. The church will now be closed for three weeks for repairs.—*E.r.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said
As he stubbed his toe against the bed

———! ———! ———? ———!

If Alfonso's son is the Spanish hare, is the crown prince of England a Welsh rabbit?—*Yale Record*.

Lady of the House.—“I'm so sorry little Fido died.”

Bridget.—“So am I, mum! Many's the plate he saved me washin'!”—*E.r.*

Little lines of Latin
Little lines to scan
Make a mighty Virgil
And a crazy man.—*E.r.*



What has happened to the exchanges? We have a very large exchange list, but less than half have responded this month. They are of great value to us for it is only through their criticisms that we can improve. We willingly admit that we as well as others stand in the way of correction but perhaps cannot see our weak points, so, make haste, ye tardy exchanges!

The Hackettstonian is an exceptionally worthy paper aside from its literary department. One short story seems hardly enough for a paper of this size.

The Black and Gold, Honolulu, is one of our most interesting exchanges. For a small paper it is unusually attractive and well edited.

The Academy and College Journal might be improved in its exchange department by the giving of more and lengthier criticisms.

The Aerolith is one of our worthiest exchanges. A pleasing feature is the substitution of appropriate quotations for jokes while "Little Things Count" is an article well worth the time spent in reading it.

The Junior Republic Citizen contains some strong editorials as well as other good material. As really good editorials are rare in school papers we appreciate the more those which we find.

The Riverview Student is one of our most helpful exchanges. A neat though simple cover, good literary material, careful editing and a generous number of department cuts cannot fail to produce a pleasing result. "The Orchids," is a bright, interesting story deserving of much credit.

We are glad to welcome *The Tectonian*, an old friend as well as a most deserving one.

The Scimitar would be improved, we believe, by an exchange department. Otherwise, this is a fairly good publication.

The Hudson High School *Wind Mill* is surely making a good beginning and has our best wishes for a successful future.

We trust that the literary department of the *Orange and Black*, one of our new exchanges, will keep on growing as there is still room for expansion. Would not an index add somewhat to your paper, editors?

The Oracle, Jacksonville, Fla., is a neat, bright publication which compares favorably with *The Oracle* of Fulton, N. Y.

The March issue of the *Ledger*, Brooklyn, N. Y., shows hard work on the part of its editors for every department is complete. Your stories are especially good.

The Academe, Albany Academy for Girls displays "great" poetical genius.

Enterprise, Keene, N. H., should not so severely criticise other exchange columns while theirs is so poor.

Why is it *Iliad*, that you have no literary editor on your staff? Every paper ought to have at least one for literary work certainly demands it. Perhaps the exchange editor knows why his column is especially interesting to us, this month.

"The March Cue

Is splendid all thro',
From literature to "Cue-isms"
We have no criticisms."

For bi-weekly papers, the *Skirmisher*, Michigan, and *Academe*, Colgate, Hamilton, N. Y., are splendid papers and show hearty co-operation on the part of their editors and students.

The March number of the *Red and Black* from Reading, Pa., contains an interesting⁸ essay entitled the "Redemption of Silas Marner."

The subject is one discussed by many High School pupils, and the writer of the theme possesses an especially clear conception of his theme, and has used originality in the development of it. These qualities, together with a good vocabulary have aided in forming an artistic production. The illustrations given of Washington and Lord Byron are well woven into the composition, but the criticism may be made that Byron and Washington were weighed down by the cares of others, not by the sorrow of a personal wrong, and they needed no special redemption from a solitary life, as did Silas Marner.

The conclusion of the theme is well written and the lines from Longfellow are aptly quoted. To others interested in writing on the same subject, it may be suggested

that a good theme might be based on the thought given in the last stanza from Holmes' "Chambered Nautilus."

The language of the composition is, as a whole, a bit too flowery for the modern essay, but it shows that the writer is acquainted with another style of writing.

"Hark, I hear an angel sing," sang the soloist in the village church.

"Aw, no, it ain't," yelled an old farmer in the back seat, "it's only my old mule hitched out there."

—Ex.

"Look here! Who told you to strike?" asked the walking delegate of the lightning.

"Nobody; I, struck because I felt like it," said the lightning in a flash.—Ex.

A youth, a book;
A lass, a look.
Books neglected;
Flunks expected.—Ex.

"You dance the two-step divinely. Who taught you?"

"My two step-sisters."—Ex.

Good Man.—"Do you know where little boys go who smoke cigarettes?"

Mack.—"Yep, dey goes out in de woodshed."—Ex.

I rose up in the car one day
To give a girl my seat.
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.—Ex.

A hug.—Energy gone to waist.
—Ex.

Business Manager's Song

How dear to my heart
I\$ the ca\$h \$ub\$cription

When the generou\$ \$ub\$criber
 Pre\$ent\$ it to view;
 But the one who won't pay;
 I refrain from de\$cription
 For perhap\$, gentle reader,
 That one may be you.—*Ex.*

"There's naught can come between
 us, love."
 She said in a voice so tender;
 "Well, if they did," the youth re-
 plied,
 "They'd have to be powerful slen-
 der."—*Ex.*

Caesar's dead and buried
 And so is Cicero;
 And where these two old gents
 have gone,
 I wish their works would go.—*Ex.*

Hearth-Yearns

A melancholy little man
 Was seated on the ground;
 He showed supreme indifference
 To everything around.
 "Why do you not run home?" I
 cried,
 "And tumble into bed?"
 He looked at me
 Expressively,
 And presently he said:
 "One rubber plant can never make
 a home,
 Not even when combined with brush
 and comb
 And spoon and fork and knife,
 And graphophone and wife,
 No! Something more is needed for
 a home."

I cried: "What does your dwelling
 lack?
 The pretty hearth-side tone?
 The note of domesticity?"
 He gave a fearful groan.
 "Alas!" he sighed, while from his
 seat
 He slowly upward bobbed,
 And donned his hat,

"A flat's a flat!"
 Together then we sobbed:
 "One rubber plant can never make
 a home,
 One day did not suffice for building
 Rome,
 One gas-log and a cat
 Can't civilize a flat;
 No! Something more is needed for
 a home. —*Ex.*

Life would be much more pleas-
 ant,
 Things would go better by half,
 If a man would live down to his
 income
 And up to his photograph. —*Ex.*

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
 Moaning soft and low?
 'Tis because a fat old bather
 Stepped upon its undertow.
 —*Ex.*

"Ex." placed after a joke means
 that it was once considered humor-
 ous, but that time has changed it so
 that it is no longer funny and has
 to become an ex-joke.

—*Ledger*

When my papa's in the room
 And Thomas calls on Sis,
 Pose dignified they both assume,
 For Sue
Tom sits like
here this,
 But when pa's gone, then Tom and
 Sue
 They always move quite near
 And one chair does the work of
 two,
 For

Tom and Susan
 sit here
thus here
 —*Little Willie*

Here a little, there a little,
 Story, club note, song, or jest;
 If you want a "slick" school paper,
 Each of you must do your best.

—E.v.

Floss.—Why are you holding
 that dead man's nose?

Nora.—Shure, to keep the breath
 from leaving him.

Cold, hon'?
 About to freeze.
 Want my coat
 Just the sleeves.
 How shocking!!

William H. Luck
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In joke I called her a lemon nice,
 And said I'd be the squeezer,
 But I felt more like a lemon ice,
 And she—well, she was the
 freezer.

Which One Was "Stung"?

He.—Was that you I kissed in
 the conservatory last night?

She.—About what time was it?

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