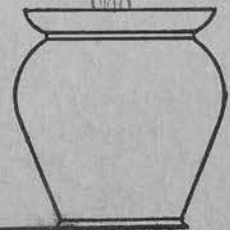
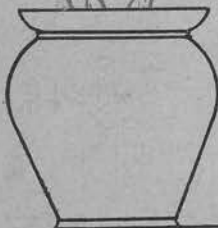


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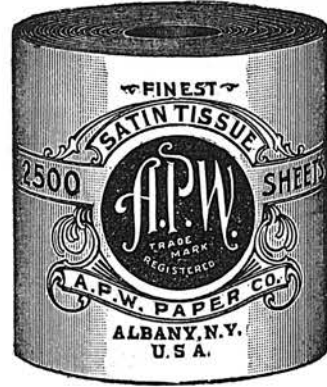
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Vol. VIII

JUNE 1912

No. 5



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

PRIZE ESSAY.

Philip Freneau, a Poet of the Revolution.

In a quaint little street of New York, known at that time as Frankfort street, a baby boy came to gladden the home of Pierre Freneau, the last of a long, respectable line of Huguenots. This little baby was named Philip Freneau. He played and cried as much as other babies do and little did his father anticipate that his son's name would be particularly and heroically connected with the history of America. However, he lived only a few months in this town house, for before he was scarcely able to walk he was carried away to a farm in New Jersey, where his father had built a magnificent house, calling it Mt. Pleasant, after the old homestead at La Rochelle.

During Philip's earlier school-days he often surprised his teachers with his poetic speeches. He entered Princeton College and there distinguished himself by his poetry among his classmates, one

of whom was James Madison. After he left college he traveled from one place to the other, obtaining ideas for his poems, as cattle, seeking the best bits of grass, rove over the whole pasture. His first poems were rude and simple but humorous and attractive because of his peculiar style. He painted with appreciation the happy life of village rustics and their bashful manners; days of tavern delights, freely enjoyed before the organizing of Women's Temperance Societies and Maine laws were in sight; the terrible debtor's prison; and the amusing times when Connecticut deacons would rush out of meeting to arrest a Sunday traveler, who had not found the desire in his conscience to go to church that morning.

It was when the colonists were struggling with the mother country over their rights that Freneau began to show his marked ability. He was a strong advocate, but, thinking the colonists would not be able to free themselves, he decided to go to the West Indies. Here he

wrote two poems—"Beauties of Santa Cruz," and "House of Night." The latter is thought by some critics to be his masterpiece. It is remarkable in its thought, execution, originality and strength. As Freneau's poems are more often spoken of than read, I will tell the story of this poem briefly.

A wierd and somber palace is situated in a dark, gloomy wood. Within lies Death, dying at midnight; silent doctors surround him and a pale young man, whose love Death has cruelly killed, forgivingly ministers to his needs. Then Death composes his own epitaph and dies a most woeful death. He is solemnly buried in a grave doubly defended from the Devil, who had been his most trusty friend. The poem ends by leading us toward a righteous, earthly life and an unending mortality.

While in the West Indies, Freneau was anxiously concerned over his own country's trials and he became homesick. He started homeward, but as a bird, which is building its airy abode, is attracted toward bright-colored threads, so was Philip lured from his course by the summery climate and beauties of the Bermudas. He there fell in love with the Governor's daughter, of whom he wrote in his poems as the "Fair Amanda." While lolling his time away under balmy skies, news came to him that the colonies had declared themselves free. He forgot all else—love, the beauty of nature, romance, every appeal except that of his own country. He set sail immediately for home.

As the war advanced Freneau took a passionate interest in its problems and fought as hard with his pen as his fellow countrymen were fighting with their swords.

With his lyrics he thrilled the hearts of the revolutionists and urged them on to their cause with words of loving devotion, but his lines were hot and rank with sardony. Thus it was as a satirist that he won his chief distinction. He was the satirical gladiator in behalf of the Revolution, even as Jonathan Odell was the satirical gladiator in opposition to it. He acknowledges his purpose in these lines:

"Rage gives me wings, and fearless prompts me on
To conquer brutes the world would blush to own;
No peace, no quarter to such imps
I lend—
Death and perdition on each line
I send."

In reading over his poems of the Revolution, in which he takes such delight in ridiculing the British, I have a vivid picture of that conspicuous, pompous personage, Thomas Gage, releasing himself to his full temper and, as the small boy would say, "the air around is hot where he stands." But this unfortunate man is not fully to blame for his mad ejaculations, because after two futile, disastrous attempts at penetrating into the interior of the country, he, with his half-fed army, is "penned up" in Boston by a measley, homely, despicable mob of American peasants, whom he had just before denounced and doomed with great pomp and ceremony.

The sea had always a charm for Philip, so, thinking he had done all in his power for his country on land, he decided to give his services in capturing British merchantmen. Accordingly, in 1780, he obtained letters of reprisal from Continental Congress and sailed over the sea, capturing and sink-

ing British ships. He then built a ship of his own, the "Aurora," and again sailed for the West Indies. But alas! his good times were ended. The "Aurora" had not sailed far before she was captured by the British, and unhappy Philip was next seen on board the prison ship "Scorpion," as she lay in the harbor of New York, near the Battery shore. Here he became ill and was transferred to the hospital ship, the "Hunter," which was far worse than the other had been. Even though he endured terrible tortures, he never forgot his country, and the keepers of the prison ship found him the most energetic prisoner of their charges. Every moment he employed for his country with his pen. Here, within view of New York city by day, in the resounding ship's hold throughout the long nights, Freneau thought out his pathetic poem, "The British Prison Ship," in which he describes the horrors of the ship's inmates. He wrote lines, which were set to music, to arouse the American feeling; lines which distributed consolation to the soldiers when they sang or read them, while marching or sitting around campfires, as "Blue Bell" and other popular songs sung at the time of the Spanish-American war aroused enthusiasm; lines which commemorated the heroic deeds of our soldiers and ridiculed every act of the British.

After the war was over, Philip was again in New York, spending most of his time in Hanover square or "Newspaper Row," which was his favorite haunt, as many books, magazines and newspapers were published there. Here he amused himself by ridiculing Gaine and Rivington, both publishers of papers which changed

their politics to whichever side was uppermost. They printed poems about Andre which were denounced by Freneau, and he smiled to see them change their views to suit their rival. One day as Freneau was passing Gaine's bookstore he was attracted by the volumes displayed in the window, and entered. There he met a friend, who called him by name. Gaine turned around at the sound of a familiar name and stared at the enemy he had never seen.

"Is your name Freneau?" he asked, and the poet answered:

"Yes, Philip Freneau."

For just a moment the bookseller hesitated, then said:

"I want to shake hands with you; you have given me and my friend Rivington a lasting reputation."

Freneau now retired to private life at his picturesque country home, Mount Pleasant. He was extremely hospitable and always welcomed his guests most cordially. He spent his time answering his numerous correspondents and occasionally writing an article for the press. He still retained his frankness in expressing himself, but it softened a great deal in his declining years. In fact, it was his pen more than his heart which was so sarcastic in his earlier years. He was always ready to pardon those who had injured him and even his adversaries claimed him as their ardent, sincere, life-long friend.

On the 18th of December, 1832, an old man, sprightly and vigorous under the weight of nearly eighty-one years, started, as the sun was setting, to walk from Monmouth to his country home in New Jersey—a distance of two miles. At this home he had passed

intervals of his life filled with many experiences, both on land and sea. He was still a type of manly old age; his form somewhat stooped, but muscular; his face thoughtful and care-worn; his deep gray eyes sunken in their sockets, but sending out gleams of fire when aroused; his hair, once abundant, but now thinned and whitened by time; giving delight to everyone whom he met, by relating anecdotes of the American Revolution. On this starry evening he had started home, but morning dawned without his arrival there, for his lifeless body was found in a swampy meadow, where he, exhausted, had wandered from his path.

This old man was Philip Freneau, the bitterest and most satirical and yet the kindest of the Revolutionary poets. He had fought many a fierce fight with his pen, but those most likely to be remembered are the ones which he fought during the war. He, to whom had been given the gift of sending forth a flame of light and encouragement into so many discouraged hearts, died as an exhausted candle flickers and ceases to gleam.

—ETHEL T. MOAT, '12.

DUTCH KITCHENS AND COOKERY IN OLD ALBANY.

[The following essay was awarded first prize by the "Sons of The Revolution" in a contest open to all secondary schools of Albany.]

I was very hot, tired and thirsty, after my long climb up the hill, and there was yet enough time for me to rest and cool off, and still finish my walk before sunset. So, seeking out a comfortable place under an old tree, I sat down, very

much relieved to get out of the hot glare of the sun. As I sat with my back against the rough trunk, I could see below me the spires and buildings of the Capital City of our fair Empire State. At its foot lay a broad silver ribbon, the majestic Hudson. How short a time ago all this bustling city had been a little Dutch trading post of log cabins, forts and stockades, I thought.

But I felt thirsty and was just about to go in search of some water, when I heard a faint jangle. I looked about to discover whence the sound came, and saw a young girl coming down the road. She had a wooden yoke around her shoulders, from which hung two bright milk pails. This apparition caused me to stare somewhat, for it was indeed unusual for girls of my time to walk about with two milk pails hanging from their necks.

But the oddity did not cease with the pails, for her costume! Words cannot express my astonishment at her voluminous skirts. She was now near enough for me to see that she was dressed in an ancient Dutch manner, many skirts, quaint white cap, and wooden shoes. When she perceived me she stopped, smiled, and set down her milk pails. When I requested a drink she gave me some delicious new milk, warm and creamy. Then she insisted that I return home with her, where I might have better rest and some food.

Since there was nothing else to do but follow her, we walked along at a brisk pace and soon reached a small town, stoutly fortified and built upon a hill. There was a stout blockhouse in its midst, with loopholes and cannon. The houses were for the most part



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Since there was nothing else to do but follow her, we walked along at a brisk pace and soon reached a small town, stoutly fortified and built upon a hill. There was a stout blockhouse in its midst, with loopholes and cannon. The houses were for the most part

of yellow brick or logs, with steep gable ends, a large detached addition at one end, and many chimneys and weathercocks.

"Why, what place is this," I exclaimed.

"Fort Orange," Gretchen answered.

I looked around me in wonder. All the women were dressed as Gretchen, and the men in a corresponding style. The windows of the houses were curtained with immaculate white muslin or linen, with pots of bright red geraniums adding a touch of brilliant color. Through the windows, especially those of the partly detached portion of the house, I caught glimpses of bright gleaming fires, and bustling maids and matrons; came fragrant and appetizing odors. From this I concluded that the kitchen was usually built somewhat apart from the house proper.

But Gretchen was turning in at a large, well-built house, which gave me an impression of thrift and prosperity. Needless to say, the house, garden and outbuildings were immaculate. It stood on a hillside, and the front door was reached by a few steps. Of course, we did not enter at the front door, but proceeded to a door, extraordinarily high and wide, in the ell or kitchen part of the house.

However, I did not have time to study the outside, for the door was thrown open and I was bidden very heartily to enter. I stepped, not into a cold, bare passage, but into a warm, cozy kitchen, living room and dining room in one, the very heart of the house, it seemed to me. In the three outer walls of the room there were broad, low windows, with stiffly starched white curtains and pots of

flowers. The walls and floor were paved with red bricks, scoured till they shone. The ceiling was low and heavily raftered. Hanging horizontally from the ceiling were many thin poles, on which hung dried apples, rings of dried pumpkin, strings of sausages, ears of corn, peppers and bunches of dried herbs. Around the room were scattered straight-backed chairs, settles, benches and tables, both large and small. At one end of the room was the long, narrow dining table, and at the other a long dresser, sparkling with shining pewter, brass, silver and porcelain.

But my eyes were drawn almost immediately to the fourth side, in which, directly opposite the entrance door, was a large fire-place, almost completely filling up one side of the room. The place for the fire, in itself, was enormous, with a roaring fire, over which many kettles were simmering. At one side there was a swinging crane hanging over the blaze, nearby were some other large pots, giving forth fragrant odors, and on the coals was a frying pan with an extremely long handle and short legs, in which a large venison steak was sizzling. On the shelf overhead were candlesticks, flint and steel, tinder boxes and an hour glass. Around the edge of the shelf was a short white ruffle of muslin, called a pawn. On the wall about this shelf were some guns, a sword and powder horns hanging on iron hooks. On the brick walls were hanging frying-pans, kettles, toasting forks and spoons, all with very long handles and short legs. While at one side was a long metal cylinder, with one side open, and standing on legs.

"What can be the use of all these strange utensils?" I was

asking myself, when Gretchen broke into my reverie.

"I suppose you would like to know the use of all these strange utensils, would you not?" she inquired.

"Indeed I would, but perhaps you have not the time."

"No, while we are waiting for the meal to cook, and father to return, we will have plenty of time to talk. But where shall I begin?"

Before I had time to reply she commenced:

"This crane, which we swing around on these hinges, is quite new here. We are one of the first families to have one, and people are very curious. We use it chiefly for boiling the tea kettle. The frying pans, which we hang on the walls when they are not in use, all have legs so that they may be a short distance above the coals, and long handles—for, you see, we are very apt to scorch our faces if we have to come too near the fire. This," and she pointed to a long-handled object, which had short legs and an iron rack at one end, "is a toasting fork. We always cook all the vegetables in one big pot—this one weighs nearly thirty pounds. Sometimes we put the potatoes in this wire basket and hang it inside the kettle, with the other vegetables. Another utensil which is quite similar to the toasting fork is that waffle iron. You see that it has legs like all the rest.

"This," pointing to the cylindrical affair which had aroused my curiosity, "is our Dutch oven. This spout is to allow the gravy to run out. We pull out this iron rod and skewer the meat on it. Then we put the open side towards the fire, and by means of this door we can tell how the roast is cook-

ing. Another way we have of cooking meat is to tie it up by a string to that iron hook up there in the ceiling, and let it hang thus in front of the fire. Every few minutes we twist it around, so that all parts may roast evenly.

"That door," pointing to one that I had not before noticed, which was in the brick wall of the chimney, "is the door of the oven. To heat the oven, we build a fire in here of dry good, which we keep for this purpose alone, let it burn till the wood is entirely consumed, and then, when the oven is almost red hot, we sweep out the ashes with the broom, or boender, which we keep just for this. We then put in the food to be baked and close up the oven. We bake the bread on oak or cabbage leaves, and fine bread it is. We have no yeast, but use leaven, a part of the previous baking. The oven is so deep we cannot reach away back, so we use this shovel, or peel."

"But tell me of the different kinds of food you make. How do you ever get along without stores?"

"Why, we never even think of buying from a store. I keep quite a few chickens, so we have fresh eggs and poultry all the while. My sisters take care of three cows, so we have all the milk, cheese, butter and cream for just a little work. On father's farm we raise all the vegetables we need for winter. They are stored in sand or in barrels in the cellar underneath. We dry all kinds of fruit, and mother makes, according to the pound per pound rule, the most delicious preserves, marmalades, jams and jellies of anyone around this section of the country.

"Also, every autumn we go out

to the farm for several weeks, to lay in our stock of winter meats. While we are there we cure hams and bacon, make sausages, pack barrels of salt pork, corned beef, try out large stone jars full of lard, make souse, headcheese, rolliches—what are rolliches? Why, they are made of chopped beef, seasoned with herbs and spices, rolled in tripe and smoked. They are fine, and perhaps we will have some for supper. Then, too, we store away sh, dried, smoked or spiced. We can always get fresh game, birds, fish and venison. When oysters are plentiful we gather large quantities of them and bury them in corn meal and sand. We water them frequently, and so have fresh oysters whenever we want them.

“Of course we eat other things besides those I have just mentioned, though we do eat great quantities of meat. Even at breakfast we have three or four kinds on the table. We are very fond of all kinds of cakes, cookies, pies, indeed any kind of pastry. We have crullers, olekeoks, doughnuts and spiced cakes. We have pound cakes, fruit cakes, layer cakes, waffles and muffins for our tea tables. We make the crullers and other fried cakes only during the winter, for that is the time when our lard is freshest. We make cinnamon cakes and puffards. These we flavor with orange peel, and cook in lard. We also make pork cakes, in which we put chopped pork, spices, almonds, currants, raisins and flavor them with brandy. We use a great deal of cider and brandy in mince pies. One night,” and she laughed, “some guests, after they had eaten one of those pies, became almost intoxicated.”

Just then she had to leave the room. So I examined the fire-place more closely. The fire-place seemed at least six feet wide, with seats inside at each end. The chimney was an immense, black-throated affair. The fire-place had no jambs, but had the back flush with the wall. There was a very large tile hearth, the tiles being similar to those blue and white ones which, depicting Biblical scenes, surrounded the fire-place. At the back was a large iron fire-plate, somewhat elaborately carved. About six feet from the floor was a narrow stone ledge inside the chimney. On this rested the heavy iron pole, the lug-pole, from which hung the various kettles. The oven was built into the stonework of the chimney and seemed to go as far back as the chimney did. There were iron fire-dogs and an iron rack for the fire irons stood in one corner of the hearth.

Just then Gretchen came up to me and led me to the table. While waiting for the rest to sit down I had plenty of time to examine it rather closely. There was a long linen cloth laid upon it. At each place was a wooden trencher, a knife, spoon, napkin and mug of beer. There were large jugs of beer placed about the table, and nearby on a small table was another supply of it. Indeed, it seemed to be the favorite beverage of everyone at that time. There were dishes of fried pork, venison, roast meats, suppawn, which was corn meal cooked in milk, various pickles, preserves, cakes, pies, bread, biscuits, fruit, fish, butter, cheese and vegetables, all scattered about the table, and almost completely hiding the cloth. Such a mixture of indigestible food I had never seen.

Then, as everyone had come in, I sat down.

But, while attempting to sit down, the bottom seemed to drop, and I felt myself fall. The next thing I knew I was lying on the ground. I picked myself up, to find that I was under the same tree, with the sun about to set. I realized with a start that I had fallen asleep, and Gretchen, the Dutch kitchens and delicious food were but a passing dream, and I still had a long distance to go.

HARRIET R. TEDFORD, '12.

"THE STREAKED NEGATIVE."

At last! the films were developed and Jose began to make preparations for printing, but he yawned two or three times as he busied himself about the room, and finally he sat down to rest and read awhile.

Joe's attention was arrested as he picked up the evening paper and saw on the first page a picture of a tiny girl. He looked at it for a little while and then glanced at the headline: "Child Kidnapped!" and underneath the picture he read: "Marjorie Hunter, only daughter of the wealthy artist, Arthur Randal Hunter, who disappeared suddenly on December fourth, nineteen hundred eleven." Further down the page Jose found another and more detailed account of the child's sudden disappearance with an accompanying description of the little girl's wearing apparel when last seen.

Jose looked at the beautiful picture of the little girl and the tears came to his eyes as he noted how much the child resembled Mary, his baby sister, whom he had not seen in two years.

The picture was indeed a won-

derful one of a child about four year old, hugging a huge black teddy bear

"Who could take such a child away from its home? Poor little kid!" was Jose's thought, as he picked up his materials again for printing.

"This is luck!" exclaimed Jose, as he put the first picture in the water. Just the one I have tried to get for so long and it is so clear!"

The next did not prove so good as it was somewhat blurred and the third one was streaked.

"One side looks fairly good" said Jose to himself, "but I don't remember having taken one like this."

Jose paid little attention to this one, but as he drew it from the printing fluid he saw that one side was streaked and white, so he washed it off and then went over to the light.

All that he could see was a clump of bushes and a white object. He looked closer and saw that it was a child lying on the ground holding something in her arms.

Jose Pillar, for the first time in his life, *rushed* upstairs for his magnifying glass. Yes! it was a child, and she seemed to be holding what looked to Jose, like teddy bear—but where and how came he with this picture—he had not seen anyone during the morning in the woods—and then the child—it must be—yes, the Hunter's home was only a mile from those woods, he had passed by the gates that morning—what if she was dead—and—but; thus Jose's thoughts ran on until he nearly shouted with excitement.

Late that night Jose Pillar stood under the electric light gazing at an enlargement of the "streaked negative." There was no doubt in

his mind now, this was a picture of the kidnapped child, which he had taken without knowing it, during his morning in the woods.

Jose put on his hat and coat, after wrapping up the enlarged picture and the film, and started on his way to the detective' bureau.

It was nearly four o'clock the next morning when a silent, but excited group of men stood in the spacious hallway of the Hunter home, waiting for the doctor's verdict.

* * * * *

After two long weeks the baby girl recovered. She was too small to tell anything that would furnish a clew. She talked a great deal about "the pretty girl" and often asked her mother to find her. No one knew what the child meant. However, one morning the postman handed Mrs. Hunter a very grimy envelope addressed to: "leettle Margie hunter." Mrs Hunter opened the envelope and read as follows:

"leettle Margie i crie much when i hear you are all rite. i tink you dead. you fall and your head bleed. i run. Sam he hit me hard. i wood not steel you but he say go. i like you. i hate these. i am kil if they see i rite you. do not tel. Bo-bo."

Detectives soon located the little band of gypsies. Sam was found to be an old offender. Bo-bo found a good home with the Hunters.

"MARION," '13.

MIDNIGHT ON A YACHT.

Mrs. Drew was chaperoning the party of young people and, as was their custom, this jolly crowd were enjoying themselves immensely. This evening had been an especially pleasant one, they had had a dance and now the girls

betook themselves to their rooms and talked things over, as girls always do.

During the past hour the ocean had become disturbed and from time to time sudden severe lurches sent the occupants of the different rooms flying across the floor. The girls took it as a joke until an especially severe one sent poor Helen flying through her open door, out into the saloon, followed by her trunk. Every one laughed at her until she was forced to retreat.

It was Mrs. Drew's custom, as chaperone, to come to each state-room before retiring, to see that her charges were comfortable and safe for the night. To-night, as usual, she came. The sea was roaring and viciously slapping the sides of the ship, while the girls could hear the waves dash over the deck.

May asked Mrs. Drew if there was any danger, and she answered, that the crew did not like the restless sea and were really quite worried, but if any real danger presented itself she would call them.

Naturally every one was much too upset to think of sleep, and besides, sleep was simply out of the question in such a rocking and rolling combined with the terrible noises of all the elements.

About an hour had passed when a fearful, splintering crash was heard above the din and the ship gave a frightful lurch to one side. Then, that awful stillness, which always follows, ensued, the loud voice of Captain Smith was heard, calling for the force pumps, and Mr. Drew, quickly leaving his room, called the boys.

The excitement on shipboard was so great that for a minute the noise of the storm was not heard until another crash and lurch sent them to the other side.

At last Mrs. Drew appeared. "Come, Girls," she said, and her face was white as marble. "I see you are already to come to the saloon. This is awful!"

"Oh! what has happened? Are we lost?" cried Florence, as the girls appeared one by one.

At this moment Sydney came rushing in with Bill Reid at his heels.

"No," he cried, hearing the question, "but you girls must help." "Come." He led the way to where the crew were hard at work with the pumps.

For a second a look of relief passed over their faces at sight of the girls.

"You girls must work the pumps," said Karl, "while we fellows help patch up this leak."

Marion caught a glimpse of the black water pouring in the rent and her heart sank. "We shall never be able to pump it out as fast as it comes in," was her thought, yet she went to work with a will while sound of hammer mingled with the noise of the sea.

Ruth and Marion had not removed their evening frocks and their dainty sating pumps were forgotten. Yet, lost in the onrush of water. Their dresses resembled limp rags, so wet had they become with spray and the water which covered the floor. The fellows, likewise, were in evening dress, and the picture they all presented was funny, as well as tragic.

By degrees the good work progressed, and at length the flow of water was entirely cut off. "It won't stand much," remarked the mate, but while all were so busy no one had noticed that the worst of the storm had passed. The sea still rolled and tossed, but not so angrily as before.

While they had been so busy they also had not missed May, and now they looked at one another for some explanation. No one had any to offer, so their troubles began again.

Mrs. Drew said that she would aid in the search and for the girls to hurry and discard their wet apparel.

At first they would not listen, but when the boys said they would begin the search, they agreed.

Helen was the first to discover it. Yes, part of her things were gone—her purse and her jewelry! Immediately she told Florence, and to their amazement, hers was also gone. By degrees each person found himself similarly situated.

Naturally, May and then the robbery were thought of, and a sad conclusion was drawn.

"We must tell Mrs. Drew," said Florence, and acting upon this suggestion, they found her, but it was not news, for she was in the same predicament.

May was nowhere to be found. Who was the thief and where was he? Surely he was on the boat, for where else could he be? It was useless to think of his escaping in the storm, or even trying to. No, the idea of its being any of the crew was out of the question. They had all been at work and besides how should they know where to find the things?

"Oh, it must be May," moaned Charlotte. How perfectly impossible it seems, still everything points against her. Where is she? How has she escaped with the things, and why has she done it? She is such a lovely girl, it's hard to believe it."

"Well" said George, "I am going to search this place again for

she must be here. That's all there is about it."

"So am I," said Karl and Bill, and again the search was begun.

"Are you sure she's not in one of your rooms, girls?" asked Sydney.

"Why, we didn't see her. She would have spoken or come out," said Alice. "No, I am sure she isn't. Oh, dear, who ever would have believed it of May? Girls, whatever you say I am sure May did not do it."

"Better look and make sure, girls," advised Mr. Drew, who had just entered the saloon.

"Yes, we will come, Ruth." She and Helen started and Alice quickly followed them.

A search of the rooms revealed nothing and the girls returned, one by one, still more disheartened. What a sad ending of their jolly party!

Suddenly a scream of joy was heard and Alice rushed into the saloon, all excitement. She's found, she's found. Come quickly."

Mrs. Drew and the girls followed Alice. There on the floor, behind a dislodged steamer trunk, was May.

"Get water. She has fainted. Quickly, please."

Clutched tightly in her hand was the bundle of missing articles

'Twas a sorry sight she presented in her crumpled dancing frock and much soiled slippers.

At length she was restored to consciousness and opened her eyes in surprise to see all her friends about her. Then glancing at their faces, she did not understand the cold expression which met her eyes. Yes, even Alice, looked puzzled and hurt.

"What is the matter, girls, and where have I been, where were

you? Oh, for goodness sake stop staring at me like that." Then she closed her eyes, but soon opened them again.

"Please explain yourself," said Marion, "tell us if you can, what you intend to do with all our belongings." Marion's voice sounded strange and cold.

An expression of understanding came over May's face. "Oh, I see, you think I meant to steal your things. No, after that awful crash came and I could pick myself up, I guess it must have hurt my head." For the first time they noticed the long gash on her forehead. "Well, after that I couldn't find you and I looked all over, finally, I decided you had all been drowned or escaped. I felt I was alone. I got these things together so I could save them, if I should be saved, and then something must have hit me, for it's all I can remember 'till I saw all you people standing here staring at me."

By this time the boys had arrived, and George said, "Yes, May, probably that trunk went sailing across the floor and hit you."

"Oh, we're all so sorry, we misjudged you," cried the girls. "We all thought you guilty, but Alice, she stuck up for you."

May was taken to her room amid the rable and excitement and was really the heroine after all.

It was daylight, and Captain Smith said that he had just interviewed the Captain of the *Lucitania*, which was to land in New York at noon, and that the party had best return to New York on that steamer as the *kostomenos*, or the houseboat, was not quite safe after the night accident.

Everything ended well after all, and the party broke up none the worse for the experience, and

ready to venture again on the ocean.

It was a most exciting midnight for all, and land was a very welcome sight, you may believe.

ALICE F. GRIFFIN, '13.

THE CLASS OF 1912.

I had been planning for several years to look up the members of our class and invite them to my home for a good old-time reunion. I realized that the task would be a hard one, but still the pleasure which it would eventually give was well worth it. To be sure, I had lost track of several members, but I decided to do my best to find them. I set out to look for the president.

Normal College was holding its commencement, and on the platform was a big, portly man who was speaking with great force. They told me he was Prof. Bacon, the new teacher of "The Study of Thought." I recognized our honored President.

Wellesley College had a new "gym" teacher. She was a handsome young woman, with a great, heavy braid of golden hair. Miss Goldring, the girls called her, and they told me she was one of the most popular teachers they had ever known.

I was walking through the city of New York, when I happened upon "The Little Church Around the Corner." Standing before the altar, with a pretty, dark-haired girl, was a man whom I recognized as our class treasurer—Washington Irving Goewey.

A friend of mine was telling me of a new school out on Delaware avenue, which was conducted by three very excellent young women. Their names were Misses Becker,

Brate and Klapp. I visited them and gave them the invitations.

One morning my door bell rang and I went out to meet a big man with a swarthy complexion. He introduced himself as C. A. Hane, M. D.—D.D. He was just home from China on leave of absence. He came to the reunion.

Standing on the Capitol steps, fluently urging the cause of Woman's Suffrage, were two young women. I recognized them as the Misses Tedford and Fredricks.

There was a new preacher in town. He was delivering a course of lectures on "The Sublimeness of the Infinite Sublime." His name was Jasper Myers.

I saw a crowd of tiny tots playing in the park; with them was a young woman. She was a Kindergarten teacher. They told me her name was Moat.

Miss Caroline Lansing, I learned, was home from Hawaii on a visit. She was a medical missionary and was devoting the best part of her life to teaching the heathen.

"Bobby Minkler's gone to sea.

He was the captain of the 'Marie.'

He'll come back again to we.

Pretty Bobby Minkler."

Miss Helen Merchant was delivering a course of lectures on "How to be Happy though Married."

I saw a huge billboard; on it was a sign announcing the opening of the Wentworth-Gauger Stock Company. The opening attraction was to be "Vanity Fair," with Mr. Harold Wentworth and Miss Carrie Gauger in the title-roles.

Our reunion was a very pleasant one and we agreed to have another in a few years. BERT.

THE CRIMSON and WHITE

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The publication of this issue of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE ends the connection of many of the members of the present Board of Editors with the school paper. Throughout the year we have striven to do our best for the paper and to make it worthy of the support of the students. How well we have succeeded in our purpose we leave for the students to decide and hope that their criticism will not be too severe.

Co-operation means success. A school paper cannot be successful without the support of the school, no matter how much time and labor the editorial staff expends on it. We fully appreciate the aid which we have received from the students, but find that it is the same students each time who have

furnished this aid. Is that quite fair? The school paper is the voice of the school. If you belonged to a singing class, would you sit silent while the others sang? Don't you think the paper worthy of your aid? If so, why not try to make it worthy? Get into the game—don't be a mere spectator. If you are one of those who have not helped the paper, do better next year, so that you need not be ashamed to answer when asked, "What have you done for THE CRIMSON AND WHITE?"

ALUMNI NOTES.

Russell Meeny has recently secured a very fine position with the North Line Navigation Company in New York.

John Donahue, of the Class 1910, is among the graduates at the Albany Law School this year.

Misses Geraldine Murray, Pearl Shafer and Edith Herber, Class 1911, were participants in the Japanese play given recently in the college auditorium.

John Delaney, 1911, was one of the ushers at the graduating exercises of the Albany Law School this year.

Miss Florence Van Vranken, Class 1911, on account of ill health, has given up teaching and is now at home.

Adele Le Compte, of the Class of 1908, will this June be graduated from the college department of this institution.

Charles Grounds, of the Class of 1910, has a position with an orange packing firm in Los Angeles.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Crimson and White musicale was a success and well attended, but not very well repre-

sented by the High School students.

The following people have left school: Dorothy Gioscia, Clark Phiffer, William Kane, Henry Kohn, Irving Hare, Olive Beaupre and Edith Picken.

A Glee Club, under the direction of Prof. Belding, has been organized for the girls of the High School. The meetings have been very beneficial and the school should be proud of some of their talent. On May 24 the members enjoyed an outing.

The Junior Class have elected their officers for the following year.

President—Edward Brandow.

Vice-President—Marion Packer.

Secretary—Ruth Jeffery.

Treasurer—Guy Ferguson.

The standings of the Class of 1912 have been announced. Katharine Goldring is valedictorian and Caroline Lansing is salutatorian. The honor students are: Caroline Gauger, Harriet R. Tedford and Ethel Thomson Moat.

On May 25 the school went to Kingston Point on the day boat. Ask Miss Cushing, Miss Clement and Prof. Sayles if we had a good time.

The Board of Editors of THE CRIMSON AND WHITE have appointed the following students to assist next year:

Assistant Editor — Eleanor Dunn.

Literary Editor—Marjorie Burgess.

School Editor—Marion McDowell.

Assistant Advertising Agent—Joseph McEntee.

Assistant Business Manager—Chester Long.

The annual prize speaking contest for the Robert C. Pruyne

medal was held in the college auditorium June 6. The girl's medal was awarded to Miss Alice Griffen and the boy's medal to Richard Kirk.

The Senior Class concluded their festivities with their dance, which was held in the college gymnasium on Saturday evening, June 22. O'Neil's orchestra, which was screened by palms and flowering plants, gave selections from the operas during the reception, after which they played the music for the dance.

The committee was: Helen H. Merchant, Ethel T. Moat, W. Irving Goewey, Jr., H. Gibson Wentworth.

The patronesses were: Mrs. A. H. Bacon, Mrs. C. H. Merchant, Mrs. A. Moat, Mrs. T. R. Ward, Mrs. C. E. Lansing, Mrs. A. Frederick, Mrs. M. A. O'Connor.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Zeta Sigma.



The meetings of Zeta Sigma have been interesting and helpful. The debates have been very well prepared and given with much enthusiasm. Great improvement has been shown in giving the quotations. A special feature is the discussion of current topics. The piano solos and recitations have been very much enjoyed.

At the last meeting of Zeta Sigma elections were held for the following year.

President—Ruth Jeffery.

Vice-President — Marion McDowell.

Recording Secretary — Marian Packer.

Corresponding Secretary —
Helen Page.
Treasurer—Marjorie Burgess.
Critic—Marian Baker.
Senior Editor—Florence Gale.
Mistress of Ceremonies—Eloise
Lansing.
Marshall—Jennie Dodds.
Pianist—Frances Vosburgh.

Quintilian.

Yes, indeed! Quin is surely here to stay. Normal will soon hear more of "the oldest society in the school" than she has during the past few years. We are getting busy.

Our aim has been to make the meetings not merely attractive and full of interest, but of actual benefit. We want them to be instructive, but not only that, we want them, first of all, to furnish an ideal opportunity for the development of whatever talent we may have—remembering that every girl has at least one talent in her possession, of which it is her duty to make the most. Our members have all been working enthusiastically to that end, and, considering our entire inexperience, we feel well satisfied with the result. Our hopes for next year are high and we intend to make old Normal proud of us.

Our programs of late have consisted of piano solos, essays on various subjects, regular papers on current events, the Quin paper, which has been very amusing, and short stories. A debate, "Resolved, that Novel Reading is Injurious to Young People," was won by the negative.

At a recent meeting plans were discussed for an outing, to be held shortly after commencement. The following officers were also elected:

President—Marion Hanley.
Vice-President — Elmetta Van
Deloo.
Secretary—Marguerite Clark.
Treasurer—Dorothy Hines.
Marshal—Pauline Dinkel.
Mistress of Ceremonies—Mar-
garet Shirtz.
Senior Editor—Mildred Weeks.
Junior Editor—Eleanor Dunn.

Theta Nu.



The meetings of Theta Nu have continued without interruption during the past two months. The literary work has kept up its high merit, with debates, declamations and readings. This has been enlivened by two or three social events, such as the excursion to New Baltimore and the trip to Burden's Lake.

The excursion to New Baltimore was enjoyed by all, being on the same order as the year previous. Lunch was taken, and a trip to the falls made, where an attack was made on the lunch. The members and their friends spent the day most enjoyably and returned at 9.30.

The trip to Burden's Lake was very successful and the members were rewarded by a general good time, but speaking of cold weather, well—.

At the last meeting of the society officers were elected for next year.

President—Guy Ferguson.
Vice-President—Hamilton Adams
Secretary—Edwin Belknap.
Treasurer—Andrew Dodds
Critic—Raymond Fite.
Sergeant-at-Arms — Alvin Neef

Adelphoi.



The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of Adelphoi. Twelve new members have been received, and at present the membership is larger than it has been in a number of years. The spirit and loyalty of the members has been excellent.

During the past quarter the meetings have been especially well attended and the literary programs very interesting and well prepared.

Mr. Hannay has become a member of the fraternity.

After much discussion it has been decided that instead of the annual moonlight the Adelphoi will enjoy an all-day excursion on Saturday, June 15th, to Catskill and thence to Otis Summit.

At the last election the following officers were elected:

President—Newton Bacon.

Vice-President—Richard Kirk.

Secretary—Edward C. Brاندow.

Treasurer—Chester Long.

Sergeant-at-Arms — Erwin Hanna.

Chaplin—Leighton Lodge.

Master of Ceremonies—Nelson Covey.



The Annotator.

The *Voice* (Colby Academy) is a fair paper, possessing a neat cover design, very good essays and fine athletic notes. The title of Senior Items is hardly justified by the contents of the column thus marred. The exchange notes are too brief.

The *Techtonian* (Buffalo, N. Y.):

The interest aroused by reading the articles on Products of the Shop and similar subjects in the Industrial Number is rivaled only

by the trouble in finding these articles. The order of the paper is unique. Without a table of contents, or system, it is left to the reader to take things as they come.

The placing of the address first, we believe, was intentional. "The Workings of Fate" fell between an article on Optical Instruments and one on Industry. Copious school notes follow, then excellent editorials and athletic notes and a very brief exchange column, and finally "The Pink Slipper," venerable in plot, but containing a good moral, and printed between a page

of advertisements. The humor of the cartoons and the age of the jokes are lost among the other advertisements.

Tattler! *Tattler!* For the sake of humorists living and dead don't attempt another foolish number. You were striving for uniqueness and the result was twelve pages of literature? I dare not call it so—of trash, which must have caused Samuel Johnson to turn in his grave. This is not said for a witicism. It seems that a school paper should improve the writing ability of the students, not crush it by such an attempt at humor, as evidenced both in this issue and in "Advice to Troubled Mammals" (Freshman number) and "Household Helps" (Girls' number). To our minds, no daffydills can compare with them. As advice, we quote your own words: "Let us have humor, not trash."

The cut of the Freshman number was clever, original and humorous.

The exchange notes, now, have enough spice to be interesting.

The *Stylus* is a paper that does not vary much. It has reached a good standard as far as arrangement and neatness are concerned and neither improves nor deteriorates. "Home, Sweet Home" and "An Easter Hymn" are not very original in ideas; the latter, however, is made beautiful by the choice of words.

The *Shucis*, though not exceptional, ranks very well as a bright, newsy paper. The cover is attractive, the society notes lengthy and the exchanges, as we have said before, very good.

The *News* for April is an example of poor business management.

After presenting six successful issues of magazine proportions, it has degenerated into one of eighteen pages, printed on the poorest kind of paper, merely to add to the glory of an annual which is to follow. It would be better policy to distribute the money more evenly.

The cover design of the *Cue* (Easter number) is very attractive. The editorials have a refreshing breath of spontaneity—a rare quality. If the editor tore his "gory locks" while writing them there is no evidence of it in the editorial column. "The Last Survivor" is not particularly good. The author has copied the style of Jack London and the material is second-hand. The alumni department is well supported and the exchange department is conducted in a very creditable manner.

The *Comet* is an exceedingly small paper, but its general appearance is more commendable than much larger publications. The editorials are the best feature of the paper and the Junior number the best issue of the year. It is a pity that you must moan, in the way you do, for "stories, essays or anything."

The school notes are the chief feature of the *Chronicle*. There is very little literary material. The one story, "Solange's Way," is entirely too melodramatic for a school publication. "The Last Appearance of the Chronicle Board" is quite amusing.

The exchange column, containing only a list of exchange, and a list of "As Others See Us," is unreadable and dull.

The *Black and Gold* is a new and welcome exchange, and a very fair school publication. The school

note editor certainly possesses the ability to develop a simple fact into an interesting paragraph. For this reason the interest in this department is increased.

The Commencement number of the *M. H. Aerolith* is unquestionably the best number of the year. With the simple cover and the quality of paper, the *Aerolith* presents a very good appearance. The article on English Authors in their infirmities shows a wide knowledge of the lives of English authors. The subject of the valedictory, as far as I, through my limited knowledge of German can ascertain, is a very good one.

The April number of the *Academe* contains a number of short stories, most of which are very childish. "The Winged Mouse" is a very pretty story, the vocabulary is well selected. The alumni column is a very good feature of the paper; the college notes add much interest to it. We do not think your exchange editor is justified in saying that we devoted the greater part of our February number to jokes, when we had fourteen pages of stories alone, five of other material, and only five of jokes. We would ask that you exchange more faithfully with us. This is the first number we have received this year.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges since our last issue. We are very grateful to those who have exchanged faithfully with us during the past year:

For February—The *Sentinel*, *Black and Gold*.

For March—The *Adelphian*, *H. S. Recorder*, the *Spectator*, the

Sentinel, the *Chief*, the *Gleanor*, *Huisacheh*, *Voice*.

For April—*Comus*, *A. H. Whirlwind*, *Techtonian*, *Vexillum*, the *Stylus*, the *Criterion*, the *Echo*, the *Oracle*, the *Aerolith*, the *Academe* (Albany), the *Opinion*, the *News*, the *Chronicle*, the *Argus*, *Sentinel*, *H. S. Review*, the *Bulletin*, the *Cue*, the *Voice*.

For May—*Comus*, *Techtonian*, *Vexillum*, the *Oracle*, *Shucis*, *Toka*, *M. H. Aerolith*, *H. S. Echo*.

For June—The *Triangle*.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Longfellow*.

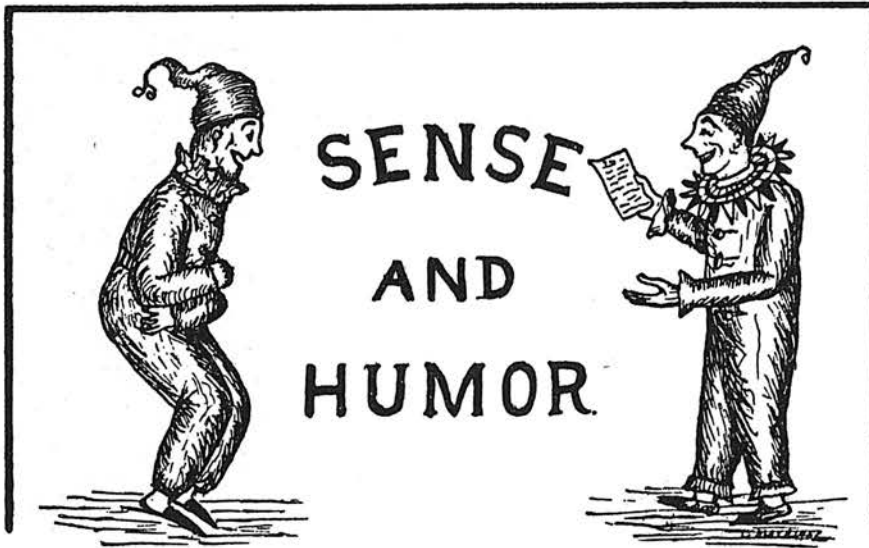
Wandering over a field one day a man came across a large stone inscribed: "Turn me over."

After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over and found on the under side of the stone the words: "Now turn me back again, so that I can catch some other idiot."

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Fronde*.

A true American sentiment recognizes the dignity of labor and the fact that honor lies in honest toil.—*Cleveland*.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—*Gibbon*.



Book Reviews.

"Gerunds and Gerundives"—Marion Baker. An exhaustive treatise on how to distinguish between these parts of speech, containing many of the author's own experiences. This is recommended to future Cicero students.

"Latin Translating as a Fine Art"—Edith Wallace. This book, written in the characteristic style of the authoress, contains many eulogies to Latin poets and writers and lamentations over the indifference with which Cicero's orations are received.

"Advantages of a Business Career"—Miss Corabel Bissel. Containing many forcible arguments as to why a business career should be adopted by students.

"How to Manage a Paper"—the outgoing editors. This pamphlet contains valuable information from each of the editors. "How to Write Editorials," K. Goldring; "How to Solicit Ads," Mr. Bacon; "How to Gain Information from the Freshmen," E. Moat; "How

to Get Stories and Sell Tickets," C. Lansing.

"Getting Rid of Summer Beaux"—Katherine Pollock. This book is recommended to summer girls. It contains the thrilling incident of how Miss Pollock got rid of her old beaux by causing them to be thrown into the lake near her summer home. When they emerged their ardor was so cooled that they left her in peace.

"The English Language Spoken Correctly"—H. R. Tedford. As every one knows, Miss Tedford is capable of treating this subject. She is to be commended on her originality in maintaining that it is not inconsistent to make use of such phrases as "I nearly split," and "I sure did," etc., etc.

"The Sandwiches that Mother Makes."—Choice recipes for picnics, compiled by M. H. Packer and Ruth Jeffrey to satisfy the demand after the picnic. It was through these recipes and others that the fame of the Junior Class was established. No one can say that they are not the best entertainers in the school.

Other important new books are:

"How to Dance the Turkey Trot"—Harriet Tedford.

"Parliamentary Rules for Class Meetings"—S. N. Bacon.

"The Care of Cats"—Ethel Moat.

"The Study of History"—Caroline Lansing.

For Sale—A smile that won't come off. Selling price \$9.98, worth \$10.00.—J. Butler.

Wanted—A position as tutor in Virgil. My specialty is detecting the Genitive.—Newton Bacon.

Wanted—A position in a circus, side show, or dime museum. Warranted to be a big attraction.—W. J. Goewey.

Have you noticed the Seniors' haste to get to Vergil class lately?

FAVORITE PASTIMES OF OUR FACULTY.

"If we offend—sh!"

Mr. Sayles—Signing a certain Junior's excuses.

Miss Shafer—Raising frogs.

Miss Loeb—Acting as a medium of exchange for the arguments of Alberta O'Connor and Corabel Bissel in German III class.

Miss Horne and Miss Johnson—Teaching Latin students to stop translating "res" as "things."

Miss Cushing—Satisfying the Sophomores thirst(??) for originals.

Miss Clement—Helping people out of difficulties and smiling.

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Questions of interest to students promptly answered.

Freshman—No, green is not appropriate for Commencement Day.

Alberta—Yes, eighteen is too young. We should advise your waiting a few years.

H. G. Wentworth—On such short notice we are unable to give you a list of books to read. However, you might try "Vanity Fair."

R. Kirk—The quotation you ask for is: "If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be?"

W. I. Goewey—We can suggest no new method. The old-fashioned way of going down on one's knees suits most girls. However, you might vary it by first strolling about the room *a la* Hamlet.

Robbie met a neighbor who was smoking some fine, fragrant tobacco, sent by his son in America. He took out his pipe ostentatiously.

"Ha' you a match, Sandie?" he queried.

The match was forthcoming, but nothing more.

"I do believe," said Robbie, "I ha' lefe me tubacco home."

"Then," said Sandie, after a silence, "ye micht as well gie me back me match."

Parson—"Brudder Johnson, I hears as you took an' stole a tukkey. You hadn't oter done dat, for de debil sent that tukkey jes' to temp' you."

Johnson—"Well, den, Pahson, de debil done lost his tukkey."

A young curate was preaching at great length in a country church. Amid yawns and stifled

groans the congregation gradually faded away, one by one. Finally only the sexton was left, but the preacher still preached on, being only at his "thirdly," and of a stubborn disposition.

The sexton at last could stand it no longer, and, going softly up to the desk he whispered, "When ye're finished turn out the lights, lock the door and put the key under the mat."

The lady of the house was showing her new maid through the upstairs apartment, when finally they came to the back staircase.

"Mary," said she, stepping out on the landing, "whenever you wish to pass down to the back yard go down this way."

Just then the speaker slipped and was precipitated with great clattering to the bottom.

"Are you hurt, ma'am?" cried the affrighted maid, staring down from above.

"No, it's nothing," came the reply, as the dishevelled mistress rose to her feet, in proof.

"Then you've got it down finely—but the job's too strenuous for me."

The Frenchman finds it difficult to learn the English language, so varied are the uses of the same words. Here is another exercise for the studious foreigner: "Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the bill board to pay his board bill. So, after Bill sold his bill board the board bill no longer bored Bill."

Teacher (to new pupil)—
"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?"

My Little Man—"For the same reason the hen crossed th' road.

Yer don't catch me with no puzzles."

"What's the charge?" asked the judge.

"Bigamy, your honor," replied the cop.

"Two wives, eh?"

"No, three."

"That isn't bigamy," replied the judge, "that's trigonometry."—
Ex.

This was the note that was handed to one of the grade teachers the other day:

"Dear Mum.—Please excuse Jimmy to-day He wont be to school. He is acting as time keeper for his father. Last night you gave him this example, if a field is four miles square how long will it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk two and one-half times around it. Jimmy aint no man so we had to send his pa. He left early this morning and my husband says they ought to be back late to-night, though it would be hard going. Dear teacher, please make it ladies the next time, as my husband can't afford to lose a day's work. I don't have no time to loaf but I can spare a day off once in a while better than my husband can."—*Ex.*

Sunday School Teacher—"You must not say hide, say skin."

Little Boy—"Skin me! oh skin me! until the storm of life is past."

A clergyman, who had advertised for an organist, received this reply:

"Dear Sir.—I notice you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentle-

man. Having been both for several years I beg to apply for the position."

A Sunday School class was studying a missionary lesson and the teacher was telling of customs among the Esquimaux.

"I have read an article by a traveler among these people and it is the duty of the Esquimaux's wife to chew his clothes to keep them soft and pliable, as skins get stiff, so a woman is chosen according to her chewing ability and every man endeavors to get a wife with strong teeth."

One little boy, with a look of Nansen on his face, blurted out:

"Well, ain't they fools! Why don't they get 'em a billy goat."

Fond Mother (to overgrown Gladys)—"That dress, though last year's, must do you, child."

"Yes, mamma. The dress is last year's, but the legs are this year's!"

PSALMS OF LIFE.

"Tell us not in mournful numbers

Exams are an empty dream,
For the brain is dull that slumbers
And marks are not what they seem.

"Study hard, study earnest!
For to flunk is not the goal.
'Swain thou art, a swain return-
est,'
Is not spoken of us all.

"Lives of schoolma'ms all remind
us
We can make our lives as bland
And departing leave behind us
Blisters on a dirty hand."—*Ex.*

A little girl was asked to compare the adjective cold. The following is her version:

Positive—cold.
Comparative—cough.
Superlative—coffin.

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"

Second Flea—"No, on a tramp."

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NO, OF COURSE NOT.

Does a saucer go with misery's cup?

Can you fasten a door with a lock of hair?

Did a biting wind ever bite you, and where?

Who is it that paints the signs of the times?

Does the moon change her quarters for nickels and dimes?

What tune do you play on the feelings, pray?

And who is it mends the break of day?

And, say—I'll admit this is quite absurd—

When you drop a remark, do you break your word?

Can a rope be made out of ocean strands?

Have the silent midnight watches hands?

Can you cut a log with a wise old saw?

Does the cup that cheers say, "Hip, Hurrah?"

Can money be tight when change is loose?

Now, what, ye wiseacres, what is the use

Of going to high school and taking the threes

When we're posted by such plain little problems as these?

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.—*Terence*.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.—*Cicero*.

Getting money is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life.—*Johnson*.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself—*Thales*.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift*.

Mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature.—*Addison*.

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.—*Carlyle*.

Fortune's wings are made of Time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them.—*Lilly*.

Human experience, like the stern lights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over.—*Coleridge*.

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who waits till all commend.—*Pope*.

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