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# The Crimson and White

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### OUR SUPRISE.

"Listen! Sleighbells!"

"There is a sleigh coming up the driveway. Maybe it's Bob White!"

"Let's go and see," we cried in chorus.

Suiting the action to the words, we, the six girls and six boys visiting Mrs. Williams for the Christmas holidays, trooped into the large hall to greet the new comers and to discover who they were.

By the time the heavy door had been opened the sleigh had stopped, and a tall young man was assisting a pretty petite young lady to alight.

"Hello Bob, how are you, old man?"

"Why didn't you come yesterday?"

"Why, it's Betty Williams! How does it happen that you came?"

"Betty Williams, why did you tell me that you couldn't come to your brother's this year, because

Wyoming was so far from Massachusetts?"

"How, when, and where did you meet Bob?"

These and many more questions were showered upon the new comers; but Betty promised to answer them all after she had removed her wraps, so we girls sat down on the stairs to await her reappearance while the boys bore Bob, their old classmate in college, to the drawing-room to talk over old times.

The dinner bell sounded through the stately mansion and, as if summoned imperatively by its silvery chimes, Betty appeared at the head of the stairs and the boys at the foot

At dinner Bob sat between Betty and her nephew Jack, a chubby child of six. Jack watched the company with big round eyes, listening attentively to the volley of talk around him. But Jack's eyes grew rounder still as he endeavored to hear what Bob was saying to Betty in low tones, and finally tugging at Bob's coat-sleeve, he said:

"Bob, will Santa Clause bring me a gold ring to-morrow if he brings Aunt Betty one?"

At this Betty's fair cheeks turned several shades pinker and Bob looked daggers at Jack for a moment, and then laughing heartily replied;

"Why don't you write and ask him? Maybe he will."

"Caught again, Bob," Billy laughingly exclaimed.

"Be careful, Bob, or Mrs. Williams will put you out as Mrs. Pruyne did at boarding school when you stayed so late talking to Betty," cautioned Dawn.

These and other sallies were greeted with much laughter by us and with guilty blushes by Betty.

Dinner ended, we sent Jack to bed, and then went to the drawing-room to decorate it with festoons of holly and other Christmas greens, and to trim the Christmas tree which the boys had just placed there.

Dawn, poised on the topmost step of the ladder, holding a small image in her hand, turned slightly and said,

"Betty, where shall I put this?"

"Why, where has Betty gone?"

Surprised, we looked around and found that not only Betty but also Jane, Billy and Bob were no longer with us.

"Oh, I bet I know where they are! Follow me," cried Dawn, who had descended from her lofty perch.

We followed her across the hall to the music room and there, just as she had expected, we found the missing ones talking and nodding their heads mysteriously. When we asked for an explanation they only laughed and looked at each other knowingly, and suggested that we all return to our work.

When our task was completed, we all went to our rooms and when I asked Betty to come into mine for a good-night chat, such as we used to enjoy at school, unlike her old self who was always eager for one, she pleaded fatigue and yawned lazily. We were just going to bid her pleasant dreams when she suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh girls, I have forgotten my handkerchief. It is probably down stairs, so I had better go and find it."

She quietly descended the stairs while Dawn and I entered the room we shared. A little later, while we were discussing the mysterious way in which Betty and her companions acted after we had found them in the music-room, we heard quiet foot steps pass the door and Betty's musical voice breathe good-night and Bob's answer which he endeavored to make very low. Next we heard Betty's door close and we knew then that Betty had gone to bed.

The next morning we all arose bright and early and exclaimed with as much glee over our gifts as did Jack over the train of cars which Santa had left him.

Then came the breakfast, served early that we might reach the church not far from Mrs. Williams, in time for services without hurrying. We all were delighted to attend these services and started off joyfully. All of us went except Betty and Jane who pleaded headaches, and Bob and Billy who could not be found.

After services we decided to walk home as the morning was clear and brisk. Mrs. Williams took Jack and was accompanied by the minister in the big sleigh. At first we thought it queer that



the minister should go to Mrs. Williams' home, but, as there seemed to be no other reasonable explanation, we thought it must be the custom for the minister to dine at the home of one of his congregation on holidays.

When we reached the house, we were requested to seat ourselves in the chairs, arranged in rows in the drawing-room. We removed our wraps and obeyed our hostess, wondering what could be going to happen, what pleasant surprise she had prepared for us. Not seeing anything of the four who had not accompanied us to church, I asked Mrs. Williams concerning them, but she said they would join us presently.

Our curiosity was heightened by the actions of Jack, who was jumping up and down in his chair and whose eyes seemed to be fairly popping out of his head. Several times he started to say something but either the hand of his mother, or that of the minister prevented him. He had all the appearance of one possessing the most delightful secret and yet not daring to tell it.

We looked at each other for an explanation, but no one seemed to have any to offer and soon we were as much excited as Jack.

"Oh, there she comes!" exclaimed Jack, pointing to the curve of the staircase, visible through the large doorway of the room.

Yes, there she was! Coming down the stairs was Betty, garbed in purest white, and wearing a flowing veil fastened with orange blossoms, and before her was Jane, garbed in delicate pink. At the foot of the stairs, having taken their position there so quietly that we, intent in watching Jack, did

not see them were Bob and Billy. The soft strains of the wedding march, played by some skilled hand came from the music-room.

Before we realized what was happening, Betty and Bob were standing before the minister in front of us, and he was repeating the words of the marriage ceremony. By the time he had finished we had comprehended what had taken place, and the cause of Betty's mysterious actions, and we all crowded around to congratulate them, wishing them a long life of happiness.

After Bob and Betty left us, some of the gay spirits of the house-party disappeared, but we consoled ourselves with Bob's and Betty's promise to be with us next year. When we separated to go to our homes, we all agreed that this had been the happiest Christmas we had ever passed.

M. D. H. '13.

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### The Mythology of Scandinavia Compared With That of Greece.

"Lu mythologie, cette science nouvelle, qui nous fait suivre les croyances de nos pères depuis le berceau du monde jusqu'aux superstitions de nos compagnes."—[Edmond Sherer.]

In regard to all nations one can find in their records, legends and myths, relating how earth and man were created, by whom ruled, and various other religious beliefs. In fact "it is the dust of former ages, it is man's first effort to know his God." In the study of mythology there appears a similarity between the myths, gods and other beliefs of the north and the south of Europe which is very marked. This seems the more remarkable when

we stop to think that more often than not the nations were unknown to each other, speaking different languages and dwelling in widely separated kingdoms.

The myths to which one naturally turns first, just as the ancients first sought them, are those telling of the creation. It is from the writings of Homer, Ovid, and Horace, of the Greeks, and Scandinavian ballads, the eddas, that most of the knowledge of ancient mythology of these particular countries is derived. The Grecian belief is interesting to read, having as it does, a strong resemblance to the first chapters of Genesis. This was the ancient belief; earth, air and water were one united mass. Then, in some way unaccounted for by myths, the earth was divided from the air, and both from the water. Prometheus, a Titan, mixed some earth with water and made man. He formed him upright, so that he might always gaze at the heavens, while the animals have to look downward to the earth. Then a woman, whose name was Pandora, was sent by Jupiter to bless man and be a companion for him.

The Norse idea in some ways is quite like the Greek belief. Like the Greeks they thought that in the beginning everything was a shapeless mass. There was a vast sea of mist and a bottomless deep. In the sea was a fountain from which twelve rivers flowed. After flowing a long time they froze, and, the layers accumulating, the vast deep was filled up. Then from the south came warm winds which melted the ice. This vapor rose and formed a sow, and humbla, and the Frost giant, Ymir. The sow fed on hoarfrost. One day, while she was eating, the hair of a man was laid bare.

On the next day his head, and so on till his whole body was laid to view. This was a god, from whom sprang Odin, Vili and Ve. These killed Ymir, and made the earth out of his body, the heavens from his skull and the clouds from his brain. Then they made man from an ash tree and woman from an alder. The first man's name was Aske, and the woman's Embla.

Naturally, after earth and man were created, or rather after they had accounted for the creation, the ancients sought to discover how and by whom the earth was ruled. In fact, as has been said before, these myths are "man's first effort to know his god." Many are the theories which philosophers hold to account for the origin of these tales of long ago. Some think that the myths are Scriptural tales under changed names and localities. Others hold that these myths have a basis of truth in historical deeds. There is another which maintains that originally the four elements, earth, air, fire and water, were worshipped. In the course of time these became personified, and many lesser dieties sprang into being. These were all ruled by one god, supposedly the father of them all.

This all-father and all-powerful god was known to the Greeks as Zeus and to the Romans as Jupiter. It is by the latter name that he is generally known. Jupiter was the son of Saturn and Phea. When he grew to manhood, he with his two brothers, overthrew Saturn and the Titans, fabulous giants who first lived on earth. Then the brothers divided the father's kingdom among them, Jupiter taking the heavens, Nuptune the sea and Pluto the underworld. The abode of the gods was Olympus. Here the gods, es-



pecially the twelve higher gods and goddesses, Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Ceres, Apollo, Diana, Vulcan, Minerva, Mars, Venus, Mercury and Vesta, known as the Olympian gods, met in council. When there they feasted on ambrosia and nectar. Hebe was their cup-bearer and Apollo entertained them with music from his lyre.

As Jupiter was ruler of the Grecian gods, so was Odin the All-father, or all-father in Norse tales. He ruled the gods and the inhabitants of Neidgard, on the earth. Under him were the twelve gods, known collectively as the Cesir, who were the chief gods of the Norsemen. They were Thor, Baldur, Niörd Ney, Tyr, Bragi, Heimdal, Höd, Vidar, Vel, Forsetti, and Soki. The chief goddesses were Tigg, Treya, Nanna, Sif, Sage, Hel, Gefun, Eir, Hlin, Sofin, Oör and Suotus. These gods and goddesses dwelt in Asyard, where each had a magnificent home. The largest of all was Gladsheim, the home of Odin, where was the renowned Valhalla, where gods and heroes feasted and held council.

Thus we have in the myths of the creation of man and the world, and in the ruling powers of these two nations a strong similarity. What is the cause? Do these likenesses of religious belief spring from the same origin? So it would seem, for the myths are so much alike. In the Greek myths there is an all-powerful god, Jupiter. Odin is his parallel in the old Norse tales. The home of the gods of the two nations correspond, Olympus and Asgard. The descriptions given of these two places almost make one think that they are the same in a different garb. The food of the gods of both nations was some mysterious, divine food, which was never wanting.

While the Olympian gods had ambrosia and nectar, the Cesir had mead.

Of course, all the tales and beliefs are not the same. The Greeks believed the earth to be buoyed up by water, while the Norsemen had a myth which is much like that of more southern nations, such as certain tribes in India and Africa. It was their belief that the whole universe was supported by a mighty ash tree, called Ygdrasil. This tree grew from the body of Ymir, and had three roots, which branched into Asgard, Jotunheim, the abode of the giants, and Niffleheim, the home of darkness and cold. Near each root was a spring. That in Asgard was guarded by three norns, the dispensers of fate. The spring in Jotunheim was the well of wisdom. The one in Niffeheim feeds the adder of darkness, Nidhogge, who also feeds on the dead. In the branches dwelt an eagle, which was wiser than anything else except the two ravens which perched on Odin's shoulders. The Norsemen explained earthquakes by saying that when Ymir tries to throw off the weight of the tree and all it upholds, he causes the earth to shake.

The Grecian idea of the world was one which was held by the people of Europe for several centuries. They believed the earth to be a flat disk surrounded by a river ocean and divided into halves by the sea. The earth was supposed to be held up by a vast mass of water, which prevented the world from sinking into space. Greece was the center of the world, and the central point of Greece was Mount Olympus, on whose summit dwelt the gods. The sun, moon and stars were supposed to rise out of and sink into the stream of ocean.

After having told of the upper

world, the natural sequence would be to tell of the lower world. The Grecian idea was rather complex, and gave some clue to the belief of a reward after death. The place of reward for the blessed after death was Elysium. While Homer places this happy land on the western edge of the world, Virgil locates it under ground, making it part of Pluto's dominions. Here the great heroes and good men were transported to enjoy immortality without having to suffer death. Pluto ruled with Prosepine over the dead. To reach these regions the souls had to be ferried across the Styx by Charon. After crossing this they were judged and received their various rewards. The Elysian fields received the heroes, the regions of the condemned the wicked.

In all ancient and warlike nations it was always the men who died in battle who received rewards. As the Greek heroes had their Elysian fields, so the Norse heroes had their Valhalla. They believed that when a hero died on the field of battle his body was seized by one of the Valkyrior, warlike virgins who were sent by Odin to choose the heroes from the slain after a battle. Those who did not die on the battlefield or who died a natural death went to Hel, the lower world of Norse religion. This was under the roots of Ygdrasil. It is pictured as a very black and gloomy place. A river, dark and sluggish, by name the Gyoll, flows around it. This description of the lower regions of the Norsemen is very like that of the Greeks. A dog, similar to Cerberus, the three-headed water-dog of Pluto's dominions, kept guard over Hel or Helsheim, the regions of Hela who was the ruler of the dead.

As in Hela we find characteristics of the Grecian ruler of the dead, Pluto. So among other divinities of the south, can nearly always be found other divinities of the north to correspond in character or dominion with them. Already it has been seen that Jupiter corresponded to Odin, both ruling gods and men. Thor was the Norse god of thunder. He symbolizes the destructive agencies of the universe. Mars, who was the Grecian god of war, and among whose attendants were Fear, Terror, Discord and others, has characteristics similar to those of Thor. Thor was the god of disturbing agencies and Mars of war, which is often the same thing. Týr was the Norse god of war and was a more honorable god. Baldeer was the god of sunlight, wisdom and beauty. He was universally loved and worshipped wherever known. Apollo, the Grecian god of light was also symbolic of beauty, music and joyousness. Both represented the sun and were of similar natures. They enjoyed about the same position in the love of the people who worshipped them.

In all religions one can nearly always find a god who is symbolic of evil. Saki was the Scandinavian god of evil deeds and of the lower words. All mischief or harm done was assigned to him as the author of it. He was synonymous with Pluto or Hades of Greek tales. Fire was a symbol of Saki. By means of this fire he caused destruction throughout the earth and wicked passions in men. These passions were very aptly likened to fire coursing through their veins. In Niörd we have the Norse Neptune. Both he and Neptune were rulers of the winds and waves and the deep seas. They were the gods to

whom the seamen prayed chiefly. Nigg was the wife of Odin and knew the destinies of men, though she did not disclose them. Being the wife of the chief god placed here in the same relative position which Juno held. Sofn and Vör were the goddesses of love, corresponding with Venus or Aphrodite. Thus one could proceed to find parallels among the various gods and goddesses ad infinitum. Throughout the whole course of the myths and legends of each country run strains which are singularly alike.

No matter how far back one goes in the course of this study, one always finds divine attributes and powers belonging to fire. Many nations worship it, others bring it into their worship in minor ways, but in most heathen religions fire is revered, and at the same time held in awe. An ancient belief of the sacredness of fire is found in Virgil. The ancients believed that there were but four elements, earth, air, fire and water. The soul of a man was part of the divine flame which was mixed with earth and water to form his body. Thus those who had more of the flame in their soul were better than those who had less. Of course, with age, the souls became impurer. These might be purged after death by fire. Then a few, who were of the purest, were admitted to Elysium. Others, after drinking of the river Lethe, or oblivion, returned to mortal life in a different body; if their souls were too impure, they came back in the body of an animal. This metempsychosis or transmigration of souls, is a doctrine still held in belief in various parts of India to-day. It is a well known fact that they scruple to kill an animal for fear they might kill an ancestor.

Throughout the Scandinavian beliefs were many facts similar to Christian religion of to-day. The old Norsemen believed in the coming of a state of future bliss, when all men and gods would receive a reward from the supreme and eternal all-father. They thought that all evil and darkness would be exterminated and another such golden age would be in existence as there had been in the beginning. In many of the tales and records of these hardy old sea-furors, the deeds and characters attributed to the gods had something higher and nobler than those of the usual human being.

The Greeks also believed that there had been a golden age. This was in the youth of the world. Succeeding ages of Silver, Brass and Iron followed. During the latter age Jupiter became very angry at the way affairs on earth were tending. There was crime everywhere. So he determined to destroy the face and create a new and better one. After calling upon Neptune to aid him, he flooded the whole world with the exception of the top of Mount Parnassus. On top of this mount Deucalion and Pyuha, a very good man and his wife, had taken refuge. They were the sole survivors of this terrible flood.

This story of Deucalion and Pyuha is very like the Scriptural story of Noah, the story of the deluge and of the preservation of one man and woman. Of course these stories differ greatly in the way of details, but in the main facts they are very similar. The story of Arion and the dolphin is very similar to that of Jonah and the whale. The story relates that Arion was a famous musician. He was sailing over the sea when his sailors mutinied and threatened to drown him.

He began to play on his lyre, and his playing was so wonderful it brought fish to listen to him. When he leaped into the sea this dolphin took him on it's back and brought him safe to shore. The prodigious strength of Hercules is quite similar to that of Samson of Bible fame.

Throughout all these old-time religious beliefs of such widely separated nations bear a likeness to Scriptural stories which is very marked. How did these ancient people gain these tales from other races, unlike in customs and languages? Perhaps from the bards or strolling minstrels, who went about singing of the deeds of gods and heroes. Their religion was also in great part personifications of natural forces and ideas, which easily became gods or goddesses. The natural events, such as the coming of the seasons, the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the various constellations and their appearances at different times of the year were all accounted for in this same way, or else that they may have been the first records of scientific researches. Other myths may be interpreted as being the historical deeds of men and nations of still earlier times.

It has been repeatedly noticed how like to Scriptural tales are the myths of the ancients. There also pervades these myths of the more enlightened races the thought of one all-powerful and divine god. Is this mythology and old heathen worship the same as our Christian religion of to-day? Of course they acknowledged and worshiped many lesser gods, but did they not recognize the one God supreme over all? Perhaps this theory is wrong, for it does not seem true in all instances.

It is the same with other theories which have been put forth. On the surface each appears correct, but when looked into more thoroughly there seems to be a flaw which spoils the whole. But whatever the origin of these tales, and no matter how much debated is that subject, everyone acknowledges the similarity which pervades all myths of ancient gods and heroes. Even though these nations were widely scattered, no matter how far, there are again and again marked instances of these similarities.

H. R. T. '12.

#### A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

dere brother Bill — i ain't going to bee no actres. My arms is all cut — so is my face an i don't wan to bee a "heart of Marylan" corse I fell down in the celar. Ma was mad that i brok her jam-glases and she boxxed my eres. We was all down stairs when May sed — lets play show — sew we done it. We tied a rope aroun a beme and i was Marylan so i climed up on a chare an toke a hold of the rope an Edna puled the chare away. The rope was old an it brook and I fell as I was faling my hand hit a stic an it nocked down some of Ma's jelly glases an Ma was mad and sed i can't have no moor jelly for two weakes, an I am sorry but i can't help nothin what I done. But i like jelly. When I am big — bill — we wil have nothin to ete but that and peches an ic scream and ham. Do you lik it their to scool. I am not lonesom for i am verry busey an so i am again to go to scool soon an maybe nex yere and maybe I will grow up and ware furs and things and do my hair up. I cut my hare today was

playin barbre didn t mene too but i did an Ma was mad and boxxed my eres an sent me to bed without no super an they had cake big fat choklate cake with 3 layers and nuts in it too in the layers. I didn't get none but i will soon. Hope u have som to sone for i lov it and I went up stares this mourning and Aunt Jan caled up an sed what was i doin. an i sed nothin and then i got on a chare and picked the leves off of her ruber-plant an she ses what is hom without a ruber plant and she was mad and I didn't get no lemon merang py for diner an i like it an i hope they didn't eat it all for I didn't get none at al but i don't lik Ant jan for she is a crank and pa sed she was a old made and I tole her an she sed — the idear — and pa was mad an sed my tong was to long an i stuck it out to sho him as it was not an he sed too ma — Ella she is geting orful bold and i didn't sey nothing but i was mad to. Yesteday the noo minister cam to eat and ma put out the finger boles and as I didn't no what they was I drunk myne an ma sed I was a bad girl an would not get no more noo dreses nor nothin at all and so I was ashamed and cried and the ministos sed don't bee cros wit the babe an I toll him i was no babe and ma sed hush so I hushed and i was afrade to ask for anything an i wus hungrey an i went out after and ete som cake and Bridet sed if i didn't kepe out of my kitchen she wood giv ma notic and wood go an get married so I went out of her citchen for ma ses she is to gude a cook to go an get married to a police man for he likes her an she is goin to marry him sone an she

is makin a pan of biscuits 4 super So i muss stop now.

Rite sone your Sister.

“ Bert. ’

### BETTY'S CHRISTMAS AT GLADDON HALL.

It was just two weeks before Christmas. The big study-hall, at Miss Gladdon's, “ Select School For Young Ladies,” was swarming with girls, ranging in age from six to eighteen. There was a group over by the big fireplace, and another around the table. A few girls were seated on the desks, and all were busily talking about the Christmas vacation, which was approaching.

“ Just think,” cried Florence Rayner, “ of anyone having to stay here at Gladdon for Christmas. My dear Jess, I don't envy you one speck, and I hope you will still be alive when the rest of us come back. It certainly will be a wonder if you are.”

Jess Bailey, turned to Florence, and said, “ Well Flo, I guess I'll survive alright. You must remember that not every one is blessed with a home, and a father and mother, as you are; and anyway, I will not be the only one left. Mildred, Cora, and Connie will be here also. We four will make things lively.”

“ Well,” replied Flo with a grimace, “ I wish you joy with ‘ Putty ’ and ‘ Glad. ’ ”

While this conversation was taking place, a girl of about seventeen, was standing by the window, gazing out at the swiftly falling snow. There were tears in her eyes, and she was struggling bravely to keep them back. She was thinking of her home, away out West, of her father, and



little brother, and she was wondering if they would miss her very much, when Christmas Eve came, with her not there to hang up her stocking with Billy.

Poor Betty, her father was a miner, and by hard labor, and self-denial, he had saved enough money to send her to school. The girls had not paid very much attention to the "poor girl from the West," and she hardly knew anyone. She could not go home for Christmas, which was not a very pleasant outlook.

Two days before Christmas, the girls departed for their homes, amidst the shouting of "good-byes," and the waving of handkerchiefs. After the last carriage had disappeared, the four girls, who had been left behind, turned and walked back to the house. As they neared it, Jess saw in one of the windows, Betty Stanley, gazing wistfully over the hill, where the carriages had disappeared.

She turned to the others and said, "Girls, I had forgotten all about that girl from the West, who came here a few weeks ago. There she is up in the window." The girls looked up, just in time to see Betty put her handkerchief over her face, and turn away.

"Poor girl," said Connie Preston, who was a rich man's daughter, but had no home, and always stayed at the school, "I feel sorry for her. It's a shame the way we have treated her. I say, girls, let's all pitch in, and give her a good time."

"I agree with you," said the other girls, "she shall have a happy Christmas, if we can make it so."

That evening as Betty was seated in her room reading, there was a knock at the door, and to

her surprise the four girls walked in. They sat down on a couch in one corner of the room, and said that they had come to get acquainted. They all began to chatter as fast as they could about different things, for they saw that she was rather bashful.

At last they drew from her the story of her life. She told them how she had lived among the mountains, and had never had any girl friends, and how her mother had died when her brother was a baby. Though only seventeen years old, she, herself had, for the past six years kept house for her father, and had taken care of her little brother. She told them how anxious her father was for her to have an education, and that he had saved his money, a little at a time, to send her to school.

Then they told her, that every year Miss Gladdon gave the library up to them for their fun, and that they always went to town, and bought Christmas greens and ribbons, with which to decorate. They always had a Christmas tree too. Betty had never seen a Christmas tree, and her face glowed, and her eyes grew bright, as the girls related the wonders of Christmas, and its festivities.

The girls left at ten o'clock, after telling her to be sure and be up early, as they were going to town on the first train. Betty did not sleep much that night, for she was so excited about the shopping trip, and that wonderful Christmas tree.

The next day, five very eager, and happy girls, with Miss Putnam, flew around town buying holly wreaths, mistletoe, ribbons, and all sorts of pretty things. Betty seemed in a trance. She



had never in all her life, experienced anything like it. At last they went to a store, where there were dozens of Christmas trees. The girls selected the largest one, and told the man to send it to the train.

Then they went into another store, and Betty thought surely she was in fairyland when she saw the quantities of red and green balls, bright tinsel, and gay colored ornaments, that the girls told her were for the tree. Betty's eyes sparkled as she helped select them. At last they were all bought, and the girls started for the station.

At the station they were met by "Putty," who had left them for a time, but who came back laden with bundles. The girls said she looked just like an express wagon. Betty asked where she had been all of the time, but the girls said that Miss Putnam always hurried around like that, and they never pretended to keep track of her. After they had returned to the school, they had an early supper, and then all went into the library, and the fun began.

Such a time as those girls had! Betty did all she could to help, and the girls asked her for suggestions, just for the sake of seeing the happy look on her face, as she told them what she thought would be pretty. But the best fun of all was decorating the Christmas tree.

After everything was all finished, Jess lead Betty to the door, and turned her around for a last look. Betty had never seen anything so beautiful, and did not know what to say.

The tree stood in one corner of the room, arrayed in its tinsel,

and bright balls. Holly wreaths were hung at every window. From the center of the ceiling, hung an immense bell, from which were suspended red and green ribbon that extended to the four corners of the room. The mantle was also arranged in Christmas style, and Betty could think of nothing but fairyland.

The next morning, she was awakened by four voices shouting "Merry Christmas" to her, and jumping up, she found the girls all dressed, waiting for her, and telling her to hurry up, and go down and see what Santa Claus had brought her. Betty did not think that he would leave her anything, because she was poor, and her father was only a poor miner, while the other girls' fathers were rich men. But hastening into her clothes, she ran down the hall, and joined the girls.

Miss Putnam and Miss Gladdon met them with a smile, and a "Merry Christmas." Then they went into the library. The tree was lighted now, and Betty said it was one hundred times prettier than the night before.

It would take too long to tell about that morning, but Santa Claus certainly did remember Betty. She had books and candy, and other things pleasing to girls. A little work box, fitted up just like the one Jess had, and which she had admired so much, was among her gifts.

The girls hardly looked at their presents, but watched Betty as she untied hers. They would never tell her that they had purchased her gifts with the money they saved in order that they might buy gifts for other friends, so that she might have a Christmas.

Jess said afterwards, that it had been the happiest Christmas she had ever had, simply because she had helped in making someone else happy. She determined she would always spend her Christmas money that way, that is, in buying gifts for those who had never had any.

That night, before going to bed, Betty wrote to her father, and told him all about the happy Christmas she had had, and with the letter, went a big box of her Christmas candy for Billy.

A. K. H. '14.

A Scotchman, having survived four wives and having a fifth in prospect, hit upon a delicate method of proposal. He asked her out for a walk, one afternoon, and before she realized where their footsteps tended he had led her to a cemetery. Walking with her to a grass-grown plot he pointed to the mounds in succession, saying: "Here lies Jane, there lies Maggie, Mary, and Kate," and then taking her hand and pointing to the next vacant spot, he said tenderly, "And how wad ye like to lie there?"

THE CHRISTMAS TRIOLET.

The Christmas gift you gave to  
 May  
 Was just the thing for Cousin  
 Jenny;  
 Alas! Alack! and well-a-day!  
 The Christmas gift you gave to  
 May  
 And who, in sooth, shall safely say  
 That such is not the fate of  
 many?  
 The Christmas gift you gave to  
 May  
 Was just the thing for Cousin  
 Jenny. —*Life*.

They were looking at Niagara.  
 "Don't you think that's a wonderful sight?" said the American.

"Vot?" asked the Dutchman.

"Why, that gigantic body of water pouring over that lofty precipice."

The Dutchman stood for a few seconds until he got the idea digested, then looked up blankly and asked:

"Vell, vot's to hinder it?"

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin*.

Errors like straws upon the  
 surface flow;  
 He who would search for pearls  
 must dive below.

—*Dryden*.

LATIN.

All the people died who spoke it;  
 All the people died who wrote it;  
 All the people die who learn it;  
 Blessed death; they surely earn it.

—*Ex*.

A CHRISTMAS QUERY.

"Why does Santa reindeer use?"  
 Asked eager little Kate.  
 "This time of year I think snow-  
 deer  
 Much more appropriate!"

—*Lippincott's*

Our greatest glory consists not  
 in never falling, but in rising  
 every time we fall.—*Emerson*.

# THE CRIMSON and WHITE

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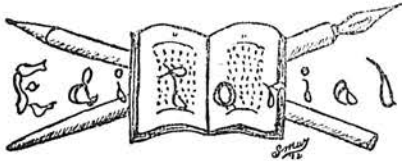
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The year has sped and now again we welcome the merry Christmas season with all its joy and fun. There are those who say that Christmas is degenerating. Away with such people! Let us banish them from our midst! Do we not each year have the memories of former Christmases to give us joy as well as the happiness of the present? So, instead of growing less, Christmas happiness must each year grow more and more. We have only to look around us to see that this is so, for everyone is filled with the gaiety and good cheer which are inseparable from this season. How merry the little children are as they gaily post in the fireplace their letters to "Dere Santy!" An indescribable pleasure pervades the atmosphere and young and old banish

sadness and trouble at the touch of the magic wand of the Spirit of Christmas.

So, if you are one of those pessimists who scorn Christmas, it must be you yourself who are wrong. Try helping others in their festivities and even if you don't like Christmas yourself, don't spoil other people's pleasure in it by your grumbling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Amid all the hurry and bustle of Christmas preparations it would be well to remember that the school year does not end with the Christmas holidays. All too soon the dread mid-year examinations will come. Then woe to the unlucky one who is unprepared for them! Attack your lessons with enthusiasm and zeal and remember that "the goblins 'll catch you if you don't watch out."

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Normal High School students who attended the college play "The Doll's House," given in the auditorium Friday evening, November 24th, felt quite honored at finding two of the leading parts filled by former graduates of the Normal High School, namely, Rachel Griswold and Harold Goewey, both of the class of 1910.

The students of the Normal High School congratulate Eta Phi sorority of the State Normal College in being so fortunate as to secure among their new members the Misses Pearl Shafer and Geraldine Murray of the class of 1911.

Among winter travelers is Charles Grounds of the class of 1910, who has gone to spend the winter in Los Angeles.

George Anderson, president of the class of 1910, is working in Lodge's.

It would perhaps be well to note that there was in the class of 1911 one who was destined to appear sooner or later in the musical world, and our only regret is that he did not develop his talent in High School, that his fellow students might have enjoyed it then. However, we are very glad to know that William Gazeley is a member of the band at Holy Cross.

The industrial world has been greatly honored by the appearance of two of the students of the class of 1911, William Thompson and Joseph Cody, the former having accepted a fine position at West Albany and the latter one in the capitol, where he intends to remain until next year when he expects to enter the Albany Law School.

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

Ward Hannay has entered Normal.

Ethel Fryer, ex. '13, is a student at the Girls' Academy.

Alice Miller, ex. '12 is attending business college.

Edward McEntee, ex. '12, is at Saranac.

Caroline Barringer has entered the Albany High School.

Catharine Brophy, Edythe Picken and May Veite have left school.

The Senior class pins have arrived.

Zeta Sigma gave an informal dance on the 28th of November.

The Theta Nu ride to Castleton was very much enjoyed and as the constable was indisposed, many arrests were avoided.

### SOCIETY NOTES.

#### Zeta Sigma.



The meetings of the society this year have been very profitable to its members, especially because of the literary programmes. The debates have been noteworthy.

On Tuesday, November 28th, the members and friends of Zeta Sigma enjoyed an informal dance at St. Andrew's Hall.

At a regular meeting held on Tuesday, December 5th, plans were discussed for the mid-year dance, which promises to be a very enjoyable affair. Those named on the committee were Alice Gazeley, Eva Frederick and Jeanette Brate.

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#### Theta Nu.



The members of Theta Nu have been enjoying the literary work of the past two months immensely. This is entirely due to the work of the literary committee in assigning such good topics.

Many good readings were presented before the society as those of Messrs. Wilcox, Hare, Murnane and Hane. Frequent impromptu discussions have been participated in of late. These were very much enjoyed, especially one dealing on the relative merits of steam and electricity.

The society wishes to extend its hearty thanks to Mr. Wilcox for the enjoyable evening spent at his home by the members and their friends.

## Adelphoi.



The meetings of Adelphoi have been unusually interesting and beneficial. Mr. Hayford's piano solos are a pleasing addition. Debates, mock trials and Shakespearean selections have been prominent.

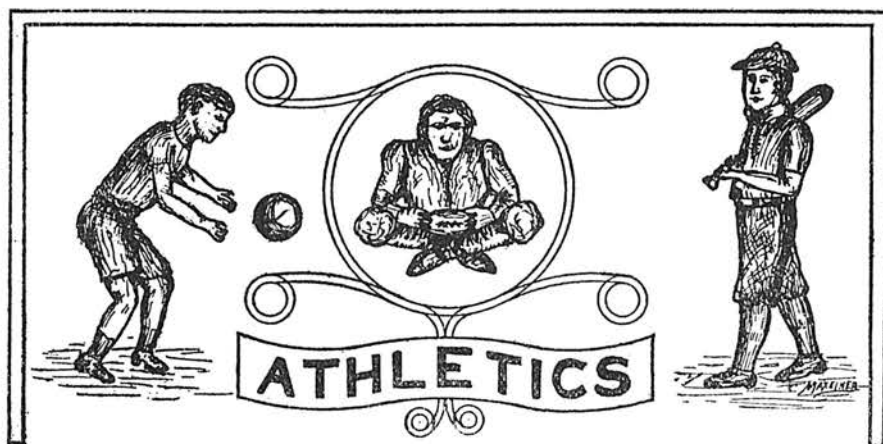
At the last trial Mr. Scott was arraigned for stealing chickens

from Mr. Brandow. Fortunately Mr. Brandow was in the barn attending a cow stricken with hysterics and recognized the thief. In spite of the pleading of Attorney Covey the prisoner was found guilty and will spend the winter on Delaware Avenue.

The vocal duets of Messrs. Long and Covey continue to be popular.

Those who survived the "bologna machine" are Messrs. Daring, Watt, Brandow and Hanna.

Plans for the mid-winter social function are being made.



The outlook for a exceedingly good basketball team this year is very gratifying, and N. H. S. will be represented by one of the fastest quintets in this part of the State.

Captain Geowey, George and Beacon of last year's team are playing a great game; Wilcox, Butler, Mayer and Molitor are also very promising.

Manager George has secured games with many fast teams; among them are: Lansingburg H. S., Albany H. S., Scotia, Amsterdam, La Salle, St. John's, Chatham, Ravena, Kinderhook, Johnstown, Albany Academy, Troy Academy, Chris-

tion Brothers' Academy, Gloversville and Egbert.

With the support of the student body we expect to have a most successful season.

Before a house where a colored man had died, a small darkey was standing erect at one side of the door. It was about time for the services to begin, and the clergyman appeared from within and said to the darkey:

"The services am about to begin. Ain't you a-gwine in?"

"Ise would if Ise could," answered the little negro, "but y'u see I's de crape." —*Ex.*



Lack of material, literary and otherwise is the pathetic and heart-rending complaint of a great number of our exchanges.

This is the fault of the editors, as far as literature is concerned. You, editors, if anyone, should know what material you need, but it is evident from your prayers for "anything" that you do not. You cannot expect new students to give contributions when they haven't the slightest idea of what you wish. Furthermore, these responses to your abstruse petitions do not always elevate the standard of your magazines.

You can easily find out from your teachers those students who can write well; ask them to write a story or an essay stating the length, nature, etc., and above all, using some of that diplomacy your English teachers employ when they wish a particularly fine essay, and you will receive something worth printing.

In connection with the other material you must rely upon the loyalty of your students. If lacking, some stimulant must be administered, for editors may censure and exchanges may criticize with no effect.

#### ANNOTATOR.

The Reading High School for boys produces a paper that is com-

plete in almost every detail. Six pages of school notes for the first number of the year evinces much interest on the part of your editors and student body. Ten pages of athletics, however, rather overbalances the three pages of your literary department, which is the essential part of a school organ. Your exchange department promises to be as good as the rest, but — without gainsaying this statement — your remark upon us was more like a comment upon a lunch basket than a magazine. "Good things" may mean almost anything. Be more definite.

The literary department of The High School *Gleaner* contains some very good stories. Among them are: "The man from Number 3," an interesting football story and "Individual Work," a very amusing, though rather improbable tale.

The CRIMSON AND WHITE (Pottsville, Pa.)—Your one original feature is your column called "Swats," which would be greatly improved if it included the witticisms of the various classes.

Your stories, "The Better Girl" and "A Lace Cap and a Dog," are quite similar to those appearing in our daily newspapers. Stories of adventure, of thrilling school vic-



tories and the like are more appropriate for a school paper, but if you must have love stories vary the climax. Stories which end in broken hearts or even suicide are decidedly preferable to those in which the "low-breathed 'yes'" is never heard as "the heroine is enveloped by the loving arms of her lover." (This may be applied also to other papers which incline toward those insipid love tales.)

*The Tattler* (Milwaukee)—"Mr. Krug's Soliloquy on the First Day of School," a parody on "The Children's Hour" is most amusing. Your exchange department is used chiefly for airing your sarcasm. Evidently the brevity of that department is the result of the exhaustion of the editor's cynicism.

*The Iris* (Philadelphia)—The unwieldy size of your representative staff is doubtlessly the cause of the lack of material of which you complain. You could make your society notes more interesting. Your jokes are excellent and your editorials are above the average.

*The Toka* (Grants Pass, Ore.)—Simplicity and neatness lend a great deal of individuality to your paper. Why confine the greater part of the "court of foolishness" within that "alley" through the center of your advertisements?

*The Ledger* (Brooklyn)—The cartoons and photographs in your athletic department add greatly to the appearance of your paper. Your idea of illustrating your stories seems quite an original one among school magazines.

*Panorama*—Your "Thanksgiving Feast" is merely a reproduction of "The Christmas Dinner" in "The

Bird's Christmas Carol" with a slight alteration in the names. The rest of your stories are good.

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#### Comments Upon Us.

The joke department of *The CRIMSON AND WHITE* (Albany, N. Y.), which occupies five and a half pages, although very amusing, is too long in proportion to the other departments. The quotations at the end of that department are, however, very helpful.—*The Criterion*.

No paper has been received in this department which contains so many really funny and original jokes as the *CRIMSON AND WHITE*, Albany, N. Y.—*The Budget*.

*CRIMSON AND WHITE*, Albany, N. Y., contains many good stories, but seems to be lacking in other departments of equal importance.—*North Star*.

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#### Exchanges Received.

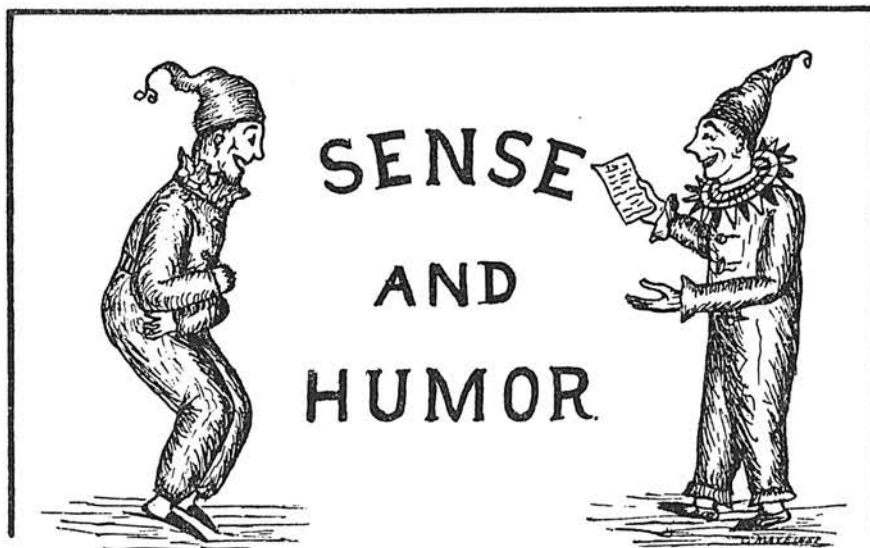
We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges since our last issue:

For September — *The Lilliputian*, *M. H. Aerolith*.

For October — *The Adelpian*, *M. H. Curlolith*, *The Criterion*, *The Comus*, *The Crimson and White* (Pottsville, Pa.), *The Enterprise*, *The Iris*, *The Gleamer*, *The Ledger* (Brooklyn), *The Lilliputian*, *The Chief*, *The Breeze*, *The Normal News*, *The Red and Black* (Reading, Pa.), *The H. S. Recorder* (Saratoga Spa.), *Winchester H. S. Recorder*, *The Tattler* (Milwaukee), *The Spectator*, *The Toka*, *St. Helen's Hall Quarterly*.

For November — *The Enterprise*, *The News*, *The Tattler* (Milwaukee), *The Tehtonian* (Buffalo).

*The Vexillum, The Comet, The North Star, The Opinion, Sentinel, Bulletin, Shamekin, H. S. Review, Budget, Panorana, H. S. Argus,* *The Lion, The Cazenovian, The Chronicle-Putman Hall, The High School Critic, The Stylus, The H. S. Journal.*



#### The Hammer Club.

Miss Boochever — "What troubles did Mariette have?"

Fräulein Pollock who was anxious to resume the interrupted conversation with Herr Molitor replied: "She had to carry the judge to the spring every day."

"Carried the jug," corrected "'Hans' Butler," and Katherine murmured imploringly, "Oh, don't put it in the Crimson and White!"

Miss H. — *Quam venerari ad caedem proficiscens solebas*, translate Miss Bissel.

Corabel—"That eagle which you were accustomed to worship to death when setting out." But authorities say—"That eagle which you were accustomed to venerate when setting out for slaughter."

Miss Shaver had explained the experiment for photo synthesis at least four times and called upon

Mr Neef for his version of the tale.

"You byle the leaf," said that youth rising to his feet.

"Yes," said Miss Shaver encouraging, "Why do you do that?"

"To kill the germs," was the reply.

Mr. Sayles (in Physical Geography)—"How can the farmers tell that it is going to rain?"

Mr. Butler—"They feel it in their bones."

The eyes of Guy Ferguson have lately been opened to the attractions of A. Holley.

Alice Griffin (offering the last doughnut in the bag)—"Won't you have this?"

Mr. Adams—"No, I won't be a pig."

Alice—"Oh, please do!"

Marion wrote an essay on the comparison of the speeches of Brutus and Antony, after ten

o'clock, concluding it with the following gem:

"As we started to prove which was the best argument, I think we have proved that that of Antony was better — because he proved his points and after you think out Brutus' points you aren't anywhere — in all the points we started to prove. ("O' Julius Caesar thou art mighty yet!")

Miss Kerley (in Physics Class) — Mr. Ellis, what is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

Mr. Ellis—"You don't have to pay for lightning."

---

### Our Seniors.

What a brilliant class we are! Has anyone noticed how much our honored President is seen with the girls lately?

Do you want to see Miss Tedford flirt? Come over to chemistry class.

What a delicate creature Mr. Wentworth is! An open window is very dangerous. (Contributed by the History Class.)

Mr. Kirk was in school on time on December 8, 1911.

Wouldn't it be fine if we were all smart like Miss Gauger? Wouldn't you be proud of us?

Special: Miss Goldring misspelled a word in an essay and the teacher fainted.

Who said money was scarce? Look at Miss Lansing's pocket-book!

Mr. Hane was heard to remark that Castleton was a fine place for Theta Nu excursions, as barrels were so plentiful and made such excellent seats for "First-Nighters."

Is it foolish for a Senior to like a Freshman boy? Miss Klapp doesn't see it that way tho'!

How superior Mr. Walsh is! But then he is more than a Senior — he's a "P. G."

Miss Merchant must like Philadelphia. Two weeks vacation. Big attractions!

Love is a very trying thing. Have you noticed how thin and love-worn our dark-eyed maiden has become since "The Man with the Pomp" entered the Senior Class?

Ever notice Miss Frederick's sweet disposition? Everyone likes a meek little girl.

Miss Moat has remarked that it is lonely without the Class of 1911. One of the orators is particularly missed.

Miss O'Connor is still fond of "Big Men." Last year's basketball center is still her hero.

Goewey is another of the "constant ones" and proves admirably that "out of sight is not out of mind."

Miss Brate has disclosed her motto: "Never put off until tomorrow what can be done today."

Mr. Delany's motto seems to be: "Never do to-day what you can do next week."

Did you know that Mr. Myer's heart has fled to the Junior Class and bids fair to stay there?

Miss Switzer is sure to be fined if she does not wear the Senior pin herself.

Have you noticed how big and dignified Miss Becker is with her hair up?

"The Knocker."

A Scotchman was gazing thoughtfully at a large bronze statue of George Washington.

"That was a great man," said an American coming up behind him, "and a lie never passed his lips."

"No," said the Scotchman, "I suppose he talked through his nose like the rest of you Yankees."—*Ex.*

A Sunday School teacher one bright morning said to her class: "Now, I want each of you little folks to tell me what you have to be thankful for this morning." Little Mabel was thankful because God had given

her blue eyes. Dorothy was thankful for her wavy hair. Little Willie, freckle-faced and red-haired, sat at the end of the seat. When his turn came, he said: "Teacher, I don't know what to be thankful for. God purty nigh ruint me"

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor at the quarry just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."

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The proprietor of a large business house bought a number of signs reading, "Do it now," and had them hung around the office, hoping to inspire his people with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office one day soon afterward a friend asked him how the scheme affected the staff. "Well, not just the way I thought it would," answered the

proprietor. "The cashier skipped with thirty thousand dollars, the head bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase of salary, and the office-boy lit out to become a highwayman."

He that a watch will wear, this must he do,

Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

"Auntie," said little Helen, "are you an Indian?"

"Gracious child, of course not. What makes you ask such a foolish question?"

"Well, I saw a lot of scalps on your dressing-table."

A woman agitator, holding forth on the platform and presenting the greatness of her sex, cried out: "Take away woman and what would follow?"

And from the audience came a clear, male voice: "We would."

An American tourist on the summit of Vesuvius was appalled at the grandeur of the sight.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed; "it reminds me of Hades."

"Gad, how you Americans do travel!" replied his English friend, who stood nearby.

A visitor from the great metropolis had been sightseeing in the Quaker City with a neighbor of that place.

"People don't die very often over here, do they?" he said.

"No, only once," replied the Quaker calmly.

A young and bashful professor was frequently embarrassed by jokes his girl pupils would play on him. These jokes were so frequent that he decided to punish the next perpetrators, and the result of this decision was that two girls were detained an hour after school, and made to work some difficult problems, as punishment.

It was the custom to answer the roll-call with quotations, so the following morning, when Miss A's name was called, she rose and looking straight in the professor's eye, repeated: "With all thy faults I love thee still," while Miss B's quotation was:

"The hours I spend with thee dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me."

The little son of the minister, at Sunday dinner, said at the family table:

"Father, I wish I could be 'a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord,' as you said this morning."

"Indeed," said the minister-father, with a pleased look across the table at his wife.

"Yes," said the boy, "for then I wouldn't have to listen to the sermon."

Tommy went fishing the other day without his mother's permission. The next morning one of his chums met him and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday?"

"Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.

There was an old man with a beard,  
Who said, "It is just as I feared,  
My wife went to buy  
A bright Christmas tie,  
And that's why I'm raising this beard."

---

*Come for your good  
things to EAT to*

---

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