

The
Crimson and White

FEBRUARY, 1914

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VOL. X

FEBRUARY, 1914.

No. 3



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

TO THE NEW YEAR.

As shaggy night grows old and fades,
And slowly, silently, but sure,
From dark and gloom another day dawns o'er the world —
So cometh thou, New Year.
From whence thou art, nor where thou goest
No man can tell.
How much of joy, how much of pain,
May be within thy scope.
How great may be our benefits —
How fathomless our loss.
We do not know, nor wish we to.
For such — to see our happiness far ahead
Would take away its spice;
To see the monster evil come, or worldly loss,
Some loved one, or racking pain,—
To mark each day its near approach
Would make this life which th' infernal realm can never boast.
But none of this,
Dawn bright and clear,
With cloudless skies and rosy morning rays,
Come to us as a bride unto her groom,
Wax great to full noon.
As doth the day, when through the air
Apollo takes his flight.
Bring us good Fortune and sweet Peace.
May Love and Mercy all abound.
Shine with a great white light upon our paths,
And guide us forth.
Let not our past misdeeds or sadden'd lots
Despoil thy garb.
May Spring come brighter, Summer lovelier,
And Autumn far more full;
And so may we, enrichen'd with thy gifts,
Though but a day with thee,
Glide calmly down Time's stream
To the Eternal Sea.

— R. K., '13.

AURORA.

“But the loveliest part of the day, I say,
Is the coming of the dawn.”

So testified Guido Reni when he painted the beautiful Aurora, now exhibited in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome, and known far and wide as one of the world's twelve greatest masterpieces.

The painting combines the beauty of nature with the poetry of Grecian mythology, and represents far more of the truth than a casual observer realizes. He sees, perhaps, the details of the picture. At the left side is a male figure drawn in a chariot by horses, and surrounded by female figures. In the center, above the horses, is a cherub with a torch. In the upper right hand corner is a flying female figure. In the lower right hand corner is a bit of landscape. And is that all?

No. If that is all, the picture is worth nothing. But we are reckoning without the mythology. The maiden at the right is Aurora, the Goddess of the Dawn. The cherub is Lucifer, the Morning Star. The girls about the chariot are the Hours of the Morning. The youth in the chariot is Apollo, the God of Music, of Poetry, of the Bow — but here, in the strongest of all his characters, God of the Sun. And the divine steeds are drawing him through the clouds in the sun chariot. But is *that* all?

This morning I was up before dawn. I looked from my window. The gray earth lay silent, deserted, under the shadowy blue sky. The chill of night was still upon it — and the forbidding stillness encircled it about. Suddenly, in the east, the clouds parted, as though a gentle hand were drawing them aside. Then came the border of a pale, saffron robe — the outline of a slender foot upon the horizon's edge — a rose dropped from some unseen hand — and then the Dawn Maiden was revealed, smiling brightly back over her shoulder, as she came flying gently through the clouds, scattering rosy blossoms to waken the sleeping earth.

Even as she smiled, I saw a torch flash out above her head, and the sweet child face of the Morning Star laughed into her eyes as he peeped around her shoulder, his soft wings but dimly visible to my sight.

Hark! Was that the sound of the waking earth? or was it — Yes, it was the sound of galloping horses! A spark from the divine hoofs — and the golden chariot of the Sun bounded into view! The rosy-clad God held to the edge of the car with one hand as he guided the onrushing steeds with the other, — and at his sides came the

Morning Hours, hand in hand, their rainbow-colored garments blending softly into the white light of day.

I saw that picture this morning. You have seen it many, many times. The Greeks saw it when they dreamed their golden myths in the old days. And Guido Reni saw it when he gave us his Aurora.

JESSIE E. LUCK, '10.

THE HIDDEN CLOSET.

Mildred Oliver lived in one of those old, colonial houses on the Hudson, which often sheltered General Washington in the time of the Revolutionary War. It had been in the family ever since her great-great-great-grandfather had settled there after the war. It possessed all of the mysterious staircases and rooms, to say nothing of the moving walls and doors, about which one reads.

Mildred was home from Mount Holyoke for the Thanksgiving vacation and had asked five girls and five boys to spend the holidays with her, at her old home. They had spent the few days pleasantly until next to the last one. When they awoke it was raining very hard. It almost seemed as if the very heavens would have to fall. A very disconsolate set of faces appeared at the breakfast table, and Mildred was at her wit's end to know how to amuse her guests. Mrs. Oliver divined the difficulty, and calling Mildred aside, suggested that she put the old relics in the hidden closet, where they had once been found, and let her guests work out the key of the directions and try to find them. Her mother promised to give each one some trinket.

When Mildred told the young people about her plan, it was met with shouts and cries of excitement and pleasure. So she ran upstairs to the safe and procured the code. It was covered with a mass of numbers, ranging from one to fifty-two.

All the guests followed Mildred to the library, where the code was spread on the table. Everyone crowded around it, and each one had a solution. Finally they decided to copy it on sheets of paper so that everyone could have a copy. They settled down in comfortable chairs and went to work amid cries of, "Keep Still!"—"Don't do it out loud"—and so forth. It was decided that the first one who solved it was to lead the way to the hidden closet.

They tried every way, having one equal to a, two to b and so forth, but no one was able to decipher it. Suddenly Jack Leonard, a Harvard fellow, yelled, "I've got it!" and everyone crowded around him. This was what they saw on Jack's paper:

From library go south and descend a steep descent
Turn right right
Ascend steep ascent
Turn right left
Then right right.

The old paper was covered with these marks $\triangleright \triangleright$. They decided that if they found the marks they would help to follow the directions.

Now that Jack had deciphered the code it was necessary to "translate" it. They puzzled over it for nearly half an hour before Marie, Mildred's roommate, discovered what it was. She said that the first "right" in all cases was merely an adverb, and put there only to make it more difficult to follow. So Jack put commas in his solution and read it aloud. Everyone repeated it so as to be able to remember it.

Jack led the way with the directions in his hands. They went south, from the library to the kitchen. They stopped for a moment puzzling over the steep descent. Soon they came to the conclusion that it must mean the cellar stairs, and sure enough, on the steps they found the mark \triangleright . They then turned to the right and followed the marks until they found one pointing to a door. This they tried to open, but were not successful, and finally called Mildred to their aid. She opened the door by stepping on a little projection on the floor, near the wall, which opened it without a squeak. They soon saw another mark pointing to the stairs, which had been hidden by the door. Mildred explained that this was one of the many such stairways in her house. They climbed the stairs and came out through a trap-door in the floor into a large room in the attic. Jack read in deep tones, "Turn left, correctly," and followed the mark, on the floor through a door and into a small room with no other opening in it.

Everyone was puzzled by the last direction, "Turn right, right." They walked around the room mumbling it under their breath and thinking very hard. Ted was the one who finally solved it, deciding that the hidden closet was somewhere in that room and that they must turn right to find it. So everyone went back to the door and Ted led the way. Turning sharply to the right, he walked to the wall. Everyone crowded on the floor and examined the wall closely. No one discovered any crack or projection until Dorothy screamed excitedly, "I've found it, I've found it!" And found it she certainly had, for when she pointed out a long crack and placed her hand on it, it moved ever so slightly. They jumped up and down in excitement and Dorothy with the help of one of the boys slid the

wall back and revealed a small opening. It was just large enough to crawl in on hands and knees. Ted went first as the girls were afraid of meeting a mouse, or some such dreadful creature. After crawling for about five feet Ted stood up, and found himself in a room lighted from overhead by a small window. Old trinkets were scattered over the floor, and a huge chest stood in one corner. When the girls had crawled in, they were, to use their own words, "crazy about it." It was furnished as the room where Midas counted his gold must have been, the walls hung with old tapestry, and some huge old chairs placed here and there. They took turns sitting in them, but when Mrs. Oliver and Mildred came up, they were enthroned in them. Mrs. Oliver congratulated them on finding it without any help, saying that they were the first ones who had done it.

She then went over to the chest and took out some old Indian trinkets, such as beads, pipes of peace, wampum and moccasins. She gave each girl a string of Indian beads, and the boys some Indian implement.

Although everybody hated to leave the old hidden closet, they went back to the library. When they got there, they saw that the sun was out and that the motors were at the door ready to carry out the forgotten picnic.

M. L. '15.

FLORA ARMSTRONG'S SURPRISE.

Flora Armstrong sat in a dejected attitude before the cheerful, hot little stove. Had the stove been cold it would have been more in keeping with her feelings. Her wandering glance took in, without heeding, the simple appointments of the room in which she sat. This room, with the tiny sleeping room adjoining, and the still smaller kitchen, meant home to Flora and her sister Jennie.

Jennie, who worked in a downtown office to earn the money to keep this little apartment, was enjoying an unexpected holiday. Friends living across the river had invited her to visit them. Flora had urged her to go, and had said she would not mind staying alone. It was not like being alone, for another family, the Brown's, lived on the same floor. However it must be admitted that Flora felt her heart sink when she saw Jennie whizzed away in the street car.

When Flora had arrived at school that morning she had joined a group of her most intimate schoolmates who were talking eagerly about something apparently very important. Flora had caught the words "party" and "valentine," but that was all, for as soon as

they saw her, they had begun talking about something else. Just then the school-bell had rung and school studies had driven the matter from her mind for the time being. But the unpleasant incident had been repeated again and again during the day. The girls had grouped themselves together at every chance, leaving Flora entirely to herself. Their attitude had been too pointed for her to ignore it. This was St. Valentine's Day, and evidently someone was going to have a party to which she had not been invited.

Now, as she crouched before the fire, Flora wondered how it would seem to have a Valentine party. Never before had it troubled her that she was not one of those favored girls who have parties, but tonight the fact brought bitterness.

"If I'd been invited, I wouldn't mind never having one of my own so much," she thought. "Here I am, all alone, while the other girls are enjoying themselves."

Common sense whispered that perhaps the girl who was to have the party did not know her, and that was the reason why she had not been invited. Oh, there were plenty of plausible reasons!

But she scowled and thought resentfully, "It's because I'm poor and live in three shabby rooms that I'm left out." Such a silly idea had never entered her head before, but now it had been brought there by that imp, Envy.

She forgot that she had had no supper. She did not notice that the room was growing darker and darker. She sensed only the bitterness in her heart. She did not even hear a knock upon the door, although it was repeated three times.

Suddenly the door was thrown open allowing a flood of light to enter from the hall outside. In the doorway stood a girl dressed in fluffy pink with a crown of roses upon her head and a huge bouquet of roses in her hand. She looked exactly like the pictures on some of the expensive valentines in the windows of the stationery stores. Flora rubbed her eyes hard, for she thought that she was dreaming. Then there came suppressed laughter from the hallway. The girl in the doorway was pushed forward, while a whispered "Hurry up!" broke the stillness.

"Oh, there you are!" cried her guest in a familiar voice which Flora recognized as that of her dearest friend, Dolly Weston. "It's so dark in here that I couldn't see you at first. We knew you were going to be alone, so we thought we would come and cheer you up. We've come to give you a Valentine party. Aren't you going to welcome us?"

E. M. '15.

ALIAS, PROF. BROWN.

"Of course he won't! How could he?" came from a chorus of voices within dormitory "27."

Molly Williams, the "clip" of the school, who was passing the door, heard this exclamation and decided to go in and see what the subject of their conversation was.

Accordingly she opened the door and was greeted by all the occupants with great delight.

"Oh, you're just the girl I wanted to see. Sit down until I unfold our latest prank," came from Kitty Harding, Molly's chum.

"You see," continued Kitty, "we have decided to have a colonial party in my room, on the evening of George Washington's birthday, and we want you to come and bring a friend, and come in colonial costume, of course! When you came in we were just discussing what Prof. Brown would do if he found it out. Of course, you know, he wouldn't approve of it, but it comes on Saturday this year and he always goes to the club on Saturday evenings. So I don't think there is much danger of his finding it out, do you? Oh, it will be packs of fun if everything turns out well! Of course, you'll come, Moll, won't you?"

"Kitty, I'm awfully sorry, but you know our geometry exam comes on Monday morning and I haven't studied one proposition since school opened. I had planned to learn some of them Saturday night, as I won't have any other time, and really I must. You all know I would much rather go to the party, but honestly I must give it up," replied Molly sorrowfully.

"Oh, Molly, you must come. You'll get through your geometry all right!" burst from all the girls.

"No, girls, I'd love to please you, but I can't this time. There are the freshmen calling me now; I must go," said Molly, and with this she left the room.

When she got outside she burst into a fit of laughter.

"Study Geometry!" No, indeed! This was far from her intention.

The night of the party arrived and Molly went to the girls, told them that she hoped they would have a good time and wouldn't be found out, and with geometry book in hand, went to her room.

The party was getting along splendidly; many games had been played and everyone was enjoying herself immensely, when the door opened and a stately figure entered.

Prof. Brown, and no doubt about it!

A look of horror was on each face. Masks were quickly torn off and hidden, the actors not realizing that Prof. Brown was watching them.

Silence prevailed. At length Prof. Brown, who seemed to have grasped the situation very quickly, spoke. "I will not reprimand you at present," he said very sternly, "but I will see each person here in my office at 10:30 tomorrow morning."

Accordingly a very sorrowful group of girls was in Prof. Brown's office at 10:30, awaiting a severe lecture or perhaps something worse. But the professor was not there and did not come. After waiting patiently for half an hour, not being able to imagine what kept him, they repaired to their dormitories. Here their patience was rewarded, for in each dormitory in a conspicuous place was a note bearing the following sentence,

"Molly Williams, alias Prof. Brown."

E. M. A. '15.

Emmett Avery

FIFTEEN YEARS OF IMPROVEMENT IN SCHOLASTIC ATHLETICS.

The schoolboy of fifteen years ago had practically but two sports — base ball and foot ball.

In those days boys were allowed to participate in games without any previous examination as to their physical condition, without their having received any instruction as to how to play, and without any supervision by any one of experience to prevent a boy from over exerting himself.

If the games, as played in those days, had any really fine points, these points were discovered by the boys themselves, whereas today a candidate acquires a thorough knowledge of the game long before he really takes part in a contest. This knowledge is drilled into him by clever and competent coaches. What schoolboy of fifteen years ago remembers being drilled by a man whose sole duty in the school was the coaching of an athletic team? He may remember that some of the teachers played in the game, thus unjustly matching a schoolboy's strength against that of a man who may have played on his college team.

Fifteen years ago unnecessary roughness and unsportsmanlike conduct were possible, owing to the inefficiency of the officials, who were often chosen from the substitutes of the opposing teams, to the inadequacy of the rules of those days, and to the fact that the boys

themselves had not been educated up to the high standard of sportsmanship which prevails at the present day. This resulted in disagreement and unpleasant conditions, which often severed athletic relations between schools which had previously been on friendly terms.

In all the good schools of today the various teams are trained by specialists, who devote their entire time to the supervision of the different branches of athletics. The desirability of having competent and impartial officials is generally recognized, and such officials are almost universally employed.

Even more important than the improvements in the drilling of the teams and the regulation of the games has been the marked elevation of the standard of ethics in athletic sports. Teams which met with the object of winning the game at all events, merely for the sake of triumphing over their rivals, now enter the contest in a more sportsmanlike spirit, and teams representing the best schools subordinate the object of winning the game to a regard for absolute fairness in every respect.

The great increase in the variety of games has afforded a scope for the activities of a much larger percentage of schoolboys than formerly participated in athletics. It is a source of great satisfaction that the conditions have so materially improved, but as there is still room for improvement it is to be hoped that the schoolboy of today will find as much improvement in athletic conditions fifteen years from now as the boy of fifteen years ago finds today.

In a nut shell, the schoolboy of today with athletic ambitions, has many advantages over the boy of fifteen years ago.

A. SWAINE,

Physical Director of N. H. S. and S. N. C.

When you turn over a new leaf it is just as well not to mention the number of the page.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts; sorrows are visitors that come without invitation; but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles home in.

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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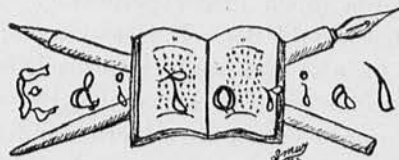
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“ If you and I — just you and I —
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow — just you and I —
Kinder and sweeter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by
A good time might get started;
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me — for you and me! ”

If we could only realize what a blessing a happy life is to those around it, many times, when just preparing to relate some of our numerous troubles, we would laugh and say something cheerful instead. Everyone of us, if we amount to anything at all, has some desire to help others, and in no way can we help so many people as by just being sunny and cheerful. Then each one with whom we come in contact throughout the day is sure to be himself made happier thereby. And what easier way can we find than this? The

benefit to ourselves is even greater than the benefit to others, and is it such a task to refrain from worrying for, say, five minutes?— for, after all, we only have to live a minute at a time. Worrying is such a waste of time, anyway, I wonder why we do it — nothing is really worth it. Take midyear exams, for instance. Few of us came through them unscathed. We all received marks — more or less — and many of us received remarks into the bargain. But we must remember the real object of exams — not just to give us a few days of toil and trouble — not that we may receive a few high marks to be proudly displayed on our report cards — but that we may discover for ourselves our weak points, and, knowing them, be able to begin afresh on the work of this second half of the year. Don't let us allow either marks or remarks to discourage us, but let us go on through the weeks to come with a cheerful, but firm determination to gain ultimate success.

Worrying will not help us to overcome the weak points, only work that has our hearts in it will do that. Let's work, then, but let our motto also be

“ A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me
'Tis raining violets.”

Our new Commissioner of Education, Dr. John H. Finley, thinks that “ to train a man for a ‘ business in life ’ is not big enough. He must be trained for the ‘ business of life. ’ ” Is there not a great deal worth thinking about in that?

In the advertising campaign started last month, those who secured the most ads were as follows: Chester Long, Joseph McEntee, Eleanor Dunn, Gilbert Daring, and Marion White. Every one a member of the board! We're hoping and expecting that some of you people who are not quite so busy as the editorial staff will soon show a little interest. **We need your help.**

A musicale for the benefit of “ The Crimson and White ” will be given on the evening of March 13th. The Union College Glee Club, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs will be in charge of the program, so you can see at once that this will be worth hearing. It would help us greatly if you would not only come yourself, but also advertise this musicale among your friends, and especially among alumni of Union.

ALUMNI NOTES.

On Tuesday, January 26, Miss Ethel Palmer Breitenstein, Mount Holyoke '11, N. H. S. '07, became the bride of Mr. Lloyd Nash Robinson of Santa Cruz, California. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride by Rev. George Dugan of the Fourth Presbyterian Church. An informal reception followed the ceremony, following which Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left for Santa Cruz, traveling via New York and New Orleans. They will reside at Santa Cruz.

Miss Marion Packer, '13, has taken up music at the Convent of the Holy Names. She is to take part in the cantata given by the choral class of that school at St. Vincent de Paul's Church on Ash Wednesday eve.

Miss Edith Wallace, '13, has made Delta Omega of S. N. C., and Alice Gazley, '13, has been admitted to the membership of Eta Phi.

Charles Grounds, '10, who left his "native heath" soon after graduation, is still in Los Angeles, California, and is "making good," they say.

Miss Edith Meade, '13, is studying music this year.

Miss Edith Jones, '07, who spent some time after graduation in Los Angeles, California, studying music, is now organist of St. Andrew's chapel.

Miss Marian Domery, '13, has returned to Simmons College.

Miss May LeCompte, '13, is giving piano lessons.

Mr. Alwyn George, '13, is attending a school at Morrisville.

Miss Switzer, ex-'12, was married to Mr. J. F. Allen on September 26, 1913.

Miss Ruth Thompson, N. H. S. '00, has been teaching a High School class in cooking.

Miss E. Herber, ex-'11, is attending the State Normal College.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN ACCOUNT OF THE DOINGS OF THE ALUMNI.

This year the December meeting of the Alumni Association was held on the 19th of the month, at St. Andrew's Hall, a college function in the "gym" rendering that place unavailable. Yet when the evening was over, each one voted that it would have been better to have waited until a later date, when the Normal "gym" and a larger crowd could have been theirs. A great number of their collegiates

had not yet arrived home, and each alumnus pinned on a class pin and went ferret-eyed through the crowd in search of a duplicate, feeling inexplicably estranged. The truth was that they were hungry for the sight of that well-loved building which the last four classes have consecrated by (not exactly) hard study, and for those battered institutions connected with the chapel pranks of so many classes — the Academy Song Books. Not that the old graduates ever sing the songs, but the first note of any song therein opens the floodgates of their memories and they are assailed by hundreds of half forgotten incidents, while the class last graduated or the senior guests finish the strain. No reunion is complete without them — let future ones be complete.

Mr. Sweet, the president, welcomed the assemblage. '13 was back in all the glory of its first reunion. '12, '11, '10, and '09 were there in goodly numbers. '08, '07, '06 and '04 each had several loyal members to represent them, and in the midst of the throng was the all-important '14. In the course of the business meeting, Mr. Sweet mentioned that the first prize offered by the association to the Seniors for the highest average in Regents' Examinations throughout the four years was won by Edith Owen Wallace, '13, and that honorable mention was given to Marion Domery, '13, who was a close second. The executive committee, J. Donohue, C. Ostrander, J. Cody and Miss E. Shaver, has arrived at an acceptable solution for the payment of dues and the various "internal" troubles that were pending last year. Mr. Sweet also requested that notice of the organization be brought to the attention of every old student; and it is well to ask the aid of the undergraduates in this matter.

A very short program was rendered by Mrs. Blanchard, '04, Miss Edith Jones, '07, and Clifford Evory, '08, following which the Zeta Sigma girls had a meeting. Then the portable seats were carried aside, and a polished floor, with good music and sherbert in attendance, gave an all convincing demonstration of its popularity. Late in the evening Prof. Sayles came to greet them and to receive the good wishes of the numerous "old ones" that crowded about him. For each he had a cordial greeting and his "Alumni Smile"— a happy combination of friendly interest and winning cordiality that he bestows impartially on those whom his own hand has graduated and likewise on those who have received their mystic rolls of parchment from his predecessors.

Shortly after eleven, as Normal Highers should, they went home to wait for the next one, fortifying themselves with this loyal but highly unpoetical gem:

"We're the N. H. S. Alumni,
 Arrived here quite on time,
 From Maine and California
 And from every coast and clime,
 To gather in the H. S. "gym"
 When Christmas bells do chime,
 For we're the greatest High
 Since Columbus crossed the bryme."

SCHOOL NOTES.

"Hurrah! Mid-year over! What a relief!" Are the exclamations now being uttered, or at least felt, by every student at our beloved N. H. S., and there is, indeed, worthy cause for the jubilation, after the strain of the last few weeks. Why are teachers so unmercifully cruel as to inflict such horrors upon perfectly innocent pupils? Yet, in spite of exams, and the consequent doom which has been threatening us for the last few weeks, affairs at Normal have not been at a standstill — strange as it may seem.

On December 4th, Miss Louise Llewellyn, of the New England Conservatory of Music, gave her recital of Bohemia and Brittany Folk Songs. The auditorium was crowded, and many were obliged to stand, but did it cheerfully. At Doctor Blue's introduction, Miss Llewellyn appeared in a quaint costume, native to the "little country nestled among lakes and mountains"—Bohemia.

The first part of her program consisted of Bohemian Folk Songs, military, pastoral, sentimental, and religious. Each was preceded by a delightful interpretation, which was enjoyed quite as much as the songs themselves. In the second part, Miss Llewellyn sang more songs and played upon an old instrument produced in the ninth century, which she described in her prologue as "making a hideous noise, but never failing to please." We make no comment upon the "noise," but it did not fail to please. The program was closed by a series of songs of Bohemia and Brittany, selected with the purpose of illustrating their contrast.

The chapel exercises on December 19th, the day preceding the Christmas recess, were given over to the Zeta Sigma Society of the school, and the girls certainly "did it up brown," so to speak. After a delightful program of vocal and piano solos, and equally enjoyable recitations, Eloise Lansing, as the Spirit of Christmas, presented most suitable and pleasing (?) gifts to our beloved faculty. It surely

was lots of fun, and quite a surprise, we believe, to the unsuspecting recipients. It is now up to the rest of the societies to follow Sigma's lead, and show what they can do. We doubt that they will let Sigma get ahead of them in this matter, and keep all the laurels for herself.

We regret to say that Cora Kane, of the Junior Class, has been obliged to leave school, because of ill-health, and we extend our heartiest wishes for her speedy recovery and return. Gertrude Shafer, also of the Class of '15, has departed from our midst, to attend a school at Middleburgh, where she is now living. We are sorry to have her go, and hope she will enjoy life at the new school, as well as she has at "Old Normal."

The Senior Class rings have at last arrived, after long and tiresome delays, and they are all that was hoped. The Junior Class recently held its first meeting, at which the class officers were elected. They are as follows:

President.— J. Woods Sweeney.

Vice-President.— Margaret Lovett.

Secretary.— Mildred Birdseye.

Treasurer.— Raymond Fite.

We wish to commend the class upon its excellent choice.

Normal has again carried off more than her share of the honors in the literary field. Two of our students won prizes, offered by the New York State Historical Association, in the essay on "The Naval History of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario During the War of 1812." The contest was open for competition to students of any high school in the State, and so we feel justly proud in stating that the second prize (fifteen dollars in gold) and also the fourth (five dollars in gold), beside one honorable mention, were awarded to Normal. The winners are Marion McDowell and Clara Holder, while honorable mention was given to Eleanor Dunn. Well done, girls! But that is not all. In the prize essay contest, offered by the Savings Banks of Albany, and open to the Albany High School and our school, we captured three out of the five prizes offered, and all of the honorable mentions! How's that for the school, by far the smaller of the two? And we got the first prize, too. The proud winner of that honor (together with a bank account of ten dollars) is Katherine Pollock, of the Senior Class. One of the second prizes and one of the third's also fell to our share, and were received by Eleanor Dunn, '14, and Dorothy Russell, '15, respectively, while the honorable mentions were given to Frances Vosburgh, Helen Page, and Ina Speed, all of '14. Accept our lively congratulations, girls! (We wonder where the boys were.)

On the thirteenth of March will occur the annual entertainment for the benefit of "The Crimson and White." The program will be in charge of the Union College Glee Club, Mandolin Club, Guitar Club, and two soloists. We promise you an enjoyable evening.



ZETA SIGMA.

On one bright day in November the "gym" was dressed in its best. A great occasion was at hand, for we were to have the privilege of entertaining the Freshman girls. After a flying trip through several of the neighboring college towns, we rushed our delighted guests to a near-by lunch counter. Of course, you know what happened! Games and dancing were then enjoyed by all. We were proud to see so many of our alumnæ present.

Friday, December 19th, was Sigma Day. It was so named because we had charge of chapel exercises, a wonderful event for N. H. S. We were glad that we might have a chance to prove what we have gained as a result of our literary programs. The gay bows of dark green and light blue worn by the Sigma girls put a sort of holiday spirit into the affair.

Plans are now being perfected for our annual mid-year dance, which is to be held at the Aurania Club on the evening of February 6th. Those named on the committee are: Caroline Lipes, chairman; Helen Page, Marguerite Taylor, and Edith Picken.

We are pleased to have Marion Rosa, '15, with us again.

Our meetings as usual have been well attended, while each member has striven to do her part well. We find that our new members possess much talent.

The election of officers for the ensuing term took place on January 13th. With these girls doing their best, Sigma is sure to reach its goal.

President.....	Eloise Lansing
Vice-President.....	Caroline Lipes
Recording Secretary.....	Ruth Kimmey
Corresponding Secretary.....	Marion Rosa
Critic.....	Marion McDowell

Treasurer.....	Mary Blue
Junior Editor.....	Helen Cook
Marshal.....	Mildred George
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Marion White
Pianist.....	Edith Picken



QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

At some of our meetings of late we have been delighted to have with us various members of our alumnæ — Anna Mead, Harriet Tedford, and Mildred Weeks. Besides gratification at their continued interest in “Quin” and her doings, their presence among us gave us great pleasure.

Honors have recently been bestowed upon Q. L. S. girls, which have justified our pride in them. An essay on the War of 1812, written by Clara Holder, received fourth prize in a contest held just before Christmas. This was especially praiseworthy, as competition was open to the whole State. Margaret Lovett, our secretary, and Mildred Birdseye, our critic, have been elected officers by the Junior Class, the former to serve as vice-president, and the latter as secretary. Juniors, you are to be congratulated on your good sense. Knowing these girls as we do, we feel assured of the wisdom of your choice.

The meetings soon to come promise to be busier and even more interesting than usual, on account of various plans which are being made for coming events. We very soon expect to invite a number of youthful Freshmen to join us, and they may look forward to such an initiation as has seldom taken place in the “gym” before. But calm yourselves, girls, the fun will not be entirely one-sided by any means. Remember, however, that wearers of the black and gold are expected to be eager to endure every peril in order to secure that honor. As another atom of encouragement we call to your attention the fact that a number of girls before you have survived similar ordeals, and any Thursday afternoon after one-thirty they may be seen gathered in Room 302, apparently in good health and spirits.

On the day before the Christmas vacation our Sigma friends took charge of the chapel exercises, and gave us a delightful hour's entertainment from which we departed with hands sore from clapping, and with a jolly, friendly, holiday sort of feeling around our hearts.

We are busily preparing for a similar event on the 27th of March, and sincerely hope to give them and the rest of the school as enjoyable a time as they have given us.

"Quin's" annual dance is expected to take place on the first Friday after Easter — another date to be looked forward to with pleasure.

Election of officers for the Society will be held on the 5th of February.



ADELPHOI.

The meetings of Adelphoi have been held regularly and have been well attended. The literary programs have been carefully prepared with wonderful ability in oratory shown by Messrs. Long and Hochstrasser.

At the last election the following officers were chosen:

President.....	Edward S. McDowell
Vice-President.....	Gilbert H. Daring
Secretary.....	J. Robert Watt
Treasurer.....	Chester Long, Jr.
Chaplain.....	Gordon E. Scott
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Alfred Walley
Master of Ceremonies.....	Nelson L. Covey



THETA NU.

The meetings of Theta Nu have been regular and well attended this term. Frequent debates and impromptus have been held, much enjoyed by all.

The Society is preparing for Theta Nu Day with great vigor and interest. We are resolved to outdo ourselves if such a thing be possible; but who can, if we cannot?

Jack Vos and James Seymore have recently been initiated. We hope they may enjoy and be benefited by Theta Nu.



We acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges, received since our last issue:

For October — *The Comet* (Pittston, Pa.), *The Kwassui Quarterly* (Nagasaki, Japan), *The Sentinel* (Los Angeles, Cal.), *The Chief* (Haddon Heights, N. Y.), *Echoes* (Fort Lee, N. J.), *The Leavitt Angelus* (Turner Center, Maine), *The Academician* (Canandaigua, N. Y.), *St. Helen's Hall Quartely* (Portland, Oregon), *Shucis* (Schenectady, N. Y.).

For November — *M. H. Aerolith* (Plymouth, Wis.), *The Comet* (Pittston, Pa.), *The H. S. News* (Eugene, Oregon), *The Whirlwind* (Albany, Ore.), *The Magpie* (Waterbury, Conn.), *The Vexillum* (Boston, Mass.), *The Crimson and White* (Pottsville, Pa.), *The Orange and Black* (Falls City, Nebraska), *The Scarab* (Cleveland, Ohio), *The Chief* (Haddon Heights, N. Y.), *The Purple and Gold* (Philadelphia, Pa.), *The Triangle* (Troy, N. Y.), *Iliad* (Troy, N. Y.).

For December — *The Tattler* (Milwaukee, Wis.), *The Academe* (Albany, N. Y.), *The Peningian* (Port Chester, N. Y.), *The Optimist* (Newark, N. J.), *The Montgomery Bell Bulletin* (Nashville, Tenn.), *M. H. Aerolith* (Plymouth, Wis.), *The Creole* (Brooklyn, N. Y.), *The Purple and Gold* (Philadelphla, Pa.), *The Scarab* (Cleveland, Ohio), *The Orange and Black* (Falls City, Neb.), *The H. S. News* (Columbus, Neb.), *The Shucis* (Schenectady, N. Y.), *The Argus* (Harrisburg, Pa.), *St. Helen's Hall Quarterly* (Portland, Ore.), *College Echoes* (Siloam Springs, Arkansas), *The Cue* (Albany, N. Y.), *The Tecthonian* (Buffalo, N. Y.), *The Iliad* (Troy, N. Y.), *The Literary Novice* (Newark, N. J.), *The Crimson and White* (Pottsville, Pa.), *The Chief* (Haddon Heights, N. Y.).

For January — *The Ledger* (Brooklyn, N. Y.), *St. Benedict's College Quarterly* (Newark, N. J.), *M. H. Aerolith* (Plymouth, Wis.), *Echoes* (Fort Lee, N. J.), *The X-Ray* (Anderson, Ind.).

The Kwassui Quarterly (Nagasaki, Japan) is very interesting to us, not only because of the material which it contains, but also because it has the added charm, of coming from far away Japan. While we are not versed in the Japanese language, the portions of this paper which are written in English, are almost perfect. The students of "Kwassui Jo Gakko" have reason to be proud of this example of their scholarship.

Of all our exchanges, the *M. H. Aerolith* (Sheboygan, Wis.) is the most faithful. This paper is written half in German and half in English, and, although we cannot read all of the German, we judge that it ranks high among the school publications. The January edition shows a change of editors, and they certainly are beginning well. The jokes are very good, and the "Exchanges" are particularly well written up.

The appearance of the *Chief* (Haddon Heights, N. J.) is rendered unlike a "Chief" because of the poor quality of the paper. The cover design is very appropriate, however, and the picture which came with the December issue was certainly fine.

The Purple and Gold (Philadelphia, Pa.) excels both in the quantity and the quality of its cuts. The "Alumni" column is more extensive than those usually found.

The College Echoes (Siloam Springs, Arkansas) is rather insignificant compared with our other exchanges. You need at least one or two interesting stories, and some good cuts. Here's hoping that your next issue may be such an improvement that we may then rank you with the best of our exchanges.

ATHLETICS.

During the last two months our Basket Ball Team has met with poor success. This was due partly to the fact that we have met the strongest teams in the vicinity, and partly because we lacked practice and team work, but we now hope to win all of the remaining games.

LANSINGBURG, 33; NORMAL, 32.

On December 10th our team met the Lansingburg boys on our court. The first half ended with our boys on the long end by a score of twenty to twenty-three. The last half was bitterly contested and

in the last minute of play the score read, Normal, thirty-two; Lansingburg, thirty-one. Pelletier, the right guard for Lansingburg, caged a basket thirty seconds before the final whistle and Normal was defeated in one of the best games ever seen on our court. The work of Wilcox featured the game.

Lansingburg			Normal				
F.B.	F.T.	Total Points	F.B.	F.T.	Total Points		
Noyes, r. f. . .	4	0	8	Molitor, r. f. . .	3	0	6
Lewin, l. f. . .	2	3	7	Wilcox, l. f. . .	6	0	12
Conlin, c.	2	0	4	Fite, c.	1	1	3
Paulsen, r. g. . .	2	0	4	Butler, r. g. . .	3	1	7
Pelletier, l. g. .	3	0	6	Scott, l. g.	2	0	4
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	15	3	33		15	2	32

Summary — Final score, Lansingburg, 33; Normal 32. Score at the end of first half, Normal, 23; Lansingburg, 20. Time of halves, twenty minutes. Scorer, Morse; referee, Wurthman; umpire, Lawyer.

TROY, 29; NORMAL, 18.

On December 15th the Basket Ball Team invaded Troy, but were defeated at the hands of the Trojans by a score of twenty-nine to eighteen. The work of Towsley featured for the Troy boys.

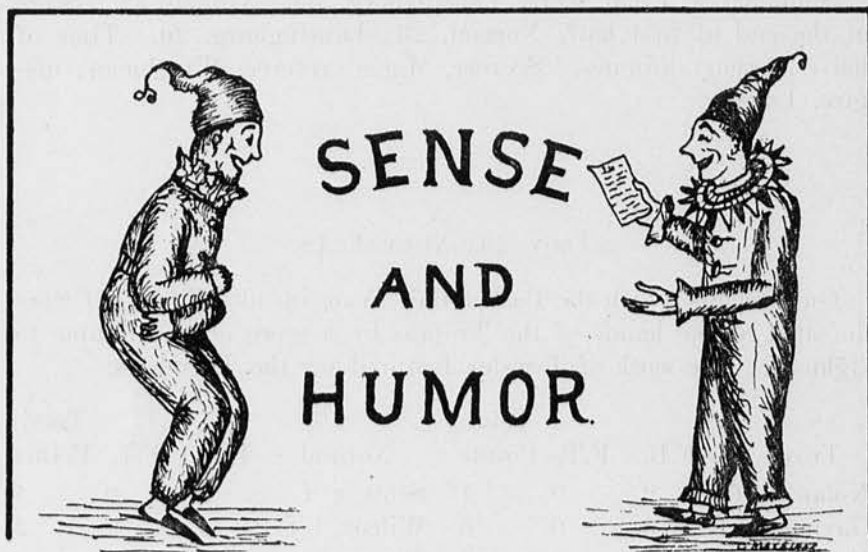
Troy			Normal				
F.B.	F.T.	Total Points	F.B.	F.T.	Total Points		
Nolan, r. f. . .	2	0	4	Scott, r. f.	2	0	4
Gaynor, l. f. . .	3	0	6	Wilcox, l. f. . .	1	0	2
Mooney, c.	3	0	6	Fite, c.	2	0	4
Towsley, r. g. . .	4	1	9	Butler, l. g. . .	1	0	2
Collison, l. g. . .	2	0	4	Covey, r. g. . .	0	0	0
—	—	—	—	O'Brien, r. g. .	0	0	0
	14	1	29	Molitor, r. g. . .	1	4	6
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
				14	4	18	

Summary — Score at the end of first half, Troy, 22; Normal, 10. Time of halves, twenty minutes. Referee, Granger; timers, Henry and Kelly.

TROY, 32; NORMAL, 26.

On January 1 we were defeated by the Troy High School in one of the cleanest games played between the two teams. The work of Towsley featured for Troy.

Troy	F.B.	F.T.	Total Points	Normal	F.B.	F.T.	Total Points
Lasher, r. f. . .	2	2	6	Wileox, r. f. . .	1	0	2
Gaynor, l. f. . .	3	0	6	Scott, l. f. . . .	2	0	4
Mooney, c. . . .	3	0	6	Fite, c.	0	0	0
Collison, r. g. .	0	0	0	Molitor, r. g. .	1	2	4
Kelly, l. g. . . .	5	0	10	Butler, l. g. . .	4	6	14
Nolan, l. g. . . .	2	0	4	Covey, r. g. . .	1	0	2
	—	—	—	O'Brien, r. f.	0	0	0
	15	2	32		—	—	—
					9	8	26



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- The Crisis: The midyear tests.
 A Person of Quality: Eugene Molitor.
 The Ruling Passion: Flunking.
 Keeping Up with Lizzie: M. White's classmates.
 The Man Higher Up: Prof. Sayles.
 The Lady of the Decoration: Ruth Bennet.
 The Great Adventure: A visit to the office.
 The Lady of the Lake: Pauline Dinkle.
 The Firing Line: The week after midyears.

The Soul of Unrest: Phyllis Clark.

The Pilot: Chester Long.

Within the Law: (In the High School building from 9.00 to 1.30).

The Flower of the Dusk: Hazel Schilling.

Ancient History Teacher — "How did the messenger go from Marathon to Athens?"

Helen Gowen — "He ran by foot."

It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When you never get aught except "B,"
 But the boy worth while is the boy who will smile
 At an "F" and exclaim, "Watch me!"

R. Schilling — "Do you know, you remind me of Huyler's candy?"

Gladys Miller (expectantly) — "Why?"

R. S. — "Fresh every hour."

Miss Clement, in English History exam, remarked brilliantly that Mr. Ward had put those dates on the board, in case the students should get hungry before the close of the exam.

Mule in the barnyard,
 Lazy and slick;
 Boy with a pin
 At the end of a stick,
 Sneaking up behind him,
 Quiet as a mouse —
 Crepe on the door of the little boy's house. — *Ex.*

First Boy — "May I use your mirror to shave with?"

Second Boy — "Why don't you use a razor?"

A SUBDUED MENU.

Crushed Oats.

Beaten Biscuits.

Whipped Cream.

Mashed Potatoes.

The man who stands in his own way does not necessarily block the traffic. — *Ex.*

Dorothy Burton (in Chemistry) — "When powdered *alimony* was placed in chlorine, sparks were seen."

Molitor — "I dreamed last night I took the classiest queen in school to the Senior dance."

H. Page — "Did I dance well?"

John Butler — "Miss Button, I'm indebted to you for all the French I know."

Miss Button — "Oh! don't mention such trifles."

M. Boughton — "When I was talking to Jack this morning he acted like a fish out of water."

H. Schilling — "Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."

Teacher — "Does anyone know why Mr. Adams is not here?"

Nelson Covey — "Yes, he's absent."

A woman was sitting between a rabbi and a priest, and to make conversation she remarked to the rabbi: "I feel just like a leaf between the old and new testaments."

"Yes," remarked the rabbi, "that leaf is generally blank."

"I'm afraid we'd go in the hole if we took up this play."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"The scene's laid in the subway."

A certain man who had been invited to speak at a political meeting was placed last on the list of speakers. Moreover, the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the program, and the audience was tired out when he eventually introduced the last speaker.

"Mr. Bones will give us his address."

"My address," said Mr. Bones, rising, "is 551 Park Villa, and I wish you all good-night."

"Why are Urq. Wilcox's recitations like Fort Quebec?"

"Because they are built on a bluff."

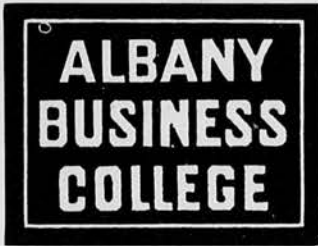
He — "I'm light on my feet."

She — "Then I wish you would."

He — "Would what?"

She — "Light on your feet. Mine are tired."

During the midyear exam in American History many of us agreed with Lord Chesterfield, who once said: "History is only a confused heap of facts."



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